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ERRATA.

Page 3, 2d column, line 7. For "Lever" read "Lover."
Page 54, 2d column, line 22 from bottom. For "Cutler" read "Cutter."
Page 73, 2d column, line 7. For "Comparative" read "Co-operative."
Page 90, 2d column, third and fourth paragraphs of "Financial Tendencies." For "Lewes" read "Lowe."
Page 103, 1st column, first paragraph. For "Bliss" read "Perry" wherever the name occurs.
Page 226, 1st column, line 2 from bottom. For "Catalamans" read "Catalans."
Page 292, 2d column, line 9 from bottom. Insert "the" before "Elgin." Line 10 from bottom; for "arched" read "cocked." Line 9 from bottom; for "at" read "as."
Page 327, 2d column, line 16 from bottom. For "*Powell*" read "*Lowell*."
Page 387, 2d column, first paragraph, line 2 from end. For "Frrêe" read "Frère." Second paragraph, line 3. For "Ferando" read "Fernando."
Page 405, 2d column, second paragraph, line 6. For "Powell" read "Powell Clayton;" for "carpet-bagger" read "carpet-baggers." Line 11; for "Powell" read "Clayton."
Page 434, 2d column, editorial note, last line but five. For "and an expert" read "or as an expert." Line 5 from bottom of column; for "two hundred" read "twenty."
Page 447, 1st column, line 10 from bottom. Insert "in Paris" after "polled."
Page 459, 2d column, line 21. For "'May-day'" read "'May-dreams.'"
Page 467, 1st column, line 8 from bottom. For "I[illegible]" read "Lasker."

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GEORGE STREET, 30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C., AGENT FOR THE RECEIPT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.

The Week.

IN Virginia a movement begins which we feel sure Congress will feel disposed to encourage. A. H. H. Stuart, T. S. Flournoy, John L. Marye, Jr., Wyndham Robertson, F. G. Ruffin, General John Echols, J. F. Johnson, and others—Whig Senators and Representatives, and governors and acting-governors, and the like, in former days—unite with others in declaring that they will accept in good faith the principle of negro suffrage if Congress will grant universal amnesty. This is a very hopeful sign, and is directly attributable to the result of the late election and to Virginia's respect for Grant. The old Whigs must be allowed a little credit too, and, in a left-handed way, the old Democrats, whom the old Whigs hate so well. To go to the other end of the late Confederacy, we find that in Louisiana a mob, led by the editor of the *Marksville Villager*, has burned the office of the *Marksville Register*, a Republican journal. A brutal murder of two Republican negroes is also reported from Winn Parish, and General Rousseau's chances of remaining in Louisiana after the beginning of March have not much improved since November. Governor Warmoth is not the best authority in the world, but is probably to be fully believed when he says, speaking of the management of the military during the election, that orders enough were issued, and that in Georgia they might have meant something, but that, being made public in Louisiana, they only served to inform the lawless that they need have no fear of the Federal general—which, to do them justice, they hadn't.

The "trouble on the Ogeechee" we do not profess to understand fully, for the accounts that come in are not only in great part Associated Press reports—which, to be sure, may be read backward, whenever negroes are concerned, and the truth thus guessed at—but they are very meagre indeed. At first it was reported that the sheriff had gone out to arrest certain negroes, that he and his deputies had been surrounded and made to give up their writs, and that the white people were flying to Savannah, leaving behind them negroes engaged in burning, stealing, and committing rapes. The latest accounts, and all the accounts between the earliest and the latest, are silent as to the names of persons murdered or ravished, but the names of some owners of burned houses and stolen cattle are given, and, we dare say, with truth and correctness. Furthermore, we learn by Monday's despatches that the military having gone to the scene of the disturbances, fourteen negroes had voluntarily given themselves up, and more were expected to "come in to-morrow." The fact of the matter we take to be this. As the cotton crop is just gathered, and stored in the gin-houses in process of ginning, some of the negroes steal as much of it as they can, and secretly sell it to some of the white gentlemen who are now attending the Savannah mass-meetings, and denouncing the outrages. The planters put watchmen in the houses where the seed-cotton lies or the ginned staple is awaiting transportation, and these sometimes connive at the thieving and sometimes shoot the thief, who, on his part, sometimes shoots back. This brings the sheriff, who, no doubt, a former rebel, and very probably a former owner or overseer of slaves, comes amongst an enraged population of ignorant people among whom a little blood has just been shed in the manner above-mentioned, and a good deal of affecting celebration of funerals has been going on, and he and the posse are overawed, or perhaps overpowered, by a hastily collected mob of ignorant, excited people, who come very speedily to their senses when by-and-by the United States uniform is brought before their eyes. One or two of them may have something on their consciences heavier than thefts or the wounding of the night watchman; but it will be as well to wait a while before believing so. And it cannot be said too often that the hundreds of murders officially reported in Georgia this year have been committed on blacks by whites; that Georgia is to a great extent a frontier country without law; and that, as always happens, the weakest Georgians—the colored ones—have been getting the worst of the law for a time so long, that if they had even sinned up to the reports of the Associated Press and the fears of the refugees from the Ogeechee, the matter would not be so very surprising.

From the rest of the South the news is on the whole not very bad. From Arkansas there are complaints of the brutal behavior of the militia (loyal), which is said to have "inaugurated a reign of terror." The reign of terror, by the way, seems to have set in most severely in a county which Cullen Baker—a desperado stained by scores of murders and robberies—has recently been blessing with his mild sway. When he wants a horse for himself or any of his gang, he orders a farmer to bring him a fresh beast in exchange for his weary one, and the farmer gladly complies, and is rejoiced if Mr. Baker vouchsafes him money to boot. Baker is but one; in August, September, and October last, before the myrmidons of the Radical Clayton began causing the flight of distinguished citizens of Arkansas, twenty leading Republicans had been killed or wounded by assassins, and about two hundred colored Republicans had been murdered, to say nothing of the wounded and whipped. It is very possible that the militia are not handling with gloves such persons as are known for murderers, but that their action is on the whole in the interest of order and law nobody informed of the condition of Arkansas would think of denying. In Florida, Reed has got the better of his obstreperous Lieutenant-Governor, Gleason, and that scandal is at an end. As important a piece of news as any that comes from South Carolina is to the effect that the Spragues of Rhode Island have bought for $200,000 the mill privileges on the Congaree, in the neighborhood of Columbia, South Carolina, and that they will erect cotton factories there. If they will use the help of colored women instead of the comparatively useless poor white girls who have brought trouble to more than one Southern factory, there is no reason, we suppose, why they should not have a Rhode Island success in South Carolina.

There is the same uncertainty as ever about the fate of the Tenure-of-Office Bill. The writer of an able article in *Harper's Weekly* argues against the expediency of repealing it, on the ground that, if combined with Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill, it would have the effect of preventing the ruthless use of the great executive power of the President against the will of the people, and at the same time prevent the national election from being merely "a fierce bread-and-butter contest," and would relieve the President of the immense drain on his time, attention, and strength now caused by his having to distribute the offices so as to satisfy party claims. He maintains, too, what few will deny, that the general principles on which the bill was passed are no less weighty now than they were a year ago; for of course, if the bill be based on principles of permanent value, the incoming of a good

President in the room of a bad one is no reason for repealing it. But there remains one objection to it, on which we touched last week, which the article does not meet, and that is that the bill aggravates that division of responsibility which is one of the great political evils of the day. The Jenckes bill would make it difficult for a President to fill the offices with bad men; would relieve him of the disgraceful pressure of "claims" which now follows his election; but with the Tenure-of-Office Bill in existence, he would always be able to get rid of the full responsibility of keeping bad men in office. True, he has the power of suspending; but it would under certain and not improbable contingencies be easy for him to say that there was no use in suspending, as the Senate did not sustain him. This is exactly the kind of process that has been going on for the last year. What we want in the government, municipal and State as well as Federal, is greater concentration of responsibility, so that we may, when things go wrong and rascals appear in office, be able to go to the exact person who is accountable and ask him to do his duty without shuffling or equivocation. The curse of the present system is that the President is no more responsible for the condition of the civil service than for the general prevalence of sin. The party which elects him is responsible, but where is the party to be found?

Mr. D. A. Wells's report has made its appearance, but too near our day of publication to allow of more than a very brief mention of its contents, although the New York *Tribune* has done the public the service of presenting a careful condensation of it. As regards the condition of the country, Mr. Wells asserts that while in the last five years one million of emigrants have landed in the United States, bringing with them eighty million dollars in gold, during the same period the increase of the national wealth, as exhibited in cotton and iron manufactories, railroads, telegraphs, sheep and other agricultural products, and in the consumption of certain foreign commodities, has been greater than during any similar period in the national existence. The agencies which he sets down as having contributed to this result we need hardly enumerate. On the other hand, he finds, as the result of the war, that in a great number of the more important branches of industry, in which before the war American labor and capital were able to defy competition, they are now totally unable to make head against foreigners, and this melancholy state of things he ascribes to unequal and heavy taxation, an irredeemable paper currency, and a limited supply of skilled labor. In support of these statements he adduces a wonderful variety of illustrations drawn from the recent history of various branches of industry, but into this tempting collection of facts we have not space or time to follow him at present. He looks for recovery through the restoration of the national credit, the refunding of the national debt at a reduced rate of interest, and the reduction of the cost of national production, which, of course, means the reduction and simplification of taxation and the practice of rigid economy. His plan of resumption is the application of 2 or 2½ per cent. on the whole debt year after year to the purchase in open market of gold-bearing bonds, with the concession of the privilege of contemporaneous conversion of greenbacks into bonds at certain rates and in certain sums. He says the only mode of funding at a lower rate of interest is to improve the security—a lesson which some of our financiers are slow to learn; and he winds up with what looks like an attack on the present beautiful tariff by recommending an enlargement of the free list and a general reduction of the rates of duty, and the abandonment of the *ad valorem* duties for specific duties.

The Greco-Turkish difficulty continues to be the principal topic of European news. A diplomatic conference is to meet at Paris with the view of settling it, on the 9th of January, to be presided over by M. Lavalette, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. We hear nothing as to the probable action of the conference with regard to Crete, but Turkey was apparently so determined not to take part in it, if the question of Cretan independence were so much as discussed, it is not unlikely that it will not be pressed even if brought forward. A Cable despatch in the early part of the week represented the Cretan insurgents as having finally laid down their arms and made their submission; but although this is a more distinct and circumstantial announcement of "the close of the war" than has yet been made, the non-arrival of any confirmation of it up to this date throws over it the same suspicion as all previous intelligence of a similar character. In the meantime, there seems to be a great deal of quiet determination at Constantinople, and a great deal of enthusiasm at Athens, and in the latter much of that belief that "war is certain" which usually accompanies enthusiasm. But then, out of Athens and Constantinople, nobody seems to have any expectation of war. The Turkish causes of complaint, the open transmission of stores and ammunition to Crete, and the open enlistment of volunteers at Athens, are really no stronger now than they were a year ago; and the reason why Turkey shut her eyes then was probably that she was in daily fear of trouble on the Danube. The late Roumanian Minister, M. Bratiano, was a "War-Horse," and plunged the country into all sorts of difficulties. He flew in the face of civilization by his persecution of the Jews, and then determined to fly in the face of Turkey, and began to make threatening demonstrations against her, and to accumulate arms at a rate that led Beust to pronounce the Principalities an "arsenal"—and all, it was believed, with the secret encouragement of Prussia and Russia. Austria and France, however, took the alarm, and remonstrated so decidedly that he was dismissed, thus relieving the Porte from a great anxiety.

The Turks have now determined to take the Greeks in hand, and, feeling satisfied either that the Great Powers won't permit a fight, or that, if there is one, Greece will be allowed to go to the wall, are pressing them hard, and have, it is said, fifty thousand men ready to cross over the frontier. Greek resistance in the open field would probably not last a week, and the war would speedily resolve itself into a campaign of regular troops against guerillas, in which the cultivated portion of Greek territory would be laid waste, and the hostilities be marked by all the usual atrocities of Turkish warfare. How long it would last and how it would end would depend on the force of Greek propagandism and the forbearance of the European powers. That the latter are prepared to allow such a firebrand as the break-up of the Turkish empire to be flung into the midst of them, no intelligent observer believes. All that can be said is that what is happening clearly makes the position of the empire more and more precarious; but an interesting account of an interview with Fuad-Pasha, published a year ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, shows that the Turks are perfectly aware of the desperateness of their fortunes, but are fully determined to die not in bed, "as a sick man," but in the field with their harness on their backs—and really desperate Turks are by no means a contemptible enemy.

One of the curious features of the quarrel is the small amount of Philhellenism it develops. One finds in the European press a great deal of dislike and contempt for the Turks, but hardly any sympathy, and rarely an expression of respect, for the Greeks. This is as true, too, of the ultra-democratic as of the tory or legitimist press, and considering the prodigious enthusiasm in the Greek cause displayed during the war of independence, and the strength in Europeans of the sentiment of antiquity, and above all of Greek antiquity, and the hearty support which the cause of all "other struggling nationalities"—Italian, Hungarian, and Polish—meets with, it is a singular phenomenon. The causes of this are various. The statesmen are, of course, influenced by political considerations solely; but the commercial classes have been prejudiced by the multiplication and exceeding sharpness and success of Greek houses in the great commercial centres, while the kingdom of Greece has done nothing to win respect for the Greeks as politicians. It has not paid its debts, and, worse still, has made no honest effort to pay them; its finances are in utter disorder; its offices and office-seekers innumerable, and its police worse than none. The consequence has been that instead of laying the foundation, as Piedmont did for Italy, of a great political future for the Hellenic race by a display of Hellenic skill, courage, and wisdom on a small scale, it has simply made a display of Hellenic acuteness, restlessness, enterprise, and the European public is now well-nigh disgusted with Hellenism, which has been driven into seeking most of its sympathy in this country. Of course there is much to be said by way of explanation regarding the evil effects of Turkish domination in keeping alive

a feverish and unhealthy spirit among the Greeks, and preventing calm attention to internal administration. We hope that at the meeting on Friday next, in this city, competent speakers will address themselves calmly and honestly to these points, and thus not only do the Greeks good service, but save themselves from the reaction which nearly always follows on over-rhetorical treatment of very difficult subjects. Nobody who knows much of European Turkey considers it a simple matter to drive the Turks out and hand Constantinople and its appurtenances over to the Athenian statesmen, and we hope that our Philhellenists will not talk of it as if it were. The case of Crete stands on different grounds.

The Turkish question is receiving some wild treatment in the daily press. An enthusiastic letter-writer in the *Times* pronounces King George ruler of the 15,000,000 of Greeks, no matter where they live, in virtue of the fact that he is called "King of the Hellenes," and declares that if he were to become "faithless to the Hellenes he would cease to be King of Greece." To this clear and sapient proposition he adds another, that "the special provision which states the Turks shall hold no jurisdiction over Christians, and that the latter are under the protection of Christian powers, proves that the Porte holds only a conventional authority." There is no such "special provision." The *foreign* Christians are exempt from the Porte's authority; native Christians of whatever race are Turkish subjects, and it is their hardships under Turkish rule which, in fact, are making all the trouble; but the writer of the letter unhappily seems to have only a very vague idea of what he is talking about. The *Tribune* has launched out against the Turks too, but treats them historically. It announces as something new and startling the fact that Prince Charles of Roumania "pays only a nominal allegiance to the Sultan." He pays all the allegiance that Roumania has paid to the Sultan for the last forty years. The same paper says that "Servia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina accord but the merest figment of sovereignty to the Porte." What "the merest figment of sovereignty" is, we are unable to say; but the fact is that Servia is to all intents and purposes independent of the Porte, and has been so for half a century, while Bosnia and Herzegovina are as much a part of the Sultan's dominions as Constantinople. So that the process of "disintegration" in Turkey is not going on nearly as fast as some over-zealous friends of Greece would have us believe. We hope the journalists are not going to lose their heads over the Greek question. It is a very good question, but it has *facts* in it worth notice.

The year 1868 has witnessed the death of a large number of distinguished men—each year the opportunities of distinction increase in number, and the facilities increase for spreading the names of celebrated men—but perhaps within the twelvemonth no man or woman has died who was at once of the first order of intellect or greatness and of commensurate fame. Royalty in 1868 lost the two barbarian chiefs, Theodorus of Abyssinia, and Hole-in-the-Day, an able ruler, though only of Chippewas; the wives of both these potentates; Ravaheri Manjoka, Queen of Madagascar; the ex-King of Bavaria, Ludwig the First, poet, philosopher, and lover of Lola Montez; the assassinated Prince Michael of Servia; and Phra-Bard-Somdetch-Phra-Pharamendr-Maha-Monkut, the King of Siam, a monarch whose character was a curious mixture of barbarism and civilization. At his death, by the way, one of our New York daily papers lost a subscriber, whose place may or may not be refilled, the proportion of barbarousness in the composition of Somdetch's brother and successor not being as yet known. Aristocracy lost Walewski, Gortchakoff, Wensleydale, Salisbury, Cranworth, Cardigan (Balaklava), the reforming, or reformer-loving Duchess of Sutherland, Baron Rothschild, Narvaez, Anna Paulovna, the musical Czarina of Georgia, and the notorious young Marquis of Hastings. The age of this last-mentioned nobleman—he died at 26—reminds us to remark that of all the persons well enough known to justify the appearance of their names in a necrology of the year, the young in the lists are the notorious merely, such as Menken who was 36, Hastings, who was 26, "Japanese Tommy," who was 25. The really famous men were old, and very many of them had reached a very good old age before filling up the measure of their celebrity. Wensleydale was 86, Gortchakoff was 79, Rothschild was 76, Narvaez was 68.

Neither literature nor the plastic art met with any great loss in 1868 Brougham, a voluminous writer, was so old as to be no great loss to anything—literature, science, law, or politics. Berryer was a loss to politics, law, and oratory; but letters, including journalism, have only to lament Milman, Athanase Coquerel, De La Vigne, Eyre Evans Crowe, Limayrac, Higgins (Jacob Omnium), Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), John Douglas Cook, Lever, Seba Smith (Major Jack Downing), D'Arcy McGee, Beach, Foucault, Mallefille, Capendu, Perthes, and Van Lennep. Painters and sculptors deceased during the year are Elliott, Leutze, Dick, Ball Hughes, George Cattermole, G. H. Thomas, John Doyle, Stifter, Miss Quiner, a self-taught sculptor, and the two Mounts—names representing various degrees of ability, but none of them, except Doyle's, representing a reputation not bounded by the artist's native country. Music lost the illustrious Rossini, who died at Paris in November, at the age of seventy-seven, leaving a name perhaps as sure of long remembrance as that of any of the dead of 1868. Besides the politicians whom we have already mentioned, the name of Thaddeus Stevens will occur to all Americans, of Howell Cobb to most Southern Americans, and of Peter Cagger to those who are familiar with the politics of New York. Whether or not, but for Peter Cagger's sudden, violent death, Grant would now be the President elect, doubtless, at any rate, Seymour would not have been the beaten candidate. We name, at random, George Rapall Noyes, the Orientalist and Biblical critic, who deserves remembrance for his quiet but important influence in the emancipation of the religious world of New England; Edwin A. Stevens, the inventor; James Buchanan, formerly President of the United States; Sir James Brooke (Rajah Brooke), the private gentleman, a modern king of men, conqueror and ruler, reviving old histories, who attained sovereign power in the East by his personal ascendancy and vigor of mind; Generals McCall and Asboth; Rear-Admiral Bell; Commodore Gansevoort, a veteran of the days when we had eight ships; Governor Tod, of Ohio; Monagas, President of Venezuela; Flores, President of Uraguay; and Olarte, the President of Panama; Adler, philologist, a good scholar and good man, who died in this city some months since, after an illness painful in many respects; Heber Kimball, the Mormon; Peter Force, the book collector and author; Mitchell, the maker of geographies; the centenarians—Mrs. Wright (103); a Mrs. Rachel Posey, a Revolutionary pensioner (103); Okee-Wah, an Ottawa squaw (123); Mrs. Nancy Cooley (108); a Mrs. Haskins (116); and a Mrs. Sarah Collins (102)—not one male centenarian among them.

The news from Spain is better than it was last week. The insurrections which broke out in Seville, Cadiz, and Malaga have been suppressed with little trouble and little bloodshed, the republicans showing nearly as great readiness in surrendering as in rising. The cause of these disturbances is, as we have said before, the long delay in taking the national decision on the form of government, and the belief of the republicans, whether well or ill founded, that the Provisional Government is using the delay to intrigue in favor of a monarchy. They therefore demand as a compromise the admission of a certain proportion of democratic members, but at the latest advices the concession had not been made. All fear of French intervention, if any ever existed, has vanished, owing to the increasingly troubled condition of France herself. The democratic movement there grows in vigor, and has apparently been greatly stimulated by M. Pinard's insane persecution of the press. The newspapers grow in boldness and defiance, and the Emperor is said to be on the verge of having to choose between a return to pure despotism and the abandonment of personal government. His imperialist followers are reported to be in favor of the former course, and his nerves seem to be gradually giving way under his burdens. M. Pinard is a Jesuit, or at least a devotee, introduced into power by the Empress's favor, and his measures therefore tend to involve the Church in the odium with which he is covered. M. Gambettâ, the young lawyer who rose into fame by his furious denunciations of the Government on the recent press trials, is going to run for the Corps Législatif in the place of M. Berryer, from Marseilles, and, it is said, with a strong prospect of success.

GRANT'S DIFFICULTIES.

GRANT'S opinions about the course the Government ought, in his opinion, to pursue on the leading questions of the day, both home and foreign, begin gradually to leak out, through the medium of "conversations" with newspaper correspondents and politicians; and although conclusions drawn from reports of this kind have to be accepted with a good deal of allowance, both for misreporting and misunderstanding, we need have no hesitation in saying that the country is now in possession of the leading outlines of his policy—using the word in the constitutional sense, as covering the set of measures the President is prepared to *recommend* to Congress, and the set of principles in which he is prepared to act on matters lying within his discretion, and not in the Johnsonian sense, as covering what the President thinks ought to be done, or is determined to have done by any means, fair or foul, within his reach, and without regard to the opinions of Congress or the public. The most interesting and trustworthy account of Grant's views and aims we happen to have seen has appeared in the Boston *Advertiser*, whose Washington correspondence has long enjoyed the rare distinction of being sensible, accurate, and decent. According to that writer, Grant is in favor of "honesty, economy, and manliness." These are, of course, vague terms; but the correspondent gives some illustrations which help us to fix their meaning. For instance, we get a good idea of what Grant means by honesty from what he said of a certain legislator's speech—that "it was a falsehood; there was nothing on which you could put your finger and say, 'This is a lie,' but the whole thing was a falsehood, for all that; I've despised him ever since I heard him make that speech." This is excellent, but it foreshadows much trouble. We can assure him that if he criticises speeches in this spirit he will speedily find himself at daggers drawn with a host of "good men," "sound on main questions," and brimful of "moral issues," whose friends will not relish the application of the army standard of truthfulness and candor to their "great efforts" to help humanity along the road of progress and this great country to fulfil its destinies. He must be more careful in his analyses.

As regards economy, he is opposed to all machinery of government and all government undertakings which facilitate the growth or existence of "Rings," or which promise to make the payment of the national debt doubtful or difficult. He hopes somehow to secure peace and freedom at the South, through the co-operation of the Southern people, if possible; without their co-operation, if necessary. About the Tenure-of-Office Act he says and has said nothing; about his opinions on the Civil Service Bill the correspondent makes no report; but the General's views with regard to the appointments in the civil service appear to be precisely those on which Mr. Jenckes's bill is based; that is to say, using the discretion which the absence of such a bill still leaves him, and obeying the party traditions to the extent which prudence and expediency seem to warrant, he will select his employees, whenever he can do so with a proper regard to the public interests, from the ranks of the Republican party; "but his aim first and last will be to get upright and efficient men, rather than to reward party services." "Copperheads, political time-servers, and blatant Democratic politicians" may, however, "as well send in their resignations, to take effect on the 4th of March next," the fact being that no person answering to this description can possibly have got into the public service during the last four years by any honest arts or for honest purposes.

This all reads very well, and is very assuring, but does not furnish sufficient basis for a judgment as to the character of the new administration, without some account of the strength with which the jobbers and intriguers and plunderers of the Treasury are mustering for the defence of the old régime. The correspondent of the *Advertiser* says that "if he could show how the jobbers are organizing their forces and how adroitly they are laying their plans," people might be afraid about the future. The accounts which appear in nearly all the papers are of much the same tenor and effect. There is to be during the coming winter a real gathering of the clans of corruption at Washington. The various "Rings" were never so strong or so well organized and audacious. The beauty of the case is that they all, knowing the noble weakness of the American public, pretend to be operating on behalf of some great moral or humanitarian idea. For instance, there is a great Ring working, as in the case of Alaska, for the extension of "the area of freedom." They want to purchase Cuba and pieces of Mexico, and it has even been suggested to annex Canada by force. Now, no great purchase or annexation of this kind can be made, in the present state of the art of peculation, without the Ring pocketing enormous profits. They probably secure in the first place a share of the purchase money by bringing the scheme to a head and getting it through the Senate; they then secure another share by having the vote of the money hang fire in the House long enough to frighten the vendor, as in the Alaska case. We pass over without notice the smaller fees to "counsel" and patriotic editors of wholesome and independent papers, and the dinners and champagne to lobby agents. We pass over, too, the arrant dishonesty on the part of a nation, as of an individual, involved in borrowing money to buy real estate on speculation, when it is unable to pay debts already contracted.

The Indian Ring in like manner is fighting its battle by drawing fearful pictures of the cruel and inhuman treatment which the Indians would be subjected to if they were transferred to the jurisdiction of the War Department. It accordingly demands for them continued subjection to the enlightened ministrations of the bureau, with its gigantic yearly almsgiving, its snug "agencies," and its total exemption from real responsibility; for it is easy to see that when an agent opens an account with "Black Kettle," the balance at the end of the year, owing to "Black Kettle's" limited knowledge of book-keeping, is hardly likely to be in "Black Kettle's" favor. It says, moreover, that all would go well if the naughty white men on the frontier would only treat the red man properly; but as there is no immediate prospect of any change in the white man's character, the excuses for the present abuses promise to last as long as the Indians. The Whiskey Ring are confidently reported by the Western press to be preparing to operate on the temperance line. They are, it is said, going to call for a rise in the whiskey tax from fifty cents to two dollars, in the interest of "morality" and "public order." They are going to show the desolation to homes, the injury to health, the increase of crime wrought by the poisonous bowl, and they are buying up all the whiskey they can find and advising all their friends to do so, so as to create an interest strong enough to force the rise through Congress. Then they will sell out, pass the profits to their bank account, make contracts for future deliveries of whiskey, and begin to work for a reduction of the tax next year, on the scientific principle of "undulations."

Whether General Grant can stand firm against all this, or whether if he gives way we shall not see a worse crash, a greater loosening of the bonds of morality, than has yet been witnessed in American history, are points on which a great many people feel a good deal of the anxiety which finds expression in the letter of a correspondent in another column. The suggestion it contains as to the means he should adopt of relieving himself of a portion of the labor and care which lie before him is certainly worth consideration. Our confidence in Grant continues unabated, and it is strengthened by the almost unanimous support he is likely to receive from the press. Papers of all shades of opinion seem to be encouraging him to resist the plunderers, and it will be well if the public which lies behind the press does its part in strengthening him for the shock. The ways in which the breath of popular feeling reaches a statesman are innumerable. The press is only one of its channels. Nobody can say a good hearty word against peculators and sentimental knaves and hypocrites, in the counting-house or club or parlor, without contributing something to the unseen but mighty and all-pervading force by which nations are saved.

EUROPE AT THE CLOSE OF 1868.

THE eye of the observer of European events, which for months has been fixed with close attention on the south-western peninsula of that continent, is now turning with almost equal interest towards the south-east, where a little speck of war, portentous perhaps of a general tempest, has appeared on the horizon. The Greek Government, called upon by the Sultan to desist from fanning into new flames the almost extinct embers of the Cretan insurrection, has rejected the Turkish ultimatum, and volunteers are mustering at Athens, under the eyes of the Prime

Minister Bulgaris, for the invasion of Epirus and Thessaly. The Turkish fleet, under Hobart Pasha, sweeps the archipelago in pursuit of Hellenic blockade-runners, and prepares to aid the land army, under Omer, in invading the mainland of Greece. European diplomacy, however, is busy preventing the first real outbreak of hostilities, which would not only be followed by scenes of endless horror, as in every encounter of Greek fanaticism with Ottoman barbarism, but probably also by shocks on the Lower Danube, in which Christian states and nationalities would be arrayed against each other. In thus rashly plunging into war, young King George, the ruler over less than a million and a half of people—the Ionian islanders included—is believed not only to count upon Russia, but also to work for her, the natural heir of the "sick man" of the East, should he die a violent death, and it is this event which France and England, and still more eagerly Austria, are bent on preventing. If the reported surrender of the Cretan insurgents be true, the crisis may be considered as postponed.

The Slavic subjects of Turkey as yet give no sign of a readiness to join in the bloody fray. Bulgaria is less discontented, perhaps, and certainly less inclined to insurrection—with Widin, Rustchuk, Silistria, Varna, and Shumla on her soil—than Panslavic agitators represent her to be. Servia, under her young Milan Obrenovitch, the nephew of the recently assassinated Michael, seems to wait for an opportunity under the auspices of France and Austria for achieving the little that is still wanting to her final independence. Montenegro is probably awed into inactivity by the same powers. Roumania, on the other hand, shows decidedly turbulent proclivities, unwarlike as the modern Dacians are; and the late dismissal by Prince Charles of the reckless Bratiano ministry, which made itself so obnoxious to both Turkey and Austria, is hardly more than a tardy concession to external pressure, though represented to have been brought about by the disinterested advice of Prussia. The dismissed chiefs of the philo-Russian war party, Bratiano and Stephen Golesco, have been elected presidents of the Bucharest Chambers, and warlike clamors against Turks and Hungarians fill the Roumanian press.

The anti-Hungarian animosity of the Moldo-Wallachians is stimulated by the hope—secretly held out to them by domestic and foreign demagogues—of incorporating with Roumania the south-eastern province of Hungary, Transylvania, the majority of whose inhabitants are of Roumanian descent, and whose quiet reunion with the other parts of the realm of St. Stephen is one of the greatest victories lately achieved by the tried statesmanship of the Magyars. Another of its successes is the complete reconciliation with Croatia, whose representatives have just been admitted, amid great enthusiasm, to the Diet of Pesth. For the first time, perhaps, in their history are the Hungarians seen to act in true concord with the house of Hapsburg; and for the first time also has liberty, both religious and national, become the policy of that house. The breach between the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Rome is now regarded as final. The antagonism between that empire and Russia is no less patent. They may openly come into collision on the Lower Danube; they *must* do so sooner or later on their own frontiers, on account of their Polish provinces; for there Austria props what Russia seeks entirely to uproot—the Polish nationality.

What prevents the Czar from taking up the gauntlet immediately, both on the Danube and on the Vistula, urged on as he is by the burning fanaticism of his mighty people to destroy the last vestige of Poland, to subdue the Maygars, to expel the Turks from Europe, and to annex every country inhabited by Slavi, is probably less the fear of a grand European coalition—for Prussia and Italy might serve as a check on France—than the terrible derangement of Russian finances, the drain on the military resources of the empire by the war in Central Asia, the unfinished condition of the network of railways, the frightfully increasing demoralization of the peasantry, and a spirit of restlessness which pervades the whole of Russian society and threatens troubles in the interior. It seems, however, easy to predict that the Russian nation, moved by the desire of expansion, will not long brook, without an attempt to revenge it, the humiliation of seeing Austria restoring Polish self-government in Galicia, dictating orders in Bucharest, and playing the part of protector in Constantinople. Preparatory, perhaps, to a grand Panslavic crusade abroad, the Russian Government is working hard and mercilessly at the Russification, both in a religious and a national sense, of its western provinces. In Lithuania the work is more than half-done; in the "Vistula country"—for this is now the name for Poland in the narrowest meaning of the word—it is pushed forward with vigor; in the Baltic territories it is in its incipient stages. The half-unshackled press of the Russian capitals urges the radical and speedy performance of the work.

The second-rate kingdoms of the north of Europe, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, enjoy now their tried constitutionalism undisturbed by either threats of war, desire of expansion, or internal convulsions. Sweden, having recast her mediæval legislative machinery under the auspices of a liberal king, the grandson of Bernadotte, seems to be contented with her moral progress, and to have resigned—for the time, at least—all hope of recovering Finland from Russia. Denmark, sore tried, reduced, and humbled, has ceased to urge the immediate restoration to her of Northern Schleswig, which was stipulated by the late treaties. Holland repudiates the design imputed to her of forming an alliance with France against Prussia, and Belgium tries as little to ally herself, as was rumored, with Prussia against France. The expected marriage of the Crown-Prince of Denmark—whose brother is King of Greece, and whose sisters are to sit on the thrones of England and Russia, respectively—with the daughter of Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, is a matter of some public interest to the Scandinavians; the Dutch are agitated by debates on the budget; and the Belgians by the probably fatal disease of their Crown-Prince, a boy of nine.

England is unequivocally on the path of progress. She has overcome the Fenian agitation, revived her military prestige by the brief and brilliant Abyssinian expedition, democratized her elective institutions, smoothed the way to an amicable adjustment of her difficulties with the United States, and by her recent elections strengthened the Liberal majority in Parliament, and placed the executive power in the hands of men like Gladstone, Stansfeld, and Bright—Disraeli and his cabinet evacuating, without a struggle, a position become untenable. Though the elections, in spite of the changed electoral basis, have, in the main, hardly affected the character of the British legislature, the constitutional life of the United Kingdom has evidently entered upon a new phase. Neither can it be denied that in the social and literary spheres, too, tendencies are perceptible which threaten to break down many a conservative barrier. Free enquiry and democracy are advancing at an equal pace.

In France, public opinion moves in the same direction, the Government in the opposite one. Hence an almost continuous skirmishing between the organs of the two. The attempts to commemorate the death of the representative Baudin, a victim of the *coup d'état* to which the Second Empire owes its existence; the bold expressions of anti-Napoleonic sentiment on the part of representative men of various parties—like Marie, Crémieux, and Berryer (a few days before his death)—to which those attempts served as an occasion; the defiant tone with which the liberal press, both in the capital and in the provinces, answered the persecutions of Pinard, the subsequently dismissed minister of the interior; and the speeches delivered over the tomb of Berryer—all these seem to justify the belief in which this veteran orator died, that France is rapidly approaching another stormy crisis. Napoleon the Third's prestige is certainly half-gone. He is old, and his ablest men—Morny, Fould, and Walewski—are dead. France is tired and ashamed of being kept stationary while all the world around moves. Resting on more than a million of bayonets, and with Queretaro and Mentana as its latest warlike reminiscences, the Second Empire is neither peace nor glory. For order alone, liberty is too great a sacrifice. France envies England her peaceful progress, Spain her revolution, and—more than all—Prussia her Königgrätz.

In availing themselves of the consequences of that memorable victory to their utmost extent, King William of Prussia and his statesmen are indefatigably active. Every result is drawn to its utmost conclusions. The murmurs of France, the complaints of the Danes, the machinations of the dispossessed princes, the agitations of South

Germany, the protests of minorities—separatist, Danish, Polish, or radical—are all coolly disregarded. Count Bismarck—and he is still the leading spring of it all—knows that Germany's desire for unity and power will pardon numberless encroachments upon public or private rights, and continue to support his policy by handsome majorities in the three Parliaments—of Prussia, of the North German Confederation, and of the Customs Union—which acknowledge his master as presiding sovereign; and as regards France and her possible allies, he relies on his incomparably sounder financial system, on his tried needle-guns, and on Russia. Thus confiding in its strength, the Prussian ministry now and then shows an inclination to relapse into its former absolutistic ways, of which a defiantly provoking speech of the Minister of Justice, lately delivered in the Prussian House of Deputies, was a striking instance. Scenes like that cannot fail to strengthen the anti-Prussian feeling which still animates a large portion even of the liberal population of South-western Germany, and which enables the governments of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Hesse-Darmstadt to keep up a show of opposition to the aspiring policy of the House of Hohenzollern, while the Grand Duke of Baden goes with his father-in-law, King William.

The Swiss Confederation has rarely enjoyed more tranquillity than just now. Even Geneva has been quiet for some time. Berne, Zürich, and Lucerne are engaged in carrying through a revision of their constitutions, which will render them more democratic and liberal than they have ever been. Altogether, the Alpine Republic is still moving in the direction which the events of 1847 and 1848 marked out for her.

Italy, too, on the other side of the Alps, has had peace throughout the year just closed, but peace without tranquillity. The remembrance of Mentana is still too fresh in all men's minds. French guns are still planted on the fortifications of Civita Vecchia. The Legion of Antibes still parades, and Italian patriots are still executed in Rome. Brigands still infest the mountains. The finances of the country are at a low ebb. The King has lost his popularity. His foreign policy is undefined. The Parliament is rent with factious strifes. The people are restless. Garibaldi in his island is preparing for new adventurous attempts. Mazzini—from his sick-bed at Lugano, in Switzerland—preaches a new crusade against the Pope and his supporters. Final pacification is impossible as long as Rome remains severed from the kingdom. But, in spite of all these causes and symptoms of unrest, the independence and the integrity of Italy were probably never more firmly secured than at this moment. This is owing to the growth of Prussia, the entirely changed position of Austria, the sympathy of England, the decadence of French imperialism, and the transformation of Spain.

This transformation is the great event of the year. After sixty years of internal strife, Spain seems to have definitively shaken off the ignominious yoke of the dynasty imposed upon her by Louis XIV. Napoleon I. commenced the movement, in 1808, at Bayonne; Napoleon III. witnessed its final dénoûment near that place, at Biarritz, in 1868. And the bitter experiences of the former emperor warn the latter not to attempt another intervention in that country, between which and France there *are* Pyrenees, after all. The attitude of the Spanish people, too, is apt to deter enemies and to gain and encourage friends. No recent revolution has had a more orderly and regularly progressive development than this. Disturbances there have been, it is true, like the outbreaks at Cadiz and Malaga, but meetings and ballots are as yet mainly the chief weapons of the various parties. Their principal chiefs and leaders are still men of deserved eminence—Prim, Serrano, Olozaga, Orense, Castelar. The decision as to the future form of government is left to the Constituent Cortes, soon to be opened. With that opening the storms may begin, and it is hard to say whether the final conflict between rival creeds, factions, and candidates will be fought out within the precincts of the assembly. If the Republic be triumphant, it will be because the supporters of Don Carlos, Montpensier, Aosta, Espartero, and others will not sacrifice their interests and predilection to their monarchical conviction, and thus fail to agree on a common candidate for the throne. But democratic ideas are rapidly gaining ground among the masses of the people. Both the reigning King of Portugal, Dom Luis, and his father, ex-King Ferdinand, are mentioned among the candidates, but the latter seems to prefer the ease which he deservedly enjoys to the pomp and trouble of a new reign, and the former will probably be wise enough not to sacrifice to the gratification of personal ambition the interests of his quiet little kingdom, which, if united with Spain, would hardly escape being absorbed by her.

"HUMANITY."

We are obliged to Miss Anna Dickinson—for whom, by-the-by, the *Nation* seems to have a horrible fascination—for furnishing us, in the following passage from a recent lecture of hers in Boston, with an excuse for saying one word more about the efforts which are now making on the stump to elevate the black man:

> "A certain paper which shall be nameless here, which the *Tribune* designates as an obscure literary weekly, but which accounts itself a power in the land, and which is the mouthpiece of a larger number of people than ought to be in the land—this paper begs us to hold our peace on this vexed question of negro equality until certain wise and learned men shall determine precisely the status of the negro. Humanity is to wait upon the dicta of ethnology, Christianity upon the dictates of science! The black man is not to have the benefit of a doubt; he is to be sacrificed, and no distant voice is to be raised till these same wise and learned men shall settle beyond controversy whether he is a cross between an ape and a man or not! I would call the attention of this same literary weekly—very weakly—which thinks that it has fathomed the necessities of this case, to the fact that this same matter of ethnology is in rather an unsatisfactory condition, and that the best authorities disagree materially in their doctrines. What is the negro to do while these savans are settling their disputes? Is nothing to be done to elevate him in the scale of the races at least, and is he to be left without protection?"

Let us say, in the first place, that it was not the negro or "humanity" either that we asked to "wait;" it was Miss Dickinson. We suggested to *her* the propriety of waiting for more light on a very difficult question of ethics and physiology and ethnology before treating it either in books or speeches, and we have seen no reason since to repent having offered this modest advice. In fact, we are every day more and more satisfied of its value. What we say to the negro, and what we would all his friends should say to him, is not to "wait" one minute, but to be up and doing. The great difficulty in his case is, that he is constantly tempted to wait not till "the wise and learned men" have settled his "place in nature," but until certain stump-orators have settled what his "rights" are, and what privileges and immunities "humanity" entitles him to. They, and not the ethnologists or other savans, are now, in our humble opinion, his greatest stumbling-block, for they are continually telling him that there is no use in his moving, that his condition is in fact hopeless till they have finished their next course of lectures, or have "run" an "organ" for another year, or held a few more meetings. Of the ethnologists he knows nothing and about them need care nothing. He seldom hears of them. The idea that they can make or mar his fortunes by their discussions is about as sensible as the idea that "miscegenation" can be prevented by prohibiting intermarriage between blacks and whites. How much could a solemn resolution of the Anthropological Society do to prevent a colored man in Washington or New Orleans from growing rich or becoming eloquent or learned, or to prevent a rich or eloquent or learned man from at last winning his due meed of honor in a civilized community, or prevent a race which could boast many rich and eloquent and learned men from being thoroughly respectable, both in the low and the high sense of the word, in the eyes of all other races? "Blood," it is said, "will tell;" but nothing under heaven "tells" like performance. In 1790, nobody in Europe believed that armies could be led by *manants;* but a few charges by Murat the stable-boy, and a few bursts of desperate valor from Lannes the dyer, dispelled that ancient delusion. When a few negroes have displayed the ability to break a bank, and a fair number of them have shone in the operating-room or laboratory, and the lecture-room or pulpit, we may depend upon it we shall see negroes at rich men's dinner-tables, and in fashionable pulpits, and on bank and railroad boards. But until this has been done, no amount of stump-speaking, and no number of demonstrations of his physiological or ethnological equality, will help him to a place in the front rank, or even give him more than the world's pity. To hope for social equality for him in any way but as the reward of his own exertions, is to hope for a miracle—for the suspension in his favor of the laws of the moral universe. It is by the rigid exaction, as part of this moral order, from

every man of proofs of his worth in the shape of deeds, that civilization is kept alive and increased.

Therefore, the thing for the negro to do is not to wait one hour; to let the orators rave and the savans investigate while he digs and delves and spins and weaves and studies, in the firm assurance that herein lies the road, and the only road, to social equality. The thing for most persons engaged in stumping for the negro to do is, to go down to the South and apply such abilities and knowledge as they possess to the humble and obscure but, in God's sight, illustrious labor of teaching, guiding, and consoling him. The funds now expended in the hire of halls, in gaslight, bill-sticking, and tickets, may also most righteously be diverted to the purchase of books and the establishment of schools for him; and lest any orator or lecturer should be at a loss where to remit, we may mention that a normal school and farm for colored people is now in existence at Fortress Monroe, under the superintendence of General Armstrong, and is doing admirable work in teaching them the habits of industry and the arts and restraints of civilized life, and to that institution those who feel excited about the black man's condition will do well to direct their contributions. There are hundreds of other ways of using money for his benefit; we mention this as the one best known to us. Anything almost will serve him in better stead than "the temporary noises, menacings, and deliriums" of the humanitarian platform.

We speak thus strongly because we see no end to the amount of "waiting" which certain orators would exact of the black man. After the war they told him that his condition was hopeless until he got the suffrage. He has got the suffrage. They now tell him that the suffrage is a mockery without free farms—that his condition, in other words, is hopeless till the Government makes him a present of land—and have invented in support of this theory a cock-and-bull story about the distribution of land for nothing amongst the peasantry as having been "the one permanent and valuable result of the French Revolution." Miss Dickinson has recently gone one step further, and declared, amidst great applause, that he is foully wronged if white women refuse to marry him because of his color. It is quite clear to us that if he waits till all his friends certify that he has got all he is entitled to ask for, he will not take charge of his own future within the next century. The one thing the North owes him now, through the Government, is security; what the humane owe him is the means of education. These cannot be supplied too lavishly, and there is no form of supplying them that can be inappropriate.

It is high time, too, that it should be generally understood, as it does not seem to be amongst a certain class of reformers, that the public will not accept their definitions of "truth" and "justice" and "humanity;" that these terms have had various meanings in various ages and states of knowledge and civilization, and that their true meaning is to be got at not by spouting, but by study and experiment. When Miss Dickinson asks whether "humanity is to wait," what she means is her own notion of "humanity," the value of which depends entirely on her knowledge and mental training; just as when some of her confrères abused Mr. Fessenden for not "following after the truth," what they meant was their own notion of the "truth;" and when some of them talk of "justice" for the negro, what they mean is what they are pleased to consider "justice." At the bottom of these vagaries is, in nine cases out of ten, a kind of vague, unacknowledged belief in the inspiration of anybody who pleases to mount a platform to declaim in behalf of some oppressed or unhappy class. But we approach a correct definition of humanity just as we approach a correct definition of truth, by increasing our knowledge, and knowledge is increased by patient investigation. In other words, the improvements which have been made in education and in the relief of distress, in the administration of justice and in the prevention of pauperism, have been reached through just the same processes, mental and other, as the discoveries in chemistry and mechanics—that is, by recording, comparing, and inferring. The old Scythians, a correspondent reminds us, thought humanity required them to eat their grandfathers; the old Romans saw nothing inhuman in infanticide; in the Middle Ages the burning of heretics was considered by millions of excellent men the highest service that could be rendered to humanity; and it is not so very long since people far more enlightened than the inquisitors thought it humane to make children's lives miserable by perpetual flogging or the fear of flogging. In Catholic countries to-day there are thousands of good people who think the best service they can render humanity is indiscriminate almsgiving, but who look with horror on all attempts to diminish pauperism by great social or political changes. Those who have taken up humanitarian labors in the scientific spirit, however, tell us that there is nothing more inhuman than indiscriminate almsgiving, nothing more cruel than giving way to every gust of pity that cases of seeming distress may excite in one's bosom.

The great discovery of our age in the field of social reform is, that nothing is really humane which does not tend to improve human *character*, and that, in going to work to right B.'s wrongs or relieve A.'s suffering, we have to consider not what would A. or B. like *now*, but what will in the end make him a wiser, stronger, more self-reliant and more truthful man, what will increase his sense of responsibility to society and to his Maker;—which is but another mode of saying that in philanthropy, as in politics, to be sure of our ground we have to "think out" our measures and test their value by conjuring up their remote consequences. How far a great number of our platform humanitarians are from recognition of this method as the true one is well illustrated by Miss Dickinson's last specific for negro wrongs, the inculcation on white people of the duty of marrying blacks—that is, of avoiding what she pleasantly calls (in one of those question-begging phrases by which orators of her school do half their work), "the sin of caste." We bring the matter up again simply because a great number of very intelligent people hailed its production with as much rejoicing as if she had hit on a cure for crime or pauperism or consumption. Now, nobody can ever recommend marriage as a good mode of extirpating fallacies or prejudices, or righting wrongs—and, especially in the present condition of physiological knowledge, marriage, between two races differing so widely in physical and moral constitution as negroes and whites—who has ever seriously considered what marriage means, what it results in, and what moral responsibilities it involves. It is usually treated in novels and sentimental literature from Miss Dickinson's point of view, as the agreement of two young persons of affectionate dispositions and high aspirations to live together during their lives and hold their goods and earnings in common. But to the moralist and social reformer marriage means the agreement of two persons to produce children, and to become responsible for their education and maintenance and their start in life. A little reflection on the part of anybody who has been brought up in the Christian theory of duty, and who has received a fair amount of mental training, will show him that to agree to produce children under conditions likely to affect their character or happiness unfavorably, for the purpose of aiding a "movement" or righting other people's political or social wrongs, would be to take a position towards the children such as the Almighty alone has a right to assume. In fact, in saying even as much on this subject as we say now, we touch on such a variety of problems, of such magnitude and interest and obscurity, that we almost reproach ourselves for saying anything at all in a newspaper article. We only do so to illustrate the extent to which the stump is infusing into the treatment of some of the gravest moral questions of our day the spirit of presumption and recklessness and ignorance with which it has long cursed politics and legislation.

DINERS A LA RUSSE.

Not unfrequently, at some grand entertainment in England or America, the guests are served with what is called a dinner *à la Russe*, but we have never been able to find any resemblance between that and a real Russian dinner, other than that no dishes are placed on the table, which is covered only with the plates and glasses, and occasionally fruit and flowers. The meats are carved outside, and all the dishes are handed round. A genuine Russian dinner, made up of so many delicacies and heavy dishes, at such an entertainment, would produce an effect not intended. The guests would be soon asleep, and speeches would be either not heard or not delivered. The Russians eat no breakfast, but soon after rising take tea with cream or lemon, and dry bread. Except in the large cities, where more sensible habits have crept in, they are apt to dine at one or two o'clock. In the early evening there is tea again, and the day ends with supper.

In Russia as in Sweden, the first thing at dinner is always the *zakuska* (lit. the morsel eaten after drinking), the *voschnack* or breakfast. This consists of a small glass of brandy or cordial, and a bit of bread and butter, cheese, salt or smoked fish, caviare, or radishes. The Russians are excellent hands at preparing brandies with different flavors, the best of which are *kümmel* and *pomerantsevaya*, the latter of bitter oranges. The glass of brandy is thought to have a healthy, stimulating property; but something salt is positively demanded by the climate, and after a short time in Russia, the foreigner will be always glad to get a bit of raw herring or salt salmon, or caviare, especially if it is nearly liquid and fresh from the fish. There is a kind of little fish, like a herring, found at Pereslav, which is an especial favorite. The *zakuska* is of course always placed on a side-table. After the *zakuska* the guests each cross themselves three times and take their seats at the table, just as the soup is coming in. Soup is the *sine quâ non* of every Russian dinner, and there are some varieties hearty enough for a full meal in themselves. The great national soup is *stchi*, made of meat and cabbage, with sour cream added at pleasure. It is coarse, but palatable if well prepared, and very nutritious. *Borshtch* is, however, better, beets taking the place of cabbage, and a few slices of ham being usually added. *Rosolnik* is an excellent soup of cucumbers and other vegetables and fowl; no water is used in preparing it—the cucumber juice is enough. The most delicate soup known to the Russian cuisine is *ukha*, and should be made of sterlet, though perch will answer. There are two cold soups much eaten in summer, corresponding to the German beer-soup, *okroshka* and *Catvinia*, made of *kvas*, with pieces of fish, meat, cucumber, and other vegetables floating in it. They both have a taste to which it is almost impossible for a foreigner to accustom himself. It is said, however, that Horace Vernet was very fond of *Catvinia*. Perhaps the beautiful green color attracted his artistic eye. Another cold soup, made of whortleberries and red wine, is also sometimes eaten.

With the soup are served small pâtés of mushrooms, sour cream, carrots, rice, or usually hashed meat or cabbage. They are either baked in paste or fried in butter, and are almost always very delicate, especially the cabbage ones. Instead of pâtés, buckwheat grits (*kasha*), with butter, are much eaten. This and the *stchi* are the staple food of the peasantry. There is a large pie made of the flesh and isinglass of the sturgeon, together with rice and eggs, baked in a crust resembling muffins, called *rastigai*, which is excellent. This dish is specially appropriated for name's days.

The third course is always called the *sauce*, as the dishes are served up with some kind of sauce. There are but two or three dishes particularly remarkable. One of these is *porosyonok s' khrenom*, a cold boiled sucking-pig, with sauce of horse-radish and sour cream, and is an excellent and delicate dish. A small roast lamb stuffed with buckwheat is also not to be despised. Beefsteaks are usually fried, as gridirons are very uncommon; and there is no equivalent in Russian for the word *broil*. The method of cooking beefsteak most esteemed by epicures is to put each, covered with bread-crumbs soaked in Provençe oil, into a small, closely-shutting tin case, and then place it on the coals. Mutton is not good in northern or central Russia, but beef is excellent—even better than in England. Cutlets are generally made of veal, hashed and moulded, with or without the addition of bread-crumbs, into the shape of a chop, with a piece of bone stuck in one end. Cutlets of fowl, similarly prepared—*à la Pozharsky*, the celebrated patriot—are well known at Delmonico's. On the same dish with the meats are usually served two or three sorts of vegetables, but the Russian upper classes eat very few vegetables. The peasants, on the other hand, live almost entirely on a vegetable diet. The coarser vegetables, such as beets, turnips, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, are nowhere so delicate in flavor as in Russia. An excellent dish is made by steaming a variety of them in a closed earthen jar. Turnips stuffed with bread crumbs and cream, and baked, are delicious, and are often eaten among the sweets. Indian corn grows abundantly in South Russia, but cannot be had at Moscow fit to eat. Tomatoes are very rare, and are only used as a sauce. Wild asparagus can be eaten in many parts of Russia. The sprouts are small, but there is a delicate flavor that is lost in the cultivated variety.

If any one wishes salt, he must help himself with his knife. To pass the salt is unlucky, and if it is done a piece of b read should be placed on it. The Russians, even of the highest ranks, like everybody else except the English, eat with their knives, but that has not introduced the use of salt-spoons, even at the palace. It is a Russian custom not to use them. But there is in Russia no prejudice against the knives and forks of others. With the *zakuska* there are rarely given more than two wine-glasses and two or three forks, even if there are a dozen persons at dinner, and every one uses these without the slightest feeling of unpleasantness.

Fish is brought on after the sauce, though a mayonnaise of fowl is often substituted. As a pious old Russian lady said one day, "It is remarkable that the good God has always given the best fish to those countries which have the longest fasts;" but we are inclined to think that the number of large rivers has as much to do with it as the fasts, though they are here certainly long and severe. The standard fish in Russia is the sturgeon, though probably of a different species from the one which we reject with contempt. The flesh is firm, of a yellowish white color, and the taste, if properly boiled, delicate. It is served up either hot or more usually cold, with a mayonnaise dressing. The sturgeon is found in abundance in the Volga and in the great Siberian rivers, but the best comes from the river Ural, where its fishery is carefully protected. The caviare, the roe of the sturgeon, from the Ural is also thought the best. Another excellent and common fish is the sudak, a kind of large perch. This is eaten boiled, but is best when fried in slices. Salmon is brought to Moscow from the rivers of Finland, where it thrives in all its glory. Trout can be had both large and good, but less delicate than in America. The most esteemed comes from Gatchina, near St. Petersburg. Codfish is very rare, but is sometimes brought in winter from the White Sea. There is another fish brought in large quantities from Archangel in a frozen state—the *navaga*, a species of *Gadus*. It is a narrow fish about ten or twelve inches long, boneless, having only a cartilaginous spine, and has an excellent flavor. It should be fried to a crisp with bread crumbs. Another small fish, the *berutchka*, found only in the river Don, is even better than the *navaga*. But the king not only of Russian fish, but of fish everywhere, is the sterlet (*Acipenser Ruthenus*), which is found in Europe only in the Volga. There are epicures at Moscow who say that the sterlet exists in the Mississippi—a statement which should at once be verified by Delmonico or some other *restaurateur*, for if it can be found it will be a great addition to our bill of fare. (There is a fair representation of it in Webster's Dictionary under the word Acipenser, though the definition under Sterlet is not correct.) It is found of almost any size. The writer has eaten on the Volga a sterlet thirty inches long, for which he only paid a ruble. The same fish at Moscow would bring twenty rubles, and at St. Petersburg more still, for the sterlet must be carried there alive and cooked before it dies. The smallest sterlet, six or eight inches long, costs at Moscow a ruble and a half; and if you go to a restaurant, you will be conducted to the kitchen to a pool of fish of all sizes to make your choice. The *ukha*, or sterlet soup, is very good, but the best method is to boil the fish quickly and serve with a simple sauce of capers, olives, and lemon. There are no bones, but cartilage; the flesh is of a reddish-yellow color. To get the final, most exquisite morsel, one must cut off the head and suck the marrow.

The roast consists of poultry or game, with a salad, or, usually, cucumbers salted without vinegar, but with fennel and spices added to the brine. A taste for these is very soon acquired. Hares, of two species, are abundant, and woodcock and double snipe can be had in the season; but the most usual birds are *tetereva* and *ryabtchik*. The *tetereva* (*Tetrao tetrix*) is a large bird, resembling a grouse in flavor, is large and plump in winter, but is best in the late summer, when young. Its breast is dark, with an underlayer of white meat. The *ryabtchik* (*Tetrao bonasia*) is in size and flavor between a quail and a partridge. It can be had all the year round, for, during the early summer months, there is a supply preserved frozen in the excellent and useful Russian ice-cellars. All sorts of Russian game are now exported to Paris in winter, where they find a ready market.

With regard to the sweets, there is not much to be said, except that there is a very nice sort of pastille called Muscovite, something between a jelly and an ice, flavored with fruit. *Charlotte à la Russe* is not known in Russia. That name is given there to a *Charlotte aux pommes*. Of native fruits, the apples and pears of the Crimea, the grapes of Astrakhan, and the cherries of Vladimir, are the best. Currants, gooseberries, and cranberries are always large and fine, but are used only in pickles or preserves.

Together with white bread, there is always placed at each plate a piece of the ordinary sour, black rye-bread of the peasants, for everybody demands it in the Russian climate. White bread of all kinds is excellent in Russia, and can be only, if at all, surpassed by the bread of Vienna. Moscow is celebrated for a very light, puffy white bread, made in the shape of a padlock, called a *kalatch*, which is sent daily to St. Petersburg, as the Neva water does not possess the requisite qualities for making it good. There are few kinds of hot bread known, such as muffins, etc.; but buckwheat cakes are a national dish, and are always eaten in the carnival week, usually with melted butter and caviare.

Pistachio nuts are often introduced into the sauces of Russian dishes, and their presence at once recalls the "roast mutton with pistachio nuts" of the "Arabian Nights," and reminds the traveller that he is approaching the frontier of Asia. Mushrooms are also a favorite dressing. There are

more than fifty kinds of edible mushrooms in Russia, and every peasant child early learns to distinguish them and to know their different names.

At dinner the Russians do not drink water, but beer, *kvas*, or wine. The beer is good, milder, and less bitter than German beer. *Kvas* is a national drink, a liquor made of fermented rye without hops. It has a sweetish-sour taste, not at first agreeable, but is very healthy. It is usually home-made. Russia is beginning to produce very good wine. Knyazhveitch has vineyards in the Crimea of vines brought from Spain, France, and Germany, and makes a fair sherry and tolerable red and white wines, both better than the inferior brands of Bordeaux. Prince Vorontsoff has devoted himself to the culture of native grapes, and his Alupka, Massandra, and Ai-Danyl, both red and white, enjoy a deserved reputation. They have a strong flavor of the grape, and are pure. A fair sort of champagne is made on the lower Don, but the *Donskoe shampanskoe* that one will be apt to find at Moscow is made there by a manufacturer of artificial mineral waters. The best wines are from the Caucasus—the Kakhetinskoe and Kizlyar. On a warm day mead, made of honey and flavored with roses, is not a bad drink. At the end of the dinner will probably be given a variety of the sweet cordials, which all good Russian housekeepers are so skilled in making—currant, black-currant, raspberry, sloe, cherry, etc. They are sometimes very good.

When the dinner is over, the guests cross themselves again, shake hands with their host and hostess in thanking them for the dinner—if the hostess is old or pretty you can kiss her hand—and adjourn to the salon or cabinet for a cigarette and a small cup of coffee or yellow tea. Yellow tea is not often had—the best sort costs forty rubles a pound—and a thimbleful is enough. More than that would be bad for the nerves. Though at present an immense amount of tea is imported into Russia from Canton, there is no question but the Kiakhta tea, brought overland, is much better The idea that good tea cannot stand a sea-voyage is exploded; the true reason of the superiority is that access is had to a better tea region, the produce of which belongs to old-established Chinese houses who never send it to the coast.

It is the fashion in Russia to go away almost immediately after dinner, probably because the dinner has been so heavy that every one wants to sleep. As there is no carving at the table, but little delay between the courses, and nobody sits over the wine, the whole ceremony of a dinner party is very soon over. At the Governor-General's at Moscow—where the dinners are superb, with seven or eight courses and a dozen wines—if the invitation is for four, the last guest will have gone at half-past six. The actual time at table is never more than an hour and three or four toasts are drunk at that. To get a thoroughly Russian dinner well served, with the accompaniment of servants in white pantaloons and white or red silk shirts, and of the music of an organ, the traveller should visit one of the largest restaurants in Moscow. But if he wants to see how old Russian epicures eat and enjoy their dinner, he should get an invitation to a Saturday afternoon dinner at the English Club. The dinner will be always remarkably good, but he cannot choose his own bill of fare.

Correspondence.

A BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS TO NOMINATE REVENUE OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The *Nation* has said much in favor of the Government's paying its debts honestly, also in favor of the passage of Mr. Jenckes's bill for the organization of the civil service—both of them consummations devoutly to be prayed for, and the former depending largely on the latter; at least such is the opinion I am led to, both from general reflection and from the feeling which I observe in the most earnest and intelligent opponents of repudiation in our little village (the United States is considerably made up of "little villages," although the citizens of them prefer speaking of them by more high-sounding titles). The feeling mentioned above is one of despair at the overwhelming amount of rascality in the collection and disbursement of the national revenue, and a growing conviction that, no matter what taxation is submitted to, the proceeds will be so attenuated by stealings as to make the effort to pay the debt futile, and that repudiation and national dishonor will come while, or after, the people (in the main) have done their full and sufficient share of honest work to avoid it. There is no doubt that the principal strength of the dishonest repudiator lies in this very feeling among comparatively honest men.

Now, it is hopeless to expect that Mr. Jenckes's bill can pass in time to save us this incoming year, and it is equally hopeless to imagine that General Grant can personally so learn the competency and honesty of all those whom he will have to nominate to office; for allowing that he will, as we hope, disturb no efficient officer of the Government for political opinion, still it is hardly doubtful that a majority of the civil service officials are at this time more incompetent and more intensely corrupt than perhaps was ever known in this country or any other country. To expect him to do so would be about as sensible as to have wished him to personally make the inspection of every enlisted man in the Army of the Potomac; but can he not (and here is the gist of this letter) select six or a dozen competent and honest men who, acting as a committee, would, under certain simple but fixed rules, take up all applications for office in rotation as they come to hand, and so deal with them that General Grant would be able to send up to the Senate no name of a certainly corrupt or glaringly incompetent man? It does not seem much to ask; and if only the "security for Bardolph," or, in other words, the six or twelve committeemen (or what you choose to call them; a big name would suit, for it would be a big job), could be obtained equal to the emergency, it would not be a very difficult thing to do; and how much it would immediately help the country, and how much prospectively, in clearing the way for a system, is hard to calculate. L. C.

Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wis.

We spoke in the *Nation* of December 3 of M. Benard's "insinuation that Mr. H. C. Carey's protectionist ideas had a close connection with his hostility to free labor, and that a man who would not let people sell or buy where *they* pleased could not have much scruple about making them work where *he* pleased," as "absurd." That insinuation we found in the following paragraph of M. Benard's letter in the *Journal des Economistes*, in which he is driving home against Mr. Carey the charge of being a protectionist:

"M. Carey, en outre, est protectionniste: s'il veut appliquer ses rares talents d'analyse à cette question, *il reconnaîtra qu'il n'y a qu'un pas du protectionnisme au servage, et un autre pas du servage à l'esclavage.* Ce sont trois anneaux d'une chaîne au moyen de laquelle les races dominantes confisquent à leur profit, le temps, les forces, le travail, le capital, la liberté, et le droit de la grande majorité des habitants du pays.

"Je suis heureux d'apprendre, toutefois, que M. Carey repousse l'accusation d'être partisan de l'esclavage; *cela me donne le droit d'espérer qu'il ne tardera pas à cesser d'être partisan de la protection*, et qu'il reconnaitra que le droit de vivre comprend celui de travailler, de produire, d'échanger, et de consommer en toute liberté, c'est à-dire aussi longtemps que ce travail, cet échange, et cette consommation ne portent pas atteinte au droit des autres producteurs ou consommateurs."

The *Free Trader* thereupon declared that it was the *Nation* that was "absurd," and made some cutting remarks on our inconsistency in making so much fuss about "morality in politics" when we said nothing about the immorality of protection. This we characterized, with reasons annexed, as "wild nonsense." The editor of the *Free Trader* now writes us a long letter in defence of his position, which he requests us to publish. This we, however, decline to do, because it would simply be the transfer to our already overcrowded columns of the whole burden of a controversy with another paper which we did not originate. We have made no personal imputation on the editor of the *Free Trader*, and are under no obligation to circulate his opinions on questions of morals or policy. If his arguments or assertions do not reach exactly the same readers as those of the *Nation*, he must remember that this condition of the controversy was plain to be seen before he began it. In addition to this, we have too much respect for our readers, and too much respect for our own understanding, to devote any portion of our space to the discussion of the question whether a protectionist is either necessarily a partisan of slavery or likely to be a partisan of slavery. Protection in a free country is, as we believe, the result of mistaken views on the part of the majority as to the consequences of a certain form of taxation—that is, mistaken views on a question of expediency, and a question on which all speak and vote. The attempt to convert it into a question of morals, such as the right of a strong man to seize a weak one and use him as a beast of burden, is one of those extravagances for which Bastiat—who, addressing a public utterly unused to political discussion of all kinds, felt it necessary to put everything in the strongest possible light and make all his conclusions startling—is perhaps responsible. But we advise his admirers in this country not to swallow more of him than they can digest, for he is very strong meat; and, to save trouble, we beg to inform the *Free Trader* that this is our last word on this somewhat ridiculous affair.—Ed. Nation.

Notes.

LITERARY.

We have received from Mr. T. H. Morrell, too late to give it an examination, a catalogue which we must mention in this week's paper, or else our mention of it will be made at the end of the sale which it announces. The title-page of the pamphlet reads as follows: "Catalogue of a Valuable Collection of Books on America, Illustrated Works, etc., belonging to T. H. Morrell, consisting of rare works on the History and Antiquities of America, Early Printed Tracts, Franklin Imprints, and Washington Eulogies; together with a number of *superbly illustrated and unique books* having inserted plates; privately-printed, large-paper editions, etc., to be sold at auction on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, January 12, 13, and 14, 1869, by Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., at their salesrooms, 694 and 696 Broadway." The sales begin at 7 o'clock in the evening, and the auctioneers act as purchasers, if desired.

—People who take the J. S. C. Abbott view of the First Napoleon—and it is not to be denied that such people have some excuse, considering the efforts made by the publishers to put the farrago in question into the hands of American youth—may properly be asked to take a look at their hero when he was displaying his inbred gentlemanliness of character. It is curious, by the way, to note the very wide difference in this respect between the uncle and the nephew of his uncle—the latter not lacking a certain decided magnanimity and kindness, the possession of which lends some additional color to the scandal about the Dutch admiral and the entire lack of Napoleonic blood in the present Emperor of the French. The story of the uncle, now for the first time published, relates to a dinner at Dresden, at the meeting of the sovereigns in 1812. The Emperor and Empress of Austria were present, and so, among others, were the King of Prussia, the King of Saxony, and the Crown Prince (the late king) of Prussia. As the story is told by Varnhagen in the tenth volume of his diary, which has just appeared at Leipsic, Napoleon, while at dinner, received some news which seemed to trouble him, whereupon, in entire disregard of the Empress of Austria, who was seated next him, he leaned back in his seat and yawned without concealment, indeed accompanied the yawn with a loud noise. He then rose from the chair and began walking up and down the room in a hurried manner, the ladies and the sovereigns meantime awaiting his good pleasure. At last he stopped and called out in a violent tone, "Prince de Neufchatel!" (Berthier, his chief of staff and general factotum). Berthier went to his master and received his orders. Next Napoleon called out in the same peremptory and insolent way, "Roi de Saxe!" The King duly obeyed, and a few minutes' conversation having been held with him, he also was summarily dismissed. After giving this proof that even his habit of conquering kings had not deprived him of an uneasy respect for kingship, though it had affected his manners unpleasantly, he walked over to the Crown Prince of Prussia and pinched his ear, remarking at the same time, "You resemble your mother a good deal." The Prince was silent. "Have you visited the fortress?" was Napoleon's next remark. "No," said the Crown Prince, shortly and disrespectfully, and, in his version of the story, that was the end of it—except that all his relatives were angry with him because he would not say "Non, Sire," but only "Non." According to Austrian accounts, however, Napoleon angrily closed the conversation by telling the Crown Prince, "Vous êtes une bête"—a not unlikely conclusion, but perhaps one that would be more easily recollected by one's hereditary neighbors than by one's self.

—Doctor Bowditch has begun in the *Atlantic* a series of papers on consumption, and, in the first of them, dwells at some length on moisture of the soil beneath and around houses as a cause of deaths by consumption among the families inhabiting them. That this is a true cause there is, we suppose, little doubt; but recent researches made by Doctor Haviland, an English physician and man of science, raise the question if Doctor Bowditch may not have made a mistake in staying on the surface, and if he might not with advantage have given extended consideration to the geological structure of the New England States as furnishing some strong reasons why that part of the country is the chosen home of phthisis in America. In talking on the distribution of disease in Great Britain Doctor Haviland makes the following statements: He has found, by an examination of the Registrar-General's health statistics, that cancer, a disease which is among the most baffling with which medical men have to deal, is of comparatively rare occurrence in the north-west of England and in Wales, and also in the south and south-east of England. Now, Wales and North-west England belong geologically to the oldest formations—the silurian and the carboniferous—while the other great district free from cancer includes the chalk hills of Southern England and the "oolitic formations" of Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, and Oxfordshire. Stronger still—in fact, a good deal stronger—is the evidence furnished by the arrangement of those portions of England which, also free from cancer, connect the two great districts we have mentioned. Coloring blue, say, in sign of their exemption, those portions of the map where cancer is not prevalent, we shall find the two large patches of blue connected by two blue strips extending across the red sandstone of Warwickshire, the red sandstone and lias of Leicestershire, the red sandstone and carboniferous rocks of Derbyshire, and the sandstone heights of Worcestershire and Staffordshire. The two blue patches and their connecting links—on which take place but a small number of the 42,000 deaths from cancer which occur in the kingdom year by year—cover those parts of the country which are of the most ancient geological formations. Turning to the regions where cancer is most fatal, we find them to belong to the tertiary or most recent formations, and we find also that for the most part they surround the great rivers after they have reached their full size and approach the sea. The Thames cancer-field is said to come to its bounds where the London clay stops—the clay being of the lower eocene, a late formation. Other cancer-fields are in the alluvial valley of the Humber and on the alluvium of Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, and East Yorkshire. Now, the distribution of consumption is almost exactly the reverse of that of cancer. It flourishes on the old formations, and gets its smallest number of victims in the lower and more sheltered though damper haunts of cancer. That those haunts are lower and more sheltered may, to be sure, be the reason of their comparative exemption from phthisis, and the fact of their geological structure may bear only secondarily on their character as seats of disease. In other words, it may very well be that Doctor Haviland should not have spoken of their geological features at all except as these affect their physical features. But in either case it would seem as if Doctor Bowditch may have laid too much stress on mere dampness as injurious to consumptive patients, and too little on other causes. The whole subject is interesting and worth attention, if only for the illustration it gives of the connection between the various sciences. At first sight there certainly appears no necessary connection between geology and the treatment of cancerous patients.

—We should like to reproduce entire a not very long account, which appears in the *Michigan Teacher* for December, of a school-house in the last stages of decay, yet used until very lately as part of that system of education of which we boast so much. However, an extract must suffice. It is a county superintendent who tells the tale:

"It stood, as is customary with school-houses in my county, at a 'four-corners,' but the approaches to it were over low and marshy ground, and the foundation was so soft that the building had sunk in it nearly to the windows, while the top of the door casing, as I stood before it to enter, was just opposite my neck. The small lot about it had never been cleared, and logs that belonged to a former generation of trees still lay rotting there. Outbuildings or fences there were none, and never had been. The house itself was in size about twenty-six by twenty feet, with a space of about eight feet 'between floors.' It was built of large logs, roughly hewn on two sides and hastily piled one over another, the chinks being filled with mud and split sticks, which in the course of years had made an effective ventilating apparatus. The sides were rudely banked up, the earth very nearly reaching the windows. It was shingled with 'shakes,' nailed on as they came from the splitter's hands."

The windows had but thirty lights out of eighty-four, all the upper sashes having been replaced by boards. Through the roof the sky appeared in various places.

"The furniture corresponded to its place. An entire long desk ran along one side, and half of such a one stood on the other. They were made of rough boards leaned against the walls at a difficult angle, and whittled, burned, ink-stained, and otherwise inscribed in a manner thoroughly hopeless of description. Probably some dozens of obscene figures and words could have been counted upon them. There was one long bench that rejoiced in the luxury of a back, and five of varying lengths that were bereaved of this convenience. Some of the boys had ingeniously improvised resting-places for their spines; the girls, for the most part, tortured theirs against the sharp edges of the desks. It is needless to add that both desks and seats were a world too high."

And it is needless to add that the teaching corresponded to all these surroundings. But it is just to add that this reproach of our age was some credit to the pioneer age which built it.

—The *Maine Journal of Education* for January describes another relic of rude times, which belongs, however, to the schools of the Border States. Says the writer:

"On the afternoon of December 24, 1865, I sat by the school-room desk listening to a recitation in algebra. Suddenly a member of the class, who had just finished an example in radicals, stepped quietly to my side and handed me a neatly-written note. On opening it, I read the following:

"'RESPECTED TEACHER: We, your pupils, humbly request a *Christmas treat*, composed of the following eatables: One bushel apples, five pounds raisins, ten pounds candy, five pounds lozenges, one box oranges, etc., etc.'"

The astonished teacher, on returning to his boarding-place, learns that this is "a custom sanctioned by long usage," and that "teachers in this section of the country have usually complied with it," under pain of "barring out." Indeed, Yankee teachers who attempted to resist it had been smoked out or even ducked by their pupils, with the verdict of "served them right" from the parents. In short, the writer, fearing lest he should become another "finished example in radicals," ordered the necessary treat instanter, which was eaten the next morning, with cakes and pies furnished by the scholars, amid "compositions, speeches, and singing," and the recitation of appropriate doggerel by "one of the smallest boys."

—Dumas *père* is a person to be greatly admired, as he will prove to the satisfaction of any one who doubts it; and we already have his word for it that he is loved by almost everybody, so great a share does he possess of a certain mysterious magnetic power—the nature of which he does not clearly define—over the feelings of all with whom he is brought in contact. But he is not always careful in the matter of idle words; indeed, he is charged by what few enemies he has with sometimes saying the thing which is not—a charge not, we fear, without some solidity of foundation. It is not long since, as is suspected, he set going—or, at all events, allowed to go uncontradicted—a circumstantial fable to the effect that, ten years ago, he wrote to Rossini a letter of magnanimity and enthusiasm, requesting the composer to divulge the secret of a remarkable recipe for cooking maccaroni. Rossini, however, was unaffected by the fineness of the motives which influenced the more generous Frenchman; he replied that, in truth, he had this great recipe, but that he kept it for himself and his friends, and, in conclusion, he invited his petitioner to dine with him on the next Tuesday, and learn fully why, being in possession of such a secret, he should sedulously guard it. Dumas, this unveracious story proceeds to relate, accepted the invitation, had but an indifferent dinner—for a thoroughly good dinner there is required confidence in the moral nobility of one's entertainer—and ever afterwards denounced the great maestro as *un faux gourmand*. But this airy bubble is now pricked by the celebrated Mr. Daniel Home, and vanishes away entirely. That gentleman was at dinner with M. Dumas *père* on the 18th of May, 1858, when the reply of Signor Rossini was received. It was as follows: "Before submitting my recipe to your cultivated appreciation, I beg you to come and taste the said maccaroni to-morrow (Wednesday), at half-past six o'clock precisely. Madame Rossini and I hope that you will pardon this spontaneous invitation in favor of the intention." Dumas went to this impromptu dinner, got his recipe, and never, says Mr. Home, pretended that he had dined badly, or that his host in any way deserved to be stigmatized as a *faux gourmand*. The greatest of story-makers will soon be exposing the charlatanry of the mediums.

—We have just received from a correspondent in Switzerland an octavo brochure of eighty-eight pages, published at Geneva, by Lelièvre et Fils, and entitled "*Compte-rendu des Débats de l'Affaire de l'Accusée Jeanneret.*" It is the report of a trial which ranks high among all the *causes célèbres* on record, whether we regard it from a legal point of view or as a problem of medical psychology. Dumas in the novel of "Monte Cristo" paints a young, refined, and beautiful woman, moving in the best circles of Parisian society, and yet poisoning successively six or seven members of her family. But even the most audacious of French romancers did not dare to delineate such criminality without ascribing it to some apparently adequate motive. Madame de Villefort administered deadly potions to her relatives under the impulse of a morbidly intense maternal love, which centred all her moral and intellectual faculties on the one idea of making her son the sole heir of a large estate. Affection incited her to assassination. But the invention which created such a monster of sentimental depravity has been surpassed in real life by the exploits of a Swiss nurse, who took advantage of her professional position to administer poison to the sick persons confided to her care, from the effects of which seven of them died. In the perpetration of this monotonous series of diabolical crimes Marie Jeanneret does not seem to have been animated either by animosity or cupidity. On the contrary, she always showed the warmest affection towards her victims, and nursed them with tender and untiring devotion; nor did she derive the least pecuniary benefit from their death. Neither the conduct of the accused after her arrest nor the testimony of physicians and *experts aliénistes* furnished any evidence of insanity. The monomaniac usually acts impulsively; but Mlle. Jeanneret always manifested the coolest premeditation and imperturbableness, never exhibiting any hesitation or confusion, or indeed the slightest symptom of hallucination, but answering with the greatest clearness and presence of mind every question put by the president of the court. Even M. Turrettini, the prosecuting attorney, in presenting the case to the jury, was at a loss to know on what grounds to urge the conviction of the accused, and after exhausting the usual category of hypotheses and showing the inadequacy of each, was obliged to seek a motive in *l'espèce de volupté qu'elle éprouverait à commettre un crime*, or what, in the less elegant but more vigorous vernacular of the West, would be called "pure cussedness." In fact, the conduct of Marie Jeanneret seems more like the working of some malignant and irresistible force in nature, or the relentless operation of a destructive machine, than the voluntary action of a free and responsible agent. M. Zurlinden, the counsel for the defendant, dwelt with emphasis upon this mysterious phase of the subject, and thus saved his client from the scaffold. The trial ended on the 26th of November. The jury, after five hours' deliberation, rendered a verdict of "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances;" as the result of which Marie Jeanneret was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor (*travaux forcés*). Our own theory of the case, as derived from a careful study of the evidence, is that Marie Jeanneret was infatuated with poisons, partly by watching the effect which they produced on her own system (for she never hesitated to take herself what she administered to others, the only difference being that, like Mithridates, she had become by habit proof against their venom), and partly by reading about them in medical and botanical works, to the study of which she was passionately devoted. She also attempted analyses of these substances, and in one instance was severely burned by the bursting of a crucible in which she was endeavoring to obtain atropine from *atropa belladonna*. Atropine is the active principle of belladonna, and was first discovered by Brandes; it is endowed with very energetic properties, and is used by physicians only in extremely rare cases, and with great precautions. It was especially this terrible poison of which Marie Jeanneret appears to have had an insane desire to test the virtues empirically on the invalids committed to her charge. She had read of great physicians who had thus experimented on themselves and their disciples and become the benefactors of mankind; and why should she not adopt the same method in the pursuit of truth? However absurd such reasoning on her part may seem to us, we can find no other motive sufficient to explain this union of contradictory qualities, generosity, amiability, and criminality, forming one of the most obscure and perplexing problems ever placed before a jury for solution.

—A new work of what may be called an "enthused" character has just been written by M. Quinet, and is announced under the title of "La Création." The introduction to it, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, gives us some idea of its scope and character. The author makes no claim to original researches in natural science, but simply applies to the annals of creation as chronicled by geologists the same methods of historical criticism and construction which, during the last half-century, have been applied with such brilliant and fruitful results to the career of mankind. It is one of the great intellectual feats of our day—this discovery that man and nature, the records of the human race and the records of the physical world, are to be studied by identical methods. The law by which Alphonse de Candolle, in his "Géographie botanique raisonnée," traces the migrations of the oak and the sassafras, is the same, says M. Quinet, as that by which Thierry follows the migrations of the Barbarians, and Ottfried Müller the wanderings of the Dorians. Naturalists are no longer content with descriptions and classifications of flora and fauna such as Linnæus and Buffon gave, but behind family and species they perceive the deeper question of origin. A leaf of rhododendron or a gentian blossom on the slopes of the Alps carries the thoughts of a naturalist of the new school back through the cataclysms of ages and raises the problem of the first distribution of organized beings. The same species of plant on the high lands of Scotland, Switzerland, Greenland, and India points to a period "when an unbroken chain of mountains bound these distant countries together. Every insect, every flower, every blade of grass has a genealogy which the naturalist must trace with as much care as that with which the historian follows the pedigree of a statesman or emperor." M. Quinet treats of these phases of the subject with something of fervor, to be sure, but with skill, constructing on the basis of positive science a world more marvellous than the fictions of Arabian tales. One suggestion he makes of which it is hardly necessary to speak seriously, but he puts it forth with

amusing good faith and earnestness. Geology, he declares, opens a new and illimitable field for the fine arts. Raphael has painted the Scriptural account of creation, and shown us the universe taking shape under the hand of the Almighty; Michael Angelo has delineated the history of man from Genesis to the last Judgment on the walls of the Sistine Chapel; Correggio has represented the Sacred Grove of Jupiter, and Domenichino the Biblical plains of Sodom and Gomorrah. Why should not the imagination of the artist go back still further to the pre-Adamite world, and paint the scenes and forms which science has re-created? Why should not the megatheroids have their Paul Potter, and the tertiary mammifers, ancestors of our dogs, be immortalized by the genius of a Snyders? Were there no landscapes in the carboniferous age or in the old red sandstone period that could tempt the brilliant pencil of a Claude Lorraine or the gloom-enamored brush of a Salvator Rosa? Why should the artists of our scientific epoch perpetuate the impossible monsters of mythology, "gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire," the harpies of Homer, the horses of Neptune, the serpents of Laocoon, the triple-throated Cerberus, the sphinxes of Egypt and the centaurs of Greece, instead of reproducing the shapes that once actually inhabited our earth, saurian reptiles, pterodactyls, mylodons, deinotheria, the ichthyosaurus, and the iguanodon? Art might then be realistic without limiting its range to the horizons in whose circle we dwell. Michael Angelo had a vision of these possibilities when he sculptured Day and Night, the Titanic forms of a geological rather than of a historical era, and so on, and so on. M. Quinet has a remarkable chapter on the prophecies of science which "surpass all the prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel." Man is not the highest expression, the finality of creation. Geology predicts another race of beings to succeed us on the earth so superior to us in intelligence that our arts and our poems will seem to them but the toys and the prattle of childhood. They will admire our geometry and our architecture only as we admire the hexagons of the honeycomb or the structure of a spider's web. What a beautiful coral-reef! they will say of the Parthenon or the Cathedral of Cologne. What a charming bird-song! they will exclaim of the "Iliad."

—Mr. F. W. Chesson, one of the editors of the London *Star*, has addressed a letter to a member of Parliament on "The Dutch Boers, and Slavery in the Trans-Vaal Republic," which has been published in pamphlet form by W. Tweedie. The interest in this people, newly awakened by the discovery of gold regions to the northwest of their territory, and the probability of a large emigration thither which will revolutionize the political and social aspect of South Africa, make this letter very timely, and we can promise all who read it a very clear understanding of its subject. It is dated December 1, and contains the latest practicable intelligence from the Trans-Vaal, *via* Natal. A sketch of the origin of the two contiguous Dutch republics establishes, with the text of the treaty of independence concluded with Great Britain in 1852, the right of the latter country to interfere with the Boers for the suppression of slavery, which it was expressly stipulated should not be allowed to exist. Not only it does exist, as Mr. Chesson shows, but it is unblushingly and openly maintained by continual commandoes, or raids of the most inhuman description, among neighboring tribes—such as, in the very year of the treaty, destroyed at Kolobeng the fruits of Dr. Livingstone's pious and civilizing labors among the Bakwains. The children which survive these horrid massacres are kidnapped, and with grim sarcasm "apprenticed" as "destitute orphans," having first been sold as "black ivory." Mr. Chesson, after exposing this fraud, assigns three reasons for the exercise of at least a moral restraint upon the Boers for the relief of their slaves and the peace of the adjoining tribes and states. First, The claims of humanity, which the treaty provided for, but which the Boers, under both the elder and the younger Pretorius, have absolutely neglected. Second, The complicity of the Portuguese of the southeast coast in these razzias from the Trans-Vaal, in aid of the slave-trade which Livingstone is perilling his life, and a British fleet is costing many lives and a large amount of money, to eradicate. Third, The planting of the British flag at the Victoria gold-fields, the audacious "annexation" of the whole country, as far as Lake Ngami, by President Pretorius, and the strong desire now felt at Natal to establish, under British supremacy, a confederation of the South African states. The Trans-Vaal is in a deplorable financial condition under its present government, and has neither moral principle enough to discountenance commandoes nor intelligence enough to do anything towards educating the people. The simplest measure to obtain the end desired by Mr. Chesson would be to repeal Article VI. of the treaty, and either allow ammunition to be sold to the tribes as well as to the Boers, or to deny it to the latter altogether so long as slavery continues.

HALLECK'S POETICAL WORKS.*

It would probably be wrong to deny that Halleck had some genuine poetical feeling and some genuine poetical power. Destitute of either, he would not have called Columbus "the world-seeking Genoese." To apply that epithet to the world-finding navigator—no matter what it was exactly that he was seeking—argues some imaginative capacity. The same quality may be predicated of the lines in the "Burns" in which he speaks of the graves of great poets and thinkers as being

> "The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

And there is lyrical fervor and energy, together with occasional cheap happinesses of expression, in the "Marco Bozzaris," though the reputation of that poem is as good an example as now occurs to us of the worthlessness of popular estimates of poetry, it being as pasty a diamond as ever deceived the average judge of jewellery. We may say, too, of his best poem, the elegy on the death of his friend Drake, that it is a poetic, simple expression of real feeling, and that it merits long life as a lyric of much gracefulness and tenderness.

But of most of even his better writing it is true that it impresses the reader as being the work of a somewhat elegant mind, stronger on the side of the understanding than on any other, and of no great power on any side. Ninety-nine times in a hundred he was a wit, and a small one, poetizing in admiring and sometimes successful imitation of Campbell and the Smiths, and in imitation of Byron, for the one time that he was a poet. A much-admired poem, "Alnwick Castle," gives us the complete man himself better than any other single piece of his. It has one touch of true poetry; the lines about the roses are certainly beautiful, though their beauty is apparently in part accidental and unintended:

> "Wild roses by the Abbey towers
> Are gay in their young bud and bloom:
> *They were born of a race of funeral flowers*
> That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
> A Templar's knightly tomb."

The evanescence and fragility of the pale wild rose, suggestive of a slight hold on life and an early death, are well expressed by the term "funeral flowers." So, at any rate, we analyze the chief charm of the passage; the loveliness of the mere picture is in itself to be called charming. But the poet seems to have applied the suggestive epithet to the Alnwick roses because local tradition traces their origin to a parent rose which actually performed the funeral office of adorning the grave of a Percy buried in the East. In another place he uses the same substantive adjective to express the idea we have attributed to him, and if he did this either before or after the happy stroke he made with it in "Alnwick Castle," he has in either case weakened his claim to the credit of intending all the beauty which the term has in the stanza we have quoted. We imagine he justified his third line by his fourth and fifth; by its truth to historical rather than to imaginative fact. Be it much or little, this fine thing is sole, the best of the remaining portion of the poem being not above the easy reach of any clever stringer of octosyllabic rhymes.

The versification also of "Alnwick Castle" is a thing about it to be praised; smoothness—and better than mere smoothness—of rhythm and rhyme being a characteristic of Halleck's always neat and sometimes elegant workmanship. He could hardly have worked after his beloved Campbell, whom he took to himself by a process of natural selection, and not have been noticeable for this minor excellence; but the essential commonplaceness of his nature, his lack of thought, the not lofty or refined motives of his poetry, are conspicuous in "Alnwick Castle," as in his writings generally; and, further, it affords a glaring illustration of a very offensive habit that may be called its author's besetting sin, or rather his besetting folly, which is to "make laugh," as the Indian says, by some laborious piece of sheer buffoonery with as much sense or wit in it as goes to the business of grinning through a horse-collar, and which only a most uncultivated taste could consider witty or funny. In "Alnwick Castle," he is not at his worst in this respect, but the reader gets from that piece the just impression of this quality in the author, because he there spoils by means of it a better poem than he usually had to spoil.

Wherever exhibited, his wit is apt to be of this same poor sort. The "Croaker" squibs are singularly devoid of any better fun-making than consists in feeble puns, small personalities directed against local, political, and other notorieties, and in fatuous tricks of rhyming. So, too, of "Fanny," which besides wearing an appearance of unpleasing ill-nature, or want of considerateness, is in the last degree trivial, and which seems drearier and weaker than it is because of its direct imitation of a

* "The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, with extracts from those of Joseph Rodman Drake. Edited by James Grant Wilson." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.

satirist who never better showed his great power of cruel, bitter sarcasm on himself and others than in the "Don Juan" that fathered "Fanny." It is, however, right to remember that the "Croaker" verses were produced when their author was hardly more than a youth, and that "Fanny," which he was slow to acknowledge—probably because of its personalities—was done very hastily. A far better sample of Halleck's satirical abilities is "Connecticut," which contains some semi-satirical descriptions of the New Englander which are not less than clever in their vividness of conception and presentation.

We have spoken at what may seem unnecessary length, and with what may seem undue harshness, of a writer for whom we do not, indeed, profess much respect, but concerning whom, we admit, we should not have felt it laid upon us to speak at all, either in praise or blame, if only he himself were concerned. But the way in which the editor of this new edition has performed his task seems justification for our having set down in frankness our estimate of the poet's precise weight and value. And it should be said, too, that the editorial preface and the notes, while they admonish the critic that still there are readers who need to have the truth about Halleck brought to their attention, also admonish him of another thing, and one which he is perhaps in some danger of forgetting—the very great difficulties, peculiar to their particular time, against which Halleck and his literary contemporaries had to contend in their efforts to do good work. The wonder is not that he and they were no better than we see them to have been, but that they were not far worse. Each man of them stood pretty much alone, exposed to no adverse criticism except such as nine times in ten sprang from personal spite, and each was absurdly but sincerely praised by a public almost wholly untrained and very kind. We of this generation can hardly half understand the ardor of the affection with which the Americans of forty or fifty years since loved their country and determinedly lauded its productions of whatever kind. They were the Americans who had seen the country born amid their own forebodings and amid the sneers of all the outside world. They had learned to cling with a personal fondness of almost childish intensity to that government and social system of which every one of them knew himself to be a part, and the unjust derision of which wounded each individual citizen's pride. So in those days he was a personal friend and ally who did anything to attract favorable foreign notice, or in any way to lessen the number and validity of the causes for which foreigners laughed at us all and each, and patronized us all and each, as low creatures who at all events could never have a literature. Of this feeling Halleck, like all of our early writers, got the full benefit and the full injury. Our ancestors' patriotism and ignorance combined to make all our first poets into first-rate geniuses; and Halleck was one of the earlier, and yet was not coddled into utter worthlessness, as happened to some, to most. But to-day is very late for any one to write of men of Halleck's calibre as General Wilson writes in the passage of his preface with which, in justice to ourselves and the poet, we will close:

"'The Croakers,' that now appear for the first time with Halleck's poetical writings, are the joint productions of the attached friends Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake. The origin of these sprightly *jeux d'esprit, as eagerly looked for each evening as were the war-bulletins of a later day,* may not be without interest to the authors' troops of admirers. Halleck and Drake were spending a Sunday morning with Dr. William Langstaff, an eccentric apothecary and an accomplished mineralogist, with whom they were both intimate (the two last mentioned were previously fellow-students in the study of medicine with Drs. Bruce and Romayne), when Drake, for his own and his friends' amusement, wrote several burlesque stanzas 'To Ennui,' Halleck answering them in some lines on the same subject. The young poets decided to send their productions, with others of the same character, to William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post.* If he published them, they would write more; if not, they would offer them to Major M. M. Noah, of the *National Advocate;* and if he declined their poetical progeny, they would light their pipes with them. Drake accordingly sent Coleman three pieces of his own, signed 'Croaker,' a signature adopted from an amusing character in Goldsmith's comedy of 'The Good-natured Man.' To their astonishment a paragraph appeared in the *Post* the day following, acknowledging their receipt, promising the insertion of the poems, pronouncing them to be the productions of superior taste and genius, and begging the honor of a personal acquaintance with the author. The lines 'To Ennui' appeared March 10, 1819, and the others in almost daily succession; those written by Mr. Halleck being usually signed 'Croaker, Junior,' while those which were their joint composition generally bore the signature of 'Croaker and Co.'

"The remark made by Coleman had excited public attention, and 'The Croakers' soon became a subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, bookstores, coffee-houses, on Broadway and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic. The two friends contributed other pieces; and when the editor again expressed great anxiety to be acquainted with the writer, and used a style so mysterious as to excite their curiosity, the literary partners decided to call upon him. Halleck and Drake accordingly, one evening, went together to Coleman's residence, in Hudson Street, and requested an interview. They were ushered into the parlor, the editor soon entered, the young poets expressed a desire for a few minutes' strictly private conversation with him, and the door being closed and locked, Dr. Drake said—'I am Croaker, and this gentleman, sir, is Croaker, Junior.' Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected astonishment, at length exclaiming: 'My God, I had no idea that we had such talents in America!' Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, was disposed to give to Drake all the credit; but as it chanced that Coleman alluded in particularly glowing terms to one of the Croakers that was wholly his, he was forced to be silent, and the delighted editor continued in a strain of compliment and eulogy that put them both to the blush. Before taking their leave, the poets bound Coleman over to the most profound secrecy, and arranged a plan of sending him the MS., and of receiving the proofs, in a manner that would avoid the least possibility of the secret of their connection with 'The Croakers' being discovered. The poems were copied from the originals by Langstaff, that their handwriting should not divulge the secret, and were either sent through the mail, or taken to the *Evening Post* office by Benjamin R. Winthrop, then a fellow-clerk with Mr. Halleck in the counting-house of the well-known banker and merchant, Jacob Barker, in Wall Street."

The "Croakers" being the merest triviality, our fathers, most of them, were of the degree of critical power which the editor exhibits in this ludicrous passage; and in thinking of Halleck, that fact should be well remembered. But, we must say, it is a pity that what the poet suffered sufficiently from while he was living, he should be made to suffer more from now that he has gone. Editorial work has seldom been more inefficiently done than in the case of this volume.

FISKE'S TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL.*

Mr. Fiske's spicy little book is an amplified review of Mr. Parton's recent hasty writings on these difficult subjects. Mr. Parton is an easy victim for any critic with an eye for a *petitio principii,* or an undistributed middle, or for good cases of that convenient method of argumentation which starts from a desirable conclusion and manufactures the necessary premises to fit. As his reviewer makes very plain, Mr. Parton asserts everything and proves nothing. He has no realizing sense of what a fact is; he cannot distinguish between a fact and his own preconceived notion of what the fact ought to have been. He is precisely as sure of his inferences from facts as he is of the facts themselves. Yet Mr. Parton is very fond of the word "fact"—witness this sentence: "The mere fact that this admirable person [Goethe] lived always unpolluted by this seductive poison is a fact of some significance; but the important fact is that he *could not* [the italics are Mr. Parton's] have smoked and remained Goethe." If Mr. Parton meant to say what is distinctly implied, that Goethe could not have been as admirable a person as he was if he had smoked tobacco, the "important fact" is not a fact at all, but merely a very peculiar opinion of Mr. Parton's. If he simply meant to say that Goethe plus tobacco would not have been precisely the same being as Goethe without the tobacco, we fail to see the importance of so very obvious and meaningless a suggestion.

Mr. Fiske is at pains to illustrate somewhat fully Mr. Parton's deplorable habit of taking his conclusion for granted in single words, like "unpolluted" and "poison" in the above sentence, long before he advances any proof whatever of the applicability of such terms. It is well to call attention to this habit on the part of so entertaining and voluminous a writer as Mr. Parton, because careless readers are misled by such insidious beggings of the question. The habit, if persisted in, quickly produces total atrophy of the reasoning powers. We commend the following method of abbreviating historical investigations to all lively magazinists who value their time more than accuracy and logic. After mentioning that Jefferson never smoked, Mr. Parton says: "There is no trace of the pipe in the writings of Washington and Franklin; *probably* they *never* smoked; *so that* we may rank the three great men of America—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson—among the exempts." The italics are ours. Here Mr. Parton's keen scent for the effects of tobacco on a man's thought and style supplies the first premise; the second is a rash guess at a universal negative; the conclusion is that nobody ought to smoke. The moral of the comic song about little Washington's cutting down his father's apple-tree is sound sense compared with this sort of reasoning:

> "Then whoso doth a hatchet take
> And appel-trees cuts down,
> If he lives long enough will be
> A great and pious man."

Mr. Fiske is inclined to stigmatize Mr. Parton's argumentation as "radical" when he means sentimental or sloppy; he also uses the phrase "radical philosophy" as synonymous with foolishness. It is a pity that a

* "Tobacco and Alcohol. I. It does pay to Smoke. II. The Coming Man will drink Wine. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

useful word with a good meaning should have become a term of contempt, but Mr. Fiske is not responsible for the perversion. If Mr. Parton's investigations had been radical, he might perhaps have contributed something more than amusing trivialities and flimsy sophisms to the discussion of his grave subject.

Mr. Parton's dangerous faculty of quoting authorities in such a way as to put them on his own side when they belong on the other is set in a strong light by his reviewer. Searching in a hurry for quotable bits from great men's writings on a broad subject, is conscience-stretching work for partisan writers of magazine articles and temperance tracts. In this particular instance it is only haste and ignorance which have together produced the legitimate effects of knavery.

But Mr. Fiske has done more than expose Mr. Parton's crudities; he has endeavored to state concisely and accurately the *rationale* of smoking and drinking. Here we miss a little the weight which professional experience might lend to an exposition of the physiology and chemistry of these practices. It is rather rash for our author to announce in the first lines of his preface that his essay has cost but five weeks' labor. Little cost, little worth, is apt to suggest itself, though impertinently perhaps. That the study of physiology and pathology should have afforded Mr. Fiske an agreeable recreation, from time to time, for several years, as is stated in the preface, is a fact which will hardly satisfy people who think that popular summaries on scientific subjects deserve the best thought and care of the most thorough students of science. But Mr. Fiske brings to his subject a truly scientific spirit, and discusses it with moderation, clearness, and penetration. He develops clearly the fundamental principle that everything in diet and medication depends on the dose. There is nothing which we put into our mouths which is not hurtful, and even fatal, in too large doses. It is by no means to be taken for granted that the small dose produces an effect of the same kind as the large dose. Salt in very moderate doses is an emetic, and in large doses a poison; but it is nevertheless a necessity of life in the dose which taste determines. This matter of the dose is the rock on which most total abstinence arguments go to pieces. Mr. Fiske wisely devotes a large part of his essay to exhibiting the absolute inconclusiveness of the common argument, that a pint of brandy or twenty cigars at a time being bad for a man, therefore a liqueur-glass of brandy or two cigars necessarily have a proportional injurious effect. This argument is not supported by the facts of physiology and medication, as our author very well shows.

The argument that civilized men are quite as healthy as civilized women, although the men drink and smoke, while the women as a rule do neither, is hardly as significant as Mr. Fiske seems to think it. To make it effective, it would be necessary to show that the general way of life of civilized women is approximately the same as that of the men, or at least that it is as healthy as that of the men—propositions which we fear it would be impossible to maintain. In a very complex matter like this no safe conclusions can be drawn from experiments which are not conducted under like conditions. If the effects of alcohol and tobacco were as bad as their worst enemies pretend, they would still be insignificant beside the evil effects upon women of indoor life and worrying and irregular occupations. For every human being that tobacco or alcohol harms foul air makes thousands miserable.

All through Mr. Parton's articles there runs the absurd assumption that the savage man is the healthy, normal, standard creature, and that civilized man must try to live like a savage if he would have the vigor which he ought to have. Mr. Fiske does no more than justice to this absurdity. The savage man is no more a physical standard for the race than he is a moral and intellectual standard. The restraints, obligations, and exigencies of civilized life are not violations of natural order, but necessary parts of that order; and all natural products which help civilized man to bear the strains to which body and soul are subjected in the appointed course of things, are as much God-given as the manna in the wilderness or the herd of buffaloes which suddenly delights the eyes of the hungry Indian village. To tell a cultivated and conscientious member of modern society that he should regard the savage man as his exemplar, is something more than arrant nonsense. Such talk has a flavor of the profoundest scepticism. It implies that the higher state of man is less natural and less intended of God than the lower.

Mr. Fiske states forcibly the argument drawn from daily and almost universal experience in the use of the common stimulants which in excess are narcotics. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and tobacco stand upon precisely the same footing. Alcohol is less safe, because in excess it stimulates the animal side of man to a degree which may make him a public nuisance. The old maid who nightly sniffs with delight the aroma of her cup of tea cannot logically turn up her nose at her choresman's pipe. The teetotaller who stimulates his digestion and unlooses his tongue with black coffee is not in condition to revile his brother who finds a glass of wine safer and better. Let any one who, on account of their abuse, is inclined to curse the use of these stimulants, reflect on the great increase in useful thinking which has taken place since tea, coffee, and tobacco were introduced into Europe.

It is curious to note the action and reaction between the "liberal" religious opinions of New England and the philanthropic movements which have originated there. All philanthropic works, except the distribution of tracts and Bibles and the sending of missionaries to the heathen, are strengthened by the substitution of "liberal" for Calvinistic opinions in religion, by the addition of good works and good lives to faith in a creed as requisites for salvation. But by-and-by the philanthropic men and women find that they are getting a little beyond the landmarks they once knew. How can the ardent advocate of woman's rights regard St. Paul as a writer inspired for all time? Obedient and submissive wives, indeed! Clearly, Paul wrote for his own times. We are beyond him on that point, at any rate. So when a convention of Evangelical ministers passes a resolution that no person who touches alcohol ought to be admitted to the church, logic requires them to pass another, namely, that they have within them a better light than Christ's. The proposition that the wine which Christ blessed was not wine, but syrup or sweetened water, flies in the face of common sense and authentic history. As Mr. Parton has well said, it is an insult to the public understanding.

Meantime, public discussion is the only means of picking the good out of the mass of rubbish with which the general subject is encumbered. As an exercise in reasoning, we recommend young people to read, first, Mr. Parton's papers, which are now published together in pamphlet form, and then Mr. Fiske's pleasant and profitable little book. Whoever read Mr. Parton's articles on their first or second appearance should now take Mr. Fiske's antidote.

WAR MATERIAL AT THE EXPOSITION.*

The unprofessional reader who takes up this handsome book will probably be overwhelmed with astonishment before he has spent an hour upon it. That the invention of gunpowder revolutionized the art of war is a statement of the truth of which few are ignorant, and the fact that modern ingenuity has made great improvements in the weapons employed for its use is not less generally known. That the range of muskets and cannon has been improved, and, by the process of rifling, the precision of each increased; that greater rapidity of fire has been attained by the substitution of cartridges for powder, ball, and wad, and of percussion caps and friction primers for flint-locks, linstocks, and portfires, and that a movable bayonet for close fighting has been supplied to the musket, are common knowledge, but they are also about the limit of what most people know in regard to the weapons by which the battles of the nineteenth century are decided. The primitive idea of a tube of metal, with explosive material and projectile rammed in at one end, and fire applied to the former at the other—in other words, a machine as simple in principle as the cross-bow, is, beyond a question, the popular conception of the death-dealer of the period. It is hardly necessary to do more than to read the running titles of the pages of this report to see how behind the times such a conception is. The ingenuity of the age has been bestowed upon the implements of warfare with such industry and success that it seems as if a pitiless Aladdin had been rubbing his lamp with no thought but to call into existence all things destructive to life. Here one reads at first of many cartridges, metallic and others, and all containing the means of their own ignition; cartridges that are ball, powder, fulminate, and case, all in one; cartridges that are water-proof and gas-tight; rim-fire cartridges, central-fire cartridges, and the cartridge of the Zundnadelgewehr, or Prussian needle-gun, in which the powder is ignited from the front; in short, a considerable number of most excellent and serviceable cartridges, to the explosion of no one of which is the percussion cap necessary.

Next comes a long list of breech-loading small-arms, with an elaborate description of each, illustrated by numerous diagrams. First, we have the Prussian needle-gun, which played such an important part in the seven weeks' war of 1866, and thus become acquainted with a set of new terms, such as "chamber-closer" and "breech-bolt," which occur very frequently in the following pages. Then the Spencer rifle, our American arm, which

* "Report to the Government of the United States on the Munitions of War exhibited at the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867; with eighty illustrations. By Charles B. Norton, late Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. Volunteers, and W. J. Valentine, Esq., President of U. S. Commission, 1855, United States Commissioners." Printed by authority. New York: Office of *Army and Navy Journal*, 39 Park Row. London: E. & F. N. Spon, 48 Charing Cross. 1868

is a repeater as well as a breech-loader, and from which an ordinarily skilled marksman can fire seven shots in twelve seconds, and then refill the magazine in about half the time required to load and cap a muzzle-loader. Then another magazine gun, exhibited by the Windsor Manufacturing Company, of Vermont, which carries fifteen charges, and which, the inventor claims, may be fired as a repeater nine times in eleven seconds, and as a single-loader twenty-five times per minute, while the magazine, with its fifteen charges, is held in reserve. Then the Snider rifle, also of American origin, but adopted by the British Government, and largely used elsewhere. *Quid multa?* There are also the Remington rifle and the Peabody rifle, both American; the rifles of Fosbery, of Burton, of Henry, of Cooper, British inventors; the Albini and Braedlin rifle, on the Mont Storm principle; the rifles of Joslyn and Berdan, both Americans; that of the Swiss, Martini; the Hammond rifle, from Connecticut; and the rifles of Sharp, of Soper, of Gray, of Benson & Co., of the Westley Richards Company, and the Prussian gun of Tanner. It appears that of the fourteen guns selected for the English "Breech-loading Rifle Competition," in April, 1867, six were American, and two others were founded on the Mont Storm principle, also an American invention. The Chassepot rifle, also a needle-gun, but superior to the Prussian, the rifle of Devisme, the magazine gun of Jarre & Co., which, it is claimed, can be fired fifty times a minute, the Tronchon gun, the breech-loading rifle to fire by electricity, exhibited by Baron & Delmas, all French guns, form the subject of the remainder of this astonishing chapter.

The next chapter treats of field guns, and especially of the inventions of Armstrong and Whitworth. It contains much interesting information bearing upon the question of the relative merits of the breech-loading and muzzle-loading systems as applied to field guns, and seems to show that English scientific and professional opinion is strongly in favor of muzzle-loading for this arm. It also seems to show that the Whitworth muzzle-loader is superior to the Armstrong in range, accuracy, endurance, and simplicity of construction; but that it is about one-fifth heavier, that it is more dependent on lubrication in firing, and that it does not equal the Armstrong in giving indications of the approaching destruction of the gun.

The breech-loading guns of Krupp, the great gun-maker of Essen, and the American "Gatling Battery," an automatic machine-gun with six steel barrels, which dispose of about seventy rounds a minute, next receive attention; but the most interesting invention described in this chapter is the "Ferris" gun, from Utica, New York. This wonderful gun is constructed on a principle which, it is hoped, is well adapted to attaining a result hitherto aimed at without success, to wit, the construction of a trustworthy wrought-iron gun. It has thrown a ball nine miles, and the report says: "There is no doubt about the nine-mile range of this model gun—a gun that can throw its shot and shell into a city the inhabitants of which can neither see the smoke nor hear the sound of the firing."

The foregoing hasty sketch of the contents of less than half this report has extended to such a length that little more than a statement of the contents of the rest of the volume can be given. Indeed, nothing more is needed, for enough has been said already to let our readers know what manner of book this is. It is a cyclopædia, in which one may readily find, with the aid of its excellent table of contents, which is little less than an index, information about the latest and most approved inventions in the domain of munitions of war.

The fourth chapter treats of heavy ordnance—French, American, English, Prussian, and Swedish. It opens with a full and interesting description of the way in which the work is done at the French Imperial Arsenal at Ruelle, where the materials, including the ores, are selected and treated with the utmost possible care, and proceeds to give minute details of the casting, boring, rifling, and testing of the principal cannon used in the various services named above. Ingenuity now gives place to science, and there is plenty to read about resistance, tenacity, homogeneity of metal, the core system and the coil system, hooping, reinforce rings, rifling with parabolic grooves, hexagonal bores, range, accuracy, and penetration; but simpler food is furnished in a description of the magnificent success of our fifteen-inch Rodman gun against the *Warrior* target at Shoeburyness, which made the *Standard* admit that it had "proved its capability of penetrating any of the English iron-clads afloat," and of Krupp's monstrous rifled breech-loading steel gun, which weighs fifty tons, and is to throw a shell weighing 1,080 pounds, or a solid steel shot weighing 1,212 pounds. Krupp presented this gun to the King of Prussia, but it had never been fired when this report went to press.

The fifth chapter treats of projectiles, including the inhuman novelty of explosive rifle bullets, the sixth and seventh of army accoutrements and sanitary equipments, and the eighth of fortifications, and the use of shields and plates for strengthening the resistance of their more exposed portions.

The ninth and last chapter is devoted to iron-clad ships, especially those of France and England. It is long and interesting, and Americans will read it with satisfaction, for it seems to show that we have little to fear at present from the navy of any other country.

An appendix contains an account of the Roberts breech-loading rifle and of the Broughton gun, and a letter claiming for the Gatling Battery such improvements of a late date that one with ten barrels has been fired at the rate of over three hundred shots a minute.

In conclusion, we have only to say that this report is profusely illustrated with excellent diagrams and drawings, that it is simply and well written, and that it seems to have been prepared with the most commendable industry and with entire impartiality.

Rural Poems. By William Barnes. Illustrated by Winslow Homer and Hammatt Billings. (Boston. 1869.)—"Landscape Poetry" or "A Landscapist's Poetry" would almost be a better title for Mr. Barnes's little book than the one he has given it. We have read no poems that are so much like a painter's studies; they read as if they might be the notes that a landscape painter of the English school had jotted down to aid him when he happened to be debarred from sketching and needed a help for his memory. This, for example, affords a good illustration of what is probably Mr. Barnes's natural and favorite impulse towards verse-making. "Lowshot Light" it is called:

"As I went eastward ere the sun had set,
His yellow light on bough by bough was bright.

"And there, by butter-cups beside the hill,
Below the elm trees, cow by cow was bright.

"While, after heavy-headed horses' heels,
With slowly rolling wheels, the plough was bright.

"And up among the people, on the sides,
One lovely face, with sunny brow, was bright.

"And aye, for that one face, the bough, and cow,
And plough, in my sweet fancy, now are bright."

All of its author's marked peculiarities are to be found in this piece. He shows himself, as we have said, first of all a painter, and in a much narrower sense—that is to say, more distinctively such—than is the case with any of the very many poets who have had it for a large part of their business to depict natural scenery. Since in this respect he is truly unique among poets, so far as we know, we will give a second specimen of his work before we speak of some others of his characteristics. We copy the stanzas which he calls "Green":

"Our summer way to church did wind about
The cliff, where ivy on the ledge was green.

"Our summer way to town did skirt the wood,
Where shining leaves, in tree and hedge, were green.

"Our summer way to milking in the mead
Was on by brooks, where fluttering sedge was green.

"Our homeward ways all gathered into one,
Where moss upon the roofstone's edge was green.

And that is the whole of it. Mr. Barnes is almost always just so simple and direct in his plan, and when he is not, his art is like the artifice of children, when, as it often does, it gives a stronger sense of their innocent ignorance than is given by their natural honesty. His phraseology is always just so simple in its English, and is apt to be marked by such provincial mannerisms as "cow by cow," "did skirt" for "skirted," and "by" in the sense of "beside." It is usual with him, too, to be as transparently artful in his rhymes and rhythms as he is in both the pieces which we have copied; and in thought and feeling he is never less pure, good-hearted, and rustic than we find him in "Lowshot Light." Sometimes, to be sure, he brings out much more prominently than he has done in that poem the human interest which even his essentially picturesque nature finds attaching to the scenes which give so great delight to his eye. He can be a little pathetic over the homely sorrows of his rural neighborhood and can share in its homely joys; and he can do a little fun-making of the sort current among the villagers; and he is evidently full of natural affections, loving parents and wife, and the church where his children were christened, and the memories of his courting days and of days when friends were buried. But it is plain, too, that his small world is to him mainly a thing to be looked at; that he is untroubled by much thought or passion, and that his bounded life is scarcely at all different from that of the parish except as it touches on art.

What kind of a book he has made is, then, easily seen. It is of humble pretensions, and is perhaps hardly to be called poetry; but it grows upon one; it is thoroughly to be liked for its freshness, which is that of the

dew itself, and the cows in the deep meadows, and the country hedge-side; for its kindliness, and the full impression it gives of rural peace; for its unaffectedness, and for its rare and unconscious frankness and courage. This is saying, in other words, that it offers the wearied traveller in our literature of to-day an oasis of rest, as grateful as green grass and water from the brook and shade might be to the jaded, sickened victim of towns. There is not even so much as a hint of an apology for a simplicity that sometimes seems triviality—and in fact sometimes is triviality. We may be sure, had it fallen to our author to write the poems which Mr. Morris's critics praise for being as direct and objective as Chaucer's, he would not have once thought of making Mr. Morris's prefatory remarks. Subjective poetry and the nineteenth century and sociology might never have come upon the earth, for any influence they have had on Mr. Barnes as a poet. So we can promise something like a new sensation to nearly anybody who will make his acquaintance.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, for their part, have made the volume a very pretty one, and their artists have given them some, though not overmuch, assistance. The proof-reader, however, might have been looked after somewhat more sharply; some of his punctuation is of a kind to cause Mr. Barnes a good deal of affliction. For instance, the twenty-third page has one full-stop too many, and two of the full-stops on the eleventh page should be commas, or perhaps semicolons. It is worth while to say this, for no doubt there will be more editions of the work, which is in no sense a mere holiday book. That there may be many more editions is a hope that we have given reasons enough for the reader's entertaining. We have another, too, which, however, we will not now dwell upon. A class of our writers we were thinking of—the large class which so much needs to unlearn habits of dishonesty and inflation of speech, and learn how to talk honestly and straightforwardly. To learn to talk so is partly to learn to think so; at all events there is nothing like it for the discovery of one's inanity. Mr. Barnes's influence on such persons could not be other than good; provided they did not, at the outset, turn from him with unwise disdain of his lack of embroidery and pinchbeck finery, and were sensible enough to excuse his occasional undeniable ungainliness and feebleness.

The Sabbath Question. Sermons preached to the Valley Church, Orange, N. J. By George B. Bacon, Pastor. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.)—This book, the author tells us, is printed especially for the use of those to whom the sermons contained in it were first preached, but in the hope that it may be at the same time useful to a larger public. We trust that this hope will not fall to the ground. Only good can come from the wide circulation of a book so earnest, reverent, and broad. Even those who do not agree with the writer cannot fail to be impressed by his freshness and candor, and to acquit him of any desire to make the Sabbath less honored or less religiously observed. But the book is calculated to do much more than produce this merely negative impression. It must, by the force and number of its arguments, convince a great many persons that the present sanctions of Sunday are illogical and unfortunate, and that the sooner the rights and honors of the day effect a change of base the better. To do this is its main purpose. It does indeed, in the closing chapters, construe the uses of the day rather more liberally than is common, but the larger part of it is given to showing that the arguments by which the observance of Sunday is usually enforced are but a "rope of sand," and to substituting in their places others that appeal more strongly to the rational mind. If any one expects to find here a good word for the "continental Sabbath"—which, by the way, is a much more orthodox institution than our own—he will be sadly disappointed; although Mr. Bacon does not consider social visiting on Sunday "continental," or a walk in the fields necessarily wicked. The book contains six sermons. The first, on the Sabbath of God, is perhaps rather fanciful. The second, on the purpose of the Jewish Sabbath, shows very clearly that the Jewish Sabbath and the Puritan Sunday are not one and the same thing. The third treats of the uses and abuses of the Jewish Sabbath; the fourth, of the origin of Sunday, as distinguished from the Sabbath; the fifth, of the honor that belongs to it; the sixth, of the right observance of Sunday. The book is printed so that "he who runs may read," and the author's style is as intelligible as the printer's type.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abbott (Rev. L.), Jesus of Nazareth	(Harper & Bros.)	
Allen (R. H.), The New England Tragedies, in Prose	(Nichols & Noyes)	
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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1868.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1867:

Premiums received on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867....	$7,322,015 00
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1867	2,838,109 00
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	$10,160,125 00
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867.....	$7,597,123 00
Losses paid during the same period.....	$4,224,364 61
Returns of Premiums and expenses.....	$1,305,865 93

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$6,864,485 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise....	2,175,450 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....	210,000 00
Interest and sundry Notes and Claims due the Company, estimated at	252,414 82
Premium Notes and Bills receivable.....	3,232,453 27
Cash in Bank.....	373,374 02
Total Amount of Assets	$13,108,177 11

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next.

FIFTY per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled to the extent paid.

A dividend of Thirty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1867, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

John D. Jones,	Henry K. Bogert,
Charles Dennis,	Joshua J. Henry,
W. H. H. Moore,	Dennis Perkins,
Henry Colt,	Joseph Gaillard, Jr.,
Wm. C. Pickersgill,	J. Henry Burgy,
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James Bryce,	William H. Webb,
Francis Skiddy,	Paul Spofford,
Daniel S. Miller,	Sheppard Gandy,
Wm. Sturgis,	Robert L. Taylor.
Charles P. Burdett,	

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT I, LOUIS DE PENNEVET, residing in the City, County, and State of New York, and heretofore, with OCTAVE BRAYER and JULES DE PENNEVET, carrying on a business in said City with foreign countries, under the copartnership name or firm of BRAYER, DE PENNEVET & CO., intend on or after the date hereof to continue business under the said firm name.

Dated NEW YORK, 14th November, 1868.

L. DE PENNEVET.

In presence S. S. SMITH.

[5 cent stamp, cancelled.]

STATE OF NEW YORK, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, ss.—On this 10th day of December, 1868, before me personally appeared LOUIS DE PENNEVET, known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

A. V. W. VAN VECHTEN,
Notary Public N. Y. State, City and Co.

MANHATTAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

644 Broadway, Corner Bleecker Street,

NEW YORK, December 10, 1868.

The Trustees of this Institution have declared the Thirty-sixth Semi-annual Dividend on all Deposits (by the rules entitled thereto), at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM ON ALL SUMS NOT EXCEEDING $1,000; AND FIVE PER CENT. ON LARGER SUMS; payable on and after January 18, 1869, free of Government Tax.

The Dividend will be credited under date of January 1, and if not withdrawn will receive interest the same as a deposit of that date.

SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM ON ALL SUMS FROM $1 to $5,000 will be allowed Depositors, July 1, 1869, and January 1, 1870.

E. J. BROWN, President.

C. F. ALVORD, Secretary.
EDWARD SCHELL, Treasurer.

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is already largely subscribed for, and the remainder is going into the hands of individuals along the route, or being taken by the counties and towns through which the road passes.

THE ENTIRE CAPITAL

will, without doubt, be soon taken, and the subscription closed.

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The Trustee for the Bondholders is the Union Trust Company of New York. Arrangements have been perfected by which a considerable part of this Loan is likely to be placed in Europe, and only a small portion of the issue will remain to be disposed of at home.

Parties subscribing at once *will secure the Gold premium on the coupon of February* 1, which is equal to a reduction of one per cent. on the price of the Bonds.

We are authorized to offer what remains of these Bonds at 97½ and accrued interest in currency; at which price, considering the soundness of the enterprise and the ample security of the Loan, the Bonds must be regarded as the

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The Nation.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 185. THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1869. { FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM / TWELVE CENTS PER COPY

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The Week.

PERHAPS as important a matter as any that has engaged the attention of Congress during the week is the "Sue Murphy Relief Bill," which has kept the Senate busy for a greater or less part of every day, and which needs all the discussion it is likely to get. The question is of paying a so-called loyal citizen of Alabama for property destroyed by the national forces during the war. Fighting had hardly ceased when claims for the value of property destroyed began pouring in, and, if we are not mistaken, some of them were paid; but an order issued in 1866 put a stop to the leak, which only needs the least reopening to become a torrent. The number of valuable libraries which we shall discover to have been burned by our illiterate soldiery; the millions of dollars' worth of fine residences destroyed by the removal of clap-boarding for camp-fires; the droves of cattle and horses that will turn out to have been seized by Federal commissaries and quartermasters; the unsuspected multitude of Unionists that will be found to have kept their faith, in case of the gratification of Mr. Doolittle's and Mr. Hendricks's desire that the good name of the North may not be disgraced, will exceedingly surprise the tax-payer. He will pay for more Patent Office reports and *Congressional Globes*, under the designation of four hundred thousand dollar libraries, than he now has any conception of. The friends of this particular bill seem to have been unfortunate in their choice of a test case. At any rate, it is alleged that Mrs. Murphy needs no relief, because the destroyed property was not hers but her stepfather's, and, secondly, because if she deserves relief it is not to the United States that she ought to look for it, because she assisted at several presentations of rebel flags and even made encouraging speeches.

Other matters of importance that have come up in the Senate are the bill to authorize an air-line railroad between Washington and New York and a bill introduced by Mr. Edmunds to prevent the holding by any one person of two national offices at the same time. Mr. Sherman spoke strongly in favor of the air-line road, and in the course of his speech caused to be read a certain circular which the railroad presidents are sending about, and which shows that the lobbying against the proposed destruction of the Jersey monopolies will be of the most strenuous character. Mr. Sherman, however, predicted with a confidence which everybody hopes the event may justify the total failure of the companies' scheming. Mr. Edmunds's bill seems likely to pass, but not without some slight modifications, that will, however, not affect the principle of it. In many of the States the State constitution forbids occupancy of State offices by a United States officer—a prohibition which neither a stickler for State rights nor an upholder of the dignity of the Union will be disposed to quarrel with. The number of offices is, however, so great and the general effect of office-holding so doubtfully good, that it seems desirable that whenever possible one man should, as Mr. Fessenden points out, be two or three or four officers—lighthouse-keeper, say, collector and assessor of internal revenue, and postmaster, in some desolate fishing hamlet—and thus the citizen be led out of an American temptation that destroys many.

In the House nothing has been done so noticeable as the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act. It passed under the operation of the previous question and by 121 yeas to 47 nays. The numbers read as if the vote was a party one, but it was not; a majority of the Democrats voted in the affirmative, and the nays were principally Republican. Schenck, Garfield, Jenckes, Shellabarger, and Maynard voted in the negative. Mr. Washburn, of Indiana, has the credit, such as it is, of having offered this bill, but, as the House was reminded by Mr. Butler, he, not Mr. Washburn, is the man who first introduced the measure, and this bill of Mr. Washburn's is identical with the one which he (Mr. Butler) introduced the other day, and which was referred to the Judiciary Committee. It is understood that a majority of the Judiciary Committee were for making a favorable report. A bill for which Mr. Butler really deserves credit is one that he has framed for the prevention of a great evil in Virginia. The judges of the State courts there are, many of them, incapacitated by former disloyalty for the exercise of judicial functions. Lawyers, therefore, take their convicted clients' cases into the United States courts, the judges of which conceive themselves bound to discharge the prisoners. Mr. Butler's bill directs a stay of proceedings in all such cases until the justices of the Supreme Court shall have decided whether or not such convictions are valid. Mr. Robinson, on Monday, offered a bill which allows the Secretary of the Treasury, the Mayors of this city and Brooklyn, the Governor of the State, and the Collector of the Port to expend five millions annually for the improvement of New York harbor. The passage of this bill would easily call into existence another "ring" of first-rate magnitude.

For the rest, the Appropriation Bill kept the House pretty busy for a good deal of the week; but it found time to listen to Mr. Boyer, who made an unnecessary Democratic speech, *de omnibus rebus*, in reply to the unnecessary Republican speech on the same topics with which Mr. Blaine favored the country before the recess. Mr. Boutwell proposes a suffrage amendment to the Constitution. It declares the right of men of color to vote for President, Vice-President, and Representatives, and provides punishments for all who hinder them. There has been bitter debate over the alleged breach of contract on the part of Wells, Fargo & Co. and a proposition to order the Postmaster-General to withhold a certain amount now nominally due them. Finally, the House was amused by an incidental debate between "honest John Covode" and the equally pious but a trifle wiser Catholic champion, Mr. Fernando Wood. Mr. Covode opposed the sending of an American minister to Rome, because certain Papists went into his district last year and fraudulently defeated him, as he fully believes.

A singular illustration of the kind of contributions the South is making to our legislative wisdom was furnished last week by Mr. Spencer's bill, introduced into the Senate, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to buy all cotton offered him after the first of July next at 20 cents per pound for uplands and 30 cents for Sea Islands. As cotton now sells at about 26 cents, and is not unlikely to be considerably lower next year, the effect of this bill would of course be, in case the crop proved very large, to place the whole of it at the Secretary's disposal at a good high figure, and his embarrassment would be increased by the fact that the bill directs him to sell what he buys at an advance of at least five cents, so that in a dull season it would go

off slowly, as buyers, knowing he could not spin it himself, and that he could not "carry it" very long, would hold off. Now that Mr. Spencer has manfully "leaped ahead," where is the enterprising Congressman who will make similar arrangements with the Government for having the shoe-dealers relieved of their drooping stock, the farmers of their declining hay, and, in fact, everybody in the country of his old clothes, horse-shoes, furniture, and other worthless odds and ends? There is nothing that a decent man wants to sell that a truly popular government ought not to be compelled to buy at a fair, humane rate.

On the question of resuming specie payments there has been no light thrown since the opening of Congress. Senator Morton, who has made himself the director of the process in the Senate, has been spending the holidays carrying on a somewhat comical discussion about it with Mr. Greeley, the opinions of the latter having absolutely no value, except as an indication of the owner's child-like and beautiful confidence in human nature. The country is flooded with letters and pamphlets on the same subject from other sources, and we shall not trouble our readers with further notices of them. Many contain much that is valuable, but life is too short for the profitable perusal of them. The best advice we can offer to simple souls for their guidance amidst the prevailing din and confusion and conflict of testimony is to cling firmly to this one idea, that a government can only procure gold by taxation, loans, or plunder; that gold coin is a luxury which we sold as too expensive for us when the war broke out; that if either Government or people want to get it back to use as a circulating medium once more, they will have to buy it or borrow it, just like a silk dress or a buggy. With these aphorisms suspended from his neck anybody may plunge into the melee and crack skulls over the question of how to buy the gold most cheaply—for that is really the only question under debate—with a fair expectation of coming out just as creditably as the common run of financiers.

The "war on the Ogeechee," and the "Georgia outrages," and the "insurrection of negroes in Georgia," and the new San Domingo war are all creditable to the Associated Press reporter at Savannah, who must be proud of himself, and a just cause of pride to his employers who pay him his salary, as a not imbecile person collecting accurate news. A man, Middleton by name, accused some of his hands of stealing rice, and got warrants for their arrest. The sheriff, before going out to serve the warrants, demanded the aid of the military. He is a cowardly man, and there seemed no sound reason for granting his request; so he set out with his deputies, and when he came in sight of the plantations, and the people began to get together, he fled, no man pursuing him. At once Savannah decided there was a civil war; it was known, so they say, that most of the planters have been cheating their hands for a year or two, and might have justly feared trouble. A company of a hundred and twenty marched out well armed, fired at a negro boy and shot him through the leg, saw a dozen negroes taking to the woods, and then returned to the city, when they at once organized three battalions, with colonels and a general and so on, and prepared for a battue, the reporter meantime telegraphing about the murders and rapes and burnings. General Sibley, going out by General Meade's order, found frightened negroes anxious to be arrested if they had done anything, no fortifications, no arms but "corn-minders' guns" (three stand), and a bayonet on a stick, no hostile intentions, no anything of all the newspapers had said so vociferously.

The combination of Democrats and Republicans which voted to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act bears a striking resemblance to that which, under Butler's lead last spring, directed the Committee of Ways and Means to bring in a bill taxing the bondholders ten per cent. We are, as we have said more than once, in favor of the repeal, and do not know what motives have influenced men like Messrs. Garfield and Schenck in opposing it, but we have no doubt they are respectable; and we may add that we think the passage of a measure of such importance, without permitting such men to produce their arguments against it, is another of those gross insults to the country and breaches of parliamentary propriety of which the Republican party has committed so many. To estimate this last one at its full magnitude, however, one must go back and read the speeches in which some of the worthies who are now for repealing the act, urged its passage, and in which they assailed the President for violating it, and the solemn and elaborate demonstrations of its necessity and wisdom, not as a protection against Andrew Johnson only, but against all Presidents, which they offered us, and the rabid abuse they and their newspaper followers heaped on any man who called himself a Radical, and yet presumed to doubt its expediency. A more striking illustration of the contempt in which they hold the unfortunate public was hardly ever offered than the present cool attempt, after all this, to cast it aside without even giving themselves the trouble to offer a single reason for their change of opinion. They have arranged the argumentative part of the business, they say, privately amongst themselves. The names of the majority and minority ought to be kept for reference and comparison, and will certainly repay study.

It is hardly necessary to say that if this lavish use of the previous question continues, the publicity of Congressional proceedings, considered either as a means of informing the public judgment or as furnishing a check on the conduct of representatives, becomes a farce. All legislative measures are, on the whole, better debated in the newspapers than they are in Congress, so that the people can form a tolerably fair opinion of their value without Congressional help. But then members of Congress are supposed to be in possession of facts and circumstances which do not always reach editors, and which constitute disturbing or modifying influences for which no allowance is usually taken in forming the clear-cut conclusions of the newspaper. One of the great uses of Congress and of Congressional debate is to let the public know what these facts and circumstances are, both as an assistance in drawing inferences touching the particular case and in the general work of political education. Moreover, although nobody expects each member to give his reasons for his vote, everybody wishes or ought to wish to know by what arguments he was influenced in voting, especially in cases in which the party is divided. In other words, we want to know, as the only efficient check on his conduct, what reasons he gave for voting as he did, or what reasons he listened to; either will do, but one or the other is essential, if the responsibility of legislation is to be anything more than a name. We are not, or ought not to be, satisfied by being told that he talked the matter over in the cloak-room or on a back sofa, with General Butler. What the general said on that occasion may have been admirable and overwhelming, but the experience of thirty centuries has settled it for ever that no man has a right to make laws for a free people without either standing up and giving his reasons openly or listening to somebody else who gives reasons for him openly. Better be governed any day by a silent despot than a silent crowd, for an honest crowd is never silent, and an honest despot may be. We need say nothing of the facilities which this free use of the previous question affords for covering up jobs, and the pleasure with which the various "rings" must therefore witness it; but we ought to call attention to the manifest tendency there is on the part of the Butlerites and inspired Radicals to combine in the House with the Democrats against the rational and thinking Republicans.

Mr. Chandler has been re-nominated for the senatorship by the Republicans of Michigan, as, indeed, everybody expected he would be. In his speech of acknowledgment before the caucus he vigorously denounced Great Britain, and declared that he had a mortgage on Canada which he was going to foreclose on an early day. This helps to confirm the suspicion which we expressed a fortnight ago, that this unscrupulous power was at the bottom of the opposition to his re-election, and that it was her agents who got up the stories about his drunkenness and other excesses. As we ought not, however, to keep back any facts which militate against our theory, we will mention that General Butler, who published a certificate of Mr. Chandler's sobriety, asserts that the opposition was due to Mr. Chandler's having been a vigorous promoter of impeachment, and represents it as simply part of a crusade which is going on against everybody who took an active part against Mr. Johnson in that remarkable process. If this be the

true state of the case, all we can say is that those who are engaged in this miserable persecution of wise and saintly men ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. We have little doubt that, if the truth were known, they would be found to be the same persons whose efforts to take away the pensions from the disabled soldiers and sailors and the widows and orphans call forth so regularly the noble "soldiers and sailors" resolution in the platform of all the nominating conventions of both political parties. Certificates were also furnished to Mr. Chandler by Mr. Henry Wilson, who testified to his sobriety, and by Mr. Stanton, who testified to his usefulness during the war and the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Lincoln. One of the most mysterious and yet encouraging facts in connection with the vice of intemperance is the freedom from it enjoyed by politicians who are "sound on the main question." We find, on enquiring of their associates as to their habits, either that the sight of liquor is hateful to them, or that, if they consume it, it produces no more effect on their nerves or character than ass's milk, while, on the other hand, there are few "traitors" or conservatives who are not frequently carried to bed helpless, or even seen in the most shameful condition in the streets.

There is, we are assured, no doubt that the Civil Service Bill will be opposed by the leading men of both parties, and that there is little chance of its passing this session without strong pressure from public opinion. Practically the power of appointment to subordinate positions in the public service is now in the hands of Congressmen, and they use it for their own private benefit and that of their friends; and he must be a very sanguine person who expects them to give it up without a struggle. We venture to say, too, that the House, and the Republican party in the House, will be divided on the bill by much the same line as has divided them on the question of taxing the bonds and the passage of the bill, under the previous question, repealing the Tenure-of-Office Act; that is to say, the thinking, reasoning minority of Republicans will be found supporting it; the ranting, roaring prophets, war-horses, and jobbers, the "whole-souled" men and the Democrats, will be found opposing it. General Logan opened operations against it on Friday last, in the Committee of the Whole, by reading a printed speech, without notice, denouncing it fiercely. He said Mr. Jenckes's plan was undemocratic; was the "opening wedge to an aristocracy;" maintained that "the people" (*i. e.*, Washington rings) ought to appoint Government officers; and drew a glowing picture of the proud contrast which the gang of peculators and adventurers who now fill the public offices of this great country present to the sleek and pampered minions who swarm in the offices of foreign despots. In fact, no such neighing and snorting has been heard in Congress since Mr. Chandler introduced his great retaliation bill in the Senate. After having whisked his tail several times in Mr. Jenckes's face, and exchanged whinnies with several sympathizers, General Logan plunged into his seat, and several others then reared up and kicked fiercely in the same direction, in token of their hostility to the measure. General Grant is now well known to be strongly in favor of the bill, but it cannot be too often repeated that, unless the people come to Mr. Jenckes's assistance, there is no chance of its passing; and if it does not pass, we fear our expectations as to Grant's reforming power will be wofully disappointed.

The Paris Conference on the Turco-Greek difficulty is sitting as we write, and the prospect of a favorable termination to its discussions is, the Cable despatches say, good. The pretence that there is any doubt about the result is, and has been from the beginning, very amusing. In fact, the conference is a little farce got up to cover the retreat of the belligerents from their unpleasant proximity to each other. The Porte knows well that England, France, and Russia are responsible for the good behavior of Greece, under two separate treaties, and that, even if they were not, they would take good care not to let anybody but themselves attack Turkey just now. Greece, on the other hand, though Greeks are generally ready to fight Turks on general grounds, has been perfectly well aware that when the moment came to take the field with her invisible army and empty treasury, somebody was sure to step up and hold her arms so as to prevent her either from exterminating the foe or perishing in the fray. The "hostilities" have thus far been confined to the murder of a Turkish officer at Syra and an exchange of shots between the Turkish flag-ship and a Greek blockade-runner, without damage to anybody; the blockade-runner, however, displaying the skill and audacity which has always made the Greeks, however outnumbered in men or guns, more than a match for Turkey at sea. In fact, since the Greek Revolution, and the consequent loss of the Greek seamen, the Turkish navy has been rather an encumbrance than a help to the empire. It has usually, of late, been commanded by an Englishman, as at present; but the officers and crews are almost worthless. The late Admiral Slade used to tell that when he first took command he came up one fine moonlight night from his cabin, in the Black Sea, and found the flag-ship going along with all sail set and a fine breeze blowing, and the watch, except the man at the wheel, all asleep, officers included.

The French news continues to be of the same general tenor. There has been a change of ministry—that is to say, one set of the Emperor's clerks has been dismissed to make way for another. M. Pinard, who made such a dreadful failure in getting up his press prosecutions after the Baudin affair, and who, in fact, made the Baudin affair important, has been dismissed for over-zeal; but the poor man is too much mortified to take the senatorship which is usually offered to disgraced ministers, and goes back to the bar to practise his profession. M. de Lavalette succeeds the Marquis de Moustier in the Foreign Office, a change which is looked on as a concession both to the Italians and Prussians. M. de Moustier was a Papist, in the literal sense of the word, and had made himself very obnoxious at Berlin, while M. de Lavalette, though a friend of the Pope, was, when ambassador at Rome, one of those plain-spoken friends whom weak and foolish men hate more than enemies. The nonsense of the Papacy was abhorrent to him, and he spoke of it freely, and his removal was looked on as the triumph of Ultramontanism in the Emperor's councils. The change is of no importance as regards the Eastern question, both the outgoing and incoming minister agreeing on that; but Lavalette is said to be opposed to the policy of perpetually threatening and demonstrating against Prussia. The unpopularity of the Imperialist régime in Paris, in the meantime, continues to grow, and its comicalities to grow more comical. A journalist has just been arrested for describing the personal appearance of the Dutch admiral whom, and not Louis Bonaparte, ill-natured people insist on considering the Emperor's father, in terms which apply exactly to the Emperor himself. Then an attempt made to win the rising generation over to Cæsarism by inviting two law and two medical students each week to Compiègne during the hunting season, has failed ignominiously and ridiculously. No medical or law student could be found who would accept the Imperial invitation. The young men, it plainly appears, have, as we say here, all "gone republican." M. Paul de Cassagnac, the noted bravo, mourns over this in the *Pays*, and suggests a more stringent policy as the best remedy.

There is little use in attempting to interpret the news from Spain There is a discussion going on in all the papers as to whether the kingdom contains more monarchists than republicans; but about this the opinions even of well-informed Spaniards are not worth much, and the opinions of enthusiastic foreigners are worth nothing. In the towns it appears plain the republican element predominates; but we shall not know anything about the matter for certain till the Constituent Cortes meets. The Duke de Montpensier is putting himself forward as a candidate for the throne—according to the monarchists with some success, but, according to the republicans, to the unutterable disgust of all right-minded men. There have been many fights of greater or less magnitude, in all of which the Provisional Government has acted with energy, and the troops with perfect fidelity and moderation. With these disorders the republican leaders seem to be disgusted, however. The republicans generally are enthusiastic in their admiration of the United States, which they take as their model, and the United States consul has been a prominent figure either as arbitrator or mediator in most of the great rows. The fact in recent American history which most impresses them, competent observers report, is the immediate disbandment of the armies at the close of the war.

MR. WELLS'S REPORT FOR 1868.

One of the best signs of the times in the political world is the increasing interest manifested in the annual reports on the condition and prospects of the national industry now prepared by the special Commissioner of the Revenue. They are valuable in two ways, at least; one is, that they constitute the first persistent attempt made in this country to furnish a scientific basis for legislation, instead of the fancies and guesses and vague opinions or representations of interested persons which committees of Congress have hitherto been only too apt to use in the drafting of bills. Mr. Wells furnishes a striking illustration of this in the report before us, when he quotes the account given by a Congressional committee of the effects of the tariff of 1846, which says that "no business man of mature age" needed to be reminded of certain dreadful consequences of this tariff. Mr. Wells, on turning to the statistics, shows that the recollection of "the business man of mature age" was utterly deceptive, and that the ruin and disaster wrought by the tariff existed only in his imagination.

Mr. Wells's reports are valuable, in the second place, as the products of a scientific man, and not of a politician—using this most useful but perverted word in its popular sense, as designating a person whose opinions on political questions are formed mainly with reference to their probable bearing on his own standing in a particular political party, or on the fortunes of the party itself generally. Mr. Wells looks into the financial condition of the country in the spirit in which he would enter upon a chemical experiment; not, of course, with the same indifference to the nature of the conclusions at which he arrives—for conclusions in politics involve the happiness of millions of living men—but with as much indifference as a man dealing with social problems can be expected to feel. The importance of this is all the greater owing to the influence which the free-trade and protection controversy still exercises on public opinion—a controversy which, as Mr. Wells says, "involves more of prejudice and of opinion founded on private self-interest than almost any other which, since the abolition of slavery, has occupied the attention of the American people." No man, therefore, who is noted as a partisan, or who has much of the partisan in his mental or moral constitution, can treat it with effect.

We do not propose to do more here than indicate the general tenor of his report; its separate heads will afford abundant material for discussion hereafter, and that there is plenty of time before us for such discussion may be guessed from the fact—we believe we may call it a fact—that there are now 219 plans for the resumption of specie payment (not including the plan attributed to General Butler, of not resuming at all) before the House of Representatives, some on paper and some in the heads of members. Mr. Wells first examines the present condition of the country, and he finds that there has been a great increase in production during the last five years, as indicated by an increase in the cotton and woollen manufactures, the yield of copper, iron, and coal mines, the extension of railroads, and the consumption of such commodities as tea, coffee, and sugar. The aggregate crops of this year and last he also pronounces larger in quantity and better in quality than ever before, and he alleges a general increase during the last three years in other agricultural products, though on this point he speaks less confidently. Nevertheless, he declares the condition of the great body of the people worse than it was in 1860, inasmuch as labor does not purchase as large a quantity of other commodities as it did in that year. In other words, the condition of the laborer at present is the same as it would have been if production, instead of increasing in the same or greater ratio than population, had gone on diminishing. This singular phenomenon—the failure of the laborer to share in the results of the increase and activity of capital—Mr. Wells ascribes to the necessity under which the capitalist finds himself of appropriating more than his normal share of the profits by way of insurance against the risks and uncertainty caused by an irredeemable currency. Another indication of decline in real prosperity he finds in the fact that there is not a single product of American industry which could now compete in foreign markets with those of foreigners, and not many which can compete in the home market without enormous protection, and none for which during the last two years—including *oil paintings*, *Indian corn*, *fire-wood*, *Bibles*, and *ice*—protection has not been claimed. In 1860, a good many American products were able to contend successfully with those of foreigner sabroad, and more still were able to retain possession of the home market without more than trifling protection. This painful result Mr. Wells ascribes also to "the state of the currency, heavy taxation, and a limited supply of skilled labor;" but how he makes the scarcity of skilled labor count for much when he shows elsewhere that enormous profits are being made in thel eading branches of industry, that the quantity of capital seeking investment is continually on the increase, that large numbers of skilled laborers who come to this country from Europe return home in despair of profitable employment, and that, according to the testimony of large manufacturers, a tendency to go home is visible amongst most European skilled laborers settled here, we do not very well see.

Most of Mr. Wells's attention is naturally given to the two forms of taxation by which the expenses of the Government are now met—the internal revenue and the tariff. Of the present condition of the internal revenue he speaks in the highest terms. When first instituted, it was the worst system of taxation ever devised by man; for it violated every rule of taxation discovered by human reason and experience, and operated on one of the richest and most complex of human societies. But the improvements it has undergone have brought it into close conformity with the system in use in England, and which is the product of three-quarters of a century of careful experiment; and the only change that Mr. Wells now thinks strongly desirable is an improvement in the machinery of collection, or, in other words, in the civil service. How important this improvement would be—or, in other words, in what a deplorable condition the civil service now is—may be guessed when we say that the total yield of the internal revenue at present is about $150,000,000; and Mr. Wells calculates that with a purified system of administration this would be increased to $225,000,000—or, to put it in another way, that the taxes might be increased by $75,000,000, this sum being now, in the opinion of competent judges, lost through the dishonesty or incompetency of United States officials in one department of the Government. So that a reform in the civil service would be equivalent either to the reduction of the excise taxes by one-half, or of the interest on the public debt by nearly one-half, and yet we seldom hear a word in its favor from the noisy patriots who are groaning so terribly under the burden of the bonds that they want to drive the holders into a forced conversion.

The tariff comes in for the larger share of Mr. Wells's attention, and, for obvious reasons, he has considerable difficulty in dealing with it. It is a subject on which a large number of men cannot talk or think calmly; it is a subject on which a great many others do not want to think calmly. The enormous value of the private interests involved in it have driven all scientific spirit out of the discussion and converted it largely into a game of mutual recrimination. Mr. Wells starts with the proposition that every European nation of importance has preserved the principle of protection in its legislation by distributing its burdens and restrictions in such manner as to favor domestic industry—the English, for instance, by letting in the raw material of their industry free and the food of their laborers free, and the Belgians by refusing to restrict the labor of women in their mines and iron-works. But elsewhere he speaks of the people of the United States being opposed to "free trade in the European sense," evidently taking up again the popular impression here that somewhere in Europe absolute free trade has been preached or acted on by statesmen or people, which is, of course, inaccurate. No considerable body of European free-traders have sought, and no European government has adopted, free trade in any other sense than the one in which he here advocates it in his report—that is, the distribution of the form of taxation known as the tariff in such fashion as to give the freest play to the national faculties and the fullest use of such natural advantages as the people may possess. He maintains that as the American tariff is now arranged it is in no rational sense of the word a protective tariff, inasmuch as it does not protect the weak industries or the industries which, possibly, through protection could eventually become self-supporting. It has not been arranged on anything worthy of the name of a policy or system. The strong and wealthy industries, such

as the pig-iron and the wool, which could bring powerful pressure to bear at Washington, have got all they wanted; the weak or divided interests, which could bring no pressure to bear, or only a feeble one, have been left to pine or perish, Congressmen acting invariably on the rule that protection granted, no matter in what quantity and to what branch of industry, could not but be advantageous for all, although in many cases the over-protection of one branch of industry is death to others of fully as great importance. Excessive and reckless fostering of pig-iron, for instance, kills the rolling-mills, and a thoughtless attempt to build up spool-cotton would, if the law had been put in force, have put an end to a growing manufacture of suspenders, gaiters, coburgs, lastings, and other worsted fabrics.

The illustrations with which Mr. Wells fortifies himself, and which he draws from a store such as no other man in the country possesses, and which he states with extraordinary clearness and power, make his treatment of this portion of his subject one of the most effective pieces of economical exposition it has ever been our good fortune to read. A stronger appeal to the country to insist on the revision of the tariff on a rational system—with a view, at least, to the *real* protection of whatever needs protection from the protectionist point of view, and can profit by it, and the stoppage of the enormous profits which several bloated interests are now drawing from the life-blood of the country—has never been made; and if it does not carry conviction with it, we do not know what will. We do not know, too, where to look for a better, though an indirect, presentation of the truth that the indiscriminate protection which our tariff aims at is one of the most singular of human delusions, and that when the legislature is economically feeble and without a policy, the protection of particular interests is never possible for any great length of time. You cannot, for instance, foster the wool-growers very long without fostering the woollen-millers, and once you attempt to foster both you foster neither. The report, too, though indirectly, brings out what is now one of the cardinal doctrines of financial science, that all taxes are diffused through all classes of the community in the long run, and that when you discriminate in favor of a particular industry it profits by the discrimination only till the tax has made itself felt in all others and brought prices up to their old level. In other words, you may give to a man that sells a spade the power of adding twenty-five per cent. to its price, but as soon as the farmer and tailor find out what you have done, they bring the spade dealer back to where he was by charging him twenty-five per cent. more for his bread and his coat. We trust Mr. Wells's pamphlet will meet with a wide circulation. Everybody who wants to form a rational opinion on the great questions which are to agitate the political world during the next two years ought to read it at least twice.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

Before there is anything more said about the Greeks and Turks, it is highly desirable that those who are interested in the quarrel should form a distinct conception of what it is they aim at when they are getting up a pro-Greek agitation in this country. In so far as Crete is concerned, there are two things which it was perfectly legitimate for Americans to do for her: one is to forward contributions of money for the purchase of arms and ammunition, or for the relief of her distressed refugees at Athens and elsewhere; the other is to encourage the insurrection by expressions of sympathy. Both of these, as long as the insurrection had a chance of success, were not only not objectionable but praiseworthy; but to continue them one minute after the chance of success has disappeared would be not kindness but cruelty. If there be any public act about which orator or writer ought to hesitate, it is the encouraging men to persist in exposing their lives, and the lives of their wives and children, in a hopeless contest of which he neither shares nor intends to share the dangers or sacrifices; and nobody in this country, whose words were likely to reach the Cretans and excite in their minds false expectations, ought to have mounted the platform here in their behalf without having thoroughly informed himself, not from sentimental tourists or excited Philhellenes, but from experienced military men or politicians, as to the chances of the struggle on the island or the chances of European interference. We have read most of the speeches and documents made and issued by the Cretan sympathizers, and we regret to say we have not found one word bearing on either of those points. What we have been told of is Cretan heroism and suffering; but what we needed to know, before inciting the unfortunate combatants to protract their struggle, was whether they were likely to win in the end without aid from without.

That they were likely to get aid from without in Europe, except from Greece, nobody possessing any acquaintance with European politics has ever for a moment believed. The reasons against any such belief are numerous and weighty, but we have not space to go over them here. The disappearance of the Ottoman Empire from Europe would be a convulsion of the first order, likely to effect a great change in the seat of power and influence on the Continent, and for this no European state is at present prepared. They are all laboring in the throes of internal change, and the Eastern question is not pressed on them, as the Italian question was in 1856, by a statesman of the first rank like Cavour, having at his back a compact and well-ordered kingdom like Piedmont, which had shown in war, as in peace, skill, courage, and prudence. The sentimental interest in Greece by which Europe was thrilled forty years ago has wholly died out. The Greeks have literally no admirers, and few sympathizers on other than religious grounds. England did more for Greek nationality in transferring the Ionian Isles to her than any other power in Europe is willing to do, and there was no other power which did not think it at the time a bit of absurd generosity. Unfortunately for Greece, the condition of the Ionian Islands has ever since deteriorated; every good thing which depended on government for its maintenance is going down; so that the accession of the islands, instead of being a help to Greek nationality in the eyes of Europe, has been a hindrance.

As regards the relations between Turkey and Greece which are now undergoing discussion, one thing must be borne in mind by sensible men, and that is, that whatever the moral or political value of the Ottoman Empire or Greek Kingdom may be, both are bound by the rules of international law, and in all examinations of the relations of the two countries, from a political point of view, the right of Turkey to exist must be taken for granted. If no power were entitled to exact of other powers a faithful fulfilment of its international obligations unless they approved of its principles and internal economy, or, in other words, unless they "sympathized" with it, international law would become a mockery, and the world would be desolated by moral wars as it once was by religious wars. America is now urging fiercely against England a claim for retribution for having allowed its sympathies to influence its manner of performing its international duties, and it is not very long since the great majority of the people of the United States resolutely refused to interfere for the relief of black Christians at the South, on the ground that no State was responsible for wrongs not wrought within its political jurisdiction.

It must be borne in mind, too, that the rules behind which the Turks now entrench themselves have far oftener served the right than the wrong. They enabled Turkey to protect the Hungarian refugees in 1849; they enabled Piedmont to grow up into the champion of the new Italy; and they have preserved Switzerland through many storms and revolutions as the refuge of free thought, and the best example and best vindication Europe has yet afforded of free popular government. Nay, by preserving poor decayed Turkey from the ravening maw of Russia, they have given the Greeks time for mental, moral, and material growth, and for the political training which they will need to enable them to lay claim successfully to the Turk's place in Constantinople. International law, like all other law, doubtless is often perverted to the oppression of the weak, but it is, nevertheless, the weak who are most interested in having it reverenced and obeyed. That the Ottoman Empire in Europe will perish, and perish before long, and that it deserves to perish, we do not deny; but we do deny most emphatically that any good cause is likely to be served by encouraging a kingdom like Greece, without a cent in its treasury and with its debts repudiated, and without having established as a political community a single claim to the respect of mankind, to disregard the well-

settled rules of international law, and treat a neighboring power for which she is no match as an outlaw. The very best service the Greeks can render to the Hellenic race is to build up on what soil they have an industrious, orderly, and honest nation. If Greece were to exhibit itself to Europe for a few years what Switzerland is—a well-governed, well-cultivated, well-policed country—paying its debts punctually, and discharging its international obligations faithfully, and employing the orators and office-seekers who now infest Athens in agriculture and commerce, nobody would venture to deny its claim to be considered the heir of "the sick man" of Turkey. At present, European politicians treat its pretensions to the succession as ridiculous; and not without show of reason.

We must beware, too, of proposing to have the United States plunge into Levantine quarrels out of sympathy for Greek "Christians." Christians *qua* Christians enjoy far more freedom in all that regards their religious worship in Turkey than any other European government accords to dissenters. Anybody who wants to get up sympathy for the victims of religious persecution must seek them not in Turkey but in Russia, where Catholics are marched to Greek churches between files of soldiers by order of a Government which is continually howling over the woes of its co-religionists south of the Danube. A religious persecution is now raging in Poland and the Baltic provinces of Russia such as has not been witnessed in civilized Europe since the dragonnades of Louis XIV., but we do not hear of a Christian voice being raised here in protest. Turkish Christians not only worship freely in their own faith, but they are governed even in matters political by the ministers of their own faith. To be sure, they are often the victims of oppression; but it is the fitful oppression of careless and indolent barbarians, which, compared to the organized bureaucratic oppression of Russia, is but a trifle, and it is made supportable by the consciousness, which its victims all have, that it is evanescent.

There is nothing of much greater importance to the world at this moment than that Constantinople should, when the Turks depart, fall into the right hands. It is the natural as well as the traditional capital of regions of unsurpassed resources, and which have now for fourteen hundred years lain fallow and quarter-populated, and it lies between two great inland seas to which the wealth of what are to be the richest countries of the Old World will naturally flow down, and in its streets Asia and Europe will for ages to come meet and trade. It has, too, historic associations, both political and religious, such as no capital except Rome can claim, and which to any great capital are of untold value. The civilized world, therefore, is interested in having it descend to a race worthy of its great future. The Greeks ought to be that race, but they have as yet done little to prove that they are. They are relying more than modern opinion will bear on their undoubted talents, and, absurdly enough, on the history of the previous occupants of Greece, whom it pleases them to call their ancestors. But these are not enough. The world will not believe in their capacity to do great things hereafter as long as the small things which lie at their feet are neglected.

HOW TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

This is the geographical "conundrum" of the day. "How to gain the sources of the Nile" having been determined by the bold adventures of Speke, Grant, Baker, and the rest, the interest of the public and also of learned geographical societies appears to have turned away in hot haste from the tropics and to be resting in the neighborhood of the North Pole. National rivalry seems to act as a stimulant to scientific zeal, and four or five exploring parties under leaders from as many different countries are eager to be foremost in carrying northward the discoverer's flag. It is a curious fact that the proposed expeditions from France, Germany, and America are all strenuous for different routes. It would be as hard to convince Dr. Hayes that success lies north of Spitzbergen as to make Dr. Petermann believe that a third expedition by the way of Smith's Sound will reach the desired goal; and neither Petermann nor Hayes, nor all the other disagreeing doctors, can make M. Lambert believe that he is wrong in choosing to go by the Pacific Ocean and Behring's Straits. As a result of this difference of opinion, we are likely next summer to hear of several small and poorly equipped expeditions breaking through the pack-ice and resisting the polar currents, when all the learning and all the bravery and all the purses of the geographical societies ought rather to be concentrated in one bold attack upon the dominions of the northern ice-king.

All these expeditions will unquestionably increase our knowledge of the coast lines of the arctic seas, and we shall also have copious additions to the nomenclature of a region already well stocked with the names of Parry, Ross, Wrangell, Franklin, and other voyagers; but such results will seem slight while the main question is not answered. This question pertains to the nature of the area surrounding the North Pole. Is it an open sea, as Kane and Hayes insist? Or is it partly *terra firma*, as Petermann depicts it? Or is it a frozen ocean, according to the theory of the early navigators, still widely adhered to? We are yet *seven degrees of latitude* from a solution of the problem, and he who first traverses that intermediate space—between the highest point now reached and the pole itself—will achieve for himself everlasting renown in the annals of discovery.

As Americans we have a special interest in the result of these enquiries, for it was the brave Dr. Kane by whom the probability of there being an open polar sea was first advanced in an address which he gave in New York as early as October 14, 1852; and it was he who announced, on returning from his second voyage, the probable discovery by Hayes and Morton of such an open basin; it was Dr. Hayes who went out in 1860 in the hope of establishing beyond all cavil the reality of this discovery; and it is he who now makes a strong appeal to the American Geographical Society, and to all of our countrymen who care for arctic researches, to take up afresh this enticing investigation.

The earnest appeal of Dr. Hayes which was made in New York on the twelfth of last November, and which has since been printed in a pamphlet, deserves consideration in connection with the views of European geographers and the recent movements which they have inspired for the prosecution of arctic researches. We propose to take our readers, therefore, to four important centres of geographical study, and to enquire what is there thought upon the problem of reaching the North Pole. We shall then return to the American stand-point and add a few comments of our own. Let us first stop at Gotha, the seat of the renowned geographical institute of Justus Perthes.

Dr. Petermann, the scientific head of this establishment and the editor of the *Geographische Mittheilungen*, is one of the most learned and accomplished scholars in his specialty, and arctic voyages appear to have exerted upon him in particular their potent fascination. His journal abounds in admirable maps, of various forms, illustrative of all that has been achieved by successive explorers in "the high North," so that it would be exceedingly difficult to study these questions without his cartographical assistance. He pays high tribute to the brave achievements of Kane and Hayes; but as for their open Polar Sea, he does not seem to see it. In a map which he published in 1865, and referred to in 1867 as authority, Greenland is hypothetically extended north almost to the latitude of 90° and across the arctic regions nearly to Behring's Straits. Smith's Sound, the route which Kane and Hayes have followed, is regarded as leading into a land-locked bay, or *cul de sac*. On the other hand, Dr. Petermann regards the region immediately surrounding the Pole and extending south to Spitzbergen as an open sea, which may best be reached by way of that northern European island.

Guided by this opinion, and inspired by his enthusiasm, a preliminary expedition has been engaged in explorations during the summer of 1868. It returned at the end of the season, having reached a point in 81° 5′ north latitude, which is further than any vessel had hitherto penetrated, for the latitude of 82° 45′ gained by Parry in 1827 was reached by sledges on the ice. This German expedition was restricted in outfit by the want of ampler pecuniary means, and its work should be regarded as only that of a preliminary reconnoissance which will probably lead to higher results. Dr. Petermann, with a perseverance which is characteristic of him, already proposes a new expedition for the Spitzbergen route, to be undertaken next year. A Bremen merchant has offered him two small steamers, and they are to enter the Polar regions between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Dr. Petermann distrusts entirely the possibility of success by the Smith's Sound route, and with a strong show of argument, based especially on the well-known moderating influences of the Gulf Stream, urges attention to his favorite plan.

If we go to Stockholm, we shall find that for several years the Swedish Government has been engaged in the encouragement of explorations around Spitzbergen, the results of which have been made widely known through Swedish journals, and also through Dr. Petermann's *Mittheilungen*. During the summer of 1868 a small vessel was detailed to push as far north as it could go. It is reported in the newspapers

that it attained in the open sea a latitude of 82° 40′, which is only 5′ less than the point before referred to as reached by Parry upon the ice, in 1827 (82° 45′). Professor Nordenskiold, to whom the former explorations owe so much, has had part in this new expedition, which is hardly to be regarded as an independent Polar expedition, but as an extension of Swedish surveys hitherto undertaken. Its results are, however, very encouraging, and the voyage of the *Sofia* is not likely to be forgotten. If the reported latitude is correct, it is a degree and a half further than the *Germania*, Dr. Petermann's vessel, penetrated.

Let us next turn to London. The subject of arctic exploration was brought before the Royal Geographical Society, at one of their recent meetings, by Captain S. Osborn, of the Royal Navy, a well-known explorer, who is desirous, for the honor of the service, that these fields of research shall be further explored by the British navy, and who advocates loudly the old route by Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound. In his discourse he hits right and left, like the bold sailor that he is, now at Hayes and now at Petermann, and now harder than ever at the British Government, for having spent in ten years £115,000,000 sterling on the navy, and only the one hundred and sixty-fourth part of that for the advancement of science. But with all these side hits he fights lustily for the Smith's Sound route, and claims that a good steam-vessel, and such resources in sledges and men as shall enable autumn and spring journeys to be safely undertaken, will certainly lead to success.

In Paris, the theme of arctic exploration is discussed under the leadership of M. Lambert, who is a firm believer in the advantages of access to the Polar basin by the way of Behring's Straits. He proposes to raise by subscription the sum of 600,000 francs, and the Emperor heads the list of subscribers with the sum of 50,000 francs. The Imperial Geographical Society has endorsed the enterprise; but, judging from the last statements which have come to us, the people are not responding with any zest to the call for money. It will take a long time to raise the amount proposed by contributions as small as those acknowledged as received from some prominent men.

This western route is not without advocates in this country, and among them may be named Messrs. T. L. Kane and Bent, and especially an American sea-captain, Thomas Long, whose name is now in all the geographical journals as the discoverer of a tract of land hitherto unknown within the Arctic Ocean, north-west of Herald Island. In a letter which he recently published at Honolulu, he gives some common-sense reasons for thinking that the Behring's Straits route is the best.

Now, with all this interest in Europe, it is not strange that the American Geographical Society, and especially that Dr. Hayes (whose plans of a third journey were interrupted by the recent war), should again enter the field. Dr. Hayes repeats the well-known arguments for sending an expedition by "the American route" which Dr. Kane and himself have already made known to us. The advantages which he urges are two in number, namely, land as a base of operation, and the opportunity of colonizing a party of hunters and natives as a permanent support. In presenting these views, he considers carefully the advantages which have been presented in favor of other routes. Next to his own way he prefers the route by Behring's Straits. His eloquent advocacy of a renewal of the research can hardly fail to awaken some response from Mr. Grinnell and his associates, who have already been such liberal promoters of discovery.

We have thus endeavored to lay before our readers in a brief way a summary statement of the most recent phases of arctic discovery. They have seen that in London and New York the Smith's Sound route finds favor; that in Gotha and in Stockholm the sea between Greenland and Nova Zembla, or around Spitzbergen, seems the better mode of approach; and that in Paris and Honolulu the Behring's Strait route is advocated. We do not feel called upon to pronounce an opinion respecting these rival claims; for without any doubt a well-organized party by either route will largely increase the sum of human knowledge. But we may say that we see no weighty reasons that compel us, none indeed that incline us, to suppress the American feeling that for us *the* route to be followed is that where our flag has already achieved such renown.

We earnestly hope that measures will be taken to enlist the Government in fitting out an expedition, or at least in furnishing a vessel and a crew. We do not urge any addition to our heavy national expenses; we only ask that some one of the many vessels lying idle, or making peaceful observations in pleasant harbors, be set apart for arctic research, and that an opportunity be given to officers and men, already enlisted in the service, to engage in arctic explorations. Then let private enterprise furnish the many "extras" which may be needed for the highest success and comfort of the explorers.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, December 25, 1868.

IN the last number of the *Nation* which has reached me is an interesting article entitled "The English Democracy at the Polls." Though fully agreeing with most of its statements, perhaps you will allow me to remark upon one or two additional considerations, which may help to explain the result of our last elections. This result has undoubtedly disappointed many persons, and especially those who expected to see some great and sudden changes—say a largely increased representation of the extreme radical wing and a number of working-men in Parliament. Although it is easy to be a prophet after the fact, I must say that I never anticipated such an event. Wealth and rank have, I need not observe, enormous power in England, as one of them, at least, has all over the world; nor is the power materially less upon the lower than upon the upper stratum of the poorer classes. It was perfectly certain that the same influences by which men have up to this time won their way into Parliament would still be operative, and that for the present, at any rate, that body would be substantially composed of the same class as before. I am not surprised to see by the last *Spectator* that the number of members of noble families and their immediate connections forms about one-third of the House, while of the other two-thirds a large proportion consists of men of wealth and standing, whose sympathies will not be very different. How long this will last after the new constituents have begun to feel their power, is a very different question; that we should begin by accepting the lead of the old governing class is only in accordance with English precedent; and the only remaining question is, how it came to pass that something more of a beginning was not made, and that, for example, some small detachment of eager radicals and working-men members was not introduced into Parliament? To this, besides the answer you have already given, I would suggest the following explanations:

In the first place, it must be remembered that, in spite of all that was said to the contrary, the reform of Parliament was not a concession to any vehement popular cry. There was, it is true, the riot in Hyde Park, which was discreditable to every one concerned, but was more an impromptu ebullition of the popular love of a row than indicative of deep political excitement. Nobody, to say the truth, was very much excited; there was nothing at all approaching to the popular enthusiasm which carried the old Reform Bill or the repeal of the Corn Laws. The utmost that anybody could say was that the public feeling was in a condition which, if long continued, and if irritated by useless opposition, might possibly become dangerous. We may be almost said to have drifted into a reform bill; the Liberal party became pledged to it without being very anxious for it, and managed to get it into a position where, so to speak, it blocked the way, until Mr. Disraeli cleverly resolved to take the wind out of his opponents' sails by passing their measure for them. If the victory had been won as the result of a keen struggle in which violent popular feeling had been excited, the conquerors would probably have been anxious to take advantage of their success. They would have occupied the citadel which they had gained by some of their most devoted adherents. As it was, possession came to them so quietly, and with so little of the ordinary excitement attendant upon severe struggles, that it excited comparatively little triumph. Instead of the power being thrown into the hands of the Jacobins of the party, it was still allowed to be wielded by the moderate men.

In the next place, the question which was prominent at the elections was not calculated to arouse the sense of latent power. I will not ask how it happened that the Irish Church came into sudden prominence, which is now an uninteresting bit of history. It is, however, known that even in Ireland the existence of the Irish Church is by no means the grievance which excites the deepest feeling. Every one, except bitter Orangemen, admits that it ought to be removed; but it is not the prime cause of Irish agitation nor the object of the bitterest animosities. In England, of course, the feeling of the constituents is far more languid. An English workman would probably know next to nothing about it, and care less, until he heard it discussed upon the hustings. If a dissenter, he might have a dislike to established churches generally; and if of no particular creed, to all varieties of parsons. But it is obviously not a question which immediately touches either his pockets or his class prejudices. Indeed, another feeling was very perceptible. The great manufacturing county of Lancaster went decisively for the Conservatives, and to a great degree because antipathy to the Irish was a far stronger feeling with the English artisan than sympathy for the injustice to which Irishmen are subjected. The sentiment exhibited in a common form of advertisement, "No Irish need apply," has sunk pretty deeply into the class which looks upon Irishmen as cheap and nasty competitors in the labor market.

The power, then, has been given into the hands of the laboring class

whenever they choose to use it. But it was not given under circumstances which made them specially anxious to show their power; nor was the question upon which their power was first to be exerted one which was likely to call out their prejudices as a class. They have therefore responded naturally by electing a great Liberal majority; but a majority of Liberals of the old type. Further, I may observe, the town vote, where household suffrage prevails, has been very strongly Liberal; the country vote, where the standard is still at £12—that is to say, at a rate sufficiently high to exclude the mass of the working-classes—where the clergy and the country gentlemen have enormous power, has been Conservative. The state of feeling thus indicated was certainly unfavorable, on the whole, to the election of working-men. In Chelsea, for example, Mr. Odger might have received the votes of the ardent radicals; but ardent radicals were not sufficiently numerous to enable them to carry a candidate of their own; they were obliged to take the member who would attract the lukewarm Liberals as well as themselves. I cannot myself much regret this result; for, except in very special cases, I doubt whether a working-man in the British Parliament, as at present constituted, would do more good than harm. At any rate, it is, I think, abundantly plain that we must wait either for the appearance above the horizon of more stirring questions, or for a gradual development of a consciousness of their own power amongst the working-men, before any great change will be manifest. When will that take place? I am no prophet, but it is easy to see that some important questions are coming up which may hasten a substantial change in the tenure of power.

One of the least agreeable symptoms, the existence of which is taken by some observers to indicate approaching danger, is the startling increase of pauperism, especially in London, during the last few years. In a paper lately read by a well-qualified observer some remarkable facts were given, which illustrate the condition of affairs. In the late years of commercial depression it is not surprising that there should have been some increase of distress among the poor. Lancashire, for example, has never recovered from the effects of the cotton famine. Pauperism, however, has increased twice as fast in London as it has elsewhere. The ratio of increase from 1860 to 1868 has been 59 per cent., and it is said that at the present moment there are 100,000 children unprotected wanderers in the streets of London. This rate of increase is, of course, produced in great measure by the fact that the poor from all parts of the country flock to London with the hope of finding employment. Meanwhile, the East-end of London itself is in a state of almost chronic pauperism; it is almost impossible to raise the poor-rate without doing more harm than good by ruining numbers of the lowest shopkeepers and others, who are just struggling above the brink of pauperism. London, for such purposes, is not one town, but a collection of villages. The poor of the whole metropolis gravitate towards the East-end, and the East-end has to support them all. Thus the tendency is to ruin the lowest class but one in order to maintain the lowest class of all. In such a mass of hopeless poverty there are undoubtedly the elements of great social danger. Meanwhile, and this is a curious point, it is estimated that the total amount of charity annually distributed in London, by the state, by poor-rates, and by voluntary contributions to hospitals, schools, and direct relief of the poor, amounts to no less than $35,000,000 annually. Another computation would increase this by $6,500,000. In short, Mr. Peabody's munificent gifts amount to a mere fraction of that which is annually given. If one-eighth of the population, or 400,000 people, were entirely dependent upon the remainder, this would suffice to give $85 annually to each, or $425 to a family of five persons. This great stream of charity is not merely ineffectual towards reducing distress, but undoubtedly it does, in many ways, more harm than good. It contributes to pauperize the population. "Pauperize" is a melancholy euphemism only too expressive. It means that there is a large class of professional beggars who have lost the spirit of independence, and do not work, on the speculation that other people won't let them starve. And if it be asked how so large a sum of benevolent contributions is so hopelessly wasted, one answer is that a great part of it is intercepted by totally undeserving objects; and that whilst people who would be fit objects for houses of correction are living comfortably on the spoils of the benevolent, numbers of deserving people are literally in a state of starvation. A society has been formed whose great object it is to grapple more effectually with the evil, by a proper organization of the various charities, so that some pains may be taken to discriminate between the different classes of applicants, to help effectually those who deserve help, and to discourage the system by which charity is rendered ineffectual.

That so much should be given in charity is, perhaps, some answer to those who accuse the upper classes of a total want of sympathy for their poorer brethren; that it should be given to so little purpose is a proof of the crying want of some superior means of organization; but under any circumstances, the plainest result is that there are social problems waiting for solution which may test the abilities of our statesmen, and possibly endanger the position of our governing classes. I will not, however, seek to moralize on a state of things from which you will find it only too easy to draw some important conclusions which are not without a very direct bearing upon the future of English politics. A civilized state which includes in its bosom so vast a mass of pauperism has need of something more than benevolent intentions, and even than benevolent actions. I will add that, great as is the evil, I for one do not believe for a moment in the omens which some persons have drawn of an approaching revolution in any violent sense; though I do believe that we have more serious questions to consider than (without detracting at all from its importance) that of the Irish Church.

I have left myself no room to do more than notice in the briefest way one other event which, perhaps, may lead to considerable results. The Irish Church difficulty will, as has often been said, probably lead to some struggle over the state Church in England. There are already some other symptoms of a difficulty. The highest court of appeal—that is, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—has just decided against the legality of certain practices of the Ritualists, and especially against the practice of lighting candles and of prostration before the sacrament. Will the Ritualists submit to state control? will they try to set up a free church? or will they, or any number of them, join the Roman Catholics? The answer to these questions is beyond me, as I don't profess to account for the acts of Ritualists on rational principles; but the future of the Church of England will depend to a considerable extent on the course they may take. Of this I may have occasion to speak in future.

Correspondence.

THE HARVARD PRESIDENCY

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your article on "The Presidency of Harvard," December 31, I find the following:

"Trinitarians like to proclaim that it is so [Unitarian], in order that they may frighten the lay orthodox into entrusting their sons to some provincial fold where sound doctrine constitutes a formidable proportion of the pabulum administered. There is nothing that would please the so-called orthodox, as well as Unitarians, so much as to see a Unitarian clergyman elected president of Harvard."

The principal matters asserted in these sentences seem to me untrue, and very unjust to a large and respectable portion of the community, very many of whom, to my certain knowledge, are constant and interested readers of the *Nation*.

What is the proof that the "so-called orthodox" would be pleased to "see a Unitarian elected president of Harvard"? I not only challenge the proof of this assertion, but I deny its truth. I have some acquaintance with the "so-called orthodox," and I affirm, that so far is this assertion from being true that few events could give more pleasure to orthodox people, and especially to their leading minds, than to see a man placed in that high position who, to a broad and generous culture, should add sound and, in their estimation, true religious views. That he was a clergyman would, in their estimation, neither be a qualification nor a disqualification for the office. His fitness would be found not in his profession, but in his character. He should be a man whose culture is as broad and generous as the nineteenth century can afford, having a true magnetic power over the minds of the young, and such practical wisdom as would eminently fit him for administering any delicate and difficult trust, either in church or state. When you assert that the "so-called orthodox" would not rejoice, and greatly rejoice, at seeing such a man placed at the head of Harvard, you show clearly that you would have a more favorable opinion of the orthodox if you were better acquainted with them. If to this you reply that you considered the election of such a man out of the question, then what becomes of your assertion that "Harvard is not, and for a good while has not been, in reality sectarian?"

You also give us to understand that the reason why the orthodox would desire to see a Unitarian clergyman elected president of Harvard is, "that they may frighten the lay orthodox into entrusting their sons to some provincial fold where sound doctrine constitutes a formidable proportion of the pabulum administered." If you have proof that their wishes in this matter are controlled by such considerations, you owe it to your own repu-

tation for fairness and candor to furnish your readers with it. The spirit and intention which, by using such language, you charge upon the orthodox is in the last degree mean, dishonest, and contemptible. If the *Independent* or the *Tribune* had made such charges against the *Nation*, we should see with what dignity they would be repelled. Why, then, should the *Nation* lay such charges against the largest and most influential class in Protestant Christendom? It surely will not be thought unreasonable that the proof is challenged. Proof will justify the making of the charge; nothing else can. I, at least, am willing you should lay anything to the charge of the orthodox which you can prove.

Where are those provincial folds, etc., of which you speak? What are their names? If the words "sound doctrine" mean anything, they mean the characteristic peculiarities of the system known as orthodoxy. In that sense your readers will necessarily understand you to use it. I know something of colleges whose trustees and teachers are orthodox men; and I affirm that if there are any to which your description is at all applicable—any in whose curriculum sound doctrine as just defined forms a "formidable proportion"—they must be so obscure that it requires those superior means of information which the *Nation* possesses to know of their existence. And yet the *Nation* could not have been speaking of obscure and little-known schools. It was speaking of schools of such well-known reputation that the "so-called orthodox" are notoriously desirous of frightening the lay orthodox into sending their sons to them. Will the *Nation* name these "provincial folds?"

We must be greatly enlightened as to the existing state of facts in the colleges controlled and instructed by orthodox men, or we shall be compelled to regard the sentences which I have quoted as unjust and untrue, and quite inconsistent with that fairness and candor which generally characterize the *Nation*, and for which we chiefly value it. J. M. S.

[We cannot prove it, and are ready to submit to any shame or disgrace this confession may entail. We knew the risks we incurred when we made the assertion. The fact is that it is one of those generalizations which one makes every day, and has to make in discussing social and political topics, and which cannot in the nature of things have more than a very narrow basis, made up partly of personal experience, partly of the experience of friends, and partly of impressions derived from forgotten reading, conversation, and so on—in fact, the kind of basis on which *all* generalizations about the tastes or feelings of large bodies of men must rest. If we asserted that Unitarians liked pie, we should assert something which we believe to be as near the truth as any proposition of this nature can be, or is ever expected to be, by men familiar with reasoning; but if called on for *proof*, it would be impossible for us to furnish it. "J. M. S." might produce fifty Unitarians who hated pie, and might allege that his experience of Unitarian tastes brought him to a diametrically opposite conclusion, to which we should have nothing to reply beyond expressing our regret at differing from him, and should be forced to fall back on our general character as observers and generalizers. We publish his letter simply as an acknowledgment, which to educated men we ought not to have to make, that a competent writer on social or political questions, predicates nothing of the tastes, tendencies, opinions, or character of large classes as absolute and exact truth. All such propositions are well understood to be simply approximations to the truth, the value of which is not diminished by the production of negative instances. "J. M. S." will observe that he rests *his* generalization, "that few events would give orthodox people, and especially their leading minds, more pleasure than to see a man," etc., on a basis precisely similar to that of our generalization, namely, "some acquaintance with the so-called orthodox." If we were to call on him now for "proof," we should place him in a very awkward position, because if he produced *all his* orthodox acquaintances to corroborate his assertions, he would still have the overwhelming majority unaccounted for, and likely at any moment to operate on his flank or rear. For similar reasons we decline to name any college as being the "provincial fold" we had in our mind when the article in question was written, because it would plunge us in a sea of difficulties from which we could only escape by endless humiliations. We should have to define "provincial," prove that the college in question was "provincial," and that it was a "fold," and that most of its "pabulum" was "sound doctrine," and should probably find in the end that we had convinced nobody, and thrown dozens of worthy men into a violent and unbecoming rage. But if "J. M. S." will point out a "provincial fold," we will say frankly whether we meant that one or not.—Ed. Nation.]

"THE UNPOPULARITY OF PRODUCTION."

To the Editor of the Nation:

You will suffer me to correct an error of statement in your article on "The Unpopularity of Production," in the *Nation* of December 24. I call your attention to it more particularly because I have an impression that I have seen a similar mistake in your columns before. You say very truly that there is "a glut" in the non-producing classes of our country. But in enumerating examples you fall into the error of including "clergymen" among those whose supply exceeds the demand. This is an error into which laymen are apt to fall, but is far from being borne out by the facts and figures of the case. Every Protestant denomination is lamenting its inability to supply its pulpits. I have seen the published statistical tables of nearly all of them (though I have them not at hand just now), and I distinctly remember that the disparity between churches and ministers is in all cases considerable, and in some almost appalling. My own denomination (the American Reformed Church, recently the Dutch) is not one of the largest, but, on account of its average wealth and its location in the older and richer sections of the country, is better able than any other to supply its deficiencies from its neighbors. Yet its ministry in active service (exclusive of foreign missionaries) numbers not more than 400, while its churches in this country number 435. The Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and even the Methodists, exhibit still greater relative disparity between the supply and demand.

I may add that almost all the theological seminaries complain that the number of their students does not keep pace with the progress of the churches which they represent, and that the number of young men entering the ministry barely supplies the vacancies, much less meets the spiritual necessities, and even calls, of our rapidly increasing population. New churches in destitute and pioneer settlements cannot be established, owing simply to this deficiency.

I am moved to this correction because such statements as that there is a glut in the ministry are calculated still further to increase the difficulty of inducing young men to enlist in this ill-paid and self-denying profession.

I think that the exception which I have pointed out is calculated only to strengthen your main point, viz., that the desire to become rapidly and exceptionally rich is depleting the ranks of our producing classes, inasmuch as the deficit in the ministerial supply is directly traceable to the same source. Yours truly, —— ——.

[There are two kinds of "demand" known to political economists; one is the ordinary desire which nearly everybody feels for whatever is useful and agreeable, but this exercises no influence whatever on the supply. The other is what is called "the effective demand;" that is, the demand which produces the supply, and which is testified by a readiness to pay whatever may be needful to bring the supply into the market. In saying that there was a glut of clergymen, we were, of course, looking at clergymen from an economical point of view, as laborers demanding wages, and preferring high to low wages. That clergymen are laborers of this kind is one of the facts of life which cannot be overlooked, and as such we submit that we were strictly accurate in saying there is an oversupply of them in the field. What our correspondent shows is, that there are not as many of them as it would be for the moral good of the community to have; but on this point we have predicated nothing. What he fails to show is, that there are not more of them than the community can pay as high wages as the same men can earn in other employments. It is true, no doubt, that there are more congregations than ministers, but this has nothing to do with the point under discussion. It is not true that the congregations are willing to pay enough to make the profession economically attractive as compared with others. The consequence is that there are large numbers of clergymen, not indifferent by any means to the comforts of life, who are hardly able to keep body and soul together on their salaries, but who might, as machinists or spinners or shipbuilders, earn far more. In other words, there is an economical excess of clergymen. In the same way, no matter how many men went into the watchmaking business, there would, no doubt, be still a large

number of worthy persons in the United States without watches, or only provided with very inferior ones; but if the watchmakers found that nevertheless they could not earn enough to live comfortably, it would be a sure sign that there were too many of them.

The salaries of clergymen now are much lower as compared with the salaries of thirty or forty years ago than people imagine who judge merely from the amount in money. Setting aside the decrease in the value of gold and silver coin within that period, which is considerable but uncertain in amount, we must take into account the depreciation of the paper currency as well as the loss of the social consideration in which the ministerial office was once held, and the great increase in the demand made on it as regards culture and mental activity. When clergymen were almost the only cultivated men in the community, and its principal guides, even in political matters, of course the deference with which they were treated exercised its usual influence in making the profession attractive independently of the salary. They no longer occupy this position, and no attempt has been made by congregations to make up for the loss of it in fixing the amount or nature of their remuneration. Then, also, a clergyman's literary and professional training at college one hundred, or even forty or fifty years ago, nearly carried him safely and successfully through his professional career. A few books of reference added to the standard text-books of the divinity school enabled him to meet the intellectual demands of his time. Dogmas were tolerably well settled, and the mind of the community, if active on religious matters, kept within very narrow bounds. All this is now changed. In our time the best school and college training only very slenderly fits a man for the teacher's office. He can only keep up with his work, and make himself feel equal to his work, by incessant labor and keeping constant watch of the social and intellectual movements of the day, in all countries. This means, when you come down to hard facts, that he must keep constantly buying books and periodicals, and must enjoy now and then the means of intercourse with other men of intellectual tastes and habits, and some practical acquaintance, however slight, with the great social forces. Ministers of real power, and animated by a high sense of duty, feel and know all this, but are not sufficiently well paid to help themselves. The consequence is, that hundreds and thousands of them pass their lives in what is, to a man who takes just views of life, the saddest of all positions—that of a laborer who has undertaken to do work which, through no fault of his own, he finds he cannot do well, or cannot do at all. Seeing this, it is no wonder that the best young men avoid the profession, or only enter it in small numbers. The remedy will come when the well-to-do Christians who compose their congregations make the demand for ministers and missionaries effective by offering to set apart a larger portion of their own gains for the use of those whom they ask to help them in solving the great problems of existence. The argument that ministers *ought* not to want more money, and therefore do not need it, is an argument which one meets with frequently, both in political and social discussion; but the proper field for its use is the nursery. Ministers are men, and you cannot make anything but men of them by any course of training. That the Catholic Church does not suffer from this difficulty, does not affect our position. Priests have neither wives nor children; and it is human to be willing to take less pay for an office in which you exercise the power of forgiving or retaining sins, are confessed to as the representative of the Almighty, and meet a congregation as its spiritual master, than for an office in which your business is simply to teach, and perhaps bear as much unmannerly and ignorant criticism as the constitution of a sedentary man can stand.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Some of our readers, we dare say, have read with some pleasure a brief historical work on a certain portion of history little known to most readers, yet very attractive not only for its freshness, but for the pictures it presents of superabounding vigor, of courage, adventurousness, sincerity, love of freedom, and all the manly qualities. We refer to the Scandinavian history of Professor P. C. Sinding, who writes of his countrymen with all his countrymen's honesty and hearty simplicity and enthusiasm. So, at least, we remember his book. We are glad to announce that he is about to publish again, although we are ignorant as to his qualifications for the particular task which he now has in hand. But he would hardly undertake what he is unfit to do, we should say. He is soon to put before the public a work in four volumes, entitled "Thorwaldsen and his Works." It will chiefly be composed of 365 copperplates which have been imported from Copenhagen. For these pictures, Professor Sinding furnishes the explanatory letterpress.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce as in press: "The Little Housewife," with twelve illustrations by Oscar Pletsch, and "The Memories of a Little Boy," by Julia Gouraud, with eighty-six illustrations by Emile Bayard.——Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announce that the editor of their republication of "Swift's Works"—which are to be "carefully selected," and not too carefully, let us hope—is Mr. D. Laing Purves, who prepares a biography as well as notes. The editorial work of this house's "Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith" is done by Professor Masson, a writer not incompetent. "The Works of Laurence Sterne" will be in one volume of the "Globe Edition" size. "Douglas Jerrold's Complete Works" will be in five volumes. Another new work which Lippincott & Co. will soon issue is still one more book of European, or rather Asiatic, travel—"The Old World," by Dr. Jacob R. Freese, U. S. Commissioner to the Paris Exposition; and others are lives of "St. Louis and Calvin," by Guizot; Zurcher's and Marjolli's "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," in an English dress; "On the Cattle Plague, or Contagious Typhus in Horned Cattle," by Dr. H. Bourguignon; and "Anecdotes of the Clergy in America," by some unannounced compiler.——Messrs. Robert Carter & Brothers announce "Tales from Alsace"—a translation we presume—which relate to "life in the days of the Reformation," and the same house lay claim to several "Juveniles," which will not, we suppose, meet the eye of the general public for some time to come.——We have to add to Messrs. Putnam & Son's list the titles of three works, "Our Admiral's Flag Abroad," by James E. Montgomery; "Sermons Preached in Grace Church," by the late Dr. Thomas H. Taylor; and "Studies in General Science," by Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell.——Messrs. George Routledge & Sons will speedily publish a new work by the Duke of Argyll, the author of the clever "Reign of Law." It is called "Primeval Man, an Examination of Recent Speculations."——Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Adams announce that they will publish from advance sheets a collection of the writings of a contributor to *Land and Water*, to which their author has given the title, "Gun, Rod, and Saddle: Personal Experiences; by 'Ubique.'" The same firm have in press another collection of articles that have appeared in a periodical, namely, the lectures on food delivered before the Society of Arts, by the distinguished Dr. Henry Letherby, and afterwards reproduced in the *Chemical News*. Professor Seely writes the introduction and notes, and the work will certainly have value.

—The *Rhode Island Schoolmaster* for January complains of the indifference of parents towards the provision for schools and the selection and conduct of teachers. At a certain district meeting called to appoint officers for the ensuing year, to fix the school term, etc., but six out of the twenty-eight fathers and guardians "interested" were in attendance; and this is usually the case. "Some week or two after the term of schooling had commenced," continues the writer, "out of curiosity, I asked one of the patrons of the school who was their teacher, and the reply was, 'I don't know.'" The sixty-four parents, in another town, so completely ignored the presence of a school in the very centre of them that "but two of the whole number visited it during the entire four months," and the trustees only during the closing fifteen minutes of the term. "A very attentive man to his ordinary business . . has not attended a school meeting, or visited the school where he has sent his four children, term after term, for the last sixteen years or more." One would like to enquire how regularly he attends political primary meetings, and how often he votes at the polls. We were glad to see, in the *Schoolmaster*, the reference made by Superintendent Leach, of the Providence schools, to an important article in a late number of the Boston *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, on the defective eyesight of school-children, its progress and its causes. We hope to say something on the same subject at an early date.

—Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston recently, in their monthly bulletin of news, made a statement in regard to English importations of American books which Trübner's *Record* shows to be very incorrect. It was said in the bulletin that the Board of Trade statistics showed the surprising fact that England imported from Holland more books by three thousand pounds' worth than she imported from the United States. This statement was an inference from figures which showed that from the

United States and North Atlantic ports—no North Atlantic ports out of the United States count for anything—Great Britain and Ireland took publications to the value of £7,887. From Holland the importations into the United Kingdom amounted in value to £10,740. But the truth is that by far the greatest part of the literature shipped from Holland is produced in Southern and Western Germany and Switzerland, just as by far the greatest part of the thirty-four thousand pounds' worth that Hamburg sends annually to Great Britain is written and printed and bound not in that city, but in various towns and cities of Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Austria, and Northern, Eastern, and Middle Germany. It is a very well known fact that the Dutch literature of the day is almost unknown to any but Dutchmen; it caused great surprise, even among the omniscient critics, when the other day an English prelate and scholar said he found Dutch exegetical works of great assistance to him; and the appearance in English last year of a novel, "Max Havelaar," translated from the Dutch, was quite a little sensation, and gave occasion to historical surveys of the literature of Holland during the last century. So we have every reason to be much offended with our calumniator. By the way, it is odd to see the *Record* winding up its reflections on the untruthfulness and untrustworthiness of figures and the low estimation in which people begin to hold them, by citing the action of Congress when recently it voted that our Bureau of Statistics should be dissolved as useless. The *Record* has evidently not heard of Mr. Delmar. The untrustworthiness of some statisticians troubled the House and Senate rather more than general considera tions on the science of statistics.

—"A broken urn is a whole evidence," says Fuller. Ancient medals, coins, and similar works of art are, for certain purposes, literature as much as are books and manuscripts of ancient production; so we may properly recur here to the important "find" that has recently been made by a working party of Prussian soldiers, who were making excavations near Hildesheim. First were turned up some curiously formed and ornamented pieces of silver plate, and, the search being carried on with eagerness, the whole treasure was soon unearthed. It consisted of plates, dishes, drinking-cups, vases, and candelabra, all of pure silver, and all of elaborate design and workmanship. The largest piece is a vase cover, with chasings in high relief of stags, dogs, and other animals. In better preservation than this, which is much oxidized, is a silver drinking-cup, eight inches high, with two handles, and ornamented with a profusion of vine leaves intermixed with theatrical masks—all so fine in conception and execution that the work is pronounced a masterpiece not to be surpassed. It was at first thought that these riches had been buried where they were found by some mediæval nobleman, and that the artist whose work they were might have been Michael Angelo, or Cellini, or some others of the men of the Renaissance. The antiquarians—a royal commission of archæologists—have, however, decided that certainly their workmanship is as old as the best period of Roman art in the time of Augustus; that probably it may have formed a part of the camp equipage of some Roman general; that possibly it was taken from Varus when the great Hermann defeated him with such slaughter, near Lippspringe, which is not far from the place of the discovery. The last suppositions, however, are mere surmise; the manner in which the articles were placed in their receptacle, and the carefulness with which the receptacle was prepared, make it seem likely that the hiding was done at leisure, and with much methodical labor. But there is no doubt that the whole subject will get due consideration when the archæologists begin upon it in the Göttingen *Archæological Journal*, as they soon will. One literary, or semi-literary, result of this discovery may possibly be the settlement of the vexed question of what the Roman weights really were. Almost every piece of silver has its weight stamped upon it, and some of the stamped pieces have suffered little or nothing from the effects of time.

—It is the custom in German public schools that on the examination or exhibition days not only shall the pupils offer evidence of their improvement, but the efficiency of the staff of teachers shall also be put to the test. To this end it is required that one of them shall produce an essay on some subject of a literary or scientific character. On occasion of a recent examination of the Louisienstadt Realschule, in Berlin, the performance of this duty fell to a Doctor Lasson, who is a sub-master. He chose for his theme "Ideal Culture and War," and it is a correct, brief description of his essay to call it an apotheosis of war. War is a fundamental institution of earthly communities, the doctor thinks; but whether in saying this he only meant to be understood as declaring it a historical fact that war always has been a fundamental institution of such earthly communities as we know anything about, and that it seems likely to continue to be so; or whether he meant to say not only that war has always existed, but always will exist, and always ought to, we are not informed. At all events he has much disgusted the Prussian Liberals, or many of them, and much pleased the Prussian Conservatives, who laud his profundity. The Realschule is a town-school, to be sure, and such sentiments as please the Conservatives and Count von Bismarck are sentiments better suited to the masters and sub-masters of schools that are royal foundations. But Doctor Lasson is not likely to be compelled to regret very bitterly that he has received, as he has, a good deal of tongue-thrashing in the Town Council, which is largely Liberal, and may perhaps take his place from him. His address is not, so far as we are aware, published, but it may pretty safely be doubted if its author has added so much to the extant thought as to the extant rhetoric on the subject. The glorifiers of war on abstract grounds, or because it promotes self-culture by calling out some of the very highest qualities of human nature, say things hardly more new—if a little more valuable, possibly—than are said by the humanitarians who set so exaggerated a value on spilt blood, and are so weakly sentimental over the physical sufferings and the assumed—no doubt falsely assumed—moral and spiritual deterioration of the soldier. But however all these deep things may be; whether or not the fundamental necessities of the race and the planet require perpetual warfare; whether, on the one hand, "carnage is God's daughter," or, on the other, is a monster of the pit, it seems to be true that more and more every year for a long time to come the people who have to pay for wars will be getting into their hands the war-making power; and there is good hope that they will make less war than Louis Napoleon might, for example, or the Czar, or, in general, the personages with whom the wastefulness of war and the consequent taxes are not matters of so much concern as several other things. There is, for instance, little doubt that England grows less pugnacious with each decade. There is little doubt either that the United States, having now learned what it never knew, or never felt, before—the expensiveness of fighting, will grow, is growing, comparatively pacific. Of the moral aspect of the question of war we say nothing. As we have said, no matter how Doctor Lasson may have settled the fundamental conditions of national and social life on our earth, it is, we feel sure, well worth while to give more or less thought to this economic aspect of it as affording a probable help to forecasting its future.

—Just at present Russia is behaving towards the Jews in her dominions with a little more civility than she has at other times accorded to that race. She permits an "Israelitish Theatre" in Warsaw, and, more than that, permits the managers to print their programmes not only in Russian and German, but also in the otherwise proscribed Polish. The language of the stage is German only—of course with the Jewish lisp—and most of the plays, we imagine, are German; some of them, however, are produced expressly for the "talented players of the Mosaic confession," and of one such we find a description in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The title of it is "Jacob und seine Söhne," and it is a drama in four acts, with much music, from several composers. The play follows strictly the tale as it is told in the "Book of Genesis"—though it does not set forth Joseph's later glory—but the music is not wholly Hebrew; Mozart is borrowed from, for Zeluka—who is "Mrs. Colonel Potiphar," her husband being der Herr Oberst Potifer—courts Joseph to the tune of "La ci darem la Mano." The personages are, the wicked Zeluka just mentioned; Potiphar; three Ishmaelite slave purchasers; Jacob; "Joseph, his darling son," twice the victim of misplaced affection; his wicked brethren—except little Benjamin, whose presence is not required by the exigencies of the drama, which we take to be one of a series—and, finally, various courtiers and soldiers. Act First and Act Second take place in the land of Canaan, the scenes of the second being laid in the interior of the patriarch's house; the scene of the third act is laid in the land of Eprah, where the first, second, and third Ishmaelites bargain for Joseph—after the brethren have sung the opening chorus of "Les Huguenots." The last act is laid in Egypt and takes place wholly in the house of Potiphar. It is here that we have the most dramatic scene as well as the finale of the piece. The "La ci darem la Mano" is given by the lady of the colonel; Joseph takes the part of Zerlina; he recounts the favors which have been showered on his unworthiness by der Herr Oberst and rejects the wife's advances; then follows the incident of the cloak; Mrs. Potiphar rings the bell, the attendants enter, and the curtain falls The audience are said to lock and listen with grave naïveté and with much of that general demeanor which we may suppose to have characterized our ancestors in the days of miracle-plays and "moralities." Two curious customs obtain at this Varsovian Theatre—one, a revived custom once prevalent in the Western theatrical world, and the other a custom which has never before, we believe, prevailed either in Christendom or Jewry.

There are no women among the performers; Frau Potifer's part was played by a smooth-faced little Hebrew. And every person in the audience who belongs to the better classes—that is to say, every person who pays more than half a ruble for his seat—is required by the managers to put into the treasury an additional small sum, amounting to five per cent. of the price of his ticket. This levy goes to the poor—the Hebrew poor, we suppose—of Warsaw.

ALLEN'S LATIN GRAMMAR MANUAL.*

"WHY does not some scholar who is qualified write a *good* Latin Grammar?" is a question that has been asked so often by many teachers of Latin and most faithful students of that language, that it has come to have a sound of despair. The Latin grammars in common use are bad text-books, because they all contain several important errors. They are mistaken in greater or less degree with regard to certain Latin constructions mostly—though not wholly—relating to the syntax of the verb. They do not state the rules of syntax in a simple and intelligible manner, but on the contrary, in language so involved and obscure that one of our first classical scholars declares himself unable to understand the meaning of certain rules found in most of them. They are loaded down with a mass of unnecessary verbiage relating usually to matters which the beginner does not want to know; and finally, they fail to discriminate properly between what is important and what is not, so that a scholar has given him a rule which he will have to apply in reading every page of his Virgil or Cicero, and one of whose use he may find but a single example in all his reading, as both alike important, and both alike to be learned *verbatim* in the metaphysical—or shall we call it nonsensical?—language which grammarians so much affect.

The ordinary scholar cannot be persuaded to make himself master of these grammars, or if under the eye of some severe drill-master he does so, he has good reason to regret his wasted pains afterward. The system of what we call, with a real, if unintentional, sarcasm, "teaching Latin," as practised in most of our classical schools, would almost seem to have been devised for the purpose of inspiring in the minds of beginners a sincere and reasonable hatred of the study of Latin. If any boy, after blundering through the mazes and blind paths of "Andrews and Stoddard," can still profess with truth to have any regard for the study, he must be either preternaturally good-natured, or possessed of a wretchedly perverted taste.

At a time when classical studies have been assailed rigorously as, at best, involving an unprofitable use of time, the text-books in mathematics and the physical sciences, and even in the modern languages, have become excellent in plan and arrangement, while the Latin and Greek grammars have been neither well-arranged nor correct, and far, indeed, from being interesting, and classical studies have suffered seriously from the bad text-books from which they have had to be pursued.

The book before us seems to us the first successful attempt to remedy the difficulties we have indicated. The Messrs. Allen have begun by rejecting courageously a great deal of information contained in the old grammars which is unnecessary for beginners, including some things which the more advanced Latin scholars must know; but the book, as they take pains to say in their preface, is intended for learners, not for teachers, and the latter must look elsewhere for information upon the nicer points of the language. By this process of omission the authors have accomplished what will seem to those familiar with the old grammars the remarkable feat of stating the elementary principles of Latin Grammar, including Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody, in 120 pages of not very fine print, and yet have had room to give a remarkably full number of quotations in illustration of those principles.

But to reduce Latin Grammar to a small compass, though a meritorious, would not have been a great undertaking; our authors have gone further, and have attempted conscientiously to state the rules of Syntax in simple, comprehensible terms, therein departing widely from the traditional grammar-language. Grammar is, after all, a somewhat abstruse science, and the attempt to simplify its language is, therefore, difficult, but we think that all must admit that the Messrs. Allen have been very fortunate, and certainly far more successful than any of their predecessors.

They deserve the thanks not only of beginners but of all Latin scholars for doing so much to clear up the subject of the subjunctive mood, which other grammarians have made a very slough of despond, in which many a journey to the land of classical learning when well begun has prematurely ended. They begin at the beginning by abandoning the old theory that the potential idea is the leading one in the subjunctive, and by omitting the old translations by "might, could, would, and should" which boys have been at so much pains to learn in schools, and to unlearn at college. In the treatment of this difficult matter they confess their indebtedness to Prof. Goodwin, to whom all classical scholars now owe so much, and some of their best ideas about the subjunctive are borrowed from his "moods and tenses." With this assistance they have not only explained the subjunctive mood much better than any of their predecessors, they have the credit of having founded their explanation upon correct principles, which none of their predecessors have been wise enough, or courageous enough, to do.

To say that this grammar is a better text-book than any which is now in use would be but feeble praise; to say that it could not be improved would be praise undeserved. Every competent teacher in looking over the book will see errors of detail which could be amended, and especially the practice of condensation seems to us to be carried so far as to lay the authors open to the suspicion, which we hope is undeserved, of having considered it an important point to make the number of pages the smallest possible. For instance, the conjugation of the verb, as it stands printed, is so condensed, that we are sure that it hardly would be understood by any beginner who tried to master it without a teacher. As for the errors of detail, it is proper to say, as we know the fact, that future editions will be in a very great measure, if not entirely, free from them, as the work is now undergoing thorough revision at competent hands.

"Manual Latin Grammar. Prepared by William F. Allen, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages and History in the University of Wisconsin, and Joseph H. Allen, Cambridge, Mass." Boston: Edwin Ginn. 1868.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

AUTHORS, publishers, and others interested in the question of international copyright will find useful information in "La Propriété Littéraire en France et à l'Etranger." It gives laws of 1866, and text of conventions entered into by France with England, Spain, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Prussia, Portugal, Austria, and the Pontifical States. The first of these was with Sardinia, August 28, 1843, the last with Rome, November 5, 1867, leaving Denmark, Greece, Sweden, and Turkey the only European countries with which France has no literary convention. These international treaties for the protection of literary property do not appear to be difficult to make. Why should not we too have ours?

It has been well said, since we speak of laws and treaties, that he best understands the Roman and Byzantine historians who has mastered the Institutes of Justinian, or the laws by which the Roman Empire was governed, and which are the fountain-head of the modern jurisprudence of all the nations of continental Europe. In this field our English literature gives the student little help beyond a chapter of Gibbon and the work of Thomas Collett Sandars (Lond. 1853). Sandars says "nearly a century has elapsed since the publication of the last English edition of the Institutes of Justinian," totally ignoring honest Dr. Harris, who, with travail, translated and published Justinian in 1814. True, it was a very little Justinian, without comment or notes. For Warnkœnig and the rest of the learned German hive had not yet opened; the Gaius MS. was as yet undiscovered. The musty old manuscript was found in a Verona convent (1816); then come Niebuhr, Savigny, and a host of lesser lights deciphering, scratching, reading, commenting. The long lost Gaius! Jubilee Germanorum! Göschen's report on it (Academy of Berlin, 1817) is worth reading. Mr. Sandars might well make his "amplest acknowledgments" to Ortolan, author of the "Explication Historique des Instituts de Justinien," the seventh edition of which work (first edition is of 1827) is now before us in 3 vols. 8vo. It is learned, thorough, and exhaustive.

"La Guerre de Montagne" of M. Fr. Ducuing is written with a certain facility and verve. Treatment of a subject purely military, by one who never saw a battle, not even a mountain skirmish. Our author appears to have made the acquaintance of Marshal Bugeaud in his old age, and often listened to the garrulous old warrior as he fought his battles o'er again, and showed how fields were won. As souvenirs of a great general, legitimate interest might attach to such a work, but of the attempt to make rules of warfare from the loose talk of an old soldier to a civilian, a failure is the necessary result. In Mr. Ducuing's version of Braddock's defeat national vanity walks booted and spurred over history. "General Braddock, at the head of 6,000 men and 36 cannon, was attacked by 250 French and 600 Indians. That the French are formidable in an attack is universally recognized. It must necessarily be true when we see this handful of militiamen rout a body of 6,000 English, supported by cannon." So you see it was the French, not the Indians, who defeated Braddock. Mr. Ducuing also has a chapter on the rebellion. Curious!—these foreign appreciations of our wars. The trail of the serpent is over them all.

* The works noticed may be had at F. W. Christern's, New York.

The New York *Tribune* last week published an advertisement —nearly two columns of small figures—giving numbers of certain shares of Suez Canal stock in arrears of payments, and notifying owners that on a day named such stock would be sold. The fact of such publication in a New York paper is evidence that we have Suez shareholders among us. To these, "De la Marine Marchande à propos du Percement de l'Isthme de Suez, par M. Marius Fontane," might prove profitable reading. Taking Bombay as a mean point of destination in the Indian Ocean, the economy of distance from New York to Suez over the Cape route is 2,439 leagues—6,200 by Cape, 3,761 by Suez. It is surprising how old this new undertaking is; for we find Voltaire, just 116 years ago, in his "Essai sur les Mœurs," qualifying as "an enterprise worthy of the most enlightened ages, the renewal of the canal dug by the ancient kings, and afterwards re-established by Trajan."

Transition is easy from Suez to a "Voyage dans le Soudan Occidental, par M. E. Mage, Lieutenant de Vaisseau." It appears that the fanatical abolitionists are not all in the United States. Here we have General Faidherbe replying (May, 1868) to Lieutenant Mage's dedication, and referring to the "usefulness of the black race on the globe" without finding it necessary to deprive them of the imprescriptible rights of family and individual liberty. Then, to make the matter worse, Lieutenant Mage—authorized to select his escort from among the entire French garrison at St. Louis, confines his choice to negroes—Africans *pur sang*—assistant-engineers, boatswains, soldiers—all of them, ten in number, remarkable for their intelligence, speaking French perfectly, besides several African tongues, and (some) the Arabic! Could we obtain as much linguistic acquirements among ten American diplomats taken as they come? The result of three years' (one continuous) exploration in the heart of the Senegambia-Niger country is here given in a handsome volume, profusely illustrated with engravings and maps—a treat for amateurs in African discovery.

From barbarism in Africa we turn to one of its European phases in "Madame Montespan et Louis XIV. Etude Historique, par Pierre Clément." It is matter of notoriety in French history that the Duc d'Antin, a son of Madame de Montespan, with a keen sense of his mother's dishonor, religiously burned every document connected with her history, and especially every letter, billet-doux, and scrap of writing from Louis XIV. The title of this book, therefore, somewhat piqued our curiosity, but we find that M. Clément merely undertakes to tell again the too-oft-told story of this *liaison* from scraps of St. Simon, Madame de Sévigné, Voltaire, Bussy-Rabutin, and the despatches of the Grand-Monarque to his ministers—for among his gravest affairs of state was the care of certain women. We had really hoped that this sort of history-writing had gone out of fashion. And yet here is a man of recognized literary merit—a member of the Institute of France—wasting his talents and erudition on the story of the court mistress of her day. People talk of modern degeneracy and the corruption of our nineteenth century. What is it to the picture St. Simon paints us? "Les grossesses et les couches furent publiques. Le salon de Madame de Montespan devint le centre de la cour," etc. Then we behold Montespan clad in a "*robe merveilleuse*"—described by Madame de Sévigné as "d'or, sur or, rebrodé d'or, et par dessus un or frisé, rebroché d'un or mêlé avec un certain or qui fait la plus divine étoffe qui ait jamais été imaginée." Then our Montespan played cards occasionally. Count de Rébenac tells us that losses of 100,000 crowns were common. "Christmas day she lost 700,000 crowns; she played 150,000 pistoles on three cards and won" (the pistole was worth $13 of our money of to-day). Her frequent journeys were in a six-horse chariot, followed by a similar one with six female attendants, two baggage-wagons, six mules, and twelve mounted men, besides officers. In order that she might pass without delay, the miserable roads were, under royal order, expressly repaired by crowds of that wretched, starving peasantry described to us by La Bruyère—their hard work, a *corvée*, being, of course, forced and without pay. What must they have thought, as they saw her rapidly pass, like a brilliant meteor? Possibly what the German soldiers said who saluted her at a review with cries of "*Königshure—hure!*" Montespan told Louis that "the Germans were really too *naïfs*—to call everything by its name." People talk of the insolence of modern vice when they see Pearl and her ponies in the Champs Elysées. What is that to the Montespan, cutting off the queen's carriage and galloping past her Majesty at a grand review in order that she may be the first to reach "the well-beloved" Louis?—and this, too, in presence of army and people. In all this handsome and well-written volume of 450 octavo pages there is but little of edification save the grand letter of Bossuet to the king (July, 1675), and the story of the efforts made by Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Père la Chaise to save Louis from his degradation. France has brilliant pages in her history better deserving the pen of M. Clément than this story of Montespan and fifty others *ejusdem farinae*. The régime under which they flourished—one of neither civil equality nor of political liberty, nor freedom of conscience—has, let us thank heaven, passed away. And it is significant that so great a man as Montalembert, who is usually counted in the Legitimist ranks, not long since publicly declared of "cet ancien régime, I will merely indicate a single defect —a fatal one. It is dead! Never and nowhere capable of resuscitation."

As something more comprehensive and learned than even "St. Elmo," we commend the "Histoire de la Misère ou le Prolétariat à travers les âges, par Jules Lermina." By the way, the word *misère* is without its precise equivalent in English. It is neither destitution nor want nor poverty, for these are rendered by *dénûment*, *besoin*, and *pauvreté*. And it is more than poverty, for it conveys the idea of suffering, both moral and material. Nor does misery render it, for *misère* includes that also. Our book proves one thing at least—Young France is not dead. Far from it. Our author prefaces by rushing over to London, where, in a short interview with Ledru Rollin, he discusses "mille questions," and converses anent "all men and all things." Dedicating his work to Ledru Rollin, he reconsiders the matter before reaching the end of his preface, evidently perceives there is too much honor for one, and closes with a dedication to him and P. J. Proudhon—and there is really plenty for two. Logically beginning at the beginning, he starts off with Adam, who was the first poor man. Then through Pagan mythology, ancient Scripture, Jewish dispensation, Babylon, Greece, Rome, New Testament, Middle Ages, Christianity—in a curiously composite style in mixed imitation of Voltaire, Lamennais, and Alex. Dumas, he takes us by the hand and leads us down the ages. He finds but little to admire. Of some historical characters he speaks in very handsome terms; among others, of the "Man of Nazareth," with whom he is not altogether satisfied, although he compliments him by citing what we know as the Lord's Prayer and the Beatitudes. Then he favors us with the report, full, true, particular, and moreover *parfaitement inédite* (as a French publisher might say), of a conversation that took place on the hill of Golgotha just after the crucifixion. This conversation was betweeen Simon, his two sons, and an "*inconnu*." This "*inconnu*" we take to have been the author himself. For, short of believing him 1868 years old, there is no way of accounting for his limitless erudition. He thinks Jesus "d'une habileté extrême"—exceedingly clever, smart. It was very acute in Him, he thinks, to divert the attention of the poor from their sufferings in this life by holding out to them the prospect of an eternal recompense in heaven.

With the cross, symbol of Christianity, he is much disgusted. It is *sombre, sinistre, effroyable*. "The time has come," he tells us, "when the poor are no longer willing to allow it to stand—that cross whose shadow chills and oppresses them." But although dissatisfied with Christ and his apostles, it is good to find in our author's pages one character we may feel at liberty to contemplate with respect and veneration; Barrère is the venerable being. Jules quotes that virtuous citizen approvingly, and adds, "*car Barrère fut un honnête homme.*" And yet there are people who think that guileless patriot was not done entire justice by Macaulay! It would be very difficult to concentrate within an equal number of pages so much vanity, frivolity, cynicism, and revolting treatment of ideas that by well-mannered atheists are usually treated with some consideration, as we find in M. Lermina's work—which is of but little importance except as the exponent of a class of works which, while noisily advocating progress and freedom, frighten the timid and make the judicious grieve.

Of quite another school is the book of Dr. Evariste Bertulus. "L'Athéisme du Dix-neuvième Siècle devant l'Histoire, la Philosophie Medicale, et l'Humanité." A very formidable indictment, too, bristling with learned citations. In the name of his fellow-men, the doctor protests that he is descended neither from a vegetable (Schmidt), nor a fish or seal (Dr. Lamel), nor, finally, from a monkey (Drs. Vogt and Filipi). The monkey question is well treated, and the conclusion is that we are not "singes sans queue perfectionnée." The author maintains that Cabanis and Fourcroy were not atheists and materialists. We believe it is Carlyle who attributes to Cabanis the saying that the seat of the soul is in the smaller intestines. What Cabanis did say was that the brain secretes thoughts as the liver bile, or the kidneys urine. Gall, with his "Organologie Phrénologique," continued the school of Cabanis, and successfully vulgarized science, until extinguished in France by serious researches in mental alienation and the fun of Gavarni, who showed in one of his most laughable sketches, "que le système des bosses est né de la bosse des systèmes." Then came the overthrowers of Cabanis—Bichat and Pinel. Bichat, unconscious of his genius, unconscious that he had founded a school, sells his great work on anatomy for 25 louis d'ors to a publisher who

made half a million out of it. The question is raised as to the sole cause of mental alienation being lesion of the brain; stress is laid on the corollaries of Esquirol. 1. Organic lesion in insane is found in sane. 2. Autopsy of insane shows no alteration of brain. 3. Autopsy of sane shows alteration, suppuration, and even partial destruction. Granting the march of science since Esquirol's day, it is claimed that his conclusions are sound. The question of duality of man is admirably discussed. The existence of the vital principle is discussed. Is it or not inherent in organized matter? Then come Cudworth and Cousin; progress of medical science in France; Comte and his positivism, chemistry, galvanism, doctrine of spontaneous generation, etc.

And here comes another of the same school. Dr. F. Morin, with his "Bréviaire du Médecin: Précis de Médecine Rurale, d'Economie et de Philosophie Médicale." One of Balzac's most charming novels is his "Country Physician," "Le Médecin de Campagne." One might almost imagine that his hero had survived in Dr. Morin, and written the book before us—a book that such a man as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes might read with pleasure, and all young physicians with profit.

Philarète Chasles, a French writer of distinction, is somewhat known in this country by his work—by no means his best—on "Anglo-American Literature and Manners," an English translation of which was published in New York in 1852. M. Chasles stands high as a critic. The volume before us, "Voyages d'un Critique à travers la Vie et les Livres," is the second of a series of three—the East, Italy and Spain, and (in press) England and the United States—and made up of fragments of history and criticism—literary recreations—in which M. Chasles talks always agreeably, and often with erudition, of Charles of Anjou, Borgia, Machiavelli, Beccaria, William Penn, the Cid, Cervantes, Ignatius Loyola, Quevedo, Ximenes, etc. He adds an interesting chapter on Spanish literature, in which he amply recognizes successful American labor in that field. After complimentary tribute to Irving and Prescott, he devotes several pages to Mr. Ticknor's admirable "History of Spanish Literature," qualifying his volumes as "d'une valeur inappréciable et auxquels tous ceux qui s'occuperont de littérature Espagnole seront désormais forcés de recourir." "Its notes," he continues, "are full, its citations correct, its dates irreproachable, its details infinite. Written in marked sincerity (la bonne foi y règne), no divagation, no declamation—in short, no humbug (*sic*), no display, work everywhere, conscientiousness, too—affectation nowhere." M. Chasles regrets that they have in France no translation of Mr. Ticknor's work.

On opening "Les Ecrivains Modernes de l'Allemagne, par H. Blaze de Bury," we are somewhat startled to find Immerman, Achim von Arnim, Novalis, Jean Paul, Rückert, Bettina Brentano and her brother Clement, all cited as *modern* writers of Germany. And yet the title-page says 1868 with the candid air of being the first edition. Running over a few pages we readily recognize the same book we read one long summer's day at Baden-Baden, years ago. There is little in it new to the average American student of German literature, except some few of the author's appreciations, which are frequently poetic, and sometimes eloquent.

Two handsome 8vo volumes give us "La Vie et les Travaux du Baron Cauchy, Membre de l'Académie des Sciences." Cauchy began his scientific career as assistant engineer on the great public works ordered at Cherbourg by Napoleon I. He was highly thought of by Cuvier and La Place. Biot said of him, "His life presents an admirable example of Christian virtue joined to the highest faculties of the intelligence. He is one of the most eminent mathematicians France has produced, and his personal character was not less remarkable than his mathematical genius." We can best convey an idea of his scientific position in France by stating that it is similar to that of Gauss in Germany. Cauchy died in May, 1867. He was specially distinguished for his successful labors in pure geometry and on the theory of light. With Arago, he was in 1852 exempted from obligation of taking the oath, and continued to hold his professorship at the Sorbonne. Outside of his scientific career, Cauchy was known as one of the very few men who had the moral courage to brave the fury of a political fanaticism that, at one time, raged in France very much as Knownothingism raged in the United States. We mean the anti-Jesuit warfare. Newspapers, pamphlets, and novels had for several years but one inspiration—denunciation of the Jesuits. Eugène Sue's "Wandering Jew" was the most remarkable of the novels. Baron Cauchy was not alone in the breach. Among others equally bold and prominent were Vatisménil, the jurist, Count Montalembert in the Chamber of Peers (it was then he uttered the famous "*We are the sons of the Crusaders and fear not the progeny of Voltaire*"), and in the Chamber of Deputies, the noble Pierre Berryer—the same who died the other day.

Somewhat too soon for history comes M. Theodore Juste's handsomely typed and amply margined "Leopold Ier, Roi des Belges." It reads like an old file of modern newspapers. We looked through it in vain for some word concerning Leopold's special agent to the United States during the rebellion, whose mission was to obtain such reliable information as would enable the Nestor of European monarchs to decide in which direction lay victory and wisdom. From statements of leading men, "bankers and others," here in New York, the agent concludes that the rebels must triumph. His report decided Nestor's policy. And when came news of Lee's surrender, "an angry man was he." So ran the story, well vouched for; but nothing of it is to be found in M. Juste's book.

Sermons on the Failure of Protestantism, and on Catholicity. By the Rev. Ferdinand Ewer, S.T.D. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—These sermons have made a good deal of noise, and several worthy ministers have devoted themselves to the task of refuting them; but their principal, if not their only, claim to notice, at the hands of either historian or logician, is the fact that they are in form an attack on Protestantism, made from the pulpit of a Protestant church by a Protestant clergyman; for the amusing fact is that Dr. Ewer is himself as stout a Protestant as any of the sects he denounces, and talks as scornfully of the Church of Rome, and stands in exactly the same relation to her. The sermons are, in fact, a striking illustration of the injurious influence on the understanding often exercised by pulpit oratory, and, owing to the complete exemption from criticism which it usually enjoys, an influence which nothing but constant watchfulness and severe and sustained training will enable a minister to resist.

Dr. Ewer's discourses are, in reality, an elaborate attack on Christianity, and, if they prove anything at all, prove that the attempt of the Church to evangelize the world has turned out one of the most preposterous failures in the history of mankind. He shows that in the first five centuries at least 115 sects, "some of them of enormous size," grew up in the Church; that in the seventh century the whole organization split in two, owing to the *successful* attempt of the Romish Church to usurp dominion in the West; that is, to use Dr. Ewer's words, "to impose her yoke," "to add novel doctrines to the Catholic faith," to "incrust" it with "Romish errors," and "force upon it improper customs." This split and usurpation lasted six hundred years, the majority of Christians remaining on the side of Rome, till in Henry VIII.'s time there occurred a third, and the Anglican Church arose, which, Dr. Ewer says, was the Catholic Church reformed, but which the majority of Christians pronounce a ridiculous heresy, without priesthood or sacraments. Then even this new organization has split also, and that portion of it which he calls "the Catholic Church" is now confined, eighteen hundred years after Christ's death, to one corner of the globe, and contains, all told, perhaps at the outside a quarter of a million of the thousand millions of living men. Dr. Ewer sets down the "Anglican Catholics" at twenty millions; but he gets these figures solely by counting in the majority of the English people; the fact being that the "Anglican Catholics," in the sense in which he uses the phrase, constitute an infinitesimal minority of the nominal Episcopalians; the great majority of the population of England and Wales being either dissenters or pagans. The Roman Catholics being ruled out of Dr. Ewer's church, and the other Protestant sects and the indifferents and rationalists being ruled out also, all that is left us of the Church, as established by Christ for the salvation of the world, is the few congregations here and in England, largely made up of women, who heartily concur with Dr. Ewer, and the Greek Church, with its eighty millions of degraded, ignorant, and half-heathen priests and believers, with whose condition he can hardly be personally acquainted. His triumph and delight, as displayed in the pamphlet before us, at having carried his disciples to this conclusion, and the lofty confidence with which he promises, with the aid of his "Catholic" brethren, to make short work of the unbelievers against whom, according to his own account, the Apostles and Fathers and the whole body of believers have for nearly nineteen centuries warred in vain, make the sermons, we do not like to say amusing, but certainly curious reading, for any student of the religious phenomena of the day.

A Summer in Iceland. By Professor C. W. Paijkull. Translated by Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A. Illustrated. (London: Chapman & Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—The author of this work is a Swede, and professor of geology at the University of Upsala. His chief motive in visiting Iceland was to study the formation of its east coast, particularly as being more interesting in a mineralogical point of view, and having been less explored than the rest of the island. In reporting his experiences, however, he has chosen to address a wider circle of readers than could have

been obtained for a purely scientific monograph, and the result is a singularly thorough account of the country and its people, containing, so far as we know, more and better information than is to be found in any other book on the same subject—at least in English. The frank and easy style of the original has been well preserved by the translator, except that occasionally he becomes too colloquial, as when, for example, he uses "invite" for "invitation."

A foreigner in describing the customs of Iceland cannot fail to employ a great many negatives. He will observe, first, if you please, that "there are no snakes there;" and then that the houses have no chimneys, and no fireplaces for warmth; no ovens, no floors, no ventilation, no light, and no cleanliness; no security against damp and vermin; that the farmers have no agricultural implements, and nobody any carts; that the graveyards have no tombstones; that there are, with one exception, no public schools, and no poor-houses, and no executioner; no woods, in the common acceptation of the term, and consequently no timber for building or fuel; no thunder in the summer time; no prejudice against homœopathy, but the contrary; no male tailors. Bread is baked in an iron pot, and is not a constant article in an Icelander's diet. If he be poor, he will eat dried fish smeared with butter instead. Meals are taken sitting on beds in place of chairs. The horses refuse oats. Turf and dung, and even fish-bones and seaweed, are used for fuel. Children are taught at home, and examined there and at church by the minister; there are no illiterate Icelanders, and few who are not proficient in history and geography. There are also few who do not drink brandy with considerable frequency, at sixpence the quart; importation of which increased nearly eighty per cent. from 1849 to 1862. Add the universal habit of snuff-taking; the common need, but not use, of insect powder; and a more than German practice of kissing among the men, and you have a people with whom a protracted stay, or even a brief entertainment, would seem intolerable. The professor recommends, in fact, that the traveller carry a tent, and, as far as may be, his own provisions.

Not the worst part of Icelandic diet is horseflesh, eaten by some of the inhabitants of the south coast, who "thrive on it." It is said to possess the quality of imparting a good complexion. . . . "Possibly," continues our author, "it may have been this fare which gave our ancestors those beautiful complexions for which they are renowned in the Sagas; for they were regular gluttons when horseflesh came in their way. The three commandments of the Catholic priests to their proselytes were, 'Not to have more than one wife;' 'not to expose their children;' and 'not to eat horseflesh.'"

Whatever effect these injunctions may have had on the Scandinavian and German worshippers of Odin, the Icelanders not so readily abandoned along with their paganism a wholesome and symbolic article of food. According to the Kristni Saga, as cited by Ampère, Thorgeir, the lawgiver and chief of the republic, was obliged to concede to his subjects that if they would be baptized and worship God, they might still expose infants and eat horse, which must, however, be sacrificed in private. This was in the year 1000, and Iceland was until recently almost the only country in Christendom in which Catholicism had not suppressed hippophagy, which philosophers and philanthropists are just beginning to revive.

But if the now Protestant Iceland has cause to reproach Rome for what it has lost of carnal indulgences, on the side of literature and political independence it bears little affection for the memory of Luther:

"The zenith of Iceland's glory was from the beginning of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century. . . . After this brilliant era . . . a period of enervation succeeded, during which the country gradually retrograded, so that at the end of the last century the nation was hastening with rapid strides to meet its downfall. The introduction of the Reformation is assigned to be the great cause of this retrogressive motion; as the only counterpoise to kingly authority which then existed in the country was thereby done away with; while at the same time, by the suppression of the Roman Catholic priesthood, its wealth was dispersed; and education, which it was the special province of the clergy to disseminate, was driven out of doors. From a political point of view, therefore, the Icelanders do not regard the introduction of the Reformation into the country with any feelings of self-congratulation; on the contrary, they look on it as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen them."

The religion most needful for Iceland at the present time appears to be that of a board of health rather than of a board of foreign missions. The first blow should be struck at the native architecture, as the nest of the frightful epidemics (not wholly unconnected, perhaps, with volcanic disturbances) which have ravaged the country in such thick succession. A down-east schooner that should ply steadily between Maine and Iceland for a few years, taking pay for lumber in wool and eider-down, would do more to regenerate the people than a fleet (say) of tract-distributing *Rob Roys*. The woody growth of the island consists almost exclusively of common and dwarf birch; on the north coast a few mountain ashes, twenty-five feet high, are the "big trees" of Iceland. One would naturally imagine that the absence of these from the landscape must be seriously felt, but such is not the testimony of our author:

"Though the expression a 'treeless country' conveys rather a depressing impression to the mind, still this is far from being the case with Iceland. Uno von Troil correctly remarks, in his description of Iceland, 'that there is not a tree to be found beneath which friendship and innocence can meet.' But woods are not really missed here. And this is, of course, owing to the physical appearance of Icelandic nature. When, for instance, one stands on some eminence, and looks towards a mountain some nine miles distant, which is clad in its dark blue summer dress, or whose summit is enveloped in a cap of snow; or else if one sees it all aglow from the rays of the setting sun, the absence of forest tracts does not strike the mind. Or if one gazes over a grassy plain, where no disfiguring fences obstruct the view, but where either a river winds along in its sinuous course or a lake reveals its shining surface to the eye, the senses do not feel the want of forest land, for a plain such as this is not the forest's proper home. Neither is their absence noticed when gazing on the barren sandy waste, which one knows to be periodically deluged by the destructive waters of the Jökul, or when wondering at some rigid lava stream. And again, if one directs the eye up toward the mountain slopes, which properly should be the forest's home, it finds them covered with such a brilliant carpet of mingled grass and flowers that no wood is needed; or else they are so steep and inaccessible that it would be childish to wish a forest to grow there. Wherever one turns the eye one finds an ample compensation, and the impression which the mind receives is, 'I do not miss the forests.'"

A Hand-book for Travellers in Syria and Palestine; including an account of the Geography, History, Antiquities, and Inhabitants of these countries, the Peninsula of Sinai, Edom, and the Syrian Desert, etc. New and revised edition. In two volumes. (London: John Murray. New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.)—This is one of the few hand-books of travel which, though destined to serve as guides, can be enjoyed by the general reader. This is owing partly to the nature of the countries described, almost every spot of which has a permanent historical interest, while they hardly possess anything of importance to the traveller which is not marked with peculiar features, characteristic of Eastern life, and apt to excite the curiosity of the reader; and partly to the merits of the author—known, though his name is not given, to be the Rev. J. L. Porter, author of "Five Years in Damascus" and of "The Giant Cities of Bashan"—who is not a mere book-maker to order, like most authors of guides, but a Biblical and Oriental scholar of great attainments, and an able writer. Animated by the conviction that "Palestine is the stage on which the most wondrous events of the world's history were enacted," he has attempted to "group on the old sites the chief actors in the sacred dramas," overlooking "no known Scripture locality," and omitting "no incident of Scripture history which would tend to enhance its interest." His diction, enlivened by well-selected quotations, is far from being dry, but at the same time free from the absurd pathos into which less learned describers of the same scenes are so apt to fall. He tells, and often very minutely describes, what he has himself seen and closely examined, and expresses his opinion, whenever it conflicts with the results obtained by other investigators of note, with the conscious independence of conscientious research. He sketches the past and present jointly, and sheds the light of the latest enquiries—including the excavations of Lieutenant Warren—over the ruins of old, now held by the Arab and Turk, Druse and Maronite. Introductory historical sketches, maps and plans, remarks on the pronunciation and meaning of Arabic names and words, a general index, and an index of places not identified, serve to explain or complete the descriptive portions. These are most ample on Jerusalem, Petra, Damascus, and Palmyra. The author's criticisms, within the narrow limits drawn by his orthodoxy—an orthodoxy of the strictest kind—seem to us generally sound, though many a positive statement might be disputed. But we must confess that his inclination to accept ancient Jewish statements as historical facts goes even beyond the demands of the most exacting orthodox criticism. Even he who, like the author, unhesitatingly declares his belief in miracles wrought "by a direct exercise of Divine power temporarily overcoming the laws of gravitation" must feel perfectly free to reject any part of the so often exaggerated or colored narratives of Josephus, not copied from the Bible. Yet our author, in an exceedingly brief sketch of the history of Palestine, is anxious minutely to relate after that Jewish historian how Alexander of Macedon was received by the high-priest of Jerusalem, "arrayed in his gorgeous pontifical robes," etc.; how the conqueror "saluted him, and adored the sacred name inscribed on his mitre;" and how he explained this singular conduct to his followers by telling them that in a dream "at Dios in Macedonia, pondering how to subdue Asia," he had seen that figure and received from it divine encouragement, which he now saw confirmed,

The same disposition, so favorable to the traditions concerning the Hebrew people, makes the author, in his "Chronological Table," accept, as established, several dates for which there is either no sound critical basis or no basis at all. He not only knows, for instance, the precise years when the various judges and King Saul commenced their rule over Israel, but also the year—(2224 B.C.)—as if the events could take place in a twelvemonth—in which "Aram's family colonize Syria, or Aramea, and found Damascus—Canaan's family colonize Palestine, and found Sidon." The latter date is probably not meant to be understood as precise, but then the reader ought to be informed by an "about" that this is the case. Nor can the following be defended, which contains one date for two events upward of two years apart: "588. Zedekiah rebels. Nebuchadnezzer, after a two years' siege, burns Jerusalem," etc. On the whole, however, the book is elaborated and revised with a painstaking care such as is rarely bestowed on books of its kind. As a guide to the Holy Land and adjoining regions, it has probably no equal; as a literary work on the geography of those countries, it deserves a place among books of higher pretensions.

Memoires de Griscelli. Par l'auteur des "Révélations" et de "À Bas les Masques." (Bruxelles—Genève—Londres. 1867. 16mo, pp. 243.)—The fact that no man is a hero to his valet does not prevent the valet from seeming very heroic in his own eyes; and it has seldom been our fortune to find a more striking illustration and realization of this possibility than the autobiographical record contained in the "Memoirs of Griscelli." The author and hero-errant of this little volume was a Corsican peasant, and born at Vezzani, "near the centre of the isle which gave birth to the great Napoleon." The first seven chapters of the book are devoted to a sketch of his youth, and the manner in which he passed through the several stages of infant, school-boy, goatherd, agriculturist, and soldier, until he became, in 1850, the secret agent of Napoleon III., an office which he filled for eight years with no less satisfaction to himself than to the Man of December. His description of the *coup d'état* is brief but graphic. The most significant page in it is the simple column of figures showing the amount of money distributed among the soldiers, from twenty thousand francs to each general of division down to five francs to every private. This money (fifty million francs in all) was advanced by the Bank of France, on condition that that establishment should have the right to increase its capital six hundred millions. Griscelli says that Napoleon was for some time in anxious doubt as to the issue of his enterprise, and that he had twenty-five million francs secreted in a carriage, with which he was ready to cross the frontiers of France in case the *coup d'état* should fail; thus justifying the pasquinade of a distinguished French poet:

> "Des deux Napoléons les gloires sont égales,
> Fort bien chacun le sait; ce ne sont faits nouveaux:
> D'Europe le premier prenait les capitales;
> Le troisième aux Français prenait leurs capitaux!"

The author interweaves the story of his own exploits with brief characterizations of Persigny, De Morny, St. Arnaud, Fould, Troplong, Rothschild, Palmerston, Prince Menschikoff, and other prominent public men of Europe, well known to the world in their court costumes, but exhibited here for the first time *en déshabillé*, and that, too, of the narrowest and scantiest pattern, and spices it with several chapters of scandal, the headings of which—"Miss Howard," "Duchess Castiglione," "Countess of Gardonne," etc.—are sufficiently suggestive.

In 1859 Griscelli passed from the service of Napoleon to that of Cavour, and remained in this position till the death of the Italian statesman in 1861, after which he became successively the secret agent of Antonelli (1861–1862), Francis II. (1862–1864), and the Emperor of Austria (1864–1867). During the war of 1859 he was sent by Cavour to watch the movements of Napoleon III., and this espionage continued during the entire campaign, which ended with the premature peace of Villafranca. One of the most interesting chapters in this "Second Part" of the volume is entitled "Ricasoli," and gives an interior view of the rapid series of revolutions which dethroned the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Grand Duchess of Parma, and the Duke of Modena, and in which Griscelli represents himself as playing the chief part. Griscelli's narrative is piquant, but his speculations on political affairs are of very little value. The most amusing portions of the book are his moral reflections on the deplorable depravity of the human race, as exemplified by the scenes in which he himself acted the principal and by no means most honorable rôle. It is amusing in its way to hear praises of honesty and rectitude, and denunciations of treachery, from a man whose livelihood depends upon systematic falsehood, whose very existence is a disgrace to Christian civilization, and whose most brilliant deeds (as recorded in his "Memoirs") are such as would stain the memory of a galley-slave.

In chapter xxxiv. Griscelli describes his interview with Pius IX. and Antonelli, the object of which was to devise means of assassinating Napoleon and Garibaldi. The proposal was first made by Cardinal Altieri, "minister of the Holy Church." Two brigands, Ortoli and Mariani, who had been sentenced to the galleys for murder, were released from prison by order of the Sacred College, and promised five hundred thousand francs for killing Napoleon and one hundred thousand francs for killing Garibaldi. To Griscelli were confided the general supervision and execution of the project, which, however, he did not intend to carry out, not because he felt any conscientious scruples about committing murder, but because he was at that time in the pay of Cavour, and wished to do nothing that would tarnish his "professional honor." The plot failed, owing to the loquacious indiscretion of the two cut-throats who were employed to do the work and the vigilance of the French police at Rome. Ortoli and Mariani were arrested and proved guilty of alleged designs, but escaped through the influence of Cardinal Antonelli.

Griscelli's judgments of public men are not worth much and are often very far from the truth. Thus he depicts Garibaldi as "a hero for some, an adventurer for others—in fact, a political chameleon, donning to-day a monarchical dress-coat, to-morrow a revolutionary cassock; an ambitious harlequin whose career terminated worthily at Aspramonte." So far as he has any convictions, Griscelli is a papist of the ultramontane type, and a bitter enemy of New Italy. His sentiments on this subject may be found in a brochure published by him a few years ago, and entitled *Révélations, ou La Vérité sur les hommes et les choses du royaume d'Italie.* That this pamphlet won for its author the title of "Baron of Rimini" conferred upon him by the ex-King of the Two Sicilies is in itself sufficient to condemn it. We may say here—what we did not know when we spoke of the magazines last week—that the article entitled "The Secret Agent," in the January number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, is borrowed from the memoirs of Griscelli a fact of which the writer of that paper makes no mention whatever. In justice to Griscelli, to the reader, and still more to himself, he ought to have given the source of his information.

A Modern Historical Atlas, for the use of colleges, schools, and general readers. By Rev. William L. Gage, editor and translator of "Ritter's Palestine," author of the "Life of Carl Ritter," etc. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.)—The purpose of the author "has been to present the configuration of the leading countries of the world at each of the epochs of modern history," which, with him, begins with the first year of the Christian era. Dittmar's "Historischer Atlas" served as a basis for his elaboration, numerous other authorities being consulted, and due acknowledgment is made in the preface to Mr. Charles B. Odiorne "of the valuable assistance . . . . which his skill as a topographical draughtsman" has rendered "in bringing this volume to its present mechanical perfection." This praise—of the assistant as well as of the volume—is decidedly undeserved. It would be hard to find more carelessly executed maps than the sixteen constituting Mr. Gage's "volume"—a volume indeed, for the thickness of the pasteboards on which the maps are mounted more than counterbalances their paucity and smallness. Both cartographer and author seem to have had a very faint idea of the task before them. The three first maps, representing "The Known World in the Augustan Age, A.D. 1," "The Known World at the Death of Constantine, A.D. 337," and "The Known World at the Division of the Roman Empire, A.D. 395," are all drawn on the same plan, and yet the "Grecia" (*sic*) of each has an almost entirely different shape, and that whimsically drawn. Cilicia, on the first map, is placed south-west of Phrygia, to occupy the place of Caria, Lycia, etc., Pergamos crowds out Lydia, extending as far as the Halys; and Galatia (Galatia) is all on the east of that river. Palmyra, on the same map, is marked NNW. of Damascus, and Susa on an invented large river, flowing through Carmania and Persis; the Celtæ of Gaul are placed north of the Seine, and the Catti on the upper Elbe; Hispania Tarraconensis and Lusitania are made to cross each other, the latter being stretched to the Ebro; and Aquatani, Norbonensis, and Sarmoe stand for Aquitani, Narbonensis, and Sarmia. China is given with the barbarous names of its provinces, Shantang, Kiangnang, and Footchien (*sic*), as if they were all of ancient origin; but no room is found for the names or the courses of the Borysthenes, Tanais, and Tyras, as if these rivers were of post-Augustan discovery. On the second map, Cilicia occupies its right place, and Lydia takes that of Caria and Lycia; Galatia extends to the Euphratus, and Palestina is all south of Jerusalem; the great central river of Persia has disappeared, and Susa is the nearer to the Tigris, as this river has in the meanwhile considerably changed its course; Ctesiphon (Ctesiphon) appears on the same river, Epirrus, side by side with Grecia, and

near the headwaters of the Vistula, *Corrochiuaim*, which, in spite of its Hebrew termination, designates no Jewish town, for it stands for Carrodunum, just as *Sucwin* stands for Suevi, and *Lazyges* for Jazyges. Lusitania, however, no longer extends to the Ebro, which has also changed its course On the third map, Lusitania is again extended beyond its historical limits, while its metropolis, Olisippo, modern Lisbon, is changed into *Obisippo*, and its neighbor, Bætica, into *Raetica*. More distant Rhætia changes both name and position, being called *Rethia*, and stretched across Northern Italy, from which it was separated by the Alps. Noricum is pressed eastward, and wedged between Pannonia and Illyricum. Pergamos, Galatia, and Lydia hold their wrong positions, while the Halys disappears. On the other hand a nameless river, or canal, is made to connect the Euxine with the Caspian Sea. Jerusalem is marked near the headwaters of the Jordan. The Jazyges continue to be *Lazyges*. On all of the three ancient maps Macedon is placed north, instead of west, of Thrace, between this province and Mœsia. On none of them is either Sarmatia or European Scythia given. *Brutti*, *Ampulia* (Apulia), *Epirius*, and Pelopon(n)esus, all in one group without another word between them, may suffice to characterize the "perfection" of the fourth map, representing "Europe about the End of the Fifth Century," which, as regards correctness, is neither worse nor better than the following mediæval and strictly modern maps. The latter, however—we mean both mediæval and modern—are remarkable for their extraordinary omissions. For, though this atlas is destined to teach the general reader "to understand distinctly the political divisions of Europe during the memorable epochs of which our Prescotts and Irvings, our Motleys and Carlyles have written," there is not a single map in it on which could be discovered—were it only in parentheses—the name of Castile or Aragon, of Navarre or Provence, of Maine or Normandy, of Picardy or Artois, of Brabant or Hainaut. Of France as it existed between the years 814 and 1763 there is only one map, and that contains no name besides Paris and Avignon, Seine, Loire, and Garonne. Had Mr. Gage merely borrowed from Spruner—say, by means of the cheap photo-lithographic process—he would have rendered not only greater service than by his present compilation, but *some* service, which, as it is, he can hardly be said to have rendered anybody.

La Géographie du Talmud. Mémoire couronné par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Par Adolphe Neubauer. (Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.)—The task set by the Paris Academy which crowned M. Neubauer's book was "to collect all the geographical, topographical, and historical data concerning Palestine which may be found scattered in the two Talmuds, the Midrashim, and other books of Jewish tradition (Megillath Taanith, Seder Olam, Siphra, Siphri, etc.)," and to arrange them systematically, critically revised and compared with the corresponding contents of "Josephus, Eusebius, Jerome, and other ecclesiastical and profane writers." He who has an idea of the vast literary field embraced in these few words, of the more or less intentional disorder which pervades the Talmud, as well as the more purely "haggadaic" writings of the ancient rabbis, and of the uncritical manner in which those scholars of the Synagogue treated, or rather played with, everything not strictly belonging to the laws of their people, will at once perceive the extraordinary difficulties with which the author had to contend. His work is the product of rare erudition, painstaking research, and able criticism. But the author himself acknowledges—and in reality it requires no particular modesty to do it—that a large portion of the results of his critical examination rests on a rather slender conjectural basis. The little gained, however, will be highly appreciated by all interested in biblical geography. M. Neubauer's merit consists in compiling and systematically arranging the critical contributions of others rather than in valuable discoveries of his own. In sifting the views of recent rabbinical critics—such as Rapoport, Geiger, or Grätz, to mention some of the most conspicuous—he is generally considerate and judicious, but his decision seems to us to be more than once rendered in too apodictical a shape. Thus, for instance, Harkavy's numerous arguments for reading "Iberike," in certain passages which are generally understood to mention "Africa," appear to us to be rejected on too trifling grounds (pp. 411–413). Iberia could not have been a "pays presque inconnu" in the great rabbinical schools of Babylonia, which were frequented, as we hear elsewhere (p. xxiii.), by so many pupils from Armenia and Asia Minor. The Talmudical passage quoted (p. 402), concerning the promise of Sennacherib to take the Israelites to a land like theirs, is certainly in favor of the Iberian hypothesis, for in what could Africa be meant to resemble Palestine? Altogether, we believe M. Neubauer to underrate the geographical knowledge of the rabbis, and on the other hand to attach too much importance to some of their sayings, in spite of the equivocal character of the "haggadaic" talk—so well defined by him—and the corrupt condition of the talmudical texts. The sayings quoted, however, are very felicitously interwoven with the dry geographico-critical material accumulated in the book, and may be said to bestow on it a peculiar charm. Side by side with such childish exaggerations as these, "Between Gibthon and Antipatris there were formerly sixty ribbos (myriads?) of towns," "Now there is no room there for sixty *ribbos* of reeds," we find the noble anecdote of Dama, the pagan Ascalonite, who refused to make an immense sum on the sale of certain jewels because he could not fetch them without awakening his sleeping father. To this last is attached the following: "Rabbi Eliezer was asked, To what extent is one bound to honor one's father and mother? He answered: Go and ask the pagan, Dama ben-Nethina, at Ascalon." What besides the talmudical play-talk is apt to render the book interesting to those to whom the geography of Palestine is no special study, is its "Preface," which contains a sketch of the origin, the development, and character of talmudical and kindred literature, a sketch confessedly written "without any pretension of teaching anything novel to scholars," but well apt to enlighten on many an interesting point "those who know the Talmud merely by name." This introductory work, however, is decidedly too brief for its purpose, and, we believe, also too hastily done. The division of the contents of the Old Testament into legal, narrative, and mystical parts—unexplained as the reader receives it—must certainly appear both arbitrary and strange. From the passage in Deuteronomy (xii. 21), which is quoted after the rabbis in support of "Sinaitic tradition," the principal part in this connection is omitted, to wit, the words "as I have commanded thee," referring to a command not to be found in any part of the Mosaic writ. The chronological dates, too, are rather loosely given. This is the more surprising as the author has in preparation an historical volume of "Études Talmudiques," which general title covers also the "Géographie du Talmud," as first part—a volume which every friend of Jewish history and literature will be glad to see published.

La Philosophie en France au XIXe. Siècle. Par Félix Ravaisson, Membre de l'Institut. (Paris. 1868.)—This is one of the reports "sur les Progrès des Lettres et des Sciences en France," published as a supplement or complement to the Exposition Universelle. M. Ravaisson, whose competence for the work of preparing the report on philosophy was established by the publication of his (unfinished) essay on the metaphysics of Aristotle, thirty years ago, has since then rarely been heard from by the public. His report shows him to have remained no idle or uninterested observer of events in the philosophical and scientific worlds. It is made with great soberness and fairness. His judgment of the celebrated Eclectic School is not different from that now generally passed on it, that it was superficial, *à la mode*, and a matter of popular *entraînement* rather than thorough-going and based on severe, impartial thought. M. Ravaisson defines it as "a brilliant development of the demi-spiritualism inaugurated in France by Royer-Collard." He agrees with Taine in his designation of Cousin as an "orateur philosophe." The disciples of the Eclectic school "were the most often not convinced" but persuaded "by the seductive influence of the words or style" of their master. The account of Comte and positivism is just and sufficiently full, and points out distinctly the radical changes which took place in Comte's philosophical stand-point from the beginning to the end of his career. Of peculiar interest to English and American readers are the developments or modifications of positivism made in England, especially by Mill and Spencer, which are succinctly pointed out and discussed by M. Ravaisson. After naming, characterizing, and briefly discussing all the French works of the present century on philosophy in its various phases and connections, especially the peculiar idealism of Renan and Vacherôt, who make God the "category of the ideal" but non-existent, the position of Claude Bernard and the "experimental school" of scientific men as to the relation of philosophy and positive science, where he finds, with M. Caro, the signs of an accommodation between the two, and also works on psychology and mental physiology, M. Ravaisson concludes that the recent history and present state of philosophy and general science in France point to a displacement of the "pseudo-positivism" and "semi-spiritualism" of the first half of this century by a *positive* yet idealistic philosophy, recognizing intelligent will, the root of which is love, as the rational and essential factor of all existence.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

THE week began in the Senate with the presenting of a memorial by Mr. Frelinghuysen, in which certain capitalists set forth that the proposed subsidies to the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific (Eastern branch) Railroads will amount to $125,000,000. This is saying nothing about the land-grants, which, if we recollect, are to the extent of 12,000 acres for every mile of rail. The capitalists above mentioned offer to do the work for a subsidy per mile of $15,000. This is but two-fifths of what the present builders are getting. The memorialists agree to give surety in $100,000,000 that the work shall be properly completed at the stipulated price, and $75,000,000 saved to the Treasury. Mr. Buckalew, on Wednesday, offered a bill, which we hope he may live to see adopted, giving to every man who votes for representatives as many votes, divided as he pleases, as there are representatives sent from the State in which he resides. After a little confusion and some severe study on the part of the party managers, this system would leave us exactly where we now are. On the same day a bill was passed authorizing the removal into the Federal courts of all suits where action is brought in the Southern States to recover damages for property destroyed by rebels. It seems that the Southern State judges have a way of declining to consider the late Confederate soldiers and authorities as public enemies. On Thursday, a bill was introduced to give Mrs. Lincoln a pension, on the ground that her husband, being killed while in the discharge of his duty (and because he discharged it so well) as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, his widow deserves a pension as much as the widow of any soldier or sailor. There is no doubt of the passage of the bill, and it is a thing to be regretted that it was not done long ago. A pension for retiring Presidents, which might be justified by reasons not very dissimilar to those given in this case, would be hardly more than fair. Mr. Morrill spoke against a reciprocity treaty with Canada; and from the tone prevalent in regard to this matter in the Senate and the House, it seems that Canada must look to our tariff for her relief. On Friday, the Judiciary Committee reported a constitutional amendment, which, in brief, would make it impossible to deny negroes the privilege of voting. All the week the Sue Murphy Relief Bill has been coming up, and was at last referred again to the Committee on Claims, and it is improbable that it will be heard from again this session. It is rather surprising that neither Mr. Fessenden nor Mr. Trumbull, two of the best of the Senatorial lawyers, had anything to say during the fortnight's debate. Our Radical brethren will recollect, perhaps, that both these persons were anti-impeachers. Why not have an investigation into their silence and its relations to the Murphy estate? A man that would "vote No on the Eleventh Article" is capable of anything, as everybody knows.

Tuesday in the House was occupied by Mr. Butler with a speech, which is everywhere condemned and scouted, on the currency and the general financial question. He will be heard of again on these topics in case his faith in the public dishonesty shall prove to be objectively true, and not evolved from his own consciousness only; but we conceive his present scheme to be not dangerous. On Wednesday, Mr. Banks's West Indies Protectorate Bill came up and produced a comical scene, on which we have commented elsewhere. Mr. Spalding, of Ohio, was among the half-dozen members who lost their heads and contributed to the display of the genuine old-fashioned Davy Crockett spread-eagleism. It ought to please Massachusetts to think that she has just sent Mr. Banks to Washington for two years more, and that another champion of the Hayti and St. Domingo measure was Mr. Butler. The debate was fitly closed by "Fenian" Robinson and Mr. James Brooks, who desired to extend protection to Ireland, on the ground, we believe, that it also is an island entirely surrounded by water, and might also like to be protected. The House tabled the whole business by a very heavy vote. It took the same course with an equally sensible proposal made by Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, who signalizes his departure from Congress by a characteristic performance. He wished to make a Territorial government, with judicial officers and all complete, for the Territory of Alaska. We presume to provide the place with people on whom governor and judges might earn their salaries, Mr. Arnell proposed that the new purchase should be made into a penal colony. Mr. Ashley, of Nevada, on Thursday introduced a bill which, if it is passed, will materially help to solve the Mormon question. It gives most of the territory of what is now Utah to the six adjacent States and Territories; confines Brigham Young, in his character of empire founder, to very narrow limits, and exposes him, as an apostle, to a close communion with gentiles. On the same day the Niagara Ship Canal Bill was virtually defeated. The debt must be paid before more money is spent, was the ground on which this action of the House nominally, and perhaps really, was based. The House also passed on Monday, by the decisive vote of 90 ayes to 67 nays, a resolution offered by Mr. Holman, to the effect that Congress ought not to vote any more land or subsidies to railroad companies, but should husband the national resources, so as to relieve the people of the pressure of taxation. Another resolution which Mr. Holman offered at the same time, and which declares that the public lands are to be preserved as a sacred trust and to be disposed of only for homesteads, was tabled by a vote of 110 to 54. The reason of this we do not know.

Half-a-dozen senatorial elections, and caucuses whose action is equivalent to an election, have been held during the week, and it appears that, as the result, we are to have in the Forty-first Congress as new senators, Mr. Fenton from New York, Mr. Carl Schurz from Missouri, Mr. Hamlin from Maine, Mr. Scott from Pennsylvania, and Mr. Cumback from Indiana. It is confidently asserted that the caucus nomination in this State was secured by the expenditure of money in Mr. Fenton's interest, and it is not seriously denied. It is true, too, that Mr. Hastings, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, made the most explicit charges of corruption against Mr. Fenton as governor, and challenged the latter to go into court and prove, if he could, that he had not been a taker of bribes. But Mr. Fenton is understood to be a man of as much ability as Mr. Morgan, and we have no information which leads us to suppose that money was not spent on both sides. Some of the country members, too, suspected Mr. Morgan of "Johnsonizing." Mr. Hamlin, who replaces Mr. Morrill, is no doubt an able man; being naturally indolent, he has never used to their full extent all his abilities, unless we may say that he has

done so in pushing his chances for the office which now, after years of all kinds of manœuvring, he has at last got. He supplants an able man, a good senator, and one who, whether he is a politician or not, at least has not the reputation of being so adroit and laborious a wire-puller as his barely successful competitor. Mr. Carl Schurz's abilities as a legislator he has yet to prove. His reputation as an accomplished speaker is already made, and there is no doubt of his sincere belief in republicanism in its wider and its narrower sense. What will be his value in the business of putting sound sentiments into the form of sensible enactments we shall soon be able to see. From Wisconsin we are to have in place of Mr. Doolittle Mr. Matthew Carpenter, which is certainly a great gain. Michigan sends back Mr. Chandler, for reasons best known to herself. Mr. Sumner of course comes again from Massachusetts. Mr. Cumback, an untried man, takes Mr. Hendricks's place as one of the senators from Indiana, and an equally or more obscure man, Mr. Scott, is sent from Pennsylvania with Mr. Cameron's approbation. Doubtless this is the last batch of senatorial elections in which will be felt the effects of the impeachment trial, which still agitates the shallower, and affects too the thicker, heads among the Republicans.

The speculations as to the Cabinet continue, but apparently with as little foundation or real knowledge as ever. The rule followed by the speculators seems to be to take the men who, in the ordinary course of things, would be the most likely candidates, and analyze their claims with the aid of past experience. One very entertaining speculator in the *Tribune* represents Sumner, Wade, Washburne, Rawlins, Schofield, and Stanton as "corner-stones" of the new administration; that is, men for whom it must find places. He mentions Boutwell for the Treasury, but throws dark suspicions on Wells, who, he says, has been too much of late with Sam Ward, and adds that he has no political or executive experience, evidently considering a thorough knowledge of the financial condition of the country and of the science of finance a very unimportant qualification for the place. Some of the conclusions of Mr. Wells's report are evidently considered by one school of politicians such as no respectable man could arrive at. Are his views on pig-iron, we expect to hear asked shortly, entirely consistent with proper self-control in the matter of intoxicating drinks? Wade, all the speculators agree, is the great difficulty of the crisis. The *Tribune's* correspondent thinks he will have to be "taken care of," but considers that a seat for him in the cabinet is an impossibility, and suggests a judgeship or a first-class mission, such as Russia. The famous "interviewer" of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, on the other hand, says great sympathy is felt for the "old wheel-horse," but is unable to say what ought to be done to satisfy his "claims." But why not get rid of the difficulty by putting him on the Spanish throne? The well-informed and careful young gentleman who writes to the New York *Tribune* on Spanish affairs, says the Spanish monarchists are thinking of a United States Senator for the vacant place; and unless we are greatly mistaken, we have got in Mr. Wade just the man they want, and his coronation would be a great relief both to Grant and the Republican party. For Butler nobody seems to be caring. We have lighted on one faint suggestion, that he might succeed Sumner in the Senate, if Sumner were translated to the State Department, but he appears to inspire no enthusiasm. Boutwell is rated high on account of his honesty, but then something more than honesty is needed, and nothing more appears to be claimed for him except "soundness."

The Butler financial scheme is not worth discussion, as it has already passed from the public mind, except as a fresh illustration of the uselessness of hoping for the conversion of the debt at a reduced rate of interest as long as members like Butler are sent to Congress by enthusiastic votes of Eastern constituencies, and their wild nonsense on finance is deemed worthy of being reported at full length by the leading papers. No sane man will lend money at four per cent. to a community in which financial doctors of this kind are allowed to talk with even an appearance of authority, or in which such persons are put in positions of responsibility by the popular vote, for whatever reason. Capitalists are not going to poll the Fifth Massachusetts District to find out how many of Butler's supporters admire him for his financial views and how many for his soundness on "the main question." All they need to know is that he was elected with all his financial follies and heresies fresh in the public mind, and that the first chance he got he proposed to lower the rate of interest for the poor by issuing plenty of irredeemable paper, and that plenty of people think him a fine old fellow who knows what he is about. We may put out four per cent. loans as much as we please; nobody will take them at par; and nobody will submit to a conversion of the outstanding bonds because Butler or Logan or Sherman assures him it will be better for him. People will take their chance with the six per cent. bonds. If Congress can make irredeemable paper serve as money, all we can say is that it is a burning shame to have so many honest men suffering for want of capital, to say nothing of overcoats and hats.

Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, addressed a meeting of the Social Science Association in this city on Saturday last, in explanation and defence of his Civil Service Bill. The meeting, though small, being convened in the main by special invitation, was mainly made up of leading merchants, bankers, and lawyers, who listened attentively for two hours to the story, as extraordinary as any civilized legislator could in our day have to tell, of the way in which this Government is served and swindled. The address was largely—too largely, we thought, as regarded the audience then present, though perhaps not too largely as regarded the reading public—devoted to answering the late snorts of General Logan in the House of Representatives. One fact brought out is, however, in itself a demonstration of the value of the measure. Mr. Jenckes cited the Treasury officials in support of the statement that one hundred million dollars are stolen or lost annually by United States officials, so that the reform would of itself pay off the five-twenties by the time the bonds are due, without adding a cent to the burden of the tax-payers. In other words, out of every four dollars of taxes levied, one dollar is stolen and spent by rogues appointed by Washington politicians, and paid out of the public purse. Yet you will hardly find a "whole-souled statesman" in Congress who won't fiercely defend the present system, and, if you talk of Mr. Jenckes's bill, will not endeavor to change the subject, and give you his views on "eternal justice" and "the rights of man." The measure only needs to be made familiar to the country, we are satisfied, in order to secure its support for it; and, as far as we can judge, the press is generally heartily disposed to do its duty in the matter.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson, after all, seems likely to come home from England with credit, his fraternizations with unworthy persons, his post-prandial oratory, and his difficulties of all kinds about dinners, to the contrary notwithstanding. He has, it appears, contrary to our expectation, and contrary, we suspect, to the expectation of most people, concluded three treaties with the Earl of Clarendon—one disposing of the "dungeon" question, or, in other words, the rights of naturalized citizens, similar in terms to that negotiated by Mr. Bancroft with the German powers; another settling the San Juan dispute; and the third, and most important of all, providing machinery for the settlement of the *Alabama* case. Moreover, in this last he has obtained not only the concession of all he asked for, but of all Mr. Seward chose to ask for in addition. The general question of the liability of England, as well as every other question in the case, is left to a commission of four, two from each country, instead of to an arbitrator, and in case of an equal division of opinion, an umpire is to be chosen by the two Governments, subject, on the American side, to the ratification of the Senate. All British claims finally adjudicated in the American courts of admiralty are excluded, and so are all claims of persons who cannot prove their neutrality during the war. The commission, too, is to sit in Washington. The practical importance of Mr. Seward's great point—the wrongfulness of the recognition of the South as a belligerent—does not as yet, however, clearly appear, because, even supposing the commission found against Great Britain on that point, it would hardly award damages for it to the United States from way of

smart-money. The most it will award, no matter what its finding may be, will be compensation for losses sustained from the Confederate cruisers issuing from English ports, and this it would and could award without considering the question of the recognition at all. If the prematureness of the recognition constitute a claim for compensation, the compensation ought to be the sum-total of the loss at sea sustained by the United States through the war, of which, of course, nobody dreams even as a possibility.

We print, on another page, a letter from our correspondent at Athens, which offers strong confirmation of the view we have all along taken of the essentially farcical character of the Turco-Greek difficulty. Our correspondent is an American, enjoys unusual facilities for observation, and, as our readers know, has been and is a warm friend of the Cretan cause. He now lays the blame of its ruin on the ranters and intriguers at Athens, who have been trying to cheat the world into the belief that they are the men to overthrow the Ottoman Empire and regenerate European Turkey, and who have actually succeeded in cheating a considerable number of good people here into the belief that they are respectable patriots, and deserve the sympathy and aid of Christendom—the fact being that they have succeeded in depriving the little kingdom they represent of all the ordinary claims to confidence and respect. The condition of the Greek mind should afford an awful warning to the wiseacres in Pennsylvania who propose to make the newspaper "editorials" a part of the daily reading of the children in the public schools. The modern Athenians have been fed for the last two generations on this kind of pabulum. The modern Greek literature consists almost entirely of newspapers, glowing with "hope" and "enthusiasm," and overflowing with blatherskite. The people read little else, and extirpate the Turks, and rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and restore the empire of Alexander the Great, in yards of rhetoric; but they display none of the virtues which make a political community either powerful or influential. In short, they are what we might expect a generation of Americans to become if brought up on the Washington *Chronicle*, the *Revolution*, and a few other periodicals of the same kind which we might name.

As far as the news goes, the difficulty appears to be settled. The Conference at Paris has hit on a means of keeping the combatants apart. Greeee is to put a stop to the fitting out of volunteers for Crete, and for incursions into Turkish territory in aid of the Cretan insurrection, while Turkey on her side agrees to withdraw her "ultimatum." At the latest dates, the Turkish minister had signed the protocol, while that of Greece was waiting for instructions. It is not probable he will have to wait long, as the Cretan insurrection being completely over, there is not much to be gained by letting volunteers leave Athens for the island. It is worthy of note that the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delyanni, in his correspondence with Photiades Bey, the Turkish minister—another Greek, by-the-bye—took substantially the same ground as the English Attorney-General in the earlier stages of the *Alabama* controversy, that the duties of a neutral with regard to the participation of its own citizens in an armed conflict were regulated by its municipal law, and that therefore, if there was no law of Greece prohibiting the enrolment of volunteers, Turkey had no right to complain. The speculations of our correspondent as to the secret leanings and intentions of the European powers on the Turkish trouble are worth reading, but we doubt if they have any foundation. There is, in our opinion, no reason for believing that any power wants to bring the Eastern question to a head just now. Every one of them is struggling with internal difficulties—Russia, which bears most of the blame, more than any of the others. Louis Napoleon may want war, but it is an easy war, not a mêlée at Constantinople, in which there would be plenty of hard knocks and little glory.

The Cable announces the outbreak of a quarrel between Turkey and Persia, and the withdrawal of the Turkish ambassador from Teheran, and adds that Persia is "massing troops on her northwestern frontier." The New York *Times* is, we see, disposed to look on this as likely to introduce a new and dangerous complication into the Eastern difficulty. The incident is not, however, half as serious as it seems. The frontier line is almost a desert, and has been always the scene of guerilla operations on both sides, carried on by the Persians, however, with most vigor, as the Shiites hate the Sunnite branch of the Mussulman Church with true theological hatred, and these operations periodically reach a point which interrupts diplomatic relations. The frontier line was first fixed distinctly, by a mixed commission, in 1852, and since then the borderers have been somewhat more peaceable, but the state of things amongst them is still one of perpetual war. The Cable story that Persia "is massing troops" on her northwestern frontier is doubtless one of those jokes in which the wag who makes up the despatches in London occasionally indulges. The whole army of Persia does not amount to 30,000 men, miserably armed and led—a full third of them being Bashi-bazouks, or wild irregular cavalry from the northern desert, not as formidable as our Indians; and as the whole population of the country little exceeds 4,000,000, and the revenue only amounts *on paper* to about $5,000,000 yearly, the "massing" of troops is not a very formidable affair; and as to the coming fight with Turkey, nobody need get out of the way on account of it. The idea that Russia is at the bottom of the disturbance is very improbable. Russia is occupied busily in Central Asia, and any power which has the Emir of Bokhara and Yakoob Kooshbeghi on its hands is not likely to use the Shah as a tool against Turkey. Since Sir James Outram's operations in 1856, Persia is more afraid of the English than of the Russians.

The year closed on Italy with good omens. The Parliament before adjourning for the holidays, supported the Government against the Radicals in favor of administrative reform and of the continued payment of the so-called Pontifical debt—that is, the debt assumed by the kingdom in extending its sovereignty over large portions of the Papal domain. This assumption or transfer was recognized as a natural and proper thing, and as the evidence of sovereignty from the beginning—the Pope being anxious to hinder it for this very reason. The September Convention, in 1864, constrained the Pope to enter into negotiations for the equitable partition of the debt between himself and the kingdom, and the share of the latter has been honored since, as it was before, the Convention. The Radicals urged a suspension of further payment, on the ground of the violation of the September Convention by France, and avowedly as a means of hastening the departure of the French troops from Rome. This absurd and mischievous strategy, involving the direct ruin of the national credit, and undoing the progress of the last ten years, met with the fate it deserved. The ministry, which had come off with 75 majority on the more complex issue of administration, gained without effort 100 majority for maintaining in good faith the national obligations, which neither the obstinacy of the Pope nor the Emperor's breach of promise could impair. Thus the last obstacle to the improvement of the finances has been effectually removed, and the Government may now bend itself to the task which it has undertaken, of getting rid of a paper currency, and to the material interests of the peninsula. The port of Brindisi, we remark, seems fairly awake to the prize which is held out to it by the completion of the Suez Canal; and that this event will excite new life, and revive something of the old passion for the sea in torpid Venice, we judge highly probable if not inevitable.

The result of the elections in Spain, if the Cable can be relied on, is the complete triumph of the monarchists. The Constituent Cortes, it is said, will contain only 35 republicans out of about 350 members. Advice continues to be supplied to the Spaniards plentifully, and with such earnestness that one begins to feel that something horrible will happen if they do not take it. Most of the foreign counsellors, and the more energetic, have never been in Spain in their lives; and when one sees them at work, one wonders how they expect the Spanish people to take charge of its own destinies when they consider it necessary for it to get information as to how it ought to act in a most important crisis from literary men in Paris and London, and from astute Congressmen and sentimental Radicals and far-seeing newspaper correspondents in the United States. Had we not better relieve the poor Spaniards of their misery, and send over the astute and erudite Banks to settle the whole thing for them at once? It is awful to see such a pundit wasting his wisdom on the desert air at Washington, when the whole of the Old World is out of joint, and bellowing for a prophet and deliverer.

THE REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

The public, as regards the tariff question, may be divided into several classes. The first are prohibitionists pure and simple, who would, if they could, put an end to all trade with foreigners and employ the whole capital and whole labor of the country in producing every article the people require; but then these are so few in number, and so deficient in intellect and education, that their opinions hardly repay discussion. Then there are protectionists of the Carey school, who believe diversity of industry to be necessary to sound progress, but are not disposed to trust the creation of this diversity to the spontaneous exertions of individuals, and therefore advocate the stimulation of it by taxation. These may be called the scientific protectionists, and they have a large body of undisciplined followers, who may be called spread-eagle protectionists, and want everything to be made at home for the honor of the flag. After these come the selfish protectionists, who advocate the exclusion of foreign products, really to provide a good market for their own goods, but nominally either on scientific or spread-eagle grounds, or on a mixture of both. Lastly come the moderate protectionists, who comprise by far the greater portion of the sect, who think it necessary and desirable in a new country to tempt men into the foundation of new branches of industry by legislative aid, but would not foster anything that would plainly flourish without fostering, nor foster anything whatever longer than was necessary to give it a fair start.

Turning to the free-traders, we find two divisions, and two only. One may be called absolute free-traders, of the French type, trained by Bastiat, armed with principles and logic, and full of scorn for people who shrink in politics from clean-cut conclusions. They apply the laws of mechanics to the work of government, and having found their rule, refuse to admit that its action may be modified by circumstances. They proclaim the absolute right of men in society to sell the products of their industry where they please, and treat all restrictions on this right as forms of robbery, implying moral obliquity in the person or persons who create them. This division is small in number, but it does most of the work of agitation. The other, while admitting the abstract truth of the great doctrine of free trade, is content to submit to such modifications in the application of it as the state of public sentiment or of the national finances may seem to require; and while maintaining that duties should only be levied on foreign imports for revenue, are willing to have the duties so distributed as to favor branches of industry which protection seems likely to make self-supporting within a reasonable time, and, in fact, generally to give the American manufacturer, wherever possible, whatever advantage over the foreigner may be capable of being extracted from a moderate tariff.

Now, the tendency of opinion the world over is towards the recognition of the free-trade doctrine as the natural law of human intercourse, and towards the reduction to the lowest possible point of all interference with its action. This is due in part to the growth everywhere of individualism, the increasing respect for individual intelligence and freedom, and the increasing confidence of statesmen in this freedom and intelligence as agents in the production of wealth. It is due in part also to the prodigious success which has attended the application of the pure free-trade principle in the United States to the relations of a great number of separate political communities. The absence of custom-houses from the interior of this continent has afforded the first practical refutation of the old delusion on which most government interferences with trade have in past ages been based, that in the exchange of commodities between two separate political communities one is sure to lose, and both cannot profit. The absurdity of this has for the first time been demonstrated by the United States. The result is that though absolute free trade is nowhere else found, the tendency in all civilized countries, except in the British colonies, is towards a lowering of tariffs, and the leading political economists of the world have abandoned the principle of protection as worthless, and the influence of nearly all colleges and places of education is thrown against it.

In the United States sentiment is so divided that the triumph of either principle is not possible, and, if we are to believe Burke's maxim, what is not possible in politics is never desirable. The tide at present, owing to the shocking abuses of their power perpetrated during the last seven years by the selfish protectionists, is running against protection; but, even if it ran twice as strongly as it does, free-traders are not in a position to take advantage of it, nor are likely to be in our time, to secure the absolute triumph of their idea—for the simple reason that in a country like this a very large proportion of the revenue must, perforce, be drawn from duties on imports from abroad. The middle ground, on which both parties may and probably will meet, is such an arrangement of the tariff as will give an advantage over foreigners to interests which are likely to gain strength by being temporarily fostered, and which are now too weak to stand alone, and by whose existence the country seems likely eventually to profit. The free-traders need not hope for the abolition of the custom-house, and the protectionists must give up the hope both of complete or indiscriminate protection, and of all protection for branches of industry the forcing of which is injurious to other and larger branches, or which are never likely to be able to stand alone, no matter how much they are forced.

Indiscriminate protection is an absurdity on its face, because it gives no advantage to anybody. If the Government gives an iron manufacturer the power of raising his prices forty per cent., he profits by it so long as the farmer, butcher, baker, tailor, shoemaker, landlord, and weaver do not raise their prices too; but if, by protecting them also, the Government enables them to raise their prices, its protection to the ironmaster becomes a farce. Nor is it necessary to protect all branches of industry to produce the farce; the leading ones are sufficient; because a rise in a few leading products diffuses itself through all. Yet this is what Congress, for the last seven years, has been trying to do. Having no policy, and apparently no principles of its own, its plan has been to sit and wait for the manufacturers to come and ask for what they want. First comes the ironmaster and gets his forty per cent.; as long as nobody else gets a similar favor, it is clear gain to him. But he has hardly got home when the wool-grower and cotton-spinner and lumber-dealer and coal-miner arrive and claim the same thing, and get it. The result is that all prices are raised forty per cent., and the ironmaster finds at the end of a year he is just where he was before. He accordingly goes back the next year and claims more protection, and gets it; the others, hearing of this, do the same. Members of Congress take each interest's own story as to what it wants as conclusive, and the result is the monstrosity called the tariff. The whole process has been somewhat like an attempt to fill a bucket with a hole in it.

What is wanted to produce any change for the better in the tariff is the adoption, either by bill or resolution, of some principle or rule or policy as to the kinds of industry which shall be protected, and the rigid restriction of the duty to the point, consistent with due regard to the revenue, at which foreign competition, though not felt, may be feared by the lazy or unenterprising, and the absolute exclusion from all protection of raw materials and products which can never hope to stand alone. The facts on which such a principle should be based should be furnished by a long and careful examination, such as Mr. Wells has made, and not on the application of manufacturers. The fact that a manufacturer cannot make money at present prices no more constitutes a claim to protection, or increased protection, than to an appropriation from the Treasury, because it may be the result of his own bad management or the over-protection of some other branch of industry on which he is dependent, or simply the rise of prices to their old level under the influence of the general diffusion of the tax. In one most important branch Mr. Wells found that the effect of a rise of duty was exhausted in about six months. At the close of that time the manufacturers had to go to Washington and begin their lamentations once more.

"PROTECTORATES."

There was a discussion in the House of Representatives last week on the proposition of Mr. Banks to send a ship-of-war to "protect" St. Domingo, which, though it reads like a scene in Molière, is worth the attention of everybody who wants to appreciate at their just

value the efforts which we are now witnessing in some quarters not only to extend "the area of freedom" and the area of American influence, but to convert the United States into a kind of "standing counsel" for all distressed peoples. There is a civil war raging in St. Domingo; it has lasted now for several months, and bids fair to last as long as the combatants can find food or ammunition. There is no great principle or great interest at stake, or at least none which the outside world can discover. The conflict, as far as can be seen, is one born of personal ambition, of ill-regulated desires, of, in fact, a low state of moral and political training. Fighting about nothing, or fighting as the best mode of deciding political differences, or as anything but a last resort in a great crisis, is one of the characteristics of a people who are not yet fit for self-government; and the sole remedy is either long and wholesome experience of the misery of civil war or the rise of a despot strong enough and fortunate enough to hold the contending factions in check, and to provide security and justice until the people have learnt the virtue of self-control. That all peoples have this virtue in a sufficient degree to enable them to govern themselves politically is a theory which derives no support from either reason or experience. The Haytians have a revolution every three or four years for the same reason that a New York rough spends his evenings in drinking and fighting instead of attending lyceum lectures or reading history, and spends his money as fast as he earns it instead of putting it in the savings-bank. But Mr. Banks, who has now for a long while occupied the position of Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, thinks that the Haytians are fighting simply for want of good advice, and therefore gravely proposed on Wednesday week to send a man-of-war to the island, with an officer on board whose duty it would be to counsel the belligerents, as a friend, to desist from hostilities and wait till the next election to decide their differences. On being asked the very natural question, What was the officer to do in case his counsels were rejected? Mr. Banks's answer was that he was to report the result to the Government, and, if it were deemed desirable, a "treaty" was to be concluded with Hayti, in which, we suppose, the Haytians were to bind themselves not to fight without a license from our President, or, in other words, the United States were to become responsible to the world for their good behavior.

The proposition was perhaps the most ludicrous yet made in the House, except the one to recognize "the Irish Republic" on the strength of the Fenian operations in 1867, and it is only worthy of notice, even though it emanates from a functionary of Mr. Banks's standing, because it is one of the many expressions one meets with now every day, of the desire with which a great many politicians of a certain school are burning to extend the sphere of Government control and multiply its functionaries, and to increase the number of duties of the nature and value and performance of which the people cannot readily judge. Of course we cannot "protect" or annex Hayti or the Sandwich Islands or Mexico or Cuba without adding a large number of functionaries to the present list, and entrusting them with a large amount of discretionary power and with the expenditure of a good deal of money, and sending them beyond the reach of public opinion; or, in other words, without allowing a "ring" to be formed at Washington for each protectorate. If, for instance, we undertake to "protect" Hayti—that is, restore peace and order—what this really means is, that we undertake to act as arbitrator between the two factions, and enforce our decisions at the point of the bayonet. It cannot mean simply the proffer of advice, for this Mr. Seward can offer any day through the mails without the authority of an act of Congress or a joint resolution. Now, if we enforce our decisions amongst our various protégés, we must stay on the ground and keep them enforced, and this means the creation of a proconsulate in each protectorate, with a military and naval force, a treasury which somebody must keep filled, and divers privileges and pickings by which somebody is sure to profit.

How the thing would work may be seen in the case of Alaska. Nothing could at first sight seem simpler or less likely to afford an opportunity for fraud or peculation or corruption than the purchase of a strip of wild and almost unpeopled territory, in a remote corner of the continent, and from a thoroughly friendly power. The scheme was concocted by the Secretary of State; the Senate cordially approved of it. The chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Sumner, wrote a bulky pamphlet on the country, treating it from every known point of view and lauding it to the skies. What was there to do but pay the money? Nevertheless, the money was not paid. The appropriation "hung fire" in the House. The motives of the hesitation were among the loftiest, but in the delay "foreign gold" began to circulate. The Head Patriot, the Honorable Robert J. Walker, who was loudest in his advocacy of the acquisition, was sent for by the Russian ambassador and by him offered money as a bribe to induce him to be as uproarious as he could in advocating this extension of "the area of freedom," and Mr. Walker pocketed the money. A similar offer was made to the Secretary of the Senate and he refused it, but his business partner, when it was made to him, did not. Even the report on Alaska of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, presented by the illustrious chairman, was at least in part paid for. That portion of it which described the resources and appearance of this priceless region, or, in other words, furnished the people of the United States with reasons for paying their hard-earned, or rather borrowed, money for it—and which the people doubtless supposed was the result of a protracted examination of the subject either by the chairman himself or the chairman in connection with his colleagues, or had at least been evolved by them from the depths of their moral consciousness—was written bodily by a roving newspaper reporter, and from him borrowed and incorporated in the report by the committee. Even this was paid for. Baron Stoeckl was so charmed with the composition that he gave the reporter one thousand dollars. How many more of the Alaska worthies were feed by the Russian Government nobody knows. In fact, the question people now ask themselves is, Who was not paid that ever opened his mouth on the subject?—an ill-natured question, doubtless, but not wholly unnatural. Since the purchase an attempt has been made by some of the disappointed to make a little more out of the transaction by having it erected into a regular United States Territory, with all the machinery of civil government, the white population being hardly large enough to furnish juries in criminal cases.

Now, we can neither purchase nor annex nor "protect" territory, either uninhabited or inhabited by people differing from ourselves in manners, laws, or language, without increasing the number of our functionaries or furnishing somebody with strong reasons for buying somebody at Washington—in other words, without increasing the corruption both in the legislative and administrative branches of the Government—without, in fact, putting our favor and our arms up at auction as Rome did in the latter days of the Republic, and wringing from suppliants and clients of inferior or dependent races, or from shrewd European friends, something very like Jugurtha's very uncomplimentary comment on the morals of the Roman Republic.

How subtle the poison is few can perceive. The proposed reciprocity treaty with the Sandwich Islands, for instance, is a noble-looking thing on paper. It would, it is true, reduce the revenue by about half a million in gold from the first, and very soon by two millions in gold; but then it would strengthen the bonds of friendship with the Sandwich Islanders and spread our influence over the vast bosom of the Pacific. Unhappily, the treaty is promoted mainly by gentlemen who have bought sugar-plantations and set up sugar-refineries in the Islands and in San Francisco. Cases of this kind might be multiplied by the dozen. There is hardly a scheme before Congress, however innocent in appearance, which involves the outlay of money by the Government, at the bottom of which a speculator is not lying hid.

The public functionaries in the civil service have increased in fifty years from about five thousand to fifty thousand, and simply through the growth of the Republic. There is nothing unnatural or unhealthy about this multiplication; they are all needed to do the work of government. But owing to the vices of the system, they steal or waste, it is calculated, one hundred million dollars a year, or, in other words, a fourth of the entire revenue. They are growing every day more knavish and incompetent. The influence of their example on the community is every year becoming more demoralizing. Their mode of getting and keeping their places has converted politics into a disgraceful and paltry game in which it is very difficult for an honest man to engage. Now, all attempts

to increase their number, or, in other words, to increase the number of duties the Government has to discharge, all attempts toannex or "protect" or purchase territory, or to send out propagandist missions for the spread of "seminal ideas," or to spread American influence in any way, except through the force of American example, the public may set down unhesitatingly as attempts on the part of a "ring" to make money. The work of our Government will not bear expansion without a proportionate increase of corruption, unless the civil service be thoroughly reformed. To multiply its cares under present circumstances is simply to multiply the number of successful American rogues. This question of the reform of the civil service really includes all the other questions of the day—even the financial question; for, as Mr. Jenckes pointed out in this city last week, if you add $100,000,000 a year to the revenue, you solve the whole financial problem. You pay the debt and return to specie payments without increasing the tax-payer's burdens.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT.

The indications that we are nearing a period of thorough reform are tolerably apparent to everybody except that exceedingly small number who believe that society is constantly and everywhere retrograding, and are very numerous and striking. In the first place, corruption in every branch of the Government has reached a point beyond which it cannot go far without putting the very existence of the Government in danger. This can hardly be called an exaggeration when competent authorities announce that the stealings amount to a fourth of the revenue, and when repudiation or perpetual paper-money is talked of as the best means of getting rid of the public burdens. Now, we feel quite confident that the people, as soon as their attention has been fairly called to the matter, will not allow the existence of the Government to be imperilled by corruption. In the next place, the whole of the machinery of justice—on the efficiency of which, perhaps, more than any other agency, the maintenance of order and morality depends—has got dangerously out of order. It is acknowledged by all competent observers that the election of judges and prosecuting officers for short terms, introduced twenty years ago, has lowered the character of the judiciary in every State in which it has been tried. In others, such as Massachusetts, in which it has not been tried, the pertinacity of the farmers in paying low wages to judicial officers is slowly but surely driving first-class men off the bench. Massachusetts has lost one of her best judges from this cause within the last year; others will doubtless follow. A Radical writer in *Harper's Weekly*, early last year, when advocating the passage of the act making two-thirds of the Supreme Court necessary to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, dwelt strongly on what he evidently considered a well-known fact, that the character of the legal profession had been so lowered all over the country by the system of election that it was no longer possible to fill the Supreme Court with first-class men; therefore it was no longer safe to repose that confidence in the wisdom and discretion of the court which had, in the early days of the Republic, been the boast and glory of the country. Moreover, there are few States in which complaints of the inefficiency of the administration of criminal justice are not now heard. In States as old and orderly as Ohio and Indiana supplementary lynching of robbers and murderers on a great scale has had to be resorted to within the last year. We have had the same phenomenon in Western New York. In this city, although the police is perhaps as good as any in the world, their vigilance and faithfulness are rendered well-nigh worthless by the low character of the police justices, the abuses of the district-attorney's office, and the maladministration of the prisons all over the State. The facility with which escapes are effected from Sing Sing shows that the official supervision of the prisoners is little short of a farce; and it could hardly be expected to be otherwise when we consider that the wardens are hack politicians, changed every time a new party comes into power, even if the reports of the Prison Association did not tell on this subject one of the most sorrowful and disheartening tales of the day.

In fact, look which way we will, we find abundant evidence of two things: one is, that the absorption of the mental and moral energies of the country in the anti-slavery struggle, the habits of discussion and of thought bred by the controversy with the South, the love of general ideas, the dislike of detail, the tendency to judge all State questions by reference to Federal standards of expediency, the lofty indifference to all possible consequences or bearings, except one, of every measure which comes up, have exercised a most disastrous influence on the work of what may be with propriety called internal reform. And the other is, that the peculiar adaptation of the democratic principle so generally resorted to since 1846, which consists in the election of nearly all officials by universal suffrage for short terms, on low salaries, has proved a signal failure. This phenomenon is nothing new. Every country which has gone through a great struggle in pursuit of a great object has had much the same experience. But it is of experiences of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent, that political education is made up. Nations do not prepare themselves either for the work of self-government or work of reform by the study of ethics or jurisprudence or political economy, but by a series of costly experiments and severe trials. The reaction which followed 1848 all over the continent of Europe seemed at the time a tremendous misfortune. The history of the last seven years has shown clearly that it was just what was needed to give Germans and Italians another step, and a most important one, in political education; and we have no doubt that it will be admitted ten years hence that Louis Napoleon has done far more—unconsciously, in spite of himself, it is true—for the cause of free government in France than the constitutional monarchy could ever have done. We shall hit in this country yet on the proper arrangement of the democratic machinery, but it will be through failures and crises such as we are now witnessing.

One of the first conditions of successful and speedy reform is, however, the withdrawal of some of the reforming force of the country from "advanced thinking," as it is called. The discipline of the army of reformers has never been in any country or any age very good, but in this country, at this moment, it is peculiarly bad. As we pointed out more than a year ago, the proportion borne by the bummers, who are looking up the fords, the bridges, the granaries, and the concealed treasure, and ambushed enemy, to the regular battalions, who are guarding the baggage, keeping the communications open, and garrisoning the captured strongholds, and making the march an advance instead of a mere raid, is ludicrously large. A man who keeps his place in line on the day of battle, takes his turn of outpost duty, and is ready for all the obscure and inglorious duties of the service, is getting to be looked on as a contemptible drudge. Most reformers prefer mounting a little mule, arming themselves with some not generally accepted weapon, called a "new idea," and starting off on their own hook, spying out the land, exchanging shots and epithets with the enemy, and shouting out from every rising ground glorious accounts of what they see ahead.

This tendency is fostered by the extraordinary and invaluable amount of hope and enthusiasm with which nearly everybody looks into the future. It so overflows, and finds so much justification in the past, that anybody who endeavors to keep it in subjection and look at the hard facts of the day is treated as morally diseased, and is cried down. But then the consciousness that hope alone will not do, that declamation on the future of humanity must for the present give place to some hard and repulsive work among existing abuses, begins to spread rapidly. The spectacle which may nowadays be frequently witnessed, of "advanced thinkers" delivering impassioned discourses on lofty general ideas, such as "human equality," "equal justice," "the rights of labor," to congregations composed largely of hardened peculators whose pockets are filled with the public money, or who are fresh from the perpetration of some job by which the very foundations of society are shaken and the guaranties of all rights—above all, the rights of the poor—weakened, begins to have its effect on the popular mind. The men whose hands the public should now strengthen are the hands of the working practical reformers, like the Jenckeses and Garfields and Wellses, whose aim it is to bring the real products of "advanced thinking" to the poor man's home, and to give the weak some better protection for their rights than platform oratory. The bummers need no support. They are sure to take care of themselves in all regions and all climates.

THE AUTOTYPE OR CARBON PROCESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE beautiful results of the recent great step in the art of photography, which has been called by its inventors the Autotype process, are not yet as well known among us as they ought to be. By this new process monochromatic photographs may be produced in any color that may be desired. The process is still in its infancy, but the results already attained by it are such as to warrant the hope of still further progress in the same direction. It has as yet been chiefly applied—and its excellence is most manifest—in the reproduction of original drawings of the old masters. For this purpose it is perfectly adapted. It gives an almost exact *fac-simile*, and in the best examples a perfection has been reached which renders the copy in all important respects, in all respects of art and use, as valuable as the original. Not only is every line and touch rendered with photographic accuracy, but the color of the original, produced by the same material as was employed by the artist, is given also, and with a close approach to exactness in the copy. Thus, if the original be in sepia or bistre, in red chalk or black crayon, these substances are used respectively for the coloring-matter of the reproduction. Any single color may be employed without restriction, the only requisite being that it should be applied with judgment and with something more than mere mechanical skill. The autotypes of Adolph Braun, of Dornach, long known as one of the best artists in photography in Europe, leave little to be desired. The steps by which the process has reached its present perfection have been long and slow. As far back as 1839, as we learn from a pamphlet issued in London by the Autotype Printing and Publishing Company, "Mr. Mungo Ponton discovered that paper impregnated with a solution of bichromate of potassa became highly sensitive to light, and that, by exposing, a brown positive picture could be obtained, and that it could be developed and fixed by simply washing out the soluble bichromate which had remained unacted upon under the opaque, or partly opaque, portions of the negative." The curious fact of the apparent insolubility of the bichromate where it was acted on by the light was afterwards shown by Becquerel to be due to the action of the bichromate itself under the influence of light upon the gelatine in Mr. Ponton's sized paper, rendering it insoluble, so that it held the bichromate by which the paper had been sensitized.

In 1855 Mr. Poitevin mixed a pigment in fine powder with the gelatine paper properly prepared and sensitized, and "found that when the gelatine was rendered insoluble by the action of the light passing through the negative," the pigment remained fixed with it, as it were imprisoned, while under the parts of the negative impervious to light it was wasted away with the gelatine.

"He thus procured a picture of any color, according to the nature of the pigment employed. His results were highly satisfactory, whenever his negative or cliché was that of a subject in line or stipple, and when the sensitive compound was sufficiently thin to allow the light to pass completely through it; or where it was not upon the surface, but in the pores of the paper. When, however, the negative was one taken from a natural object, with all the beautiful gradation and half-tone which we observe in a good photograph, or in a good drawing made by washes, the process failed, and was unequal to the task of reproducing this continuous gradation. Many experiments were made to overcome this difficulty, but with more or less want of success. M. l'Abbé de Laborde appears to have been the first to point out the cause of the loss of half-tone in Poitevin's process. He showed by deductions from his own experiments, made with boiled linseed oil, which he found sensitive to light, and which acts in a manner analogous to the sensitive compound of Poitevin, that the picture was really formed in all its perfection, the gradation being given by the more or less penetration of light into the substance of the sensitive layer. In the darkest shades, the light had completely traversed the layer, and reached the paper or plate upon which it was spread, but in the lightest shades the action was confined to an infinitely small fraction of the thickness; the remainder of the layer beneath it remaining unchanged, and being still soluble in the original menstruum. On this being applied to reveal the image, these attenuated portions on the surface were undermined and carried away by the removal of the soluble substratum beneath, and thus were the delicate shades destroyed."

But though the cause of failure was thus ascertained, a remedy was still to be discovered. Various suggestions were made, but none of them answered the purpose until Mr. Swan, an Englishman, invented the process which is now in use with entire success, and for which letters patent were granted to him in 1864:

"He first prepares what he calls a tissue, by forming a layer of gelatine and sugar mixed with a due proportion of pigment, and which he calls the 'tissue compound,' upon paper. This compound may be mixed at once with the bichromate or 'sensitizer,' and applied simultaneously with it to the paper, in which case 'sensitized tissue' is formed, which has only to be dried to be ready for use; or the tissue may be made without the bichromate, and the insensitive tissue thereby formed may be 'sensitized," when dry, by immersion in a solution of the bichromate whenever it is required for use. Being insensitive, it may, of course, be kept in the light, and when properly prepared may be kept in the dry state for any length of time.

"The tissue is exposed to light under the negative with its sensitive surface in contact with the glass. After exposure for a period which is not more than one-fourth, or at the most one-third, of that required for the complete insolation of the silver paper in the ordinary photographic process, the surface of the tissue is cemented to a piece of paper, which constitutes what is called the 'support;' the picture formed on the surface of the sensitive tissue being thereby transferred to, and supported by, the second sheet of paper. This may be either 'permanent' or 'temporary.' If the latter, the best cement is found to be a solution of caoutchouc (india-rubber) in benzole. The picture, with the surplus tissue compound unacted upon, is now enclosed between two layers of paper, one only of which is permeable to water. On immersing the whole in this fluid, slightly heated, the soluble part of the compound softens and partially dissolves, and the doubled sheet, in consequence, splits into two portions, one taking with it the soluble tissue compound, while the other retains the insoluble portion which constitutes the picture formed by light, and which is rendered perfect by simply being washed in warm water. It is, however, reversed, and must be retransferred to another sheet of paper, which then becomes the permanent or final support. Gelatine rendered insoluble by chrome alum is usually employed as the cement in this case, and when the picture has been thus treated, it is again held between two sheets of paper.

"The temporary support is easily removed, by spreading over its back a little benzole or other solvent of caoutchouc, and the picture is then finished and ready to be trimmed and mounted. Or if trimmed while on the temporary support, it may be at once mounted upon card or plate paper, and the temporary support being detached in this stage, the second mounting is avoided. The finished picture in this case is perfectly analogous to an ordinary engraving on India paper."

The Autotype Printing and Publishing Company in London now hold Mr. Swan's patent for Great Britain, while Mr. Braun holds it for France. The applications of the process are so various that its use, or the use of a similar process, must soon be extended wherever photography is practised as an art.

For artists, especially in America, the reproductions of the drawings of the old masters in the galleries of Europe are of inestimable value. M. Braun has, for three years past, been steadily engaged in reproducing selections from the best drawings in the collections of the Louvre, at Florence, Venice, Vienna, Basle, and elsewhere, and the lovers of art now have an opportunity of obtaining, at a comparatively moderate cost, specimens of the works of the great masters, which are, for all purposes of study, as good as the originals themselves. Deprived as we are of the finished works of the chief painters of the best time of art, and unlikely as it is that we shall for a long time yet to come possess a good gallery of their pictures, limited also as the uses of a gallery must always be in a country of such extent as ours, no better means of supplying a part of our want exists than is afforded by these autotypes. Sketches or drawings by Leonardo, by Titian, by Raphael, Holbein, and the other greatest masters, though they give but an imperfect idea of the pictures of the artists, have a value of their own not only as showing modes of study and methods of execution, but, more especially, often possessing qualities of feeling, of imagination, and of expression which illustrate the action of the artist's mind, and indicate the range and quality of his power quite as distinctly as his more elaborate and completer works. There is often a freshness, life, and vigor about a drawing, and a perfect, however limited, truth in a rapid sketch, rarely to be found in a finished composition.

If one were to select only from the *fac-similes* taken from the drawings in the Louvre, he would have masterly and, in almost every instance, thoroughly characteristic specimens of Michael Angelo, Lorenzo di Credi, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Leonardo, Titian, Paul Veronese, and Mantegna (to mention no lesser Italian names), as well as of Albert Dürer, Rubens, and Vandyke; of Claude, of Greuze, and of Watteau. He might have, beside, specimens of fifty other masters, and might form a collection of genuine and permanent interest and worth, at a cost comparatively trifling. The autotypes from these drawings are sold in Europe, well mounted, at a price which ought to allow of their sale here at from one dollar to three dollars a piece, according to their size. We trust that an agency for their sale at the most moderate possible rate—so as to bring them within the means of persons who have but little to spend on works of art—may soon be established in New York.

PICKWICKIANISM.

THERE is probably no more singular illustration of the utilitarian tendency of popular morality than the distinction which has grown up in America and England, and which is sure to grow up in the long run under

all successful constitutional governments, between a man's public and private character—or, in other words, the general recognition which obtains of the possibility of a man's being very honorable, upright, straightforward, truthful, and scrupulous as a private individual, and very base, tricky, tortuous, false, and unscrupulous as a politician. The distinction is one which will not bear five minutes' examination at the hands of a moralist or philosopher, and is one, indeed, which most people, if put down to a deliberate examination of it, would find it impossible to explain; and yet few people ever hesitate to accept it and to regulate their judgments of public men by it. Nothing we know of the workings of the human mind or of the composition of that most composite thing, the human character, warrants us in believing that a man can tell lies in a legislature or caucus and yet bring to private business or private intercourse a horror of falsehood; or deliberately allow a man to remain under a false impression as to a candidate, and yet turn with horror from the sanding of sugar or the sale of a foundered horse; and yet we all believe it, or at least act as if we believed it; and the reason is that if we did not fall in with the pretence the working of free institutions would become well-nigh impossible.

It is under cover of this distinction that there has grown up in parliamentary procedure that most comical theory which Dickens has satirized so well in "Pickwick," that not only can a man have two characters, but that he may use ordinary words in two different senses—the one the common sense, and the other the parliamentary sense; that you may call a political opponent a "deceiver," a "traitor," or "humbug," in a "parliamentary sense," while believing firmly that, from the point of view of everyday life, the application of any one of these terms to him would be grossly unjust and untrue. Perhaps, indeed, the perception of the fact that a man in a large audience is converted by that strange magnetism which seems to lie in numbers into a being in many respects utterly different from the same man at home in his own parlor—a more excitable, credulous, soft-hearted person—has had something to do with the origin of the distinction. There is not an orator in a hundred who could look a friend in the eye in a private room and make to him the statements that he will make with swelling port in his presence five minutes afterward at a public meeting. The concentration on a human being of a few hundred pairs of eyes does really, to a certain extent, transform him both morally and mentally. It seems to supply him, often, with a different moral standard, different mental tests, and a different view of the ridiculous, making, in fact, a different arrangement of his intellectual machinery. Men accustomed to public speaking, therefore, are hardly ever disposed to hold an orator to the same account for what he says in speeches as for what he says in conversation or in writing.

But then, besides this consideration, and far stronger than this consideration, comes the other one, that if the language which politicians use towards each other in political discussions were taken literally it would be impossible, as human nature is now constituted, to work the machinery of parliamentary government. People, therefore, tacitly agree to take what is said of public men, as public men, as if it meant less than it would mean if used of the same persons as private citizens, and it is found in practice that nations are successful in carrying on parliamentary government just in proportion to their readiness to accept this distinction. A general election in France, if conducted as the last one was in England, would be followed by a crop of duels which would make an election nearly as sanguinary as a pitched battle in the streets; and there is nothing more incomprehensible, and at the same time more revolting, to Frenchmen than the liberties which politicians take with each other in the heat of a political contest here or in England. If the same things were said by Frenchmen of Frenchmen it would render it impossible for all concerned ever to meet again on the same platform or in the same assembly, and the game would be brought to a close without result. But it will not do for us to undervalue this sensitiveness, however injurious it may be politically, for it unquestionably keeps alive a self-respect, an amount of personal dignity, a regard for reputation which, in the absence of the highest moral culture, are amongst the most valuable safeguards of society. Anglo-Saxons as completely liberated as Frenchmen are from religious restraints and religious traditions would be brutish in their ways to a degree of which we can hardly form an idea. But our thick-skinnedness enables us at least to meet when the contest is over and go on doing the practical work of political life as if nothing had happened; to greet the traitors, imbeciles, and scoundrels of yesterday cordially, and act with them cheerfully.

But then the thick-skinnedness has its bad side, and the bad side is a very bad one. The tendency of the constant use of language in the "Pickwickian sense" is to drive the other sense out of use. Most people like to speak strongly of things and people they do not like. Nothing but great self-control or extraordinary reverence for accuracy of expression will prevent most men from denouncing their enemies more violently than they deserve—if for no other reason, as a relief to their own feelings. Even clergymen feel frequently inconvenienced by their enforced abstinence from profane swearing. The consequence is that the common run of those who take much part in hot political discussion drift into vituperation which in calm moments they cannot justify, and they save themselves from the necessity of justifying it by treating it as simply a Pickwickian use of language. It is only by treating a large part of what they say in public as Pickwickian that Wendell Phillips and Henry Wilson, for instance, can meet on a platform without giving each other a few hearty kicks. Did they always use language in its ordinary sense, they would owe it to themselves and to society, and especially to the youth of both sexes who have read Mr. Phillips's speeches about Mr. Wilson, to assault and batter each other vigorously. It is only, too, by a rigid observance of the distinction that Mr. Johnson was able to receive General Butler on New Year's Day without pulling his nose. Had the "Pickwickian sense" not been invented, he would have been bound to pull it, and the general would have been one of the first to acknowledge the force of the obligation. Mr. Johnson could not have received the visit simply as a "mark of respect to his office," because no office is so exalted as to require one to honor it by shaking hands with "Caligula" or "the greatest criminal of the age."

But this excessive use of the "Pickwickian sense," in such cases as these, naturally tends to deprive all denunciation of all force. The general public cannot possibly observe the distinction carefully and apply it accurately; and finding that men in public life call each other scoundrels and tricksters and cheats every day, and then shake hands and laugh, they naturally cease to pay attention when anybody whatever is called a scoundrel or cheat—a fact of which the real scoundrels and cheats have become perfectly aware. Hence the complete indifference of the great knaves and swindlers both of politics and commerce—the men who really *do* pocket money that does not belong to them, and *do* take pay for betraying their trusts—to the denunciations hurled at them by indignant reformers. There is not one of them who is now in the least troubled by being held up to scorn as a rogue, because he knows that the public is so familiar with the application of such terms to undoubtedly honest men that it does not heed them when applied to any man whatever. Hence the comfortable way they have of "despising what the newspapers say," and of laughing proudly when they hear that they are being denounced by the reformers. They tell you that the same things are said every day of some of the best men in the country, and actually persuade themselves and their friends into the belief that a scathing attack from a newspaper or reforming orator is simply a kind of rough testimony to their power and importance, and not at all an imputation on their character.

We doubt, too, if it be possible for any people to make a practice of accusing men of great baseness without really meaning it, and continue very long to regard baseness with proper horror. One of the uses of language is to keep moral as well as intellectual distinctions clear and well defined; but if we get into the way of abusing the man who votes against his party in precisely the same terms as the man who absconds with the public money, our minds, however well trained, cannot long retain a very keen perception of the moral difference between the two offences; nor can we, after dining with the "villain who has betrayed the party," continue to feel any great scruple about shaking hands with the villain who has robbed the post-office. In fact, if the present indiscriminateness in vituperation continues much longer, it will become necessary, in order to show a man that society really disapproves of his conduct, for the people of his county to rise as they do at the South, under the superintendence of the sheriff, and burn his house and hunt him with bloodhounds. Any milder indication of popular resentment he will treat as a mere device to push the circulation of a feeble newspaper or rouse a languid audience.

THE FARCE IN THE LEVANT.

ATHENS, Dec. 26, 1868.

AMONG the obituaries of the year we may as well put one which, if a little premature, is not at all, I believe, doubtful—that of the Cretan insurrection moribund, and which will die as soon as the doctors leave it. Its epitaph may briefly be written: born of an intrigue of the enemies, it died of an intrigue of the friends, of Crete. No insurrection was ever before so iniquitously excited, none before so dishonorably suppressed. Its

sickness is owing to the incapacity of the central committee at Athens, and may be said to date its open manifestation from the petition of the Cretan chiefs for an autonomy, a petition written in the royal palace at Athens, and delivered by the King's private secretary to the Cretan chief charged to manœuvre it into effect. For the moment it stopped the *élan* of the insurrection, and produced the first serious disorder among the chiefs; but having no result, the insurrection resumed slightly its vitality, and to re-establish its morale called Coroneos to the general command. From my personal knowledge of things in Crete, and the testimony of all my friends and correspondents there, I am persuaded that at that time the insurrection had sufficient force to resume an activity greater, in proportion to the force Turkey could bring to bear on it, than it had ever had. The Bulgaris ministry, fearing that it might recover, and anxious to appear to support it, sent Petropoulaki and a thousand Mainotes and desperadoes, and the committee, fearing the loss of its functions and stipend, accepted the substitution, although well assured from Crete that it would be fatal. In effect, the better part of the Cretan chiefs withdrew at once from hostilities; the old and new bands of foreign volunteers fell into quarrelling at once; Sphakia seceded from the measure in great part, and although all the strongholds of Crete were, at last writing from there, still in the hands of the Christians, the war may be said to be ended.

This result would have been instantly fatal to the Bulgaris government but for the sham row it got up with the Porte. The conviction is almost universal "in well-informed circles" here that the whole thing was prearranged with the Turkish minister before the ultimatum was communicated, and that the Porte did now what it never dared do when circumstances were far more favorable—menace Greece with war; a menace it dares not now carry into effect unless assured of the co-operation of Austria in the Principalities. War would be disastrous to Greece, but fatal to Turkey; it would be the beginning of a general Eastern war, if not Western as well, and it is perfectly well understood here that the great Powers with the exception of France and Austria, are determined not to let Turkey go to war with Greece. The Porte and M. Bulgaris, thus assured that they were well held back, rushed at each other with the vehemence of bull-dogs. The ultimatum, a most absurd state paper, was replied to by a ridiculously defiant denial *in toto*, which, considering that every gamin in Athens knew that Petropoulaki was called from Maïna by Bulgaris, received his instructions from a member of the cabinet, and was paid from the public treasury, beside being furnished with mountain guns from the national arsenal (which, however, he sent back in the *Enosis*, they having only been put on board for effect), and that the enrolment and organization had been as ostentatious as possible, even to driving in carriages past the Turkish minister's with the Cretan flag flying, old Petropoulaki in the leading carriage, was a piece of impertinence a respectable statesman could only have committed in comedy.

These two blows delivered in air, and David having assumed the proper melodramatic *pose* with the stone (only a cream-cheese he brought with him from his sheep-fold) in his sling ready to smite Goliath in the forehead, the innocent people takes to applauding the plucky ministry, beginning with a demonstration of gamins and university boys, who went to the King's palace and zittoed vociferously half an hour without anybody noticing them, when they went to all the legations on the same melodious errand. I took the trouble to walk through them, and see if I could find a respectable or well-known man. I could not. The most were boys and loafers, many drunk. They went to the Russian legation and yelled awhile, but nobody was at home; so they went to the American, next door, and zittoed again, "for the great America." A waiting-maid came and adorned the open window with a not ill-looking head; they zittoed the servant and America alternately, and, as the minister did not show himself, they were moving away, when the door opened and some appendage of the legation appeared and murmured some words, which I, being twenty feet away, could not hear; then the boys, zittoing again, went back to the Russian, which seemed the favorite, and thence shouting down Hermes Street to other fields, died away in the distance.

Encouraged by this enthusiastic demonstration, the ministry allowed Photiades Bey to take his passports and leave; called on the chamber to support it, and asked for a loan of a hundred million drachmas, which were calmly voted, remembering that of the loan of 28,000,000 voted the year before last only 12,000,000 has as yet been taken, and that there was no chance of any of the new one being taken. The ministerial organs are still busy shouting zitto and something about the national dignity and war to the—well, not exactly knife, perhaps, but at any rate to diplomatic extremes; and we go on, not a step having yet been taken to put the country in a state of defence. All the safe measures of defiance are, however, adopted, and the dust so raised obscures the stage, and hides the last struggles of Crete dying in the background.

As pretty a play as if Aristophanes had written it; but after, the reckoning. Bulgaris by a stage trick has kept his place through the session of the Chamber, which adjourned last week, and will not meet again except by special call until November, so that from constitutional aggression he has nothing to fear. The public is already aware of the trick, and when the dust shall have cleared away, and it is perceived that the Government has trifled with the irrepressible Hellenic patriotism, and that there is no probability of a war with Turkey, and that Crete is gone, I think that the chances of a revolution are pretty good, and that as George I. has forced the obnoxious ministry on the country, the chances of his going with it are fair. It is probably for this contingency that a Danish frigate has just arrived at Piræus.

The affair at Syra has come just in time to excite the people still more and lay the foundations of a real quarrel by-and-by. So that though the ministry, in a childish, short-sighted way, are rid of the Cretan affair and the foreign pressure it caused, or, as the Greeks put it, have obeyed their foreign masters (and it may be said that they begin to class the King in this category), they have only deepened their future difficulties. The whole imbroglio will have to be judged and settled by foreign diplomacy, and as, in the meanwhile, Crete will have succumbed, the Porte can be content with some slight concession to the Hellenic dignity.

The Porte does not want war, and knows well that it is not ready for it; but it is believed in high official quarters that the French Government in spite of its pacific protestations, is secretly pushing it to war measures. War is clearly not far away, and once begun it will probably become general; indeed, it is generally believed in the legation here and at Constantinople that the conflagration following the first spark will be rapid and widespread, involving all Europe. The position of the Emperor of France is such that he must fight somebody, and if he can so arrange matters that hostilities shall commence in the Turkish Empire, Austria will step in first, then Russia; and then France, having kept the peace so far, will have the advantage of appearing to act for the general good and in the interests of the balance of power, and hopes to draw England with her on this war-path. If, however, war should begin by a French movement on the Rhine (as otherwise it must), the Emperor, being the aggressor, will have against him not only England, but all the peace party of Europe and the Germanic feeling in Austria, which will ill brook Germans fighting with France against Germans. It becomes all-important, therefore, in the French interest that the war should commence in Turkey, and in the Russian that it should commence in Prussia. It is not surprising, then, that the Russian influence should be exercised in favor of peace in the East until war shall have broken out on the Rhine, or that of the three or four insurrections actually ready and waiting orders in Turkey none should be showing a sign of life. Epirus and Thessaly are ready and have called for Coroneos; the Bulgarians are only waiting a word from further north, to say nothing of the Principalities; while the Lebanon is thoroughly mined, waiting for Karam, who is now here waiting the moment, and what the moment waits for is more than I know; may be, more than anybody knows. The position reminds one of Holmes's one-horse shay, so well kept in condition and protected at all weak points that, like that famous vehicle, it is to be apprehended that it will give out everywhere simultaneously. Of one thing we may be sure, that as long as the Alabama question is unsettled England will have to keep out of the fray.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce that, in case a sufficient number of copies is subscribed for, they will publish large-paper editions, consisting of one hundred copies each, of the "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck" and "The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck." The volumes will be printed on tinted paper, with pictures not found in other editions—four portraits of Halleck and one of Drake, and pictures of the home and monument of the former at Guilford—and will be handsomely bound. The subscription price is ten dollars.——The latest of the translations from the German, which, just at present, are beating in our American fiction market the translations from the French and the republications of English novels, is a book announced by Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co., of Baltimore. It is the "Eudoxia" of the erratic, poetic Ida, Countess von Hahn-Hahn, who once made a greater noise in the world than she will ever make again. So far as we hear, "Eudoxia" has

never before been put into an English dress; it is now "freely translated," the publishers say. Another work just issued by the same house is a volume of miscellaneous essays by Dr. Richard McSherry, who, among other things, treats of "Mexico and Mexican Affairs," the "Early History of Maryland," and "Homœopathy."——Mr. A. Eyrich, successor to Blelock & Co., announced that on the 15th of the month he would have ready a novel with the title, "The Heroine of the Confederacy; or, Truth and Justice," by Miss Florence J. O'Connor.——What we have said above of the relative popularity of English, French, and German novelists is, of course, to be taken with some qualifications. We imagine that even Miss Mühlbach would not beat Mr. Dickens in our circulating libraries, and Victor Hugo, too, when he comes with his "Par Ordre du Roi" will beat her and her compeers with ease. It is equally certain that among those readers of fiction whose taste for it is not of the coarser varieties, while at the same time they are numerous enough to make an audience of thousands, no living English novelist, not excepting George Eliot, could compete before Americans with Mr. Charles Reade—when he works alone. The announcement that the current volume of the *Galaxy* would contain his new story doubled the number of that magazine's subscribers in the course of the single month of December, and no doubt will still further and largely lengthen the list. This vigorous writer, who has already shown in some of his novels that he has a pretty good eye for the American type of character, and that he does not dislike it at all, but who evidently has studied his Yankees at second-hand or—just as bad—from some incarnated exaggeration of Yankeeism, ought to put into practice an idea that we believe he has for some time entertained, or half entertained, of coming over to this country, as Thackeray and Dickens came. It would give him new admirers and friends, and besides and more important, would offer him fresh material, which he would probably be able to use with good effect. ——Messrs. John Wiley & Son, acting as agents for Samuel Bagster & Sons, of London, announce a new and fine edition of the Bible known as Bagster's Polyglot Bible. It is to be contained in two volumes folio, and is in eight languages, namely: the Hebrew of the edition of Van der Hooght, with vowel points and accents; the Greek of the Septuagint, and the Greek of the New Testament (the received text); the Latin of the Vulgate; the English of the King James version; the German of Luther's Bible; the French of J. F. Ostervald's version; the Italian of Diodati's; and the Spanish of Patre Scio's. To these is added the New Testament in Hebrew, by William Greenfield (Wilhelm Grünfeld), which is, we believe, a version for missionary purposes, and the work of a converted Jew. To this, again, by way of appendix, there will be added the Syriac New Testament, the "Peshito" (which is wrongly spelled with the German *sch* in the prospectus before us); the Samaritan Pentateuch, according to the edition of Kennicott; Various Readings of the Septuagint and Variations in the Reading of the Greek New Testament drawn from the notes of Griesbach. This work public institutions receive free of duty. Private individuals must pay for it eight dollars more, or sixty dollars in gold.

—Mr. A. R. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, has recently issued his annual report, in which, among other things, he notes the additions to the national library made during the year ending with the first day of last December. By operation of the copyright law there have been added to the whole number of books 1,682; by purchase, 3,208; by deposit of the Smithsonian Institution, 1,921; by presentation—from Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Hamburg—903; by exchanges, 784—which make in all new volumes to the number of 8,498. In this statement no account is made of about 2,500 pamphlets. We cannot tell by looking at the report whether, in this 2,500 pamphlets, the librarian means to include "1,421 pamphlets and periodicals" which accrued under the operation of the copyright law, but we presume he does. The law in question provides that of every book for which a copyright is granted one copy must be sent by the publishers to the national library; and in accordance with such provision that institution, during the last twelve months, has received, besides the volumes and pamphlets above-mentioned, 1,561 pieces of music, 80 maps, and 347 engravings and photographs. If we were to suppose that every publisher complies with the law, we should from this list reach the conclusion that the whole number of publications in the United States between December '67 and December '68 was 5,091. But it is to be supposed that of all our publications no more than three-fourths find their way to Mr. Spofford. This is due to more causes than one. Many works are copyrighted by persons, other than the publishers, whose residences, it is impossible to ascertain; some States make no return to the Patent Office of copyrights issued; some publishers or copyrighters may be supposed ignorant of the law, and no doubt some are dishonest. We would, however, remind Mr. Spofford of a circumstance which we do not see that he has taken into account, namely, that a certain number of copyright works are entered in the various clerks' offices by a printed title-page merely, and of these a certain number never see the light. Such title-page works generally belong to the class of books entered by persons other than regular publishers. Mr. Spofford reports the annual catalogue as passing through the press, that the catalogue of pamphlets is about half made, that the general alphabetical catalogue of subjects is so far carried on as to the letter G (512 pages already printed), and that the four annual catalogues of 1864, 65-66-67, have been combined in one alphabet with the general catalogue (of titles).

—All Sanskrit scholars, whether in Europe or India—or as we may, we suppose, venture to add, in America—are invited to put themselves into communication with the Indian Government for the purpose of suggesting what manuscripts should be looked for by certain Government agents who are to be appointed to make tours of investigation throughout India. They are to examine old manuscripts, and to seek for new ones. We presume they may also properly be called on to make such reports as may be desirable on any matter connected with the study of any of the fast-vanishing relics of a civilization long passed away, and of a literature much of which will be irrecoverably lost unless immediate effort is made to rescue its monuments from destruction. The work of cataloguing the manuscripts, those already known as well as those to be discovered, has been committed to competent native and European scholars—Dr. Bühler, Mr. Burnell, Baloo Rajendra Lal Nutta are mentioned—who also will act as editors whenever it is decided to reproduce any work. The Government of India has made an annual grant of £2,400 for carrying out this enterprise. The Secretary of State of the Government of India is the channel through which foreign scholars may address the editors.

—Some good judges might be inclined to give to Gerald Griffin the highest place as a delineator of Irish life and Irish character, but judges who could be called really good would all, we imagine, pronounce in favor of awarding the second place to William Carleton, whose death at the age of seventy is just reported. It is a point on which the best opinion is that of an Irishman, and anybody's else may properly be received with some grains of allowance; but this being said, we for our own part do not hesitate to put Carleton above all competitors in the special field of which we have spoken. Griffin was an intenser and more powerful genius, and could move in regions of passion not sought by Carleton when the latter was doing his best. Miss Edgeworth's Irish are conventional, and Lover's, in spite of some successes, are of a conventional farcical type. As for Lever's Irish characters, they are, when distinctively Irish, apt to be little more real than the Yankees of our comic papers—a remark which, however, ought not to be made without its being said at the same time that the other character-drawing of that author is often of a high order, and also that some of his pictures of Irish manners of the unconventional type are pronounced good. Thackeray's Irish nobody forgets who knows the book of miscellaneous poetry, who thinks of Captain Costigan, and that slashing writer, Shandon. But the Irishman in Thackeray is apt to be sketchy, or else to be partly swallowed up in the man, with the effect, to be sure, of giving the latter an almost overpowering fragrance of the former. Moreover, Thackeray's range was narrow. But Carleton was always racy of the soil—as much at home in the bog, at the mountain still, at the Whiteboy's midnight meeting, at the assizes and the horse fair, at the midnight mass and the turf-covered hedge school, at the station, and the distraining, and the attack on the gauger, and the faction fight, and the wake, as his peasant father; and almost as much at home with leprachaun and fairy and banshee as his peasant mother, who taught him the songs and traditions of her mother's and grandmother's people. Dealing with the life of the peasant and small farmer and country priest, Carleton was unequalled; and we should say without much fear of being contradicted by the event that a careful perusal of his admirable and most entertaining "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" would be almost a better means of becoming acquainted with our own Irish, and of learning how to get on with them, than reading everything else that has ever been written about the Irish here or at home. Professor Goldwin Smith's little book about Ireland, also, is a work that we always feel inclined to mention whenever mention is made of the Irish. Professor Smith's work has not, we think, been reprinted in this country; Carleton's works have been, we believe, but are now out of print, though doubtless sure of revival sooner or later. Carleton was born at Clogher, in Tyrone, Ulster, in 1798, and consequently was a little more than seventy years of age at the time of his death. His long life was rather an active one, as far as literary work is concerned;

but towards the close of it he unfitted himself for labor of any kind. He wrote a first and a second series of the "Traits and Stories," a novel entitled "Fardarougha, the Miser," which has been republished here and has enjoyed a considerable popularity, six or seven other long stories, and very many short tales. At the time of his death he was in receipt of a Government pension of £200 a year. It is a characteristic of his writings that they always discourage the chronic revolt, more or less secret, against their governors which the author's countrymen carry on, and this is not the literary merit which English governments of past days were slowest to perceive in Irishmen's works, and to reward with pensions and places.

—The latest of the French attacks on the great Corsican is, as most of the later ones have been, from the republican side. It is by M. Piérart, and it may be doubted if even transporting that gentleman beyond the limits of France would be as efficacious as it is in the case of so many French Reds in turning him into a worshipper of "the matricide of Democracy." "It is time to give this man his proper rank," says M. Piérart, in beginning a book that he has written about the Waterloo campaign. So he reminds his countrymen that Napoleon at Jaffa butchered prisoners of war; that he murdered the Duc d'Enghien; that men superior to himself who differed with him on political questions he shot; that when he was beaten in the field he more than once or twice fled from it like a cur. Then M. Piérart goes on to the consideration of the military history of the Hundred Days, and makes against the Emperor many charges, supported by documentary proof, of folly and carelessness and wilfulness, and of lack of spirit as well as of intelligence. He chose for confidence and high places, says his accuser, officers like Soult, who had made himself extremely odious to the army by the most overstrained expression of loyalty to the Bourbons, and by ridiculous hypocrisies in the matter of paying deference to the priests; he slept during hours of the utmost value—coffee could no longer keep him awake—and showed none of Blücher's activity of mind; for hours together he left Ney and Grouchy without orders; for sixteen hours after Ligny he neglected to pursue the defeated Prussians—defeated, but unrouted—and could not be persuaded that they had not retreated on Namur, whither they should have gone according to his preconceived notion, but had retreated in the direction of the English; he sent Ney to attack the British at Quatre Bras, and gave him two battalions of the Guard, but at the same time gave him orders not to use them; after Ligny, when at midnight Grouchy desired to see him for consultation, he had to wait till half-past eight in the morning, and then the emperor appearing, took Soult with him in his carriage, and rode over the battle-field, instead of giving any attention to the whereabouts of the English or Prussians, thus giving "Old Forwards" eight inestimable hours. Wellington, on the other hand, does not come out of M. Piérart's hands entirely unscathed. His dilatoriness is, however, ascribed in part to Fouché's secret assurances that the French army would assuredly not move till July; but this explanation leaves it to be explained why a person of Fouché's character should have been relied on with what seems like blindness. Among other new things, we are told that at the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball Wellington was playing with a little child upon his knees at the moment when the news came; hearing it, the Iron Duke lost so much of his composure as to let the infant drop to the floor. As for the strength of the English army on the day of the battle, M. Piérart sets it, truly, as the English writers have done, at 70,000 men, and a hundred or two more; 17,000 men detached at Hal, for fear of operations on the right, took no part in the battle. "So then," says Piérart, "the Emperor had in front of him an army inferior in number, especially in artillery and cavalry;" and this he follows up with a statement still better calculated to set frantic almost all Frenchmen, no matter how ardent their aspirations after liberty and their hatred for military despots. "Napoleon," he avers—and we may imagine him averring it with an air of determined satisfaction at having now, beyond a doubt, accomplished the French unpardonable sin—"Napoleon, *even had Blücher not arrived*, would have been unable to dislodge the English, and consequently he was beaten; for in his situation not to remain master of the field was equivalent to defeat." Of course the book is full of bitterness, and not without its exaggerations, but it will help to give the reader the truth. The touch about the *café noir* and its inability, although taken in much more than the usual extraordinary quantities, to keep the Emperor awake, is alone worth heaps of the O'Meara "table-talk" talk about Grouchy and British gold. It suggests what seems to be the truth of the matter, that in the Waterloo campaign Napoleon, not then at all the Napoleon of old days, was fighting better soldiers than he had fought before.

—M. Piérart's book will do no more than help to give the reader the truth; for the purpose of still further enlarging his view it is indispensable that he should know some late writing by an able and impartial critic, an Englishman, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles C. Chesney, who now first renders the Prussians the credit due them for their services at Waterloo. We know how the ordinary English books of history treat this question. Wellington disposes his army in squares with artillery between; the French are drawn up on the opposite heights; the battle begins by cannonading, and mainly consists of charges by French foot and horse on the British squares, the French advancing under cover of a heavy fire, which ceases as they come to the British lines; the British artillery, meantime, playing on the advancing French till the British musketry is about to begin, when it goes to the rear. At the close of the day, according to Pinnock's Abridgment and the rest of the text-books, the Guard makes its final famous charge; General Cambronne doesn't make his famous reply to the British officer who demands the Guard's surrender; the whole British line moves forward, and Blücher, just as the French rout is completed, embraces the Duke and requests that his fresh troops may be allowed to pursue the flying enemy. Colonel Chesney shows that the Prussians on the actual field of battle occupied much of Napoleon's attention from three o'clock till the end of the day; that they relieved Wellington a good deal; that they lost not less than 7,000 men in the course of the afternoon; and that they thus very materially contributed to Napoleon's defeat. Napoleon's errors Colonel Chesney as well as M. Piérart points out very clearly. The Prussian Minister of War, Count von Moltke, has conveyed to Colonel Chesney the thanks of the Prussian Government. The full title of the book is "Waterloo Lectures: A Study of the Campaign of 1815," and its publishers are the Messrs. Longmans.

—The literature relating to the composer Mendelssohn, which has had already a remarkable popularity, has just been increased by the memoirs prepared by one of his most intimate friends, Eduard Devrient: "Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, und seine Briefe an mich" (Leipzig: J. J. Weber). This, together with the letters published by his family, will almost complete the material for a good biography of the great musician. The author was eight years his friend's senior, and knew him first as a boy of thirteen, already evincing genius in the musical soirées at his father's house. The peculiar relation between them, as they grew up together, gives the key to Mendelssohn's career. Devrient was the first to co-operate with him in an attempt to produce an opera, the great ambition and equal disappointment of his life. The elder crony wrote with this view the libretto of "Hans Heiling," which failed, however, to inspire Mendelssohn, and was reserved for another composer. Later, on his return from England, when he had become a near neighbor and daily companion of his friend, Mendelssohn's operatic desire revived afresh, and was the subject of constant discussion between him and Devrient, but he could not conclude upon anything. His letters are full of this subject, and prove that he never forsook it his life long. On his last visit to Devrient, in February, 1847, he brought him Geibel's "Lorelei," with a melancholy confession that he could not compose it. Leaving presently for England, he promised his sister Fanny to rejoin her on her birthday, the 8th November. Before he could return he got news of her sudden death, which was followed by his own on the 4th of November. On the 8th his body was laid beside hers in the family vault. No man was ever more truly a victim to overwork, an almost insane and wicked inability and unwillingness to take rest.

—Among the statues of the Luther monument at Worms the artist Rietschel placed, as one of the precursors of the Reformation, that of Savonarola, which is one of the most admired of them all. The fitness of this conjunction has been generally recognized, but a French Catholic has undertaken in a pamphlet, since turned into German, to prove that the Florentine martyr was anything but a protestant against the Church, though burnt by order of a Pope, and though Paul IV. condemned his writings as Lutheran. An Italian writer of much merit, Pasquale Villari, in a history of Savonarola and his times, has sought not indeed to separate him from Luther, but to place him above the latter as a reformer, dividing the honor of the Renaissance between him and Columbus, Italians both; attributing to his doctrines a broader logic than Luther's, and claiming for him that he first linked faith and reason, religion and freedom. These views, with some others not perhaps perfectly consistent with them, are based on ten years of diligent study and research of documents at Florence, by Villari, himself a Neapolitan; but they naturally have not found favor with the countrymen of Luther, though one of them, Moritz Verduscheck, has translated his history into German, and done it well. An able writer in the *Weser Zeitung* has traversed the question in a very thorough and con-

clusive manner, proving, as against the French writer alluded to, that Luther recognized Savonarola as engaged in a common cause with himself, and, as against Villari, that the Renaissance kindled no new religious life in Italy, and that Savonarola was no spiritual Columbus leading to new worlds, but rather a prophet of the good time to come.

—An unusual and seemingly highly valuable work, undertaken by Professor Angelo Messedaglia, of Padua, has been published at Venice and bears the title: "Criminal Statistics of the Austrian Empire, 1856–59, with particular reference to Lombardy and Venice, and in comparison with later dates to 1864, inclusive." The introduction treats at some length of the function and method of statistics, and proceeds to examine the criminal process in its successive stages. Then follows a brief exhibition of the Austrian penal procedure, prior to a thorough examination of penal cases from prosecution to conviction, which affords opportunity for observations on the goodness of the laws and the character of courts and judges. Crimes and penalties make up the second part of the work, giving rise to enquiry concerning the effects of penal systems and the prevailing tendencies of the masses, and concluding with a careful study of the moral condition of the country, with analysis of the personal relations of the condemned as to age, sex, condition, political status, etc. The political economists of any nation will probably find instruction in this cautious and intelligent survey and digest.

—Some of our playwrights might do worse than borrow for an English dressing a four-act drama, "Lo Spiritismo," by Leopoldo Marenco, which was enthusiastically received at the Royal Theatre in Milan for several successive nights, and which appears to contain the elements of a genuine sensation. Of the plot we cannot say more than that an excellent young girl, having lost her mind with her lost first love, becomes a spiritual medium, and among other evil consequences of her trade fastens upon an innocent woman the charge of having murdered her husband. Fortunately the real murderer is apprehended in season. It would thus appear that the ridiculous phase of spiritualism has less engaged the attention of the author than its to him serious and perilous tendencies, which, we may say, on the authority of the *Perseveranza*, are not so much to be dreaded in Milan as in Turin, Naples, and other cities of the peninsula, where proselytes are more numerous. Marenco's style is praised for its poetical merit, and his audiences have testified to the working qualities of the play.

MORAL USES OF DARK THINGS.*

A MORE appropriate title for this series of parenetical essays, so instructive and devout, would be "Divine Intentions in Dark Things." The two topics are quite distinct, and should not be confounded. To discover the moral uses of dark things is a wise and profitable task, always legitimate and timely. It is wholesome to mind and heart alike, for it helps us to adjust our thoughts and feelings to the order of the world as it is. But to say that the moral uses we discover are the uses which God proposes to himself as ends in the ordering of the world, is to make an unnecessary and a perilous assumption. Yet this Dr. Bushnell, in his character of a theologian, does. He assumes without argument the reality of final causes, disclaiming all sympathy with the "pantheistic literature" and the "philosophers" that disallow them. "This whole frame of being," he says, "is bedded in mind. As it belongs inherently to mind that it must have its ends, the All Present mind must have reference to ends, and the whole system of causes must at bottom be a system of final causes." These final causes, or deliberate intentions of the Infinite Intelligence, it is the purpose of this volume to conjecture. It has never hitherto been possible to do this without incurring the danger of presumption in representing His thoughts to be as our thoughts. In venturing to suggest that he knows what God means and purposes the writer at once claims an unseemly intimacy with Deity, and more than hints that Deity holds an extraordinary familiarity with him. The inevitable result is the belittling of the Supreme Being, who is thus reduced to the order of mechanics. The Creator becomes a carpenter; Providence, a system of domestic economies; the arrangement of the universe a neat plan of social convenience. Not only is the Supreme Intelligence credited with "mental operations" precisely similar to our own, but they are constrained to fall within the orbit and run along the line of our own. The reflection of the moon in the water-pail is judged to be the moon.

Dr. Bushnell perceives this danger, but he does not wholly escape it. At the opening of the chapter on "Animal Infestations" he notices "a difficulty encountered by the Bridgewater school of theologians, that what they gain by their argument from design they sometimes appear to lose by the discredit they bring on the ends for which the designs were made." He then proceeds with merciless logic to expose the fallacies of Kirby and Paley when they justify beaks and talons, claws and cuspidal teeth, fangs and stings and bags of venom as necessary to prevent the undue increase of species or to let out superfluous blood, or to scourge men for misdoing, or to carry off accumulating poisons and excrements, or to perform some other medicinal purpose in the animal economy. The foolishness of this whole style of argument, which assumes that physical uses are the decisive tests or objects of God's contrivance, nobody has ever more keenly exposed. But does he save himself from criticism by setting up moral uses as the decisive tests and objects? He places the argument on higher ground; his discussion deals with finer substances; his illustrations are richer; his tone is more elevated; he addresses the higher, not the lower, nature of man; he pays a deeper respect to the divine attributes; he leads the thoughts up into the mountains and makes us contemplate God as the Father of Spirits. Still it is *he* that undertakes to say what God made the world for; and *his* moral uses, however consoling to us, and however conducive to faith and hope, are sadly inadequate as an account of the Eternal designs. On this very subject of animal infestations his own reasonings, though far more subtle and beautiful than those of the Bridgewater school, far more satisfactory to thoughtful minds, are hardly more philosophical. When, for example, he accounts for the existence of mosquitoes by surmising "that unmolested sleep might settle us at length into lethargy;" that "God lets in upon us, on our face and hands and whole bodily skin, such numberless troops of hostile infestations" in order that we may be worried and stung away from the notion that the world is meant for sensuous happiness; that creatures of prey are given to be our kinsmen, "the cousins-german of our sin," being "the moral furniture of a world in selfishness and evil," having "a kind of bad litany in them, howling congenially with all wrong feeling and doing;" when he declares it to be the office of all the venomous animals to furnish a "living, biting, stinging, burning vocabulary of evil," and asserts it as "necessary to a true understanding of our responsibility that we should be tormented and maddened by the most absurd insects," symbolizing as they do, and as nothing else could, the fact that "we can sting the immense sensibility of God's goodness"—the surprise excited by the ingenuity does not incline us to think more reverently or devoutly or adoringly of the Great Being in whose behalf it is exercised, and to whose intelligence such curiously astute devices are ascribed. In fact, after reading a few of these chapters, the reader is tempted to throw the book down, and to rush away from the world of bewildering contrivances to the sphere of the philosophic mind, whose God contemplates no special ends whatever, but fulfils all ends by the necessity of His being, drawing all the particles of matter and mind along in the wake of his perpetually creating will; or to the still purer sphere of the musing reason, which is satisfied to lose itself unquestioning in the infinite deep.

In Dr. Bushnell's volume we meet not infrequently passages like the following: "It is of the greatest consequence that such a being as God should have images prepared to express him, and set him before the mind of man in all the grandeur of his attributes. These he has provided in the heavens and the sea, which are the two great images of his vastness and power." This is as if God were a scene-painter or a showman, who lights up the firmament and tosses about the billows, as being the best means of producing an effect on the human imagination. The eager apologist even allows himself to be betrayed into the mistake, which may be fatal to all belief, which may even be a provocative to atheism—the mistake of answering objections in one department by raising a host of similar objections in other departments, as if to leave the questioner no choice, but either to believe entirely or utterly to disbelieve. Faults like these might have been avoided had the author, disclaiming all purpose to reveal God's intentions, contented himself with a modest attempt to teach men how they might live believing lives and extract benefit from the world they live in.

But for these defects, which provoke a criticism the author is anxiouss to escape, Dr. Bushnell's book would be very good. It is good in spite of them. The author is a man of genius as well as a man of piety. He is a man of poetic sensibility, we should say something of an artist but for certain eccentricities and literary perversities that mar his work. His mind bubbles over with thoughts, and his fancy teems with illustrations. His exuberant vocabulary supplies language for every shade of meaning, and even suggests meanings where there are none, refining sense till it is refined away, and then refining the shadow it leaves as it departs. But the beauty of the book is its spirituality, the truth of its moral senti-

* "Moral Uses of Dark Things. By Horace Bushnell, D.D." New York: Charles Scribner & Co, 1868.

ment, the charm of its faith. A hundred will be warmed and comforted and elated by this for every one who detects the logical imperfections in the argument. Few will read these pages without being instructed. None but uncommon minds can read them without being enriched by thoughts that will help them to live more trustingly and bravely. The value of the book consists not in its philosophical, but in its practical character. On the mysteries of creation and providence it throws but little light; and the light it throws is so colored by the theological lenses it passes through as to be of doubtful utility to untheological thinkers. But sincere people who are unable to discover in creation any beneficent intentions whatever, may find themselves aided in the search by these honest and earnest pages; and they that wish to find an alchemy potent to turn poisonous metals and minerals sometimes into gold, and sometimes into seeming gold, may be recommended to Dr. Bushnell's laboratory, as being better furnished with appliances than any we know.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.*

The design of this volume is to present in an English dress to the historical student every portion of the Icelandic Sagas relating to the Pre-Columbian discovery of America by the Northmen. These Sagas or narratives are translated, with the needful explanations added in regard to persons and places. The value of the work may be estimated when it is considered how much controversy and confusion have grown out of the subject from the method adopted by previous authors in their writings, and from the doubtful passages in the original texts. On the one side it was claimed that these Sagas were not only truthful records of the facts stated in them, but that by liberal construction, justified by contemporaneous history of the deeds of the Northmen in other countries, much more might be reasonably inferred of their daring adventures, and of the discovery, settlement, and civilization of the Western Continent. It was maintained that they were the pioneers by whom Columbus was instructed in cosmography, and from whom he learned the route which led to his great success. It was further intimated that vestiges of this prior discovery and occupation still existed in mounds, ruins, and inscriptions on rocks.

On the other side, it was contended that these pretended Sagas were specious fabrications, produced to deprive Columbus of his fair fame; that at best they were only a collection of fables, resting upon superstitions of a dark age, with nothing of authentic history to support them. It was admitted that in Greenland some few architectural monuments might be found; but they were of a later date; while in Vinland, or New England, not one mark could be pointed out to prove that a European had placed his foot on its soil before the fifteenth century.

On this general denial of title an historical issue was joined which, on some points, is left undecided to the present day. But in the progress of the discussion the contending parties were compelled to abate their original pretensions, or to make partial admissions of that which in general had been denied. The one conceded that some fables might be seen in the Sagas; the other acknowledged that some truths might appear in them. On this understanding a reconciliation between the disputants was finally effected. The Sagas were received as historical testimony; but their worth, when so received, was still open to future speculation.

The conflict of opinion, in the first place, might have been much simplified had the disputants been more cautious in the adoption of their premises for the debate. It was known that the Northmen, a most maritime and martial people, were sufficiently indued with courage, and advanced in seafaring skill and general intelligence, to embark in almost any scheme of discovery; and it was further taken for granted that the Icelanders who first landed in America were Northmen. This conclusion did not necessarily follow; indeed, the facts are the other way. The white inhabitants of the arctic circle had, for more than a century, ceased to be a part of the primitive nation, and should not be spoken of as Northmen. They were a branch broken off with violence from the parent tree; they had been driven forth as outlaws or expatriated as outcasts, and exiled beyond the northern line of the supposed habitable globe to a zone whose latitude was not laid down upon charts. There they were left neglected to find sustenance how they might, to contend with sterile nature amid fiery volcanoes bursting from snow-mountains, and boiling springs gushing from frozen seas. Intercourse with the mother country had nearly, if not entirely, died out; and if they had been buried beneath an avalanche they could not have been more effectually forgotten in Europe, nor achieved less social improvement. Ignorant, heathen, barbarous, brutal, when banished from Scandinavia, they were equally debased when, long afterward, venturing westward, they reached the shores of Greenland and Vinland.

It would seem that when this worthless, or rather this vicious, element was ejected from the original national family, as no longer fit for a common habitation, a portion of the remaining mass of the people prepared to migrate in an opposite direction. This more numerous and more powerful part of the population appear to have possessed in excess the virtues, as the other had in excess the vices, of the nation. From the time these emigrants to the south reached foreign shores their progress in the arts commenced, and their prowess in arms was acknowledged. They relinquished their exclusive predilection for the seas; they embraced Christianity; they changed their language; they abandoned their coarse habits, manners, and customs to become the most refined, courteous, and polished of statesmen and warriors. They subdued France, they conquered England, they invaded Sicily and Africa, seized cities in Italy, spread terror through the Greek empire, led armies in the Crusades, and have left the vigorous salutary impress of their genius upon the most civilized portions of mankind. While thus exhibiting their supremacy in peace and in war, dethroning kings, despoiling the church, and demanding princes in marriage, they ceased to be Northmen and became Normans. On the other hand, their despised kindred in the polar ocean, but little superior to the aborigines, sought in their open boats, amid bears and icebergs, for fossil ivory, fish, and furs. When the grandson of Rollo the Marcher was ruling a kingdom carved out of France, they were bartering strips of red cloth with the Esquimaux and the naked Indian for whalebone, seal-skins, and blubber. Now they were no longer called Northmen; they were known only as Icelanders; and the European Normans were as far in advance of them as they were in advance of their immediate neighbors, the savage American tribes. Finally, these colonists of Greenland and Vinland disappeared, and in the course of two or three centuries their former existence in New England was generally deemed fabulous. Yet in the end of the tenth century they no doubt made settlements.

The Sagas, and some vague talk of the Jesuits who tried to settle Maine, are now the only memorials left of them or of their exploits; and it is these narratives which, for the first time, have recently received a proper translation at the hands of Mr. De Costa. The wish had often been expressed that this literary task should be undertaken by some competent person; it was strenuously urged in an able article which was published in the *North American Review* in 1838. The work has been well done, and affords general satisfaction as a useful addition to historical literature. The author, it is true, is still somewhat under the influence of the spell that lingers round the name of the Northmen, which dazzles his imagination and obscures his vision, preventing him from setting some facts in a clear light. We may notice, too, as a minor fault, that he is needlessly profuse in his explanations or extenuations of the accounts of supernatural events that are not infrequent in the Sagas. But he has one great merit seldom found among translators with strong prepossessions—he suppresses nothing and conceals nothing. He renders the old writings as they were first recorded, leaving the labor to the intelligent reader of separating the miraculous and incredible from the natural and credible.

* "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen. Illustrated by Translations from the Icelandic Sagas. Edited, with Notes and General Introduction, by B. F. De Costa." 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 118. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1868.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

The January number of the *North American*, without being one that especially invites perusal, is one that will excellently repay it. Almost every one of the papers is profitable for instruction and reproof, and several of them compel the wish that they may be read with care by all who desire to establish and strengthen the foundations of the national prosperity. Indeed, it is almost deserving well of the Republic to do even so much as to urge editors and legislators to take a look at papers such as Mr. Adams's on "Railroad Inflation" and Mr. Derby's on "The Tariff of the United States." Both deal lucidly and carefully with matters of which no American is practically ignorant, and of which, so far as theory goes, and the understanding of them by anything except their ill effects, almost all Americans are entirely ignorant. That is to say, the average voter and the average man who is voted for, and the wife and children of each, every day and in a thousand ways suffer almost innumerable evils inflicted by bad and wasteful taxation—a part of it, and the part best understood, but very ill understood, being the work of ill-informed legislative bodies; another and more dangerous part being the work of ill-informed legislatures conjointly with ill-informed and deliberately iniquitous railroad corporations. Mr. Adams means two things by his forcible metaphorical term—first, the increase in volume of the stocks and bonds of the companies, and secondly, the increase beyond what is sensible, and almost beyond what is sane, of the number of competing lines of road. He begins by calling attention to

the fact that railroads—which neither produce anything nor by any manufacturing process add to commodities any fitness for consumption—levy a tax on all consumption. Their charges are as much a tax as if the increase on the cost of commodities were assessed and collected by revenue officers. Of this impost a portion is, of course, necessary; railroad companies put their money into the creation of means of transportation and must be paid for doing it. Of the $350,000,000 which American railroads annually earn in the gross, $245,000,000, or thereabouts, represent the expenses of operating the roads and paying for their annual wear and tear. The other $105,000,000, or thereabouts, are a tax of about thirty per cent. which we pay the owners of railroads for the use of their capital. How it is that while the law in most cases sets a limit on the percentage of railroad profits, the companies have yet been able to tax us thrice as much as the law allows, and to get everything in train for continuing and increasing the tax, is what Mr. Adams proceeds to show next; and his course leads him through a full account of the various modes of cheating which to-day constitute so great a part of the business of the immensely powerful and almost perfectly irresponsible "railroad men." We have no space to spare, or we would follow him through the work and through his proposed remedy—the appointment of national and State commissioners for the collection of statistics on which something like intelligent legislation may be based—which is the same remedy as was proposed in Congress in the last session. But Mr. Adams's own presentation of the case is within the reach of our readers. It contains, we hope, the matter of a good many future editorial articles in the journals of all parts of the country.

Mr. Derby takes neither the theoretical protectionist's nor the theoretical free-trader's view of the tariff. Indeed, he points out that the question never, and in no country, has been anything but a question of greater or less protection; that absolute free trade with foreigners has never been any nation's practice or preaching. Our so-called protectionists will find in his article much of which they will approve, though with his view as a whole they will no doubt quarrel; the advocates of protection for revenue, and for that merely, will be more likely to be pleased with his scheme, in general and in detail; the great mass of the public who have yet to begin their thinking on these matters will be apt, we should say, to accept his conclusions fully.

The purely literary portion of this *North American* is to be found in the critical notices and in Mr. Tuckerman's essay on 'Steele"—"Sir Richard Steele," as history and Mr. Tuckerman style a natural-born "Dick," if ever there was one, whom posterity knows better by his nickname and the traits by which he got it than by the official services that got him his title, or the literary labors that constitute his best claim to be remembered. Steele had the misfortune, after inventing a new kind of writing, to be at once and decidedly surpassed in the use of it, and, as we may say, superseded; and we suppose it is true that, excellent as his best things are, little would be known of him to-day if it were not for the faults of his, on the whole, lovable character, and the errors of his not very admirable life. If he had not been "Dick," it may be doubted if anybody but students of literature would have known him, and if these would not have known him, chiefly as the inventor of the "social article." Mr. Tuckerman had a well-worn subject to handle, and has handled it with his accustomed workmanlike neatness. His essay exhibits him as he usually is—not very forcible; making no bad mistakes and few of any kind; showing ordinary acumen, and, generally, giving one at first the impression of a writer who is about to rise, a very little, to something really good, and at last of a writer all whose writing one has somewhere read before.

Mr. Kroeger's "Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz" is not an article in the perusal of which we were able to take great pleasure. It does not confine itself to being descriptive of its remarkable subject, the busiest-minded of modern men, a prodigy of labor well and ill applied; but it undertakes to-day the advocacy of Leibnitz's philosophy—a task that might profitably have been left to the shade of the builder and maker of it. Speaking for a moment purely from the point of view of the "periodical," it seems a sin to have made such a use of so admirable a subject for a review article as Leibnitz furnishes. It is on review articles, too, that he is now mainly dependent for recollection and regard. His good things have been bettered in the lapse of time, his whimsies and his profounder speculations have lost importance while retaining some interest, his life and character are highly interesting, and one would say, having an eye to the increase of the sum of human pleasure, that the meeting of a judicious general reader, a judicious quarterly-review writer, and "Leibnitz, a Biographical Essay," would be a very fortunate conjunction. It has not taken place in this instance, however.

Mr. Henry Villard has put into orderly arrangement the current account of Bismarck's political life. The article is useful, as all articles are which help to fill the gap between history as it has appeared and disappeared with our newspapers, and history as it is more fully and intelligently told in books. But there seems not very much reason why such résumés should be merely résumés, as they almost always are. This paper on Bismarck is full and intelligible in its array of facts, but it might have been much enlivened had the writer used some of the information which he has, but has suppressed.

Professor Goldwin Smith's essay in this same number is the work of a hand made skilful by practice in this branch of literary labor, and is, moreover, the work of a mind of philosophic power and of rare literary gifts, so that it would not be fair to compare the "Bismarck" and the "Revolution in England." The writer of the former had, however, in his possession many of the little anecdotical and biographical details concerning the great count which it would have been advisable to use just as Mr. Smith has used similar ones, or less allusively. It would be worth the while of young writers to institute a comparison between the two essays—both excellent, as regards their relative readability and power to instruct. For the rest, the "Revolution in England" will be read with satisfaction and assent by most of its American readers, and with pleasure, we should suppose, by all. It exemplifies its author's well-known ability of statement and reasoning, and contains some examples of his characteristic vigor of thought, joined with force of feeling, expressed in appropriate language, and turned to purposes of invective, which, however, is usually not to be quarrelled with; for it is apt to be, and always it is intended to be, truthfully descriptive. There is something to be said against the argument contained in this passage, but that it is good of its kind will be readily admitted: it speaks of Carlyle's anti-reform railings and wailings as exhibiting "the philosopher of the celestial immensities and infinities in a state of rather terrestial panic, clinging to the knees of wealth and power for protection against the democracy, and praying for the maintenance of a Christian church to guard a free-thinker's spoons." Better than this for its quietness—though one is permitted to be somewhat noisy in dragging the uncouth Thomas in his terror before the audience—is a remark on Mr. Disraeli, which that gentleman will enjoy in a way. When the reform bill was first brought in, he used to denounce Mr. Gladstone as a new Tom Paine seeking the overthrow of all institutions. Afterward, as everybody knows, he himself brought it in again, and was forced to pass it in a much more unlimited form than it had had before. He, however, expressed his thorough satisfaction with the result, and said that all the time when "he was securing the support of the Adullamites by assurances of inflexible resistance to reform, he himself meditated a far more extensive measure, and was 'educating' his party up to that mark." But in this he probably does himself, according to our view of the relations between politics and morality, more or less than justice.

What Mr. Smith does for England and Mr. Villard for Germany, Mr. Lowell does for the United States in his "Look Before and After," where he treats all the current questions in our politics, to which he proposes answers from which there is, as far as we can see, no reason to dissent. Mr. Cary's "Mental Faculties of Brutes" will be found agreeable reading, and of the soundness of his views there will be not much doubt among people that know more of brutes than of metaphysics—a remark not meant to be particularly civil to the metaphysicians. Mr. Cutler's article on the "New Catalogue of Harvard College Library" is valuable to all guardians and owners of libraries, and the general reader will find it a little field of curious knowledge, presenting to him new considerations. The literary notices contain a very good piece of writing in the shape of criticism on Hawthorne, which seems true, though perhaps it is not the whole truth; and besides this there is some score of other reviews, which are all good, except, we should say, the one on Dingelstedt's "Amazon," which slight performance, with its ginger-beery effervescence, seems to us very far from deserving the lavish kindness of the German critics quoted in the preface.

Madame Thérèse; or, The Volunteers of '92. By Erckmann-Chatrian. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.)—This story, which pretends to be nothing more than a story—a tale of almost no love, some war-making, and some good character-drawing—is told in a sprightly, pleasant way. The tone which needs to be maintained—that of a man narrating in his old age the recollections of his youth—is well maintained. And this is true of the English version as well as of the French original. There is in the original none of that charm of style which is almost infallibly lost in a translation. An English reader, reading Miss Forten's translation, has all the enjoyment which a French reader of the original can hope to have.

This is true not only because the book has been easy to translate, but also because the translation has been made upon sound principles, and the translator has tried in every instance to reproduce the sense of the original; that, at least, is the impression left from an examination of the whole work, in spite of numerous minor errors, which, for their part, seem made rather in haste than in ignorance. A thoroughly accurate translation is possible to but very few writers. To seize the precise signification of the original, and to express it exactly in classical English, is no easy task; but many of the errors in the book before us might, by a little more watchfulness, have been avoided. In the middle of chapter x. the words "ils tiennent dans leurs rangs comme des clous" signify "they keep their ranks like nails," *i. e.*, like nails driven into a board—a vigorous expression, conveying an idea not given in the translation before us, which says, on page 169, "they hold in their ranks as firmly as if they were nailed." A few lines below, "ils avaient une division sur le dos" does not mean "they had a division at their backs," but, militarily, precisely the contrary, that is, "they had a division opposed to them, or on their hands. In the next sentence, "Avec des soldats pareils, il y a de la ressource" means "with such soldiers something may be done," and does not mean "such soldiers are men of expedients," which would be comparatively a weak and irrelevant statement. In the next sentence again it is worthy of remark that young dogs are not helped by growing in the shade of large ones; the original has "young oaks." *Chênes*, not *chiens*. These mistakes, occurring in the course of one small page, are certainly errors of haste. These, and others like these, have the effect of taking away from the dialogue its colloquial tone, and from the story something of its verisimilitude. We do not know whether Miss Forten has made a practice of translation or not. If this is her first work of importance she has it in her power to succeed.

The closest translation will always be, *cæteris paribus*, the best. We mean, of course, the closest translation of thoughts, not of isolated words. Carlyle, in his youth, proved himself one of the most skilful translators. In his hands popular slang, catchwords, jokes, even puns, were distilled into their English equivalents. His judgment of meanings seemed infallible. Even the mere rendering of word by word in his translations is the work of a master. How to find the exact English synonym for *humeur?* one might search the vocabulary in vain. It is hard to say by what mental process it is discovered to be *spleen*. Or consider the opprobrious epithets, *scélérat, lâche*, and *coquin*, and the difficulty hidden in what seems so easy now it is done—the putting for them their precise synonyms, "scoundrel," "dastard," and "knave." To one who works with this conscientiously directed skill translation is a delicate art; and the resulting English version has a freshness and vivacity equal to that of original work, while recalling, by some unexpected and unaccountable quaintness of tone, its foreign origin.

Elements of Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry, Professor of History and Political Economy in Williams College. Fifth Edition, revised and rewritten. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.)—We took up this fifth edition, "revised and rewritten," with the hope that we should find the whole book, in its new shape, as good as some parts of it—that its decided merits would be preserved and its defects supplied. The *rewriting*, however, we find to be the recasting of a paragraph here and there, generally to its improvement; the *revising*, the addition of a moderate amount of valuable matter. The new edition is therefore an improvement, but not so great as might be desired. The general character of the book is not altered. There is the same diffuseness and repetition, the same feebleness in the treatment of difficult points, the same lack of close analysis joined with a clear perception and forcible presentation of certain important fundamental principles, which make the book on the whole well suited to the general reader, although it will be of very little service to the careful student. The very inadequate chapter on taxation remains as it was before—taxes on property are not even mentioned, and Mr. Mill is still credited with the opinion which in fact he controverts at some length, "that persons of a large property, or of a large income, should pay taxes higher than the due proportion of their properties or incomes to more moderate properties or incomes."

If the book as a whole has not been materially improved by its revision, the chapter on value is actually not so good as before. This chapter never was an entirely satisfactory one. It undertakes to explain all cases of value by one rule, and, as a necessary result, is forced to keep pretty much on the surface, in the region of mere generalities. It contained, however, in its original form, a very clear exposition of the workings of supply and demand, and had the great merit of bringing out the purely relative nature of value and of its independence of materiality more fully and perspicuously than we remember to have seen elsewhere. In the present edition the treatment of this subject becomes confused, and indeed contradictory. To be sure, the inconsistencies are caused by the insertion of some passages which show that the writer is beginning to accept certain sound views which before he has denied, or at least ignored; but he has not taken the pains to reconcile these new views with his old expressions. He permits himself now, for instance, to speak of "ownership or property" being exchanged—not merely services—and quotes approvingly Macleod's definition of value, "the value of any economic quantity is any other economic quantity for which it can be exchanged;" at the same time still maintaining, as before, that value rests solely in services and not in economic quantities, and, further, that unless an exchange actually takes place there is no value.

Professor Perry appears, therefore, in this edition, to have taken a step toward the old accepted analysis of value, which rests on a recognition of the independent workings of those two elements which De Quincey calls utility and difficulty of attainment, and the principle that only one of these at a time can be operative in determining value. In striving for simplicity he has heretofore ignored this fundamental doctrine, and, indeed, now takes only one short step in the direction of it, being still far from any distinct recognition of it. But short step as it is, it just serves to destroy the unity of this chapter, the new views being mixed in with the old without much regard to consistency. It is certain that if his old definition of value, which he retains, is correct, that of Macleod is not.

Fair Play; or, The Test of the Lone Isle. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Widow's Son," etc. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1868.)—As first published in the New York *Ledger*, this novel rejoiced in a different title from that it bears at present—"Britomarte, the Man-Hater," we believe, or something equally felicitous and suggestive. In changing the name the author and the publishers have, in a manner, succeeded in killing two birds with one stone. The implied charge of plagiarism on the part of Charles Reade which the preface and the new title conveyed was doubtless a successful advertisement which caught some readers not to be attracted by Mrs. Southworth pure and simple, and the large public which is inevitably interested in her was like enough deluded into buying and borrowing from the circulating libraries the bound volume, under the impression that it was getting its money's worth of something new and thrilling. What amount of disappointment the latter class may have suffered is a problem for which our moral consciousness refuses to evolve a satisfactory solution, but as to those who looked into it to see what shadow of likeness existed between it and "Foul Play," we imagine they may have been moved to great laughter. It is, of course, impossible to affirm boldly and without fear of contradiction that Mr. Reade does not devote his days and nights to the study of the *London Journal*, or that it is impossible that he may sometimes get valuable hints from that vast low-lying region of periodical writing which exists and finds multitudes of readers, and is yet in no sense literature. There is certainly a "lone isle" in both of these stories, and on it is wrecked in each case a pair of lovers. If Mrs. Southworth's pair suggested, as she implies, Charles Reade's, she should be congratulated on having done so much good to a public which ordinarily she could not hope to touch.

The Wizard of the Mountain. In two vols. By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," "Dr. Austin's Guests," etc. (New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.)—Of the ten or a dozen stories which form the contents of these volumes there is not one which is not more or less injured by the author's over-fondness for realistic details. This fault was even painfully apparent in his "De Profundis," which was an attempt to render with literal exactness some of the lower phases of London life. To read that book is, by reason of its unrelieved dulness, an almost impossible task; but to Mr. Gilbert, with his excessive love for facts in themselves, without reference to any use to be made of them, writing it was doubtless a thorough pleasure. His "Dr. Austin's Guests," which has been well spoken of, we have not read, and it may possibly exhibit qualities not displayed in such of his work as has fallen under our notice; but as far as we do know him he is only a moralizing statistician with a decided bent toward story-telling. His love for facts is accompanied by almost no discrimination as to their relative values. The least one that falls under his notice holds him as tenaciously as the greatest, and utterly refuses to be omitted from his statement. He is never master of his situations, and what his work gains in apparent truthfulness from the mass of details with which he crowds it, it loses in artistic breadth and power—in essential truth, that is to say.

In his present volume he had what seem for him unusually promising materials, though we confess to an inclination to doubt their coming to him by a process of natural selection. Two or three of the stories are amusing and tolerably well handled, but for the most part he has succeeded in rendering flatly prosaic inventions which apparently deserved a better fate. A vein of supernaturalism runs through them; and with, perhaps, one exception—"The Magic Flower"—they all illustrate a moral, and one moral—the one which is probably most likely to be apprehended by a mind so occupied with obvious facts and so blind to their significance—that there is no way of bettering one's condition. This truism his stories illustrate with more or less ingenuity, and with various degrees of success. "Tomaso and Pepina" is the best of them; and "Don Bucefalo and the Curate"—which is, however, somewhat tediously prolonged—is still well-told and amusing. Mr. Gilbert's supernatural properties are, however, for the most part pretty well-worn and threadbare; his ghosts and vampires and devils are to the last degree decorous and conventional. What merits he has come from his love for story-telling in itself; the appearances of things interest him, and he likes to describe them; but the psychological and analytical puzzles which perplex most writers nowadays appear never to trouble him. At character-painting in the best sense he makes no effort; and it is true enough that, for the purpose he has in view, puppets answer as well as real beings. His difficulty is, that even the ends he contemplates are not outlined in his mind with sufficient distinctness—that, at all events, he does not know the shortest roads to them. He works at haphazard, and his strokes do not always tell, because he is not always certain at what he aims them. Apparently he was dimly conscious that this fault might be found with his present work—at least his prefatory account of the genesis of these stories may be understood as a deprecation of such a criticism. But it looks, too, like an afterthought, and moreover it does not cover the ground. Mr. Gilbert's previous efforts tell against him, and one does not credit a constant artistic mistake to intentional art in him who makes it.

A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene; for Schools, Families, and Colleges. By J. C. Dalton, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.)—No one has done more to reflect credit on his country in physiological research than Professor Dalton. His great treatise on this subject is a standard work, everywhere quoted and respected. The present volume is an attempt to popularize physiology, to reduce its leading truths to their simplest form, so that they may be easily learned in a succession of chapters or lessons to which a series of questions are appended. This process has been tried with all the leading sciences, and we think with doubtful success. The reduction is fatal to the life and spirit which attach to a fresh statement in which an investigator tells all he knows of a matter which interests him. Physiology, like history, treated in this dry and summary way, makes no impression, and is apt to be forgotten as soon as learned. As a book of reference for facts such books are useful to those who cannot afford better ones.

The present volume can in no proper sense be regarded as a treatise on hygiene, and in giving it this title we think injustice is done to a department of education of the highest practical value, which has hitherto been neglected in this country by men of science, and which is in some danger of falling into the hands of mere book-makers. Ventilation is discussed in three pages of commonplace remarks, having no special reference to the fatal deficiencies which are known to exist not only in dwelling-houses, but in school-rooms, work-rooms, and in all places of public assembly. The diseases directly caused by the habitual inhalation of foul air are not referred to. The general principles of diet are disposed of in a very summary way; cooking and bread-making occupy a few paragraphs in which there is nothing to arrest attention; and the influence of alcohol on health is entirely ignored. Climate, dress, sewerage and drainage, the influence of soil, the proper modes of warming houses, the prevention of special diseases—all these important subjects, which constitute the subject-matter of hygiene, are neglected.

A Comparative Grammar of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Languages. By Edwin A. Notley. (London: Trübner & Co. New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.)—This work does not pretend to be a complete grammar of the four Romanic tongues according to the common system. It is chiefly designed to enable students familiar with one of them easily to acquire a sound knowledge of the others, and that purely in a practical way. Grammar, as an abstract science, it does not teach. It gives no definition of the parts of speech, contains no philological remarks, and has no separate "syntax." The real "object aimed at is to indicate the principal features in the grammatical construction of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages; this is endeavored to be explained by a collection of all of the most important rules, each one illustrated by an example or examples taken from classic writings, from newspapers, or from any modern literature showing the prevailing phraseology, and all translated into English." The rules are given in parallel columns, beginning with the French, as the most universally known. A vocabulary, consisting of about two thousand five hundred words in each language, is appended. We should hardly recommend this "Comparative Grammar" to any one who has still to acquire a knowledge of his first Romanic language, but for the purpose indicated it will be found a very useful hand-book. It is evidently elaborated with great care, just as carefully revised, and very handsomely printed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
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Page (A.), What I Know about Ben Eccles: A Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
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The Art Journal, No. LXXXV., swd	(Virtue & Yorston) 1 25
The Sure Resting-Place	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
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The Week.

THE week has not been a lively one in the Senate, that body having been busy in discussing railroad affairs, and having brought to a conclusion nothing of importance. It looks as if the Air-line Bill, which provides for a government road between this city and Washington, would pass. It is opposed by some senators who doubt the constitutionality of such an exercise of Congressional power over States, and also by some others. Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Harlan, and the rest having, however, denounced the newspapers for some late talk about railroad "rings" in Washington, only the constitutional objections need be mentioned. But for that matter it seems pretty clear that a majority in the Senate have no doubt of the constitutional right of Congress to override, if necessary, the will of the States in this particular. The bill giving relief to the central branch of the Union Pacific, which asks for $2,400,000 more, is pushed by a powerful lobby, and seems to command the assent of honorable senators; Mr. Sumner and Mr. Fessenden announce their intention of voting for it. But, on the other hand, Mr. Conkling, who is rapidly becoming a senator of weight, promises to make good a pretty long list of accusations against the company, and opposes it strongly. Mr. Frelinghuysen proposes to show that his State, New Jersey—which makes the railroad companies pay it so much a head for every passenger they carry through, which tax the companies, of course, collect of the passengers—is defensible for this part of her railroad legislation; Mr. Morton pushes his bill for the removal of the capitation tax. On Saturday the joint resolution was agreed to that all civil officers in Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia, who cannot take the test oath, shall be removed at the expiration of thirty days, and their places shall be filled by appointees of the military commanders.

On Monday the Judiciary Committee reported that Mr. Joshua Hill, of Georgia, is not entitled to a seat in the Senate. What may be the opinion of the majority of the committee on the general question of Congressional power of interference with the refractory Georgia Legislature cannot be gathered from this report. Mr. Trumbull sent in a minority report maintaining, so far as we can tell by the telegraphed synopsis, that Georgia is reconstructed according to the prescribed forms, and denying the right of the Senate to traverse the united action of House and Senate. This is what the Senate would do, he maintains, if it were to go behind the act admitting the State. Then, too, Mr. Frelinghuysen and Mr. Conkling, both good lawyers, although they do not sign the minority report, yet assent to only the "conclusion" of the majority report, and the conclusion is merely a recommendation that Mr. Hill be not admitted. On the same day a petition was presented by the President of the Senate, who had received it from Mrs. Lincoln. Why he read it instead of taking the responsibility of withholding it, and informing her that a bill, sure to pass, granting her a pension is already introduced into the Senate, we do not know. He read it, however. Mrs. Lincoln is too poor, she says, to live in Germany, as her physicians advise her, in a manner befitting the widow of the magistrate of a great nation. She is ordered to winter in Italy, she says. That she cannot afford to do, although she lives as economically as she can. The petition appears to be of her own writing. It would seem that she has no advisers, or not the best. Mr. Edmunds introduced, on the same day, a bill amending the Tenure-of-Office Act, and giving to the President power to remove or suspend his Cabinet officers during recesses of the Senate, and to suspend other civil officers during such periods, without giving specific reasons therefor. To this bill there appears to be no objection.

On Tuesday, Mr. Schenck introduced in the House a bill defining the mode of paying the interest on the national debt—in gold coin, namely. On the same day Mr. Farnsworth brought in a bill in two sections, one of which ordains that nothing shall pass as franked matter unless the franking member himself writes his name. This passed, but the other section, forbidding the receipt of free matter by persons invested with the franking privilege, was lost. Mr. Washburne wished to have all franking abolished, but that was too much for the House. Yet the British Parliament contrives to do without it, and the English post-office is not a department constantly in arrears either. On Thursday, Mr. Shanks introduced a wild bill, to the effect that all national Government offices should be divided among the several Congressional districts and organized Territories, in accordance with the population of each. Mr. Shanks said nothing about the fitness of the man for his place; but he holds the Buckle theory, apparently, that within a given space as many fit men can be found as can be got in any space of equal size and equal density of population. But the Buckle Providence becomes entirely unreliable in regions where they "gerrymander" the Congressional districts—and in Mr. Shanks's own State they are not bad hands at that, as he knows. On Saturday, Mr. Boutwell made a speech on his suffrage amendment, which cannot pass, and on a bill which he would therefore have passed as a substitute. On Monday, Mr. Paine, of the Reconstruction Committee, tried to bring up the case of Georgia, but it is a business that representatives are evidently in some doubt about, though it will have to come sooner or later in this session. The House seems disinclined to touch the telegraphs. Members think, if the correspondents tell the truth, that it would be dangerous to entrust any political party with such a power as the control of the telegraphic system of the country. Mr. Orton, of the Western Union, could probably give a better reason for the hesitancy. It does not seem to occur to these gentlemen that in more than one country of the world the servants of the government are superior to party hopes and fears, and that they might be so here.

A most amusing controversy between the New York *Tribune* and a Kansas correspondent about the Indians appeared in the columns of that journal last week, in which the correspondent not only attempts to get at the root of the Indian difficulty, as a Western man sees it, but displays very well the mode in which a good deal of political reasoning is done by the general public. He asks the *Tribune* whether "if a company of white men should band together, refuse to work, go naked, and roam over the plains," they might "rely on the favorable

influence of the *Tribune* in getting their subsistence from the Government?" to which the *Tribune* replies, frankly, that they could not; but then, though it goes on to say some very comical and pertinent things, hardly settles the question for the pioneer mind. The pioneer judges the Indian by the white standard of morality and propriety, a process which, though on its surface fair enough, is the cause of nearly all the tyranny, cruelty, and injustice in the world. It is impossible, and always will be impossible, to get the pioneer to change his views of the Indian's mode of dressing himself and getting his living; and yet the Indian policy of the Government seems to be based on the idea that it *is* possible, and accordingly, instead of trying to get the Indian to accommodate himself to the pioneer's standard, which would not be very difficult, we have gone on trying to get the pioneer to "accept" the Indian as an accomplished fact, and to regard him as an ethnological peculiarity, and not as a dirty, lazy loafer and vagabond; which is simply out of the question. It is what is best and most valuable in the pioneer which prevents him from respecting the Indian, and what is worst in the Indian which prevents him from making himself agreeable to the pioneer. But we have acted as if one was as good as the other, and our business was simply to keep them from fighting and make up to the Indian in alms what he lost in game by the advance of population. It is high time the farce came to an end, and that we informed the Indian in plain, even if figurative, language, that he will have to work for his subsistence and live within easy reach of the sheriff, and arrange his difficulties with that functionary and not with the Government at Washington. There is no more excuse for keeping the peace on the plains by "treaty" and the distribution of old clothes, than keeping it in this way in the Sixth Ward of this city.

Senator Yates, of Illinois, has introduced a bill doing away with "the probationary feature" of the present naturalization act and giving every immigrant a vote as soon as he gets ashore. The arguments in favor of this probationary feature are familiar to everybody. Considering that on landing he finds a government in full operation, with an immense stock of accumulated power at its disposal, created by the courage, industry, and self-denial of past generations, as well as of the actual citizens of the country, it has not been thought unreasonable that the newcomer should, before taking part in wielding this power, afford *some* proof of his intention to make a *bonâ-fide* change of residence. Continued residence in the country for five years is very properly set down as the best and only proof of this that an unknown man can give. Moreover, in view of what is actually known of the mental, moral, and political training of the great body of European emigrants, it is believed that five years is not too long a period to allow them to make themselves acquainted with the laws and institutions under which they are to live, and which they are to help to administer, with the language in which the political and legal proceedings are conducted, and with the manners of the society into which they are to be absorbed. What happens when this probation is evaded through fraud, or through peculiar circumstances does not produce its proper effects, is well illustrated in this city, where at every election hordes of emigrants are driven to the polls with as little understanding of what they are doing, and as little appreciation of its responsibilities or consequences, as if they were cattle.

Senator Yates's mode of meeting and disposing of these arguments furnishes a good illustration of the muddled state of mind into which the habit of using high-sounding phrases and gorgeous general ideas to solve great political problems has reduced many of our politicians, and particularly Republican politicians. The principle of his bill, he says, in a letter to a friend in Springfield, Illinois, is this: "That the probationary feature of the present law was born of fear, and the false idea that the measure of men's rights is a certain standard of intelligence, that we must arrogate to ourselves certain peculiar privileges on account of birth. I am opposed to all such ideas. Manhood is the magic word which opens the door to all progress, all excellence, all privileges." Now, *all* laws "are born of fear;" judicial and official oaths are born of fear; jails owe their existence to fear, and so do all magistrates and rulers—the fear, namely, which experience justifies, that *all* men will not do right, or will exercise their rights in such a manner as to injure other people, unless society restrains them. The assertion that "manhood is the magic word," etc., as applied to the measure before us, is simply nonsense. Mr. Yates might as well say that "manhood was the magic word that opened the door" to mathematics, architecture, real estate, railroad stock, steamboats, fashionable churches, and cranberry farms. We doubt very much whether Mr. Yates himself had more than a faint glimmering of what he meant when he said this, and that he had no glimmering at all, his friends are bound to hope. He then declares that he would, under his bill, meet the emigrant on his landing with the following address:

"You have abandoned the home of your youth, the graves of your sires, the associations of a lifetime, to join the grand army of this progressive Government. Welcome! The same Creator who gave us this fair land sent you, though a little later than our fathers came, to the Western wilderness, to join us in the great march to glory and renown."

Most emigrants, on hearing this discourse, would either button up their pockets or make preparations to join the senator on a spree. It has no more bearing on the "probationary feature" than on the resumption of specie payments. Such an address would do no more to prepare the emigrant for his new duties and responsibilities than an invitation from the quarantine officer "to meet him by moonlight alone," or "come to his bosom" in the character of a "stricken deer." The whole performance deserves attention, we repeat, as an illustration of the state of mind in which many of our legislators approach some of the most serious questions of the day.

A good example of the way the tariff works is afforded by the contest which is now going on in Congress between the Lake Superior miners of copper and the Atlantic shore smelters of copper. The Lake Superior miners produce pure copper, but say they are starving, and ask for an increase of the duty, which Congress is disposed to grant; in fact, has just granted. But here come the Atlantic smelters, who say that any increase of duty will be ruinous to them; that they, too, are American laborers, and carry on a respectable and useful national business; that they smelt the sulphuret ores, which are the only copper ores of the United States; but to do this profitably they have to use in the process an admixture of carbonate ores, which they import from South America, and that they can with this assistance and the use of economy and hard work produce copper from native sulphurets more cheaply than the Lake Superior miners can extract the pure copper from the quartz, and have, therefore, just as much right to Government encouragement as anybody else. They show, moreover, that while Lake Superior only produces nine millions of the twenty-four million pounds of copper the country requires, the smelters with their sulphurets and carbonates produce the remaining fifteen millions. To all of this Congress makes no reply; offers no statement as to the comparative value of the Lake Superior copper mines to the country, as to the relative numbers of men engaged in mining and smelting, or as to the importance of the price of copper to other branches of the national industry. It simply says that copper mining, as at present conducted in the Lake Superior region, does not pay, and on goes the tax without other argument or exposition. Our advice to the smelters now is, to go to Washington, engage a good strong lobby, and not give up the struggle till they get the carbonates in free of duty. Then it will be the turn of the Lake Superior men to try their luck again, and so on. What is most remarkable about this struggle is that it is really between two branches of native industry.

The conference on the Greco-Turkish difficulty has met and arranged the matter very much in the manner mentioned by us last week—that is, Greece is to stop sending volunteers to Crete and making raids into Thessaly, while Turkey is to withdraw her "ultimatum." Turkey has already accepted, but there is a newspaper report that Greece refuses. All fear of hostilities has not yet vanished from Europe, but there is plenty of evidence that it is very much diminished. The great difficulty of forecasting the political future in Europe is due to the fact that in two of the great continental states—France and Russia—the power of fighting or not fighting is practically confined to the monarch,

and therefore personal whims, caprices, and ambition play a large part in setting armies in motion, and the political speculator is compelled to treat a large portion of his problem with mere conjecture. But supposing France and Russia to be under the influence, just now, of the ordinary political considerations, there does not seem the least likelihood of war. The *Economist*, perhaps the calmest and most perspicacious of the English papers, finds cause for uneasiness in what it considers the striking similarity between the diplomatic uneasiness which it perceives on the Continent now and that which preceded the Russo-Turkish war in 1853. But this latter outbreak was preceded by formal demonstrations of hostility to Turkey on the part of Russia, such as the presentation of insulting demands by her ambassador at Constantinople, and the occupation of the Principalities as "a material guarantee," and the revelation by Sir Hamilton Seymour of a long-standing design on the part of the Czar to force on a rupture with Turkey at the earliest possible moment. Nicholas, moreover, approached more nearly to the Asiatic type of monarch than any now to be seen in Europe.

In a country in which the machinery of popular agitation does not exist, the press being bridled, and the right of meeting for discussion surrounded with difficulties, even if the people had the habit of exercising it, "the signs of the times" are almost always what more advanced political communities call trifles. This is particularly true of France. One has to get at the drift of popular feeling literally by watching feathers and straws. Small incidents, that in America or England might furnish material for a newspaper paragraph, are in Paris grave political events, and have to be treated as such by anybody who occupies himself with contemporary French history. For instance, it is a serious matter that some twenty-seven pictures, taken from the gallery of the Louvre, and therefore the property of the nation, should have been burnt up in Madame de Troplong's apartments, and that the outcry about this should bring out the fact that other pictures from the same collection have been adorning the walls of the Cercle Impérial, a club of which the members are mainly devoted adherents of the Emperor; and that when the late M. de Morny went to Russia as ambassador he took a good supply of the same pictures with him to hang in the salons of the embassy. Frenchmen will stand a good deal of what we consider oppression, but the treatment of public property as if it were the private property of the reigning house is something they are awfully sensitive about; so that, though the Government is not afraid to refuse to permit the prosecution of the most insignificant functionary for the most outrageous abuses of power, it is carrying the outlying pictures back to the Louvre with great haste and making very lame apologies for their abstraction.

Another event, and it is to be hoped more significant one, has occurred to disturb the repose of the Government at Toulouse, where Baron Séguier, the Procureur-Impérial, or district attorney, has sent in his resignation, and, more horrible still in French official eyes, has published the letter in the newspapers, because the Minister of Justice urged on him, in overbearing language, a more vigorous prosecution of the offences of the newspapers than his own judgment dictated, and employed spies to report on his official conduct. The Baron says that if he cannot serve the Emperor "with moderation and dignity," he will not serve him at all. Baron Séguier belongs to what used to be called the "noblesse de robe;" that is, belongs to a kind of family found rarely anywhere out of France, the men of which have for many generations filled high legal offices. A fresh lustre has been added to his resignation by its bringing to mind once more a famous phrase of an ancestor of his, a judge, who, when an attempt was made by the crown to bully him into giving a judgment to suit it, replied: "La cour rend des arrêts, et non des services"—the court renders judgments, not services. This affair has brought M. Baroche in for a share of the odium which overpowered his successor, M. Pinard. The writer of the late description of the Dutch Admiral Verhuel, the Emperor's reputed father, in the *Diable à Quatre*, goes to jail for four months and pays $600 fine, and the publisher and printer are also condemned, but to lighter penalties. The admiral seems likely to become as delicate a subject in Parisian circles as Captain Kidd in the Fifth Massachusetts District. Baron Séguier's example has been followed by M. Turquette, the Procureur-Impérial at Varins.

The decision of the Spaniards as to the form of government they will adopt being considered nearly settled by the vote on the election of the Constitutional Cortes, the Provisional Government is said to be at last looking about for a candidate, and the Duke of Aosta, Victor Emanuel's second son, is more talked of than he has yet been. He has everything to recommend him. He is a Catholic, but not a Papist; inherits his father's and grandfather's respect for constitutional government; has the sober, brave, austere type of character which has made Piedmont the seed of the new Italy, and has served with distinction on the battle-field. But the Italian ministry seems to be dead against his occupying a foreign crown, and will probably advise the King in this sense. At least this is the conclusion generally drawn from an article in the ministerial organ, the *Nazione*, strongly arguing against the scheme in advance. The duke's withdrawal would leave the Spaniards in a position of continued and increasing difficulty, as it brings the Duke of Montpensier, a Bourbon, and otherwise objectionable, into prominence and activity. The republican manifesto issued immediately before the election has reached us, and is full of good political sense and moderation. We doubt very much whether anything quarter as good was ever produced by any of the foreigners who have undertaken to give the Spaniards advice; and it ought to satisfy those counsellors that the cause of republicanism in Spain may safely be left in the hands of the Spanish republicans themselves. One of the former, Victor Hugo, we observe, writing to a Greek friend in reference to Crete, says: "Crete asks of me what Spain asked of me. Alas! I can only sigh. *I have done so before, yet I shall do it again.* You may reckon on me." As long as this sort of stuff passes among radicals for wisdom, radicals may rely on it they will never rule the world. The world has always been, is now, and ever will be ruled by brains, and the fight between progress and conservatism is to decide not whether sloppy sentimentality or selfish tyranny shall get the upper hand, but what order of ideas brains shall serve. The reason why the whiskey ring is so powerful among us is, that they have applied brains to the business of stealing and swindling, and good people have opposed to them nothing but rhetoric.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some interesting statistics with regard to the composition of the new House of Commons, which enable us, perhaps better than anything else, to appreciate the result of the late election. It appears that the House actually contains 45 eldest sons of peers, who, of course, represent their fathers rather than anybody else. Add to these the younger sons and nephews, brothers and sons-in-law of peers, the baronets and heirs of baronetcies, and we find that one-half the House is made up of members of the aristocracy in the strict sense of the word. There are about 120 "business men," properly so called, including bankers, and 121 railroad directors; while the professional men, including two professors, number only a little over fifty; in fact, there are fewer of this last class in the new Parliament than there were in the old one. To crown all, the commercial and professional men are mostly nearly fifty years old or older—the only young men in the House being found amongst the aristocracy. We may safely infer from all this that it is not the present Parliament, at all events, that is going to tear up the constitution by the roots and plant the cabbages of the future in its stead. But then, as our English correspondent pointed out a fortnight ago, there are plenty of reasons for believing that no such House of Commons will be returned again, and that during the next few years the unchained democracy will find out its strength, and learn to use it. One of the signs that the upper classes do not feel easy is the articles in the *Times* and *Standard* maintaining the general devotion of the English public to primogeniture and aristocracy. As the *Spectator* well points out, this is plainly the whistling of timid people in the dark. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says "prudence ought to suggest to those who are deeply interested in keeping things as they are, the wisdom of letting the subject alone," and maintains that "it is not well to challenge too loudly an investigation of the question, whether 'America, for the bulk of the people, is on the whole a better place to live in than this country?'"

THE REMAINING WORK OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Mr. Boutwell, the other day in the House, in advocating the suffrage amendment to the Constitution, spoke of its adoption, if we may judge from the brief report of his speech in the morning papers, as if it would prove the consummation of the labors of the Republican party, the completion of the work it has undertaken, and a full discharge of the responsibility the party has assumed towards the nation. This impression is not so prevalent now as it was two years ago, but still it is prevalent enough to make it desirable that it should be corrected. It is quite true that the Republican party was formed for the express purpose of preventing the extension of slavery; that in the legitimate prosecution of its task it was forced to defend the very existence of the Government; and that, in defending the existence of the Government, it became, partly through the necessities of its position, and partly through the legitimate and natural development of the idea to which the party owed its origin, the foe of political discriminations based on race or color or creed. Its career, in fact, has been marked by great continuity and consistency. It was forced into fighting the South by its hostility to slavery; into emancipating the blacks by its fighting the South; into providing guarantees for the civil rights of the freedmen by the emancipation of the blacks. It has given them the suffrage under the influence of the same mixed motives which impelled it to give them their freedom—that is, expediency and a sense of abstract justice. It now feels itself, in view of the proofs which have been afforded during the past year of the frailty of the tenure by which the blacks hold their rights under the Reconstruction Act, obliged to provide a still stronger guarantee for those rights in the shape of a constitutional amendment applying the same rule to all the States of the Union.

Now, nothing could be more unfortunate than for the party leaders to get it into their heads, or to preach, that the passage of this amendment, or of any similar measure, is either the sole or even the chief work which remains for it to do; and yet we are led to fear from Mr. Boutwell's speech that some such opinion still lingers, at least in the Radical wing of it. The amendment now before Congress proposes to deal with an abuse, and an abuse which nobody seriously defends; but then it proposes to deal with it by withdrawing from the States a power which, rightly or wrongly, they have hitherto supposed to be essential to their dignity and safety, and the surrender of which for the benefit of a despised and distrusted race will naturally only be effected by the conquest of a host of deeply-rooted prejudices. To give up the right of regulating the suffrage will be very hard, as we know, with a very large proportion of the States; to give it up simply as a mode of admitting the negro to the suffrage in the North as well as in the South, will be harder still. The party, therefore, which proposes such a measure needs to draw on every source of influence for its support. There is no form of aid it can afford to reject, and no mistake it can afford to commit. We do not say that the errors of the Republican party can make political discriminations based on color a permanent feature of American polity; they are sure to disappear before long; but we presume their deadliest foe will admit that it makes a great difference whether they disappear next year, or after ten years or twenty years.

Though, therefore, the final removal, at least from the Federal Constitution, of all trace of the color distinctions between citizens, is a part of the work which still remains for the Republican party to do, and a legitimate consequence of the work it has already done, to treat it as the principal part, or the only important part, or to rely on the reputation or past services of the party for its accomplishment, is not only to endanger its success, but to endanger the very existence of the party itself. In the first place, those who talk so much about "the great party which has saved the nation," or rely on popular gratitude to "the great party" to cover up its defects and shortcomings, seem to labor under a strange delusion as to the nature of political parties and the nature of popular gratitude. However useful or convenient it may be, about election time, to talk of a party as a person or an army with banners, to base a policy on any such fictions would be the height of folly. A party is really a mere abstraction, an agreement of a great number of people in certain opinions; the administration, or the majority in Congress, are simply a certain number of men chosen to embody these opinions in legislation. When the great number of people cease to agree, the power passes to other agents for other purposes. But the party has never existed as a person or determinate body of persons, and therefore never becomes the object of popular gratitude, even if popular gratitude were ever lavished on large bodies of persons. When we talk of the Republican party as worthy of admiration or respect, we merely mean that the agreement of a large number of people in various parts of the country on a certain day to have certain measures enacted by Congress was a very gratifying circumstance. But nobody feels "grateful" to the Republican party, or thinks of feeling grateful to it, any more than to civilization, or the mariner's compass, or the art of printing. Attempts to personify it, and excite love for it, may pass as rhetoric; as premises in a serious political discussion they are the merest twaddle. The public recognize the real state of the case perfectly. When the question of retaining certain officers in power comes up, the voters—the sensible voters, at any rate, who decide the fate of parties by going from one side to the other as their support is deserved—may allow themselves to be influenced by affection for particular men, but would laugh if you appealed to their "love of the party." What guides them in voting is not the consideration of what the party has done in the past, but the inferences they draw from what its agents have done in the past as to what they are likely to do in the future. In this method of judging, "gratitude," we need hardly say, has no place; for gratitude is simply a sense of obligation for favors received, and if it looks to the future at all ceases to be gratitude. The one condition on which party agents hold power is the constant display of fitness, or what seems to be fitness, for it.

The Republican party, besides putting down the rebellion and abolishing slavery, has called into existence an enormous army, created an immense debt, and covered the country with the great network of functionaries known as the civil service. Its continued possession of power after the war, therefore, logically imposed on it—besides the duty of securing the freedmen in the enjoyment of their newly acquired rights—the duty of reducing the army, providing for the punctual and faithful payment of the public obligations, the proper and scientific distribution of taxation, and the decent, honest collection of the revenue. These duties are all so important that the neglect of no one of them can be atoned for by extra zeal in the discharge of the others. Energy in supporting the black man's rights will not compensate for indifference to the national credit; and the prompt payment of the public debts will not satisfy people, if a quarter of the money raised for the purpose is stolen, and every United States officer continues to pass, in the eyes of the world, as a presumptive knave. The army has been reduced; but the debt is not paid, nor has any distinct provision been made for its payment. Three years have elapsed since the war, and the party has fixed on no financial policy. It has not made up its mind when or how it will redeem its legal-tender notes, or even whether it ought to redeem them at all, and it allows some of its prominent members to go about not only preaching the non-redemption of these notes, but advising employment of them in paying the Government bonds. It talks in very fine language about keeping "the national faith inviolate," but has carefully avoided pledging itself in distinct terms to the payment of the debt *in gold;* and though Mr. Edmunds has for months been trying to get it to declare its mind distinctly on this subject by resolution, it shrinks from the resolution, and, on one pretext or another, puts off passing it from week to week. Nay, the majority of the members of the party in the House joined Butler in trying to break faith with the public creditors by taxing the interest on the bonds, and no punishment was inflicted on the ringleader in the movement.

As regards the taxes, it has reformed the internal revenue as far as the distribution of the imposts is concerned, but has well-nigh neutralized this reform by refusing to deal with the mode of appointment and the discipline of the revenue service, although the condition of this service has for the last four years been a notorious scandal and disgrace, and has caused and still causes the loss to the Government of one-third of the internal revenue taxes. With the tariff it has resolutely refused to deal, and it has made no attempt whatever to arrange

it on any known principle or doctrine of any school of economists, but has imposed duties, recklessly and indiscriminately, without any attention to their number or effects, under the dictation of bands of interested or corrupt lobbyists, and, as one of its own officers has pointed out within the present year, to the ruin of our foreign commerce and the serious injury of many branches of domestic industry. Though last, not least, a system of corruption has grown up under the party administration such as has never been witnessed in this or any other civilized country. Washington swarms with jobbers and peculators of every kind and degree, and the time of Congress is largely taken up with the consideration of their schemes; nearly every branch of the public service is, or is believed to be, under the control of "a ring," or administered in its interest; and the faith of the public in the honesty—the mere pecuniary honesty—of public men has declined and is declining to an extent which, considering what a part confidence in the character of public men must always play in politics, it is certainly no exaggeration to call alarming.

Under these circumstances it is safe to say that the ability of the party to discharge its obligations to the colored population depends on its success in dealing with the other problems of the day. People will not much longer accept devotion to "human equality" or "the rights of man" as an excuse for the condition of the finances and the civil service. He must be a very blind person who does not see how largely the popular interest in the question of "equal rights" has declined during the past year, owing to the increasing concentration of attention on the prevailing corruption, and the increasing anxiety as to Grant's ability to abate it. In other words, people are more concerned about the kind of government in which the black man is to share than about the precise mode or time in which he is to share in it, and are occupied rather with the question who is to collect the taxes, and what is to be done with them after they are paid, than with the question of who is to vote them or pay them. The continuance of the present abuses would, every one is agreed, leave little in American politics in which a decent man of any color would take much pride or satisfaction, or from which he could derive much benefit.

THE ALABAMA CONVENTION.

The text of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's convention with Lord Clarendon, providing machinery for the settlement of the *Alabama* and similar questions, has been published during the past week, and is now before the Senate, with which body the discussion of it might safely and fairly be left. But as it probably will not be left with it, and the propriety of ratifying a treaty is a question on which the Senate may be fairly expected to listen to public opinion, and no doubt will be influenced by public opinion, it is desirable that the public should know exactly what it is that is now under debate.

Amongst the things which do *not* come before us in examining the convention is Mr. Johnson's character and antecedents. With the goodness or badness of the arrangement into which he has entered his personal qualities have nothing to do. He has said many foolish things, and has been guilty of great indiscretion and great want of dignity, and may even, as the *Sun* says, have been "bribed by the enemies of the country" to preside at a dinner party of wicked men and give them a legal opinion; but these things are not incompatible with the supposition that he has made a good treaty. Some of the most foolish and immoral men have produced or advocated excellent lines of policy. Charles James Fox, John Wilkes, and even the lamented Thaddeus Stevens, would have worn a sorry look on the "moral platform," but they nevertheless supported or brought forward some very wise measures in their time. Marlborough was a liar and a traitor, but he won Blenheim and Maplaquet, while Frémont, a model of political virtue, somehow never led his "grand army" out of Missouri. It is true that the fact that a treaty has been negotiated by a reputed enemy of the Government, or by a servant only moderately careful of its honor, should be closely scrutinized; but it is also true that *all* treaties should be carefully scrutinized, because the best diplomatists may, through carelessness or stupidity, commit the errors which bad ones commit by design. A convention such as that which Mr. Johnson has negotiated, involving many millions of money and a difference of exceeding delicacy between two great nations, should be examined both by the public and the Senate with the minutest attention, no matter by whom framed. That is to say, that there should be just as much time and pains taken to weigh the bargain if made by Mr. Sumner as if made by Mr. Johnson; no more, but no less. The character of the negotiator will, of course, in some degree influence every senator's mind in judging the result of the negotiation, because senators are but men; but the senator who least allows his judgment to be influenced by it will discharge his duty most faithfully.

Another consideration which ought not to affect the national judgment on the convention is the spirit of the English nation during the war, or the moral complexion of Laird's share in the destruction of American commerce. There are things which might fairly influence American judgment in deciding on the form of satisfaction the United States should ask for or accept. There are heights of national indignation and depths of national wrong for which there is no remedy but war. In other words, there are injuries and insults, happily more rare as the world advances in civilization, which no nation can submit to arbitration, on the proper compensation for which it can allow nobody to decide but itself. But once a nation agrees to submit to arbitration, it passes at once out of the domain of feeling into that of reason; or, to speak more literally, lays down its arms and goes into court. Once there, the understanding takes complete jurisdiction of the dispute; therefore, when Mr. Seward agreed to allow other persons than the United States Government to say whether the United States had suffered wrong at the hands of Great Britain, and if so, what damages they ought to receive, he agreed that sentimental considerations should no longer weigh in the case, and that the rule of decision should be furnished by the law of nations, the principles of equity, and the common sense of educated men.

What Mr. Johnson has been doing, is trying to provide a tribunal, and rules for its guidance, which shall apply this law, these principles, and this common sense to such facts as may be submitted to it; and the question now before the country is, whether his tribunal is as perfect a one as human nature and the gravity of the case with which it is called on to deal will admit of. The dispute itself between England and America is not now under discussion. That has been canvassed until most people are thoroughly familiar with it. What we are considering is whether a good means of ending it has been hit on. It is nothing against the proposed tribunal that it will not, under any circumstances, award the full amount of damage the United States has sustained at sea, or take from England the full amount of the gain which has accrued to her through the rebellion. Even after all the damage actually done by Confederate cruisers has been paid for, Americans will be many millions out of pocket, through the fear inspired by Confederate cruisers; while even if England had compensated the ravages of these cruisers fourfold, she would still be a great gainer After the commission has done everything that can be expected of it, a great deal of wrong will still remain unatoned for; but then those who condemn it on this ground have to produce some other instrument that will do better. There is no human mode of exacting of everybody who participates in or instigates a great war the proper amount of retribution. No court is adequate to any such task. Nobody can say exactly who is responsible for a great war, or to whom it was owing that it was attended with such and such atrocities or did not end at such and such a time. We have within the jurisdiction of the United States courts at this moment plenty of men who are known to have committed dozens of murders during the rebellion, but no attempt has been made to punish them. Granting that the English recognition of the South as a belligerent contributed to the prolongation of hostilities, it is impossible to say *how much* it contributed, or what proportion of the losses sustained by the North were due to her agency. We might as well attempt to put the Democratic party on its trial for complicity in the rebellion, and force it to pay the national debt, as to put England on her trial and force her to pay for *all* the damage sustained by American commerce through the military operations of the Confederates. So that, if the commission fails to do exact justice, we have only to ask ourselves whether war would do better; whether,

after having fought England, we should be less out of pocket than we shall be after receiving payment for all losses sustained by the *Alabama* and her coadjutors.

The flagrant and patent fault of the convention, as it has appeared in the newspapers, is the mode of appointing the umpire who is to decide in case the four commissioners cannot agree on the same person. This umpire is to be chosen by lot out of two previously selected by both parties, so that even the question of England's liability might be decided at the outset by an Englishman or a person selected by England. If the arbiter may be chosen by lot under such circumstances, the whole question might as well be decided at once by tossing up a cent. The object of the commission is not simply to give a decision, but to give a decision which both parties are likely to respect, and a decision arrived at, even in part, by blind chance would command nobody's respect, and probably would not be enforced. But then the Senate is at least as likely to see this, as well as other weak points of the convention, as anybody out of doors, and we may feel assured that it will be satisfactory in any form in which it issues from their hands. Even Mr. Seward's great point, the submission to the commission of the propriety, in point of time, of the concession of belligerent rights to the insurgents by Great Britain, would hardly give trouble, even if England had refused to agree to it, because nobody has ever been able to see how that, or any other notorious fact, could be kept back from the consideration of the commission. When two disputants ask an arbitrator to pass on the culpability or liability of one of them, what they really submit to him, no matter what they put on paper, is what he himself knows of the case. What they withhold from him is simply what they can keep from his knowledge. So that the controversy on this point has always seemed to us one of those airy discussions which sometimes precede reconciliation between intending duellists of a pacific disposition. If the question of recognition had been likely to exert any influence on the amount of damages, the point would have worn a different aspect; but this, we believe, has never been maintained by anybody. What is gained, therefore, now by showing that the Queen's proclamation was prematurely issued, is a sort of quasi-proof that Lord Russell was at that date an evil-disposed man. The English liability for the *Alabama* ravages has been practically admitted by the English government, and is believed by publicists here and on the continent at least, to flow from its violation of its legal status as a *neutral*, and not from a misdirection of its moral sympathies.

The New York *Tribune's* suggestion that the claims of the Confederate bondholders may be admitted by the commission, under the agreement to adjudicate British claims against the United States as well as American claims against England, is of course worth attention, as is the possibility that Semmes may claim damages for the loss of his personal baggage in the *Alabama*. But the remedy in case either of these claims is allowed by the umpire is very simple—break up the commission and bring its proceedings to an end. There is little difficulty in excluding these claims by a special clause; when Great Britain insists on advancing them, it will be time to get into a proper state of indignation over them.

INTERVIEWING.

So far as a journal is made good by its editorial writing, European journals are, no doubt, better than American. There is as little doubt, we suppose, that so far as the goodness of a journal depends on the labors of reporters and collectors of news our papers are superior to those of the older countries. So far as concerns the production of the "able article" in politics or in literature, the *Times* of New York will admit itself behind the *Times* of London. But if we take our American *Times*, with its heavy Atlantic Cable bills and its long account with the Associated Press, and institute a comparison between it and its English namesake, with its scanty dole of telegrams from M. Reuter and his Continental confrères, the result will be far from unfavorable to us. Leaving out of consideration these special points of superiority and inferiority, it is safe to say, by the way, that foreign newspapers and our own are much the same thing; plainly, the new, indigenous original American literature that they speak of, is not going to be a periodical literature; it is not in essentials that the American journal is unlike the European; the main differences are differences not of kind, but of the degree of ability with which the same or very similar topics are handled.

Nevertheless, there is a new path or two that we have struck out; and, as might have been expected, it is "our reportorial staff" that may claim the credit of the invention. "Interviewing" is confined to American journalism. At all events, it was among us that it had its origin, and it flourishes among us with a luxuriant strength that is nowhere else equalled or emulated. Occasionally an enterprising German or Frenchman gets admission to the presence of Von Beust or Von Bismarck or Thiers, and sends to some paper an account of what he saw and what was said; but usually his report is a mere bit of narration or a little gossip, and has none of the profound political significance which our own interviewing is supposed to have. And now and again a delegation makes a politically significant visit to Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, and the papers print the spokesman's address and the minister's reply. It is, however, never observed that the English delegation makes its visit without having in view the furtherance of some specific object to which the attention of the official must be called, or else it wishes to make known to a favorite leader, for his encouragement, that his course in regard to this thing or that has the approval of his constituents. The American interview is another affair altogether. The reporter who seeks an interview with Mr. Wade or Mr. Butler or Mr. Ashley does not, as the Frenchman does, make his visit because of some matter of personal business, and then incidentally, for the gratification of a natural if rather trivial public curiosity, put down on paper a description of the statesman's rooms and dress and appearance and manners, and a record of what chanced to be said. Still less does he go as the English visitors do, for the purpose of himself saying something to a public servant. His part in the conversation is merely to put certain leading questions designed to draw forth in the directest way the views of the statesman on all political questions that may at the moment be exciting attention, and, more particularly, a good deal more particularly, to elicit an explanation of some passages in his career which probably may come up for discussion in the nominating caucus of the next week. "Governor," the reporter says, "I see that some of the Radical sheets are saying that you are in favor of the forcible annexation of Cuba and the establishment of the Coolie trade. How is it about that?" Or, "Governor, I suppose you have noticed that an opposition paper in your district alleges that you voted twice against the bill giving two hundred dollars bounty to the soldiers and sailors, and that on its passage you got leave to change your vote; and that afterwards you altered your speech in the *Globe* before you began to circulate it down there. Is that so? Some of your friends think you ought to say something about it." The Governor then thus replies to the reporter, or gives him a written statement to this or the like effect: "He had been long enough in public life to know that if a man undertook to answer every calumny that was heaped upon him he would have very little time left to attend to the affairs of his constituents. Jefferson used to say that a lie travelled across lots, but truth had to go round by the dirt road, and he had found it to be about so. His grandfather having fought through the Revolution, and his father having been a sailor in the war of 1812, and he himself having left his business to recruit men to help to put down the late rebellion, it might be that he had been a little too ardent in his desire to see the Stars and Stripes spread over an island which, by the laws of nature, was designed for a part of this country, and which was cursed by a European despotism. His chief idea, however, in connection with that matter had been to run the sugar plantations on Government account for two or three years, till the Territorial governments could be framed, hypothecating the staple crops for the purpose of lightening the burden of taxation now resting on the poor man. His plan was to base a new issue of greenbacks on the sugar bonds and give every man a fair chance; at present the rich had it all their own way. As for the editor who made the charge, he was not worth notice. The governor had been obliged to have him arrested during the war for discouraging enlistments; he never forgot it. His wife, he believed, left him years ago; she was now in Illinois somewhere. The story about his vote on the bounty bill was a good specimen, he remarked, of the way the Copperheads attacked a man's record, if he had been true to his country while their friends down in the Confederacy had been putting our men into their Andersonvilles and Libbys. It was true he had wished the defeat of that bill and had voted against it. He had framed a substitute bill himself, having for its object to give every soldier and sailor who had been honorably discharged one quarter section of good land in place of giving him a money bounty, most of which would be got by speculators and agents. After all, history proved that the principal reliance of any country must be its honest, hard-working farmers. His former private secretary had taken it on himself to make some slight changes in the governor's speech on that occasion,

and as soon as the governor discovered the fact the secretary was discharged."

The political bearing of the merely descriptive and other seemingly incidental parts of the "interview," as we get it in print, is not less marked than that of the rest of it. It is not in the spirit of idle gossip that the correspondent tells us of the great man's surroundings and his habits when at home. The first surprise was, he is likely to tell us, "when he got off the cars" and enquired where the old senator's residence was situated, for he had been expecting to see a mansion whose appearance should be in proportion to the national fame of its owner. The house was a plain frame structure, a little the worse for wind and weather, with a large barn behind it; near by were two men and a boy at work. The ill-dressed man was the old champion himself, feeding a pig; the boy was his youngest son, sawing wood. The room into which the correspondent was invited was very plainly furnished, without pictures, except a photograph of the Capitol at Washington and a portrait of the senator. Noticing the absence of a piano, the correspondent was told that the senator "believed in a churn." His wife did her own washing, he said. The dinner was very simple, and the stories about the senator's drinking at Washington and on the cars were not confirmed by the pitcher of remarkably cold and clear water which stood on the table. The first thing he did, the senator said, when he got that lot, was to dig a well. He had always voted for a prohibitory law when in the State Legislature. The well and the cellar he dug in the day-time, and at night did sums on his slate by fire-light. He preferred a rag-carpet, he said. As for a big library, he thought if a man had one or two good books and made himself master of them he was more likely to turn out successful than if he spent his time looking up dead men's thoughts. Past ages were not progressive; and what might do well enough for Europe would not do for this country. In his judgment a good newspaper like the *Tom-tom* contained more information in a week than most books do in ten years.

In short, the "interview," as at present managed, is generally the joint production of some humbug of a hack politician and another humbug of a newspaper reporter. The one lives by being notorious and the other by seeking out notorieties and being "spicy" by stringing together personalities about them. Sometimes, of course, it happens that the opinions given are those of an able and respectable man, but this is very rare; and it is still rarer that when this does happen, they have been honestly learned by the person who gives them to the press. Usually he has made a rascally use of a chance opportunity, or in some indirect manner has learned what So-and-so has said among his friends, and this he puts down, mixed with other matters, as having been said to himself. A notorious instance of this latter kind has recently been much talked about—Grant being represented to have held a confidential conversation with a writer for the press, who fabricated half of what professed to be a true report and picked up the rest from people unsuspicious of his intention. In general there is really not very much objection to the interviewing's being done in this manner. It is not worth while for the reporter to pay hotel bills and railroad charges for his personal transportation over many miles in order to get hold of the talk of an average "old war-horse" or "old wheel-horse." A look at the distinguished man's stump speeches or his performances in Congress shows what he will say on any given subject, for when he is at the end of the platitudes or the ravings that make up his verbal activity as a statesman there is nothing more in him, and any "member of the press" is fully as competent as he to put "views" into his mouth. The men who really have something to say which it would be worth while to hear do not suffer themselves to be made the interviewer's prey, and assuredly never collogue with him for the purpose of "keeping themselves before the public." That trade has plenty of followers, however; and some of the senators and representatives from our oldest and most respectable States are occasionally to be found among the number. We think of one who, under the temptings of one of the most skilful, as well as most pushing and impertinent, of Eastern interviewers, permitted himself to speak of his fellow-legislators in language for which they might justly have made him rise in his place and apologize. Imagine somebody with a taste for being spicy approaching Monroe or Adams or Webster to get out of him and into the note-book what he thought of the private motives which dictated the vote on a particular occasion of either one of the others, his colleagues.

But the worst offender of all engaged in the preparation of "the interview" is one whom we have not mentioned—the editor who pays for its concoction and publishes it. He will very likely admit when off duty, or for that matter when on, that his correspondent is a blackguard and a gentleman of no doubtful character as regards veracity. In fact, he may acknowledge that he is aware that that worthless and bad man is at the moment confined in the back office, on limited rations, fabricating imaginary remarks to be made by General Grant to "a well-known conservative gentleman, who has ever been of opinion that the General meant to be the President of a party and not of the whole country." But this confession, and the fact that he lays claim to the title of an honest man and gentleman, will not prevent the editor's giving his assistance, if necessary, to his ingenious employee, and paying him high wages for his services, and publishing whatever rascality may result from his efforts. The paper must have "spice" and something sensational. Conscience or common decency in its editorial management is less necessary; at all events, if it is necessary, its existence is somehow not found incompatible with a cool disavowal of responsibility for these petty villanies. Sometimes, even, it is not found incompatible with a labored defence of them when they are exposed. The *World*, the other day, when Grant convicted it of a story that looked particularly malicious, occupied a column in an attempt at showing that, no matter what he chose to pretend, Grant must, after all, have reviled certain nominal party friends of his in the manner set forth in the fabulous interview; or must, at any rate, be all ready to break with them, because otherwise he would not "have been driven into a course so out of character for him, and so unexampled in the conduct of any President elect," as to say that there was no truth in some disgraceful falsehoods of an anonymous correspondent, whose performance, of course, could have done no harm if some respectable person had not made himself an accessory of the fabricator. In its best estate, when it merely serves to make some politician clumsily ridiculous in the eyes of all discerning people, the "interview" is bad enough; but in that form of it exemplified in the instance we have been commenting, on the press could hardly have a worse disgrace or a worse enemy. The lesson that there are limits to people's endurance of printed impudence is one that should be taught the conductors of the press by their own sense of moral responsibility for all the damage done by anything to which they give publicity. It is because "interviewing" helps to establish the curious device of looking on the correspondent, whether interviewer or not, as a person who may be disgusting, to be sure, but who is his own keeper fortunately, and not at all under editorial control, that it is chiefly to be condemned.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 8, 1869.

THE columns of the newspapers will, for some time to come, be filled with the reports of some remarkable legal proceedings. The case of Overend, Gurney & Co. will be known by name, at least, to some of your readers. The firm had, for some years, been one of the largest discounting firms in the City. In 1865 they transferred their business to a limited company, some of the directors of which had been already partners in the original firm. After nine months, the company was wrecked in the financial difficulties of 1866, and it has since appeared to have been hopelessly insolvent from the beginning. The unlucky shareholders have had to pay up large sums beyond their original investments, and many of them have been ruined. In such a case, it is naturally the rule to make things as pleasant as possible, and to avoid the loss and trouble of exposure. On the present occasion an indignant shareholder has arisen who is not disposed to take things so quietly. He has attacked the directors in the criminal courts, and a long investigation has begun, of which it is difficult for uncommercial persons to follow the exact ins and outs. The general nature of the complaint, however, is simple enough. It is to the effect that the directors cheated the public by issuing a prospectus in which they entirely misrepresented affairs, and, well knowing that they were, in fact, insolvent, and that their liabilities exceeded their assets by £3,000,000 or more, declared that they were in a flourishing condition, and estimated the goodwill of the business at £500,000. They further induced the new directors to take over, as good assets, about £4,000,000 of debts which they knew to be bad, and concealed the transaction by a secret deed. I know not how far this accusation may be substantiated, and it will doubtless involve a somewhat intricate investigation. The result should, at any rate, be favorable to commercial morality, which, under its recent developments, is certainly in need of some purifying agencies. The case having come before the criminal courts, there is no danger of its being interrupted, and the battle will be fought out to the end.

Another series of cases in which the courts are brought into conflict with pecuniary corruption will begin in a few days. Amongst the actions for which Mr. Disraeli may fairly claim credit, one was the institution of a new system with regard to Parliamentary elections. Hitherto it has been the law to investigate petitions against a return of members before a Com-

mittee of the House of Commons. In the last session, after some rather doubtful manœuvring by members of both parties, Mr. Disraeli succeeded in passing an act, of which it was the main feature that such cases should, in future, be tried by judges sitting on the spot. Next week, accordingly, the judges will go down to the various towns from which petitions have been received, and proceed to the trial of some sixty cases. There is a great deal of speculation as to the probable result of this system. Hitherto the Committees of the House of Commons, though desirous in a general way of doing justice, have not shown all the energy desirable. Liberal members have found it rather harder to believe in the guilt of Liberal than of Conservative candidates, and Conservatives have taken the opposite view of the relative purity of the two parties. Moreover, both sides have felt a certain tenderness towards gentlemen of their own class, and have been more inclined than a court of justice should be to adopt the Christian rule of putting a charitable construction upon everything. In short, there has not been that energetic prosecution of every clue to the discovery of guilt which is necessary in the case of a crime so easily concealed. Besides this, the expense of bringing witnesses up to London, and keeping them waiting for days or weeks, has, amongst other things, made the proceedings so expensive as to be of itself a considerable obstruction to justice. The judges, it is expected, will have no tenderness for the accused. They have given every proof of a desire to make the investigation as strict and searching as law can make it; and every one will sympathize with a vigorous ferreting out of the evil. They will, moreover, be able to take a more independent position than the committees, and, if any suspicious circumstances appear, to send for witnesses, whether voluntarily produced by the parties to the suit or not. Being on the spot, they will be able to enforce attendance with greater facility. I have only heard it urged on the other side that the necessity of laying down strict judicial rules will tend to hamper the court, and that future agents will, as it were, have an exact chart laid down of the various shoals upon which they are likely to be wrecked, and regulate their future proceedings accordingly; whereas, from the costly mode of procedure of a committee, and its comparative disregard of precedent, it was comparatively difficult to be guarded at all points.

The general opinion, however, is that the new method of trial will prove to give a great increase in efficiency. It is generally said that scarcely any member can be safe against a petition. Legally, it is sufficient to prove any case of treating, bribery, or intimidation—even without the knowledge of the candidate—to invalidate the election; and an indiscreet friend may, therefore, ruin the cause. I know, at least, of one gentleman of the very highest character, not only in private life but in a judicial office, who would not be suspected for a moment, even by his antagonists, of any corrupt proceedings, not merely from implicit confidence in his character, but because from his position it could not be worth his while to run the risk of exposure. Yet I am told that there is a considerable prospect that he will be turned out, on account, as I presume, of some dealings over which he had no control. In short, it is said that no one is safe, unless he has reached an ideal of purity scarcely to be expected in an election. We shall, however, soon be able to speak from experience; I may be able to give you a few specimens of English electioneering on the highest authority.

Meanwhile, even if bribery and corruption should be effectually put down, a consummation much to be desired, the influence of wealth would not necessarily be greatly diminished. It is suggestive of the sums which members are prepared to spend on their elections, that one barrister engaged in the present prosecutions receives £500 as a retaining fee, and fifty guineas a day, whilst the case lasts. This of course implies that a member thinks a seat worth some thousand pounds, and if he may not spend his money in directly corrupt ways, he can easily obtain influence by his expenditure. I have known a man elected for building a church, and a rich man who lives amongst his constituents has no difficulty in causing his money to flow through appropriate channels to their pockets. A letter which has just been published from Mr. Goldwin Smith bears upon this point. He tells us that the influence of money is far greater in England than elsewhere, greater for example than in France or the United States; that he consequently could not afford to stand for Parliament; and justifies his departure from us to you by the extent to which we are under the power of a plutocracy. The question is far too large a one for me to discuss in this place; but I may venture to claim for this money-ridden country that at least we are endeavoring to bring the highest judicial authority to bear against the corrupt use of wealth, and that there is a sound public sentiment prepared to support it to the utmost. Money will have influence and, in many ways, a very bad influence here for some time to come; possibly it may not be without influence elsewhere; but I am sanguine enough to hope that we shall improve the tone of public opinion as to some modes of using it, and that rich men will at least not feel themselves to be above the law.

I mentioned briefly in my last letter the recent decision against the Ritualists. They seem to be hesitating as to the right course to pursue, though, I think, with a disposition towards accepting the judgment. They are now endeavoring to prove, I cannot say with what success, that it hurts the evangelical party as much as themselves. A strict interpretation of the rubric, for example, would, as they argue, compel the officiating priest to stand in front of the communion table instead of at one side, when consecrating the sacrament. This, it appears, is a matter of great importance. Also it would necessitate the use of more elaborate vestments. In short, if a rigid interpretation of the rubric is henceforth to be the law, as the recent decision would seem to imply, the Prayer-Book, which was a compromise between two parties, would subject both to annoyance. I am really incompetent to decide, and will only say that the main point appears to me to be the submission on whatever grounds to an ordinary court of law. To acknowledge its authority appears to be inconsistent in the long run with the priestly claims of the ritualists; and if they submit, *they* abandon to some extent their pretensions. Meanwhile, they seem to have a considerable share of the sympathies of the Liberal party. They have all the advantage of apparent martyrdom—though not very severe martyrdom. They have been prosecuted on trivial matters about candles and millinery, and people who laugh at them for attaching so much importance to those matters think it equally wrong of antagonists to prosecute on such slight grounds. If, it is naturally said, these observances are objectionable on account of the doctrines which they are supposed to symbolize, prosecute ritualists for the expression of the heretical opinions—not for the mere ornaments and gestures which indicate the opinions. Prosecute them for preaching the Real Presence—not for lighting candles or kneeling before the table; for teaching the efficacy of confession absolute—not for dressing in many-colored garments.

I shall simply mention these opinions without discussing their propriety, and add that everything seems to me to indicate that we are at the beginning of church difficulties to which the present lawsuit is a mere trifle. And whilst noticing these quarrels over vestments and altars, it may not be out of place to add that an intelligent person much employed amongst the London working-classes told me the other day that, in his opinion, at least nine out of ten were infidels. I cannot give the proportion amongst the educated, but they are not so different from these as people might guess who judged from expressions of public opinion. Altogether we form a nice audience for the discussion of ecclesiastical questions about candles and vestments.

Ministers have not yet showed their hands; but they profess great eagerness for retrenchment. Mr. Cardwell, the new Minister of War, has cut down the number of postage-stamps used in volunteer corps. This fact has been duly chronicled in the papers. This kind of cheeseparing is ridiculous enough; but we have hints at more sweeping measures. One plan hinted at has been the withdrawal of our 12,000 (if I mistake not) troops from Canada, and the subsequent reduction of the strength, though not of the *cadres*, of the army by that amount. Of course we assure the Dominion that removing our army from them does not in the least weaken our connection with them. This is at present a mere report; but if any sensible reduction is made, it will be by some such measure, not by cutting off postage stamps and stationery.

Correspondence.

DR. HAYES AND THE NORTH POLE.

[A CORRESPONDENT, whose education and whose business have led him to take a particular interest in the subject of arctic explorations, writes thus in regard to Dr. Hayes's renewed proposals of research, which were referred to in our number for January 14.]

"I trust Dr. Hayes will succeed in starting another expedition. His difficulty, however, will be in procuring sufficient money to properly equip the same. He needs a stout steamer and one, or, if possible, two sailing vessels. He should be fitted to pass three winters, if it should be deemed advisable, in the arctic country. There is no trouble about men's enlisting for this time, if properly commanded and fed. We have had one crew from Cumberland Inlet this season, who had passed *two winters there, and no heartier, healthier set of men ever came into port.*

"I am quite confident that Dr. Hayes will be able to reach the very pole if he can only start right and stay long enough. An intelligent

whaling-master who was in the Pacific Arctic Ocean in the summer of 1867 (which was, as you are aware, a very open season) told me that he believed he could with a stout steamer have pushed through that summer to Spitzbergen. Any expedition fitted for arctic research is liable to lose an entire season if the weather should be especially severe. My only fear is that Dr. Hayes will be so anxious to go on another expedition that he will make the venture without securing sufficient means to accomplish his object properly." B.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. SHELDON & Co. announce "John Ploughman's Talk," by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.——Messrs. E. J. Hale & Sons announce a tale of Southern life, one founded on fact, entitled "Miron Place," and written by Miss Anna Frederic.——The Providence (R. I.) Press Company will publish "Carthage and Tunis, Past and Present," by Mr. Amos Perry, who not long since was our consul in those parts.——"A List of the Most Important Books for a Minister's Library" is a work that will soon be published by Mr. W. F. Draper, who, being of Andover, Massachusetts, will perhaps satisfy the stricter Evangelical clergymen better than any others. He will publish, too, these works: a (Greek) "Harmony of the Four Gospels," according to Tischendorf's text; Dr. Joseph Haven's "Studies in Philosophy and Theology;" a treatise entitled "Classical Study: Its Usefulness illustrated by Selections from the Writings of Eminent Scholars;" and some Greek and Hebrew and historical text-books, to which we need not call the attention of the general reader.

—In discussing (see the *Nation* of June 18, 1868) the reform movement among the Jews, we stated that it had its centre in Germany, but was "felt with more or less force from Odessa to San Francisco, and from Stockholm to Algiers." Evidences of that movement in this country have just reached us in the shape of two prospectuses of Jewish publications. The first, announced by M. Ellinger, of this city, will be a weekly paper, sixteen pages quarto, called the *Jewish Times*, and will be "devoted to the interests of Judaism, and to advocating the cause of Reform and Progress." Beyond the unity of God, it does not clearly appear from the circular what is comprehended in "true Judaism" as understood by the parties to this enterprise, but we judge they would not disagree with M. Hippolyte Rodrigues (*L'Idée israélite en France en* 1868) in proclaiming "three dogmas: the unity of God, the immateriality of God, the immortality of the soul;" and "three essential principles, derived from the laws of nature: free-will, the brotherhood of man, the liberty of interpretation." Four of the sixteen pages of the *Jewish Times* will be printed in German, and the subscription price will be five dollars. Among its advertised contributors are several citizens of Chicago, including Dr. Chronik, pastor of the reform-congregation of "Sinai," who himself notifies the public that he will edit a monthly periodical, *Zeichen der Zeit* (*Signs of the Times*), devoted to religion, philosophy, and society in their correlations. He is supported by a committee of his congregation, who announce that they have assured the material success of the enterprise. It is to be published in German, at the price of two dollars per annum. Of the editor we are sorry to say that we have no personal knowledge. His address to the Spaniards, which is sent out with his prospectus, indicates his attachment to republican ideas, while he believes that no government will be so good for the Spaniards as that which they deliberately choose for themselves.

—Book-buyers of means and taste will do well to get a priced catalogue of "an amateur's collection" of luxurious books which Mr. Bouton now has on sale. It describes many very superb volumes, masterpieces of binding and typography, and rich in engravings. The collection has been made within the last three or four years, and embraces some of the spoils of many celebrated European libraries which have been dispersed within that period. Perhaps the gem of the collection is a copy of Longus's famous "Daphnis and Chloe," the original of so much pastoral romantic fiction, illustrated with twenty-nine original pen-drawings by Martini and a duplicate set, colored, by the same artist, who followed the designs said to have been made by the Duke of Orleans, at whose press the work was printed. The work is in quarto, two volumes in one, magnificently bound, and in typography said to be an unsurpassed specimen of printing on vellum. $2,600 is the price set upon it. Other noticeable works are these: A "Martyn's Universal Conchologist" with 161 colored plates of shells, the figures colored by the author himself, mounted within ornamented borders prepared expressly for this copy, is offered at $480. It is a very rare book. There are quite a number of works relating to the theatrical profession, notably Boaden's "John Philip Kemble," a two-volume work extended to six by the insertion of 350 portraits ($225); Raymond's "Life of Elliston," two volumes extended to four by the insertion of 500 views, portraits, and autographs ($262 50); lives of Matthews, Mrs. Jordan, Charles Kean, and others. Among the rarest books are two very unlike each other. One is a large-paper copy of old Dibdin's "Tour in France and Germany," crammed full of pictures in all stages, and in fact running over with illustrations, the original three volumes having been made into six, bound by Charles Lewis in the richest of morocco bindings, and valued as it stands at $1,800. It is said that it was the pride and pleasure of Sir G. H. Freeling to make this copy the very best in existence, and it is to be hoped that he died happy, for he spent twenty years and nobody knows how much money and study and labor in collecting engravings in pen-and-ink, in pencil, in chalk, in colors, on steel, on wood, on copper, and in having made for his special purpose what he did not find in existence. The other book we have mentioned is a copy of the third edition of the Marquis De Sade's atrocious "New Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue; followed by the History of Juliette, the Sister of Justine." This is the book of which they relate that the infamous Saint Just used to read it for the purpose of inciting his ferocity to new cruelties. It is erotic, but sanguinary rather than anything else. As a specimen of ancient printing and ancient engraving we may mention a sound and perfect copy, in royal folio, a foot wide by a foot and a half high, of the "Nuremberg Chronicle." It contains more than 2,200 wood engravings. But the catalogue—which, by the way, sells at twenty-five cents—should be seen, as there are not many of its thousand volumes that are not in some way highly interesting; it is a catalogue of a library with very little dead wood of any kind in it.

—Two or three of our most distinguished American authors have recently been faring among the English critics, and on the whole they have fared well and been treated nearly as they deserve. Mr. Longfellow has met with a very warm reception. The appearance of Hawthorne's "Note Books" has given occasion for passing a new judgment on him, and the general verdict seems to be what his admirers would claim should be passed on him, that he was a genius and a very rare one, whether or not he was a very great one; "dreamy predilection for the mysterious and moonlight aspect of things," "intellectual grace, and, it must be added, weakness of intellectual bone and sinew." These are the words of a critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who seems to be a person of rather too downright cast of mind to see just what Hawthorne was and wherein his strength lay. His mental bone and sinew were not obvious and asserted; but to call him intellectually weak is to go as much out of the way as to call him a distinguished reasoner. Nor is it a very happy use of language to describe Hawthorne's predilection for the mysterious as of a dreamy kind. The critic goes on praising freely, and not giving one the impression of being the best man in the world to talk about Hawthorne. For instance, one of Hawthorne's suggestions for a story is "a man living a wicked life in one place and simultaneously a virtuous and religious life in another;" and it can be imagined by sympathetic readers what the sombre result would have been if the author of "The Scarlet Letter" or "The House of the Seven Gables" had taken up the theme. The reviewer reminds us that the hint "has been worked out by Arsène Houssaye;" the Frenchman's story being of a woman who lived a devout life at the same time that, under another name, she was a light of the French *demi-monde;* which sounds not much like Hawthorne. Our author's English style seems to be that quality of his which is most fully appreciated by his British critics. Mr. Lowell's "Under the Willows" is everywhere praised. Our friends of the *Publishers' Circular* say that "he has a style of his own, like and yet unlike that of any of our English poets, and not to be mistaken for that of his own countryman and contemporary Longfellow." Furthermore, the same authority says that "his verses are redolent of the mountain, the sea, and the prairie." The *Saturday Review*, however, comes to the business of criticising the book in one of its best moods, we were going to say; in a mood of very unusual goodness, we will say; one where its ability, good taste, and good feeling make it highly admirable. Of "The Commemoration Ode" it is said that alone by itself it ought to silence those grumblers in America who think their country has no poet. The "Darkened Mind," too, a strong poem, of sad gravity and just pain, is spoken of as it deserves. So, in fact, is the volume generally. The same author's advice to Englishmen, in the December *Atlantic*, furnishes a theme on which the *Pall Mall Gazette* discourses at some length, and not with the utmost good grace, perhaps. However, it promises straightforward, manly behavior for the future. But the Springfield *Republican*, in its last issue, informs the Britisher that

he may as well spare himself the trouble of trying to be civil or agreeable; the fact of the matter being that his only way of recommending himself to our people, and he may as well know it first as last, is to cease to be an Englishman altogether. But his case is not so bad as that, quite.

—"How the thing is done," in the matter of getting "first-rate notices," has been painfully revealed in the *Independent* of last week. The *Watchman and Reflector* wrote to it privately, it seems, for an encomium, which the *Independent*, feeling kindly towards the *Watchman*, at once prepared to "set up." But before it appeared, the interval being long, the *Watchman* seems to have lost patience, and began uttering loud laments over the *Independent's* "fall" from "evangelical religion," and spoke also, in another part of the same issue, and in a dismal manner, of the domestic arrangements of that paper, and predicted severely that the *Independent* would find "a vital Christianity" too strong for it. Seeing this, the *Independent* ordered its forthcoming "notice" of the cowardly *Watchman* to be stopped, but the printer, mistaking his instructions, kept it standing, and it appeared. Hereupon the *Watchman* found itself terribly embarrassed. On the one hand, the *Independent*, on the *Watchman's* own showing, had "fallen," and was in difficulties with regard to "vital Christianity;" but then the "notice" of the *Independent* was on its head like coals of fire. So it produced a second and reverberatory "notice" of the *Independent*, acknowledging the *Independent's* praises and expressing gratitude for its heterodox approval. But the *Independent* had by this time got its blood up, and formally retracted "Notice No. 1," explained how it came to appear, and chastised the *Watchman* savagely—would we could say undeservedly. As the matter now stands, four "first-rate notices" have been utterly wasted, "all gone afay in de evigkeit," as Hans Breitmann says, and, what is worse, the public has been admitted to an inside view of the laboratory in which these articles are manufactured. To say nothing about the arrant humbug of them, we have always wondered how an adult of ordinary education could be so silly as to engage either in the solicitation or the production of them. They are one of the most ridiculous, as well as most odious, of the small impositions which our very pretentious fraternity practises on an innocent public, and the religious papers ought to set an example of dropping them. There is something highly impudent in selling people, as an honest and impartial opinion of a man or his work, something the man himself has privately solicited you to say.

—The Chinese are said to be considerably interested in the five newspapers that are now published in China, in the Chinese language, by foreign publishers. Of the two—one a weekly and one a tri-weekly—that are published at Shanghai, the Rev. Mr. Y. J. Allen, of the Methodist mission, is the editor, and he devotes them in good part to science; the Chinese paying a good deal more attention to that than to religion, and more, it may be presumed, to the religion than if it were presented without the science. The work that is being done is, at any rate, good, and it is of greater extent than one would suppose. As an evidence that the papers are read and appreciated, the Shanghai *News-Letter* says that a high official of Shanghai employs a clerk to copy out Mr. Allen's tri-weekly paper into Chinese. This copy is often sent to the higher mandarins in the interior and is eagerly read, especially when it treats of Political Economy, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy. A literary chancellor has recently declared his intention to reform the Chinese mode of printing, and to that end has applied to Mr. Allen for information in regard to the *modus operandi* of electrotyping, typefounding, and so on. How to produce refined sugar was another question as to which he was very curious. All this may very likely be proof rather of the curiosity concerning new things which is common among the less civilized races, and which may rest content with a glimpse without ever going on to study and practice. But there seems little doubt that the old stagnant peace of the Flowery Kingdom is in process of breaking up. The five Chinese papers, one would say, are safe to exercise a great influence, and ought to be in good hands, as indeed they seem to be by the sensible course that two of them, at any rate, are pursuing.

—One of the most eminent representatives of the historical or comparative study of languages, Professor August Schleicher, of Jena, died a little more than a month ago, at the age of forty-eight. His life, although thus early cut short, has been rich in works of general and acknowledged value. The first of these to win wide circulation and high reputation was his "Languages of Europe in Systematic Review" (Bonn, 1850), a detailed classification and sketch of all the tongues of Europe, with analyzed specimens; a book which, in its line, has not yet been superseded. For some years, between '50 and '60, he devoted especial attention to the Lithuanian, publishing a valuable series of volumes respecting that curious and interesting tongue. In 1860 appeared his "German Language," the extended and elaborate preface to which contains a fuller and more connected exhibition of his linguistic philosophy than he has made elsewhere. Next year, however, was put forth his most important production, the "Compendium of the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages," of which a new edition, considerably altered and improved, appeared a couple of years ago. As a text-book of study and instruction this is the best work of its class in existence, decidedly more practical and manageable than Bopp's great grammar; it well deserves translation into English. Besides these more elaborate works, Schleicher has published many essays of noteworthy contents; in his "Morphology of Language" (St. Petersburg, 1859) he suggested a mode of notation of the phenomena of speech which has attracted much attention—of which, for example, Müller's last pamphlet contains an (unacknowledged) imitation. To the conclusions of his paper on the distinction of noun and verb (Leipzig, 1865) much exception may be taken; as also to those of the little pamphlets he has published at Jena on the relations of the study of language to that of the natural sciences. He is, namely, a vehement champion of the paradox that a language is a "natural organism," growing and developing by internal forces and necessary laws; and his statement and defence of this doctrine are so bald and extreme as to be self-refuting. He was not unskilled as a naturalist, and his studies in natural history, by some defect in his logical constitution, seem to have harmed his linguistics. With Dr. A. Kuhn, of Berlin, he was editor of the highly important linguistic periodical, "Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung." In person and manner he is said to have nearly answered to the common idea of a German professor: somewhat awkward and angular, a little helpless outside his own special studies, and very absent-minded; withal, a most indefatigable worker, and a sincere and enthusiastic Liberal. His death, in the midst of what should be the period of a man's most valuable activity, is deeply to be deplored; there are few of his contemporaries who could not be better spared. He had promised as his next work an Indo-European chrestomathy, with full notes and glossaries, and happily brought it to completion a few days before his death.

—Of Schleicher's absent-mindedness the story is told that he once appeared in his lecture-room not, as usual, in a grey coat, buttoned to the chin, but in an open black overcoat. He did not discover the impropriety of his costume till he had searched in vain for his manuscript, which was not about him, and, begging pardon of his audience and promising short delay, he ran home, took the papers from his gray coat, and put them in the pocket of his surtout. Then it occurred to him that he might without loss of time resume his proper garb as a lecturer, and accordingly he exchanged the black for the grey. Of course when he returned he was again minus his manuscript, and was obliged, after an explanation which convulsed the audience, to dismiss them till another day. The concentration of thought which absent-mindedness commonly implies had, in Schleicher's case, perhaps the best example when he contemplated composing an entire tale in that mother-tongue to which the languages of Europe all refer—the *Ursprache*, as the Germans call it, of which not a word has come down to us unaltered. This was almost the knight-errantry of science.

—Any one interested in the discovery of antique silver-ware at Hildesheim, to which we have already twice alluded, should purchase of Mr. L. W. Schmidt, in this city, the third number of the fourth volume of Dr. Lützow's *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*. In it Prof. Unger, of Göttingen, describes minutely the principal pieces of the collection, with the aid of four engravings, which, while merely suggesting the richness of the originals, justify the high esteem in which these are held. Especially is the ornamentation of the vessel represented in Fig. 1—a huge bowl or "crater," under which, inverted, a number of small pieces were concealed and preserved from injury—remarkable for grace and freedom, recalling, as the professor notes, the painted tracery on Pompeiian walls. Fig. 2, also, a deep circular dish with a Minerva in the centre in so high relief as to preclude the idea of ordinary usage, and a chased border of elegant design, is strikingly beautiful. A beaker with two handles, and a drinking bowl of hemispherical shape, adorned with bas-reliefs of masks, vines, and bacchic emblems, are represented in Figs. 3 and 4. In the dish referred to, the helm and ægis of the goddess, as well as the plough-tail in her right hand, are gilded; in others there is an ivy decoration in *niello*, with green enamelled leaves, artifices which in one instance are combined with pearls. That the pieces came from different workshops, and are in a great measure the product of Greek skill, seems certain. The ownership, if not assignable to Varus, is still obscure, though some light is expected from a parchment said to have been dug up with the treasure trove. Many of the pieces were so fragile—apparently those in *repoussé*—that they have suffered greatly in transportation to the Museum at Berlin. The crater

here delineated has unhappily crumbled away, though not before it had been photographed and reproduced, with several other pieces, in plaster. The electrotype process can now give us absolute fac-similes of them all; and our schools of design should have little difficulty in procuring duplicates, if so disposed. Perhaps Messrs. Tiffany & Co. would do the public taste that service.

—Among the noticeable illustrations in this periodical is also a large and (with the exception of the clouds) finely-executed etching after a painting by Rottmann, whose bust accompanies the descriptive text. The remains of this picturesque cradle of art are well exhibited from the painter's point of view, which includes also Parnassus, as another picture of the same place embraced the Acrocorinthus. M. Thausing contributes a second article of a biographical nature, on Dürer's *Hausfrau*, whose portrait, as drawn by her husband in 1521, with a Dutch head-cloth, is shown on page 78. In the *Beiblatt*, or Art-Chronicle, will be found letters on art, with current intelligence, personaland otherwise. Prang's chromos get a "flattering notice." Herr A. Glaeser, secretary of the U. S. Consulate at Frankfort, is said to have translated into German the speech in which Mr. Sumner unsuccessfully opposed the aspirations of Miss Vinnie Ream, and to have added some account of the state of this country in regard to art, with sketches of American artists of both sexes (Frankfort: Hermann.) A more important announcement is that Julius Thäter has etched anew in copper Giotto's portrait of Dante recovered in 1840, taking for his model the drawing made by Seymour Kirkup immediately after the discovery, and prior to Marini's somewhat damaging restoration. Barthel, in Halle, is the publisher.

HUNTER'S RURAL BENGAL.*

By "rural Bengal," Mr. Hunter means the country and the country people, the masses of the native population, as distinguished from the city and its inhabitants, the government, the ruling classes. His aim is to depict the condition and fate of the real people of the land during and since the period of transition from Mohammedan to English rule. Forsaking the beaten track of so-called history, he regards everything from the point of view of the lowly, and ignores the deeds of the great save as those are affected by them. The very idea of such a work is worthy of high praise. And its realization no less commands our admiration. Mr. Hunter writes under the impulse of the broadest humanity, with full appreciation of Hindu rights and claims. He gives us the results both of a long practical acquaintance with the Hindus, gained in the management of their affairs, and of studies, profound and minute, into their institutions and history. He is a representative Indian official of what is, or ought to be, the new régime in India—one of a class who are not the mere continuers of the old Mohammedan machinery for collecting revenues and amassing wealth, but who thoroughly feel the responsibility laid upon them as custodians of the happiness of a vast nation, and mean to do their duty well. We have read no recent work on India of which the tone has so satisfied us. It concerns, of course, first and especially, the English, with whom we hope that it will become a household book, and contribute powerfully to the education of public opinion. But it also possesses quite enough of general interest to justify the American edition. A well-conceived account of the inner life of a community like the Hindu, or of any part of it, has an importance limited by no country boundaries. And the volume contains also a store of materials valuable to the ethnologist.

Although not so styled upon its title-page, this is the first volume of a series. It deals with only two or three of the little provinces into which Bengal is divided, namely, with the higher lands south of the Ganges—inhabited by a mixed population of Santals, aborigines of the soil, and Hindus—with Beerbhoom (ugly mutilation of Vīrabhūmi, "land of heroes") and Bishenpore. Its first chapter, on the transition from native to British rule, is mainly occupied with the story of the great famine of 1769–70, in which it is said ten millions of human beings died of starvation in nine months! Mr. Hunter's exposition of the causes and the results of this dreadful calamity—results which have exercised a dominant influence on the whole history of the country since—is very instructive. One of the most striking circumstances attending it is the helplessness and ignorance of the new rulers in presence of it. It is compared and contrasted with the somewhat similar affliction of two years ago, of which the dire effects were chiefly limited to a single district, the one least accessible and least affected by the new ways which European civilization has introduced into India.

The return of repose after the desolation of the famine and the disorders to which it led, suggests to Mr. Hunter a review of the constituents of the population he is dealing with, and an estimate of the mutual relations and influences of its different races and classes, and with this he occupies the largest division of the book. In the course of it he touches upon some of the deepest and most obscure problems of Indian history, such as the origin of caste and of the worship of Siva. In treating them he exhibits the same keenness of mind and force of thought as elsewhere in his work, and he succeeds in setting them in new aspects and casting valuable light upon them; but it must be confessed, at the same time, that he walks here with a less certain step, and gives way in some measure to that exaggeration and over-confidence which are so natural to one who applies himself with intensity to a particular portion only of the evidence needed to settle a difficult question.

The same criticism applies also to the linguistic parts of his work. Along with praiseworthy acuteness and general good sense, he shows a want of mastery of his subject by undue dependence upon certain authorities, and occasional slips which even reach the dimensions of a blunder—as where he ascribes to Schleicher the doctrine that the Sanskrit-speaking race borrowed nineteen articulate sounds from the aborigines of the peninsula, wherewith to supplement its own scanty alphabet (p. 180, note). His view, too, of the joint agency of "pronouns and roots" in producing the organism of speech (p. 139), is radically unsound and untenable. The sketch of Santal grammar is welcome, and Mr. Hunter's view of the structure of the language well taken; but many of the further consequences which he would fain draw from his study of it betray not a little of fanciful exaggeration. Not to dwell upon other points, we are at a loss to see how the Santal "points to the north-east" as the home of the aborigines of India. The Sanskrit does, indeed, point to the north-west as starting-point of Aryan immigration; but this "pointing" consists in the evidence afforded by a mass of historical documents running back almost to the time of entrance into the country, and by a well-understood and firmly established affiliation of languages. What beside vague surmises, on the other hand, is to be drawn from the obscure legends of a collection of barbarous tribes, occupying a limited region of India, and not yet proved connected with any of the more widely-spread races, either on the north or on the south? We heartily wish, moreover, that Mr. Hunter had spared us those worthless comparisons of Santal with Indo-European roots, from which he ventures to conjecture an ultimate relationship between the two classes. These, however, are comparatively unimportant blemishes in a work that we read with continual enjoyment and profit.

What remains of the volume is devoted to a series of sketches illustrative of the Company's career as sovereign authority of the land, and its gradual conversion from tax-gatherer to real governor and administrator of justice. Among the principal topics treated are the currency, the land-rent, the rural police, and the manufacturing interest. The pages are replete with instruction. The next volume, we are told, will discuss the rights and legal status of the various classes owning or cultivating the soil. Perhaps it may not prove interesting to so wide a public as the present one, but it will undoubtedly contain a vast deal of curious information, having the most direct bearing on the welfare of the Indian population. The question of tenure and rent of the soil is the one which has most taxed the learning and wisdom of the country's masters, and as yet with no very satisfactory result.

* "The Annals of Rural Bengal. By W. W. Hunter, ... of the Bengal Civil Service." Second edition. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1868. 8vo, pp. xvi., 475.

FISH-FARMING.*

Every lover of the craft of Izaak Walton should thank the author of this book, for he teaches how the depopulated brooks and streams may be made alive again with the graceful tribes that

> "——sporting with swift glance
> Show to the sun their waved coats drop't with gold."

It makes the mountain-streams ripple and gurgle again in the ear of the city-pent angler, and leafy shadows struggling with the sunshine fall upon his soul as it goes back lovingly to long summer days of delicious idleness or to the golden light of October suns. And even those of our readers who Gallio-like care for none of these things, and choose rather to enter into the labors of others, may learn from these pages the happy certainty of salmon and shad swarming in the markets as well as in their native waters, and contending with each other for the honor of a place at their tables. And oysters, too, may feel the beneficent influences of a more careful culture, and, multiplied in number, improved in virtues, every excellence developed which

* "American Fish-Culture: embracing all the details of Artificial Breeding and Rearing of Trout, etc. By Thaddeus Norris, author of the 'American Angler's Book.' Illustrated." Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1868.

commends them to the love and admiration of mankind, gratefully expand their valves, eager for their metamorphosis into human nature. The dwellers in the greater rivers and in the lakes, too, are all susceptible of the advantages of a judicious early training, and the delicate white-fish and Otsego bass (which, however, is not a bass) and their lovely companions may be increased and multiplied almost indefinitely, and induced to take up their abode in waters that now know them not and to smoke upon tables yet ignorant of their charms.

The art of increasing the propagation of fish by artificial means was for a long time a lost art to modern Europe. But it is by no means a new invention. Those exasperating Chinese, who claim to have discovered all our inventions centuries before we thought of them, of course have known all about it these thousands of years, as well as about gunpowder, printing, and the mariner's compass. The early Romans also practised it, though it seems to have gone into disuse, oddly enough, in the later days of luxury, when the passion for fish almost amounted to a vice. In the middle ages, though there was no artificial propagation, fish were protected during the spawning season by severe penal laws, and it was once even a capital offence in Scotland to catch a young salmon. And still on the Continent the police care for the safety of the fish as well as of the lieges, so important a political as well as an economical matter is the abundance of food—it being impossible, according to Cobbett, to make "a fellow with a full belly" a rebel. Some attempts were made in the last century, and in this, in the direction of fish-hatching, but with no enduring results. It is to a simple fisherman of La Bresse, on the banks of "the blue Moselle," while it yet lingers in its native France, that the world will owe the miraculous draught which it is yet to have. This fisherman, Joseph Rémy by name, associating himself with another, of the name of Antoine Géhin, were guided by their personal observation of the ways of the fish with whom they lived in daily converse into the same line of experiments, without having ever heard of them, which the philosophers of France and Germany had been trying, and with a success which had not attended the wisdom of the wise. The French Government at once saw the importance of the discovery, and instituted a commission charged with stocking the rivers of France with fish. And—a circumstance which might well astonish Red-tapedom and the Circumlocution Office—they placed these two peasants at the head of it, having first decorated the former with the Legion of Honor, for the preposterous reason that they knew more about the matter than anybody else! "They manage these things better in" England. There, a cabinet minister, a noble lord, and a right honorable privy-councillor would have led the enquiry with becoming dignity, if not with answerable success.

The process is this: The female and male fishes are taken out of the water and the spawn gently squeezed by hand from the former and the milt from the latter, into a vessel containing water of the proper temperature, and then gently mixed together. If the natural conditions are observed, the discovery of which we owe practically to Rémy, the eggs are thus vivified and in due time hatched. The infant fish are then protected against all assaults of their enemies during their nonage, and they are not turned loose into the rough world of waters until they are supposed to be able to take care of themselves. How many valuable lives may thus be saved we may judge from the calculation of Sund, a Swedish naturalist, founded on observation, that one hundred mullets produce four millions of young fish! Still a care more than parental has to watch over the tender infancy of these interesting nurslings. Their nurseries have to be contrived and conducted with a scientific care which might well be emulated by the breeders of young human fry. Nothing but the purest element and the wisest diet is allowed in them, and warmth and all other conditions essential to the rearing of young creatures are most carefully studied. And due attention must also be bestowed on the moral character of his infant charge by whoever undertakes that delicate office. For it is a painful fact that such is the natural depravity of a young salmon or shad that he will not hesitate to devour a younger brother that comes in his way, if he feels a good healthy appetite and is the stronger of the two. He has no more notion of fair play than a bullying sophomore when he hazes a freshman. This immoral propensity is guarded against by keeping their pupils as much as possible of a size, and also by observing Cobbett's rule as to rebels, and keeping their bellies full of meat of a less profligate description. The rising generation, thus brought up in the way they should go, when arrived at salmon's or shad's estate, and prepared to encounter the perils and temptations of finny life, are dismissed into the world by their careful tutor with his blessing, in the faith that in due time they will, in common gratitude, return to indemnify him for the pains bestowed on their nurture and education.

The bearings of pisciculture on political and domestic economy are most important. We have seen no recent calculations as to the annual value of the fish crop of France. But ten or a dozen years ago it was put down at $1,200,000, and it was estimated that in a few years it would amount to $180,000,000! We do not imagine that the profits can have come up to this figure as yet, but there can be no doubt that they have been very great, and that the diet of the poorer class has been very favorably affected by this cheap addition to it. The careful cultivation of the waters of the sea and the lakes and the rivers that replenish them, will certainly now become an industry remunerative beyond all past experience in this country, and physiologically and psychologically we believe that a larger admixture of lenten fare in the dietary of our too carnivorous countrymen will be for the advantage of both their bodies and their souls. And then we shall be able to exchange ichthyologic favors with Europe. There can be no reason why the impregnated ova of the most illustrious of the inhabitants of the Eastern waters should not be brought to these Western shores. The imperial turbot and the royal carp and the ministerial whitebait shall not disdain our republican coast, and mullets and lampreys and soles shall yet adorn first our seas and afterward our tables. The magic art of a Delmonico shall not be long invoked to conjure a *filet de sole* out of a halibut; nor yet to compel that same honorable fish to put on the fraudulent disguise of a *turbot à la crême*. That great man shall not lack authentic materials for his admirable works, nor be forced to resort to his dazzling spells to cheat the eye with blear illusion and give it false presentments.

In every point of view, therefore, public and private, we rejoice at the attention which has been drawn to this most important industry, and that so many States have taken measures to promote it. It gave us the sincerest pleasure to learn from a foot-note to page 22 of Mr. Norris's book that Mr. Seymour is warmly and actively interested in the good work of multiplying the fishes that haunt our sea-coasts. He may rest assured that it is a more useful and honorable occupation than the artificial propagation of voters in our sea-ports. We congratulate him on his ceasing to fish in the muddy waters of politics, and on his exchanging his dealings with the loose fish that swarm therein for transactions with creatures so much more valuable and cleanly. If anything could increase the satisfaction with which we have seen the cheerful zeal of the American people in excusing him from the public service he so much dreaded, it would be the knowledge that that would have withdrawn him from a pursuit so innocent and laudable. We conclude our discourse by again commending this treatise of Mr. Norris to our readers, and advising such of them as live in the neighborhood of river, pond, or brook to lay his instructions to heart and reduce them to practice according to their opportunity.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

THE February *Putnam's* begins with a chatty and agreeable article on "The Ass in Life and Letters," by Mr. Tuckerman. The ass is the quadruped so designated, and there seems to be an unsuspected amount of literature on the subject, with which the writer shows a wide acquaintance and out of which he has made an agreeable article of the familiar, discursive order. "A New Œdipus" is by Mr. Leonard Kip, a story-teller with whom *Lippincott's*, we think, first brought the public acquainted, and who is having average success in telling that sort of marvellous story which imposes on no one, being addressed not to the imagination but to the judgment, which refuses credulity. It is a better line, however—or it is one in which the reader accepts a less successful tale more willingly—than that of the mock-realistic tales which are in fashion and which have about them nothing so agreeable as even ingenuity somewhat wasted, and which never achieve the higher results of the story-telling art. Late in the day, but not so late that we have forgotten its spirited beginning, comes the continuation of a September article, "In the Saddle—On the Plains," by Mr. F. W. Gedney. Perhaps the best thing in the number is "Substance and Shadow," a carefully finished "phantasy" by Mr. Eugene Benson—a writer who would be oftener to be praised if he would always, as here, confine himself to what he can do. His artistic feeling seems to be strong, and the expression of it naturally allows a sort of warmth of coloring and a proper vagueness of meaning which are out of place when the things of reason are dealt with. "Substance and Shadow" is restrained in wording and general manner, shows some fancy, and contains as its best portion some well-depicted landscape-painting. The catastrophe, however, is without much impressiveness, as may be permissible in phantasies—even when they are intended to have beauty and impressiveness—and is rather unfortunately suggestive of a certain young prince in a popular poem. "A Sermon at Notre-Dame," with one strong situation, is weak and, so to speak, causeless; and "To-day" is of a sort to account for Mr. Kimball's periodical droppings out of public recollection. A sensible and well-done hortatory and dehortatory

essay on "Men's Rights" is by Mrs. Harding Davis, and is profitable above nine-tenths of the "woman question" instruction and reproof. The miscellaneous articles at the end of the magazine are also good in comparison with what they have been hitherto. Before taking leave of the magazine we should mention "The Gallows in America," a humanitarian essay which, with a little more care, might also have been made a sociological essay of value to the general reader. We know pretty well about the horrors of hanging; though it is well enough, too, to have the bungling cruelty of hangmen, as they are, brought forcibly to the public perception; but it is the business of the anti-hanging party—and that is a party that everybody nowadays would belong to if he could—to show by actual statistics, carefully collected and handled, and of intrinsic weight, that we are less or as little murdered when we cease to put murderers to death. The quotations of murderers' dying speeches, to the effect that the hanging seemed to them horrible, the horror itself with which it inspires Mr. Stedman, show it to be, as yet, the most effective of usable punishments, to the imagination of the individual, at any rate. As we have said, it is the business of statistics to bring us to a final judgment as to what is society's best means of self-preservation against murderers. Meantime, while the figures are getting together, it is proper for Mr. Stedman to reflect whether he himself, say, would or would not commit murder, or be more likely to commit murder, in case the death penalty were not inflicted for that crime. We trust to his candor for an affirmative answer to the question, and feel justified in our wish that he had tabulated the returns on this subject from hanging and non-hanging countries. And on further consideration we feel inclined, and indeed impelled, to withdraw anything we have said that may be taken to mean that we approve of touching appeals to the prevalent sociological weakness of the day—the humanitarian feeling which at times seems to be softening the fibre of modern humanity more than is very well. Ways of punishing crimes are subjects for a pretty purely scientific consideration. The religion of love, to which knock-down appeal is made on these occasions, was, sure enough, meant for the regeneration of the individual man, for operation on the individual, rather than for direct application to the social machine.

"Probably you have a patronizing pity for him," Mr. Benson says in the *Atlantic* of "Baudelaire, Poet of the Malign," "and think he was weak." "No man would have more quickly resented your pity, for his pride was colossal; and as for his weakness, I cannot recall a writer whose thought or feeling has seemed to me so strong." Let us hope that it only "has seemed," and seems so no longer. That is to say, so far as the poet's thoughts are concerned. He is not spoken of as a thinking person in any sense in which all people of rather more than ordinary ability are not also so spoken of. His feelings were strong enough undeniably, and he took a diseased pleasure in the intellectual contemplation of the evil in sensuous things, being essentially a creature of the senses, which at the last turned and rent him. But what a school-girl's conception of "strength" is that which attributes it to the weakness of pride, and contempt, and license—makes a hero of an unhappy slave to the passions of the flesh, and the images raised from voluptuousness of mind and from hatred of himself. We have seen nothing that our essayist has written which is more to be reprehended than this exhibition of his tendency to confound the immoral with that unmoral which, as an artist, he may be supposed to have a special belief in. The matter becomes serious when the confusion is too complete and too long continued, the immoral being falseness and feebleness in the case of the artist as much as of other men and women.

"Our Postal Deficiencies" is an article that ought to be widely read. Particularly we advise all, legislators or laymen, who have been listening to what the telegraph companies have been saying in their presidents' speeches and in some of the papers, to take a careful look at the figures of Mr. Derby's very readable and useful little essay. There remains but little doubt in the minds of any one who has looked into the matter at all that the telegraph ought to be, and can profitably be, in the hands of the Government, as the post-office business is. Mr. Derby sums up the latest European information on this subject, and on various other subjects connected with our postal arrangements, and will surprise those who are ignorant of the system in vogue in foreign countries, notably in Great Britain, by what he tells of post-office insurance, post-office banks of deposit, and cheap postal telegraphing.

Professor Eliot, in an article on "The New Education"—which is not, in his opinion, to be looked on as hostile to the old or as superseding it—treats with his accustomed force and pointedness—which once in a while is what may be called sharpness—of the scientific schools of the country. Of his theory we hope to speak on another occasion; of the rest of his paper we may say here that it is a full comparative survey of the numerous schools with their various courses of teaching, and is of especial value to instructors.

We do not know that there is much else to be said of the February *Atlantic*. "Malbone" is very thin; there is an occasional witticism that is rather small but not bad, and an occasional more or less faded, or rather washed-out, shred of poetry or poeticalness; but there seems to be nothing to come to, and little by the way. "Comparative Housekeeping" is a little in the clouds in this set of chapters, but is spirited; "Love in Mount Lebanon" is slight but lively, and rather entertaining; "Proud Music of the Sea-shore" is an almost meaningless roar of sound from Mr. Whitman; "The Door-Step" is a clever and very pleasant little scrap of verse, by Mr. Stedman. "Ritualism in England" is uninteresting, as is all talk about Ritualism which does not bring the reader to the real point—which is the question whether a preacher is or is not a mysterious and awful priest. We observe in more than one Ritualist writer a disposition to shirk meeting the issue, while others of them—and perhaps most, but we doubt it—are bold enough, and candid. The article before us gives the new school the praise, which ought not to be refused it, of doing more to awaken the religious sentiment in the English lowest classes than all other English religious communities put together; and surely any lightening of the heathen darkness of that class, though it were with a profusion of candles and not much besides, is a thing to rejoice over. The "Tribute of a Loving Friend to a Noble Woman" is by Mrs. Stowe, and relates to the late Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland, the vast estates of that noble family, and its manner of life.

The *Galaxy* has no very noticeable paper this month, if we except three chapters of Mrs. Edwards's Susan Fielding, which we have not begun to read yet, having been born too late—to borrow a reason—or too early; there was a time when novels in instalments were odious to novel-readers, and the serial was an experiment. And there may be such a time again; but certainly it is not now, when novel-readers either actually prefer their novels bit by bit, or else are so fond of them that they must have novel all the time, and devour it even though they can get but scanty mouthfuls. Our own appetite lets us wait in patience till after the chapters have made such a book as they can. Theatre-goers will be glad to read Mr. C. W. Elliott's account of Miss Charlotte Cushman's early history, which was full of brave struggles, it seems. It is necessary, we suppose, that there should be a tone of exaggeration, or rather one-sidedness, in such accounts; they are like the grave-yard literature, devoted to the good qualities of the subject. But Mr. Elliott was hardly proposing to himself a criticism of Miss Cushman's acting. Professor Draper writes about the adulterations of our New York coffee, and the story he has to tell is anything but agreeable. However, everybody has his remedy in his own hands; whoever can afford to drink coffee can afford his own roaster and coffee-mill. Mr. Parke Godwin, of the *Evening Post*, is the "*New York Journalist*" who is brought up for examination in this month's *Galaxy*. We are not sure, we may say, that "original minds are not found among journalists." It begins to be time, if this is so, to insist on Mr. Emerson's view of minds. He does not know, he says, that he wouldn't say—if he were a writer for the press he would know he would say—that in proportion as a man is a true genius he is not a strictly *un*original mind. On this view of the matter we may, perhaps, accept the further statement that "an original leading article would send confusion among newspaper-readers." That would, however, depend on what originality is. "Queen Victoria and Her Subjects" is a good contribution by Mr. Justin McCarthy, takes an extreme liberal view of the British crown and the aristocracy, and prophesies republicanism for England Holding the doctrine, however, that "an uninspired prophet is a fool," he is wisely silent as to the time of the change, which, perhaps, looks a little nearer from this side of the water than from the other. That it is to be seen in the distance is not, we imagine, to be disputed; and, too, it is worth while remembering that the English literature, periodical and other, that we read is the writing of the decorous classes, who say something less than they think on such topics. The "Galaxy Miscellany," "Driftwood," the department of "Literature and Art," and the "Nebulæ" are well-varied and interesting light reading.

Hours at Home opens with an article by Professor Noah Porter, who is to write a series of which this paper is the second, on "Books and Reading." They will, no doubt, contain some sound general remarks on reading, the goodness of good reading and the badness of bad; but Professor Porter, like many other men of ability, does not seem a good literary critic. A man should tell a young reader a great many good things if he is going to compensate him for being told that Bulwer is a genius. It is with Shakespeare, we believe, that Professor Porter names the novel-writer We marked some other such indications as we read along. "Sevastopol in

May, 1855," begins very well indeed as a story, though it reads a little stiffly in places as a translation; but it promises to be interesting in itself, and certainly will interest those who wish to make the acquaintance of Tolstoi. "The Fountains of Syria" and Professor Fisher's "Glimpses of Old Authors" are two other articles that will be read with pleasure.

In *Lippincott's*, "Beyond the Breakers," Mr. Robert Dale Owen's American novel, goes on, or, rather, it stands still. The author is evidently an unpractised novel-writer. In this instalment he introduces us to a woman who has nothing to do with the story, for the mere purpose of letting us see her die, which she does at too great length, and not very well in other respects. Perhaps, though, the author of "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World" was led astray by the incident of the presentiment, and brought in the lady on that account. These, however, are liberties with his readers and his characters which the novelist takes at his great peril. "Mr. Thackeray" is not very bad criticism; portions of it are, indeed, very good, and all of it is well written. But the writer seems to have failed to conceive of Thackeray as he no doubt really was—very much of a sentimentalist, namely; as fond of gushing, if only he could have let himself do it, and of all sorts of soft things and fine things, as any boy or girl. The cynicism, so called, was mostly sentimentalism reversed. We do not say that underneath both there was not something a little more real than either. The critic having made a fundamental error of this kind, is, of course, often wrong in special judgments, as Thackeray put into his men so much of himself. The "Secret Agent in Foreign Parts" continues to be published without acknowledgment of the writer's indebtedness to Griscelli's memoirs.

Harper's contains more about the "Chivalrous and Semi-chivalrous Southrons;" and four more chapters of Mr. Justin McCarthy's pleasant story, "My Enemy's Daughter," which has a good deal of a certain sort of freshness. These are, perhaps, the best of the contents of the February number. The rest of it is in part made up of a sketchy and amusing illustrated paper entitled a "Sleigh-ride through Russia;" of an illustrated paper on "Zanzibar," by a lady who visited that little known region and seems to have used her eyes well; of various short pieces of various degrees of readability; and of the four editorial departments. Thoreau, Mr. Curtis speaks of this month; and our old friend T. T., the art critic; and the propriety of buying good copies of good pictures, instead of buying poor originals; and, of course, there is "Easy Chair" talk about Christmas.

The *Catholic World* is pretty much all controversial this month, and of no interest to the general reader.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.

THERE is a strong tendency among Rationalistic writers in France and Germany to treat Christianity as an outgrowth of Essenism, and to regard Jesus himself as a peculiarly spiritual-minded member of that sect, differing from his brethren only in his broader sympathies, higher aims, and richer intellectual endowments. A few years ago Dulk published, at Stuttgart, a drama of formidable dimensions in which the life of "*Jesus der Christ*" was delineated entirely from this stand-point. And now Fr. Clemens gives us what claims to be a critical and historical work in which "Jesus the Nazarene"* is portrayed in the same light. The volume begins with a *Vorrede* of fourteen pages explaining the scope of the book, a general introduction and three chapters on the "Character and Tendencies of the Jewish Priesthood," the "Political Situation of the Jews at the time of Jesus," and "Further Political Relations of the Jews during the Childhood of Jesus," before it comes to the real theme as described by the title-page. Herr Clemens is the author of several other works of a similar tendency, such as "Manifest der Vernunft," "Friedensschluss zwischen Vernunft und Christenthum," "Dass Allbuch, eine Bibel," etc. He writes in a clear, earnest, and vigorous style, that leaves no doubt as to what he means, and his narrative is often naïve even to irreverence.

"Administration, Law, and Legal Procedure, State-Administration and Self-Administration in England and Germany,"† is a work by Dr. Rudolf Gneist, Professor of Law at the University of Berlin, one of the chief German authorities on the subject of the English Constitution and English Law. He has previously published a work on "English Administrative Law," and another on "The Constitution of English Communes." The present work compares the correspondent methods, laws, and institutions of England and Germany—especially Prussia. It is divided into two main sections, entitled "The Foundations of the English State," and "Law, Administration, Self-Government, etc.," with the following chapters: Foreign Affairs; War; Admiralty; Exchequer; Home Affairs; Board of Works, Health and Poor-Law Board; Board of Trade; Administration of Justice; State Church and Dissenters; Education and the Professions; The Colonial and Indian Offices. The author's aim is obviously rather practical than scientific, though he follows it in a scientific way. He wishes to point out to his countrymen, by the light of English experience, the path they will have to pursue if they are to realize the liberty of action and movement, both in private and national matters, after which they are yearning. With true practical insight, he calls attention to the fact that the freedom of the individual subject depends primarily on the laws regulating the *administration* of affairs. A people which has the administration of its affairs in its own hands, or which, by its representatives, exerts a direct control over that administration, is in a very full sense free, even though the constitution of the state may be very defective; whereas the very best constitution, *theoretically*, is no guarantee of real liberty—nay, is almost an instrument of despotism—so long as there is no self-government in detail. It is needless to say that that state is, as far as this goes, the highest in which constitution and administration go harmoniously and completely hand in hand. Ultimately, however, all depends on having good men in the right places. The great defect under which the German States labor is, that there is so little connection between the constitution and the administration. In a theoretical point of view, the Prussian constitution and the constitution of the North German Confederation may be very good; both contain provisions which closely resemble some of the best in America and England; but the control over those who have to carry out these provisions is in the hands of bureaucrats—bureaucrats either in principle or in practice, or both. In other words, a good constitution on paper does not ensure good institutions in life. We might adduce numberless illustrations of the futility of good constitutional provisions, so long as the administration is in the hands of men who are, *taken as a whole*, only responsible to each other—that is, irresponsible—if space permitted. A careful study of Dr. Gneist's book will give the reader a good notion of the inner politics of Prussia, and throw considerable light on various problems remaining to be solved both in America and England.

The first volume of "The Politics and Politicians of German Austria at the Time of the French Invasion" appeared in 1862, and was at once recognized as a valuable contribution to the history of Germany, and indeed of Europe too. The second volume,* the author, a son of the celebrated bookseller, Perthes, and Professor of Law at the University of Bonn, did not live to publish himself; but his manuscripts were found in so complete and forward a state that his friends, the Professors Springer and Mendelssohn, felt no hesitation in printing them almost as they found them. After briefly describing the state of the various provinces of Austria and their relation to each other under Charles VI.—that is, from 1711 to 1740—in the first book, he narrates, in the second and third books, the efforts put forth by Maria Theresa and Joseph II. to introduce reforms of government, improvements in agriculture and trade, and a better condition of things in church and school. The fourth book discusses Austria's relation to the German Empire; the fifth and last delineates the political leaders and parties in Austria at the time of the wars of Napoleon. The facts, anecdotes, conversations, and sayings given, especially in the last chapter, are very characteristic, and make it very piquant reading.

The author of "The History of French Calvinism"† is one of the notabilities of the university town of Halle—Major von Polenz, an old Saxon officer, who fought in the wars of Napoleon, along with the rest of his countrymen, on the French side. He is well known to many American and British students who have attended the University of Halle, drawn by the great names of Tholuck, Müller, Hupfeld, and so forth. Two or three years ago the degree of Doctor of Theology was conferred on him, by, we believe, the University of Breslau, in consideration of that part of his history which had then appeared—a mark of respect very rarely displayed towards a layman. A major who is also a D.D. is a *rara avis* in Germany. The volume before us is the fifth of the entire work, and narrates the history of the political Calvinism of France from the death of Henry IV., in 1610, to the Edict of Nimes, in 1629. We entertain the unpalatable opinion that very few Germans are capable of really *understanding* the history of Calvinism. Major Dr. von Polenz is, however, we

* "Jesus der Nazarener. Des Weisesten der Weisen Leben, Lehre und natürliches Ende. Von Fr. Clemens." Hamburg. 18mo, pp. 284.

† "Verwaltung, Justiz, Rechtsweg, Staatsverwaltung und Selbstverwaltung, nach englischen und deutschen Verhältnissen, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Verwaltungsreformen und Kreisordnungen in Preussen. Von Dr. R. Gneist." Berlin and London: Asher & Co.; New York: Steiger. 1869.

* "Politische Zustände und Personen in den deutschen Ländern des Hauses Oesterreich von Carl VI. bis Metternich. Von Prof. C. T. Perthes." Berlin and London: Asher & Co.; New York: Steiger. 1869.

† "Geschichte des französischen Calvinismus bis zur Nationalversammlung in 1789. Zum Theil aus handschriftlichen Quellen. Von Gottlob von Polenz." Berlin and London: Asher & Co.; New York: Steiger. 1869.

believe, an exception. One reason of our belief is a remark he makes to the following effect: "The words of Merle d'Aubigné, 'C'est Edimbourg qui est maintenant la métropole de la Réforme,' have worked in me and produced *this* point, that I now find the old genuine Calvinism in English and American *Puritanism*," a remark whose full significance those only can appreciate who know how most German theological writers shrug their shoulders at, in particular, American Christianity. Other reasons are too personal to be here alluded to. Major von Polenz's style is heavy, and the entire work, when complete, will be almost too large; but it is written in a manly, fair, and Christian spirit. We heartily wish that the now aged, almost decrepit author may live to accomplish this literary task of his life.

The name of Droysen, the celebrated Berlin Professor of History, is in itself almost a sufficient guarantee of the worth of the latest German translation of Aristophanes.* Critical opinion has stamped it as one of the best, if not the very best, German translation in existence. This is the second edition. The volume before us contains the "Acharnians," "The Knights," "The Clouds," "The Wasps," "Peace." To each play is prefixed a careful introduction, giving an account of the circumstances under which it was written and acted—a kind of key to its characters and fun.

The study of the Zend language,† the language of the Avesta, or, as it is without sufficient reason often termed, the Ancient Bactrian, is only thirty-five years old. It would, therefore, seem almost presumptuous, as Professor Haug himself hints, to talk about a Zend *Philology*, especially as the only known book in the language is the so-called "Zend-Avesta." But owing to the close affinity between the Zend and the great Indo-Germanic family of languages, particularly the Sanskrit, the term is not so improper as would at first sight seem. Still very much remains to be done, notwithstanding the fruitful labors of a Rask, a Burnouf, an Anquetil Duperron, a Spiegel, and others, German, French, and English. Dr. Haug, now professor at Munich, was formerly Professor of Sanskrit in India, where his "Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees" excited great attention, both among the Parsees and the English. The present pamphlet—for it is not much more as to compass—is mainly a critical examination of a "Lexicon of the Zend Language" published by Ferdinand Justi, which comes in for many terrible and apparently richly-deserved blows. It is also a contribution to the explanation of the "Avesta."

The new book, "Germany and Europe in the Light of Universal History,"‡ written by the learned and able Berlin general superintendent and court preacher, Dr. W. Hoffmann, is a supplement to his "Germany, Formerly and at Present, in the Light of the Kingdom of God." He styles it a reserved chapter; but it is rather a long one, seeing that it extends over 253 pages. The design of the former work was, in brief, to show that the mission for and in Germany originally entrusted to the House of Hapsburg, and then offered at the Reformation to Saxony, has been gradually transferred to Prussia, with its head and creator, the House of Hohenzollern—a transference which culminated in Bohemia in 1866. Its supplement is essentially a glorification of the mission of Germany in Europe and the world. Much that is advanced is true, for the intellectual influence of Germany has been and is mighty. But many things are simply absurd. The author's description of the Anglo-Saxon element of the United States, for example, is highly colored, and we are sure our readers will smile, if not laugh, when we tell them that Dr. Hoffmann looks forward to the time when the Western States, having become predominantly German, will be stirred up by the course of events in the Fatherland to establish a separate monarchical state; and that the German element is to purge out the ecclesiastical disorders and eccentricities of the Anglo-Saxon, or rather, as he terms it, *Anglo-Indian* element. Deducting these and other mistaken speculations and descriptions, the work will be found suggestive, instructive, and interesting. Its ten sections are headed, The Work of Europe in Universal History; Spain and Portugal; Italy and Germany; France and Germany; England and Germany; Germanic States (Holland, etc.); Russia and Germany; the Oriental Question; Beyond the Seas (America, etc.); Germany in its European Work.

An edition of the collected works of the celebrated Kant is now being issued in Leipzig; and to accommodate such as do not wish to take the whole, the *Critique** is offered separately. When we say that the volume is admirably printed on excellent paper, under the superintendence of a reliable editor, we have said enough to attract to it the attention of intending readers of this great philosophical work.

What used to be more contemptible than a fiddler? And here—"The Violin and its Masters†"—we have a history of fiddles and fiddlers in all countries, and from the earliest times down to the present day. Some persons find mention of the fiddle in the Old Testament; others trace its existence to a period prior to the Christian era; but there seems little reason for doubting that the violin proper was first invented early in the sixteenth century in Italy. The author of this work has the violinist's usual opinion of the instrument. He says: "For two centuries it has reigned without a rival in the domain of instrumental music." One thing is certain, that no other instrument is so capable as the violin of incorporation (as it were) with its player, and of thus becoming a direct medium for the expression of the soul's musical feelings and sentiments. In its pliability, and in the immediateness of its relation to the mind and heart of the musical performer, it stands next to the human voice itself. The work fills up a gap.

Outlines of Physiology, Human and Comparative. By John Marshall, F.R.S., Professor of Surgery in University College, London. With additions by Francis G. Smith, M.D., Professor of Institutes of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1868.)—In no department of knowledge has greater progress been made during the past twenty years than in physiology. The use of the microscope and direct experiments upon the lower animals, and sometimes upon the living man himself, made possible by the advance of organic chemistry and other collateral sciences, have thrown a flood of light upon the mysteries of life—have brought within the domain of pure science processes which before were only explicable by what was called, in our real ignorance of its nature, vital force. In this progress our own countrymen have borne a worthy part, and many of the recent demonstrations which have passed into the general fund of physiological fact are due to their labors. No one, of whatever profession, who desires to keep himself informed concerning the general advance of science, can fail to be interested in what is now known of the functions of the human body, as illuminated by modern researches; and the treatise of John Marshall brings the whole subject, as it stands in 1868, before the reader in as intelligible a form as can well be given it. In original research and the addition of new facts and experiments, it is surpassed by others of recent date; but in the presentation of the subject it is original, and its method is strikingly useful to the unprofessional reader. In making this remark we would by no means imply that any effort is made to bring the subject down to popular apprehension at the expense of scientific accuracy and completeness. This is not the case. But the view of physiology proper, complete and comprehensive in itself, is illustrated and made far more telling by the side-lights of kindred and collateral science. Incidental remarks upon descriptive anatomy, the anatomy of tissues, and comparative anatomy and physiology, organic chemistry, physics, and the relations of man with external nature, and a general breadth of treatment, add greatly to the value and interest of the book.

The Spectator. With Introductory Notes and Index. By Henry Morley. (London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.)—It is as true to-day as it ever was that nobody can do without the *Spectator*. There is still no better quiet humor than Addison's; the essential thing in him is not a whit diminished in value, but weighs as much as it did two centuries and a half ago. Even the losses that as critic and moralist he has undergone by reason of the world's growth since 1711, have been in good part made up for, as is apt to be the case with the second and third rate immortals, by the new element of interest which his work has acquired in becoming "a map of busy life" for times that possess for us the charm of remoteness. And it has acquired, too, a value which, of course, it could not have at birth, as representing better than any other work a certain marked period in the history of the literature of our tongue. But putting aside considerations of this kind, there is, as we have said, sufficient reason for the *Spectator's* continued life and fame in the fact that for quiet, kindly humor it must still be said to be not yet surpassed, when at its best, by anything in English; and that is something like saying that it never will be surpassed. We doubt, indeed, if it has not more admirers to-day—more in proportion to the whole number of its readers—than it has ever had before since the time when it first appeared. It was

* "Des Aristophanes Werke, übersetzt von Joh. S. Droysen." Second edition. Vol. I. London and Berlin: Asher & Co.; New York: Steiger. 1869.

† "Ueber den gegenwärtigen Stand der Zendphilologie mit besonderer Rücksicht auf F. Justis sogenanntes alt-baktrisches Wörterbuch. Ein Beitrag zur Erklärung des Zendawesta. Von Dr. M. Haug." Berlin and London: Asher & Co.; New York: Steiger. 1868.

‡ Deutschland und Europa im Lichte der Weltgeschichte. Von Dr. W. Hoffmann. Berlin and London: Asher & Co; New York: Steiger. 1869.

* "I. Kant's Kritik der reinen Vernunft." Herausgegeben von S. Hartenstein. Berlin and London: Asher & Co; New York: Steiger. 1869.

† "Die Violine und ihre Meister, von Jos. Wilh. v. Wasidewski." Berlin and London: Asher & Co; New York: Steiger. 1869.

then read by many who did not at all "taste" it, as they used to say in those days, but read it for its gossip, its cheaper satire, its criticisms, and so on. Afterwards it was put into reading-books and into the hands of youth, who were ordered to like it at a time of life when the sense of humor is not developed, and who learned to look on it as a low deep of wearisomeness. In our times, on the other hand, men generally come to its perusal with their eyes purged by a succession of criticisms to an easy perception of its merits; and memories of school-boy yawnings do not now deter. Moreover, it could be proved, we dare say, to be highly probable that the number of people with a sense of humor is now much larger than it used to be, and that year by year it is happily increasing.

This edition of Mr. Morley's is, then, opportune; it merits a great deal of praise. The editor's introduction is full, acute, and suggestive in its literary and critical remarks, and very readable. In all Mr. Morley writes there is a simplicity of manner that is very attractive. But perhaps a little more might as well have been said of the unpleasing side of the character of the editor's two heroes. To be sure, the genesis of the *Spectator* is what Mr. Morley is undertaking to give; and further, to convey some idea of the world into which the paper was born, and of the work which it was intended to do. But Mr. Morley does not wholly confine himself to this; he narrates the lives of the two men pretty fully. What we are disposed to find some fault with him for is that he suppresses some facts, which being suppressed, the ignorant reader gets a rather better opinion of the men than the true one.

We think, too, that it is a mistake for our author to give Steele so much of the credit for the success of the *Spectator*, unless he means its success as a publication, at the time when it was published. Steele was doubtless a better editor than his more gifted friend; but for the *Spectator's* continuing success no doubt we are to give most credit to Addison.

Mr. Morley in this edition reprints the work exactly as its authors left it; that is to say, it contains the revisions of the original folios that were made when the first book edition appeared, and also those which Steele made just before his death. These revisions are enclosed in brackets that their extent may be seen. The reader thus has what may be called the two original texts of the *Spectator*, with the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization of the authors' day. The volume contains good notes, not too numerous; a full enough index; a table giving translations of the mottoes; and a curious and interesting appendix, consisting of a selection from the advertisements that appeared in the paper from day to day. Many of them, we regret to say, were advertisements of cosmetics; and the moralizing Mr. Spectator's ladies of quality, like his Cato, had their bane and antidote both before them at their tea-table.

On the whole, this edition of the most classic of "British classics" we should call the best that we know of, if it were not for the fact that, in order to make it cheap, Messrs. Routledge & Sons have put it into a single small volume of some 950 pages of thin though good paper, and have been compelled to use fine type, which we will not take it on ourselves to recommend. The same edition, in three or four volumes of larger print, would be admirable. This is admirable for persons who, while very poor in money, are very well off in eyesight; and it is a very handy reference *Spectator* for anybody.

A Fourteen Weeks' Course in Astronomy. By J. Dorman Steele, A.M., Principal of Elmira Free Academy, author of "A Fourteen Weeks' Course in Chemistry." (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.)—As an elementary text-book in astronomy this book deserves favorable notice. The subject is presented in an attractive form, and the author has evidently endeavored to adapt his explanations of the phenomena of astronomy to the understanding of the students whom he is addressing. The book certainly has the merit of simplicity, and the treatment of many of the subjects is both novel and ingenious; but in some instances there has been a sacrifice of truth for the sake of an apparent simplicity. In text-books for beginners the error is frequently, and sometimes intentionally, made of substituting for the full demonstration of a difficult problem an apparently easy solution, which is really unsound, but which is so presented that the fallacy escapes the notice of the young reader. The book before us is not entirely free from this defect. Thus, in referring to the cause of precession, the author says: "We have noticed the sun as producing precession; the moon has, however, treble its influence; for, although the moon's mass is not one-twenty-millionth part that of the sun, yet she is 400 times nearer, and her attraction is correspondingly greater." As the attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance, the attraction of the moon upon the earth is evidently less than one-hundredth part that of the sun. The cause of precession is the unequal attraction at the centre and surface of the earth; and this difference is greater in the moon's force than in the sun's. The same error occurs again in the comparison of the lunar and solar tides.

In explaining the apparent retrograde motion of an inferior planet, the author represents the planet as having retrograded through an entire sign, by placing, in the diagram, the zodiac sufficiently near the solar system—thus diverting the attention of the student from the important principle that apparent motion among the stars is a change in the apparent direction alone, and that an apparent change of place upon a background comparatively near might not exist when referred to the distant celestial sphere of the stars.

Notwithstanding these defects, the book is one of the best we have seen for beginners. The logical arrangement of subjects, the classification of the definitions belonging to the celestial sphere, as the horizon system, the equinoctial system, and the ecliptic system, the chapter on the spectroscope, and the allusion to the discoveries already made by this wonderful instrument, are all valuable features. The announcement on the title-page that the author had also prepared a work on chemistry did not prepossess us in his favor; but the present work is certainly an exception to the safe general rule, that a series of text-books on different scientific subjects by one author may be expected to be of low quality.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Caplin (J. F. I.), The Electro-Chemical Bath	(John Wiley & Son)	
Croffut (W. A.) and Morris (J. M.), Military and Civil History of Connecticut, 1861-5	(Ledyard Bill)	
Crombie (Rev. F.), The Writings of Origen, Vol. I	(Charles Scribner & Co.)	
Gray (Prof. A.), School and Field Book of Botany	(Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.)	
Hale (Mrs.), Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, revised ed.	(Roberts Bros.)	
Letters of Mme. de Sévigné, revised ed	(Roberts Bros.)	
Hodgson (W. B.), Count Cavour's Thoughts on Ireland	(John Wiley & Son)	
Hunter (W. W.), Comparative Dictionary of the Languages of India and High Asia	(John Wiley & Son)	$21 00
Kelty (Mary A.), The Solace of a Solitaire	(John Wiley & Son)	
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XI., Oct.-Dec., 1868	(Littell & Gay)	
Llwyfo (L.), Gemau Llwyfo: Poetry	(T. J. Griffiths)	
Major Jones's Scenes in Georgia	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Motley (Hon. J. L.), Historic Progress and American Democracy, swd	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	5 00
Probyn (J. W.), Essays on Italy, Ireland, and America	(John Wiley & Son)	
Proceedings of the Essex Institute, Vol. V., No. VIII., swd	(Salem.)	
Rives (W. C.), History of the Life and Times of James Madison, Vol. III. and last	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Roberts (Rev. A.) and Rambaut (Rev. W. H.), The Writings of Irenæus, Vol. II.	(Charles Scribner & Co.)	
Robb (J. S.), The Swamp Doctor's Adventures in the South-West	(T. B. Peterson & Brothers)	1 75
Smith (Dr. W.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
Story (W. W.), Graffiti d'Italia	(Charles Scribner & Co.)	
Tilt (Dr. E. J.), Hand-book of Uterine Therapeutics and of Diseases of Women, 2d. Am. ed.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Winer (Dr. G. B.), Grammar of the Idiom of the New Testament, Seventh ed.	(W. F. Draper)	5 00
Zander (H. J.) and Howard (T. E.), Outlines of Composition	(R. S. Davis & Co.)	

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The Week.

THE business of Congress during the past week (and, for that matter, for the major part of this session) has consisted more in defeating impracticable or mischievous measures than in enacting good ones. The one thing of public interest which the Senate has accomplished has been the passage of the bill effecting a reduction of the army. It does away with several inferior grades of officers and with fourteen regimental bands, and there is an express prohibition of any present appointments by Mr. Johnson to the two vacancies among the brigadier-generals. On Wednesday week, as the work of repression, the Judiciary Committee reported adversely on bills of Senators Howe and Sumner in support of law and order and the Fourteenth Amendment at the South, and substituted for Mr. Stewart's another to punish office-taking in wilful violation of that amendment. The penalty may be imprisonment for five years and a fine of $10,000. The same day, Mr. Sherman got the floor for a speech on his bill in relation to public finance and the currency; but it is not likely that he has gained anything by it for this session. On Thursday, Mr. Chandler's bill "to prevent the collection of illegal imposts under color of State authority"—that is, State taxes on inter-State railway passengers—was reported back from committee with amendments. Mr. Rice introduced a bill for the construction of a Government telegraph between New York and Washington under the control of the Post-Office Department, a measure which, on a small scale, would seem likely to afford the means of judging the expediency of Government taking possession of all existing lines. The debate on the suffrage amendment to the Constitution was interesting chiefly because of the addition Mr. Buckalew would have made to it. He wished Congress to require the people to select Presidential electors and then to prescribe the mode of this selection; thus leaving no room for interference by the State legislatures. Mr. Sumner opposed it, because it left intact the Electoral College, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, because it might open the way too suddenly to minority representation; and it was rejected, because in the general opinion it was out of place as offered. On Friday, Mrs. Lincoln's pension was shown to have met the disfavor of the committee. On Monday the Committee on Commerce gave a lift to the American and Asiatic Telegraph Company, which is to finish its line in three years from this time.

The one thing done by the House, after a liberal amount of speech-making and the voting down of everybody's pet phraseology intended to effect the same object, was the passage of the suffrage amendment to the Constitution, by 150 yeas to 42 nays. As this, if concurred in by the Senate, will share the wandering fate of most amendments and be debated long after its wording and almost its substance are forgotten, it may be as well to record it *verbatim:*

"Art. —, Sec. 1. The right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any State, by reason of race or color, or previous condition of slavery, of any citizen or class of citizens of the United States.

"Sec. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article."

Mr. Boutwell has been the manager of this measure, to which it is a *prima facie* objection that it affords no protection to the colored office-holder, or would-be office-holder, in case any State chooses to exclude the blacks from all offices. Senator Wilson's amendment, offered on Tuesday, covers this point with an additional article. On Thursday the House put itself the awkward question, If the Senate rejects the Georgia senators, what shall we do with the Georgia representatives whom we have taken in? The Reconstruction Committee is to answer, if it can. On Monday, by a vote of 110 to 62, the House put its foot on the scheme for West India aggrandizement, and did well.

The Virginia Committee, who have come to Washington to try to bring about a compromise between the conservatives and radicals of the State as regards the constitution under which the State is to present itself for admission to the Union, have addressed a very business-like and moderate statement of their case to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. In it they express their willingness, in spit of their conviction of its dangers, to accept negro suffrage, but ask for certain changes in the constitution, calculated, as they think, to guard against these dangers—one of which is greater concentration of power, so as to give the majority of the whole State more weight and local majorities less, even in the management of local affairs. They deny all hostility to the common-school system, but are anxious to reserve its management to the State, and not to trust it to the separate districts. It is a long while since a public document of equal gravity and good sense has emanated from the same quarter. General Grant is understood to have given the committee a very favorable reception.

The condition of the Georgia difficulty, as it affects reconstruction, we have commented on elsewhere. There is talk of following up the refusal of the Senate to admit Mr. Hill by expelling the representatives already admitted to the House, which would certainly be a vigorous, if not a wise, measure. We take leave to say that none of these things will help reconstruction one iota. They will exasperate the whites at the South more than ever against the negroes, render the impartial administration of justice more and more difficult, postpone the return of order and confidence, and prevent the negroes betaking themselves at once to that to which they must betake themselves sooner or later for their protection—their own industry and intelligence and thrift. It was preached by the supporters of the reconstruction measures that, the ballot once in the negro's hands, he would be left, as all men are under the American system, to work out his salvation by his own exertions, and avenge himself on his oppressors in the American way, by voting against them. We hope the country has not been deceived on this point. There are, doubtless, outrages and abuses at the South, but keeping Southern representatives out of Congress will not diminish them. Another objection to the prolongation of the transition state

is, the opportunities it offers to unprincipled adventurers to push their fortunes as "Union men" at Washington. If the stories be true which some of the Republican senators and representatives tell of the morals of these gentlemen and their influence on legislation, the sooner the tinkering of the South is given up the better, at least as regards the States already admitted to the Union. We trust we shall soon see the end of it in the passage of the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment.

General Webb and Admiral Davis have had an old-fashioned row over the Washburn difficulty with Lopez, "the wild beast of Paraguay," as he has been forcibly and picturesquely styled. The correspondence, however, is nearly all on the general's side, the admiral remaining provokingly cool and reticent. It originated in the unexplained, and as far as we can see inexcusable, refusal of the latter to insist on the Brazilians permitting a vessel to pass up the river to bring down Mr. Washburn and his suite, who reported that they were in danger of their lives. The admiral, however, insisted on taking a light view of their situation and treating the danger as imaginary and the prohibition of the Brazilian commander-in-chief as insurmountable. In the correspondence, however, General Webb, we need hardly say, is not concise nor moderate, and the admiral is not much damaged in the encounter. Curiously enough the English minister, who is, or ought to be, the general's natural enemy, appears in the correspondence as his bosom friend, urging him on to uphold the honor of the flag and punish the monster Lopez. As the general sensibly remarks, he and the admiral cannot both be right, but this only removes the difficulty one degree further back.

The St. Domingo business has been again before the House, but this time in the form of downright annexation, instead of Mr. Banks's protectorate scheme. Mr. Orth introduced a bill providing for the annexation of the whole island, with its two republics, or whatever they are, with all their appurtenances, and providing for the conversion of the new acquisition into a Territory, with a view to its ultimate admission to the Union as a State. Characteristically enough, we do not mean of him personally but of his type of politician, the minute he presented his bill he moved the "previous question," being desirous that this mighty plan should not even be discussed. It was rejected by a large majority, so there may be little use in saying anything more about it. But then it is not impossible that some sage in Congress will still cherish the idea, and perhaps reproduce it, and it is, therefore, perhaps proper to remind the public that annexation will do Hayti no good, unless we also undertake to govern it by Federal authority. The notion that it would give the people their first taste of freedom and self-government, is simply a delusion. They are now as free as they would be in the Union, and have charge of their own affairs with even less control or hindrance than they would experience in the Union, and have enjoyed every variety of political experience, including a massacre, a servile war, a war of independence, and plenty of civil wars, and have lived under every form of government from a military dictatorship to a double-extra democratic republic. In Hayti they have even tried a Cæsarist empire with Tiberian debauchery. In fact, there is no member of Congress who, politically considered, is not a mere tyro compared to the youngest Haytian or St. Dominican voter. Sending them "free institutions," therefore, would be about as sensible as the venture of the celebrated Yankee trader who sent a cargo of warming-pans to Jamaica. What they want is a supply of character and ideas to enable them to work the institutions they have got, and character and ideas cannot be supplied by act of Congress. Therefore, when we are asked to annex Hayti, we ought to ask ourselves whether we are prepared to govern an island of this size as a dependency, and its government as a dependency is really what the annexationists are aiming at. The sly fellows know perfectly well that the people would behave no better in the Union than out of it, and would have to be handed over to Meade or Thomas; but then what a magnificent thing the "Hayti Ring" would be, with its mahogany, satin-wood, divi-divi, coffee, indigo, and tobacco, and the assessment and collection of taxes in the recesses of the tropical forests.

There appears to be little doubt that the Clarendon-Johnson convention will be rejected by the Senate, on the ground, taken it is said by General Grant, that the injuries sustained from England during the war are of such a nature that they cannot be adequately atoned for by compensation in money for the loss of a certain number of ships; that the sympathy extended by England to the South "prolonged the war for at least a year," and that she is, therefore, "directly responsible for all lives lost and money expended during this time." The opponents of the convention do not propose any present substitute for it, and do not contemplate a resort to war. Their plan is to leave the controversy open *in terrorem*, either until England has been reduced to a more contrite mood, or until she is engaged in war with some other nation and can be subjected to exact retaliation. It does not seem likely, however, that any peaceful settlement of the question can ever be effected on the basis indicated in General Grant's objection. If an apology is what is wanted, no apology England is likely to put on paper will be any better compensation for the losses of a year of war than payment of the *Alabama* damages; nor is she likely to pay all "the money expended during a year of war," unless it can be shown that the prolongation of the war for this period was the result simply of English sympathy; nor is she likely to pay smart money for having sympathized with the wrong party in a contest to which she was a stranger. These are conditions to which nations have sometimes submitted at the close of a bloody and disastrous conflict, as the price of their existence, but they are not conditions of which diplomatists talk before a shot has been fired. So that, though it may be the wisest thing to reject the Clarendon-Johnson convention and keep the controversy open, it is hardly wise to present to the public as the only proper basis of negotiation one which no lawyer or statesman familiar with foreign affairs believes to be in the least likely to be finally adopted. If everybody who exercised an unfavorable moral influence on the South during the war ought to pay a portion of the total expenses of every kind of putting down the rebellion, France ought to be mulcted heavily also, and all persons who voted the Democratic ticket in 1864 ought to pay double taxes.

The mode of disposing of Mr. Wells and his report to which the New York *Tribune* is resorting, is worth attention as an illustration of the part the press sometimes plays in the work of reform. Mr. Wells is a man of thoroughly scientific training, with a cultivated aptitude for the collection and collation of facts. He has been for four years engaged in the laborious examination of the state of the national industry, has taken evidence upon it in all parts of the country, has visited Europe for the purpose of the careful comparison of the labor and administrative systems of the two regions, and has been throughout his enquiries provided with all the influence and authority official position can give. He is, moreover, well known to be a man of cool, philosophic temper, without the slightest taste for, or experience in, party politics. In short, his selection for his present work, and the manner in which he has performed it, have been almost universally regarded by intelligent men both here and in Europe as one of the best signs of the times, as regards the financial future of the United States. He has come to conclusions in his last report, however, which are distasteful to a certain school of economists, or perhaps we should rather say of manufacturers, of which Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, is the newspaper champion. These conclusions, whether true or false, he supports by arguments in the shape of facts and figures carefully collected and arranged, and he presents them in temperate and modest language for the popular judgment. Hereupon Mr. Greeley commences to pour on him, in the *Tribune*, from day to day a torrent of abuse, accusing him of "juggling" and other forms of fraud, compares him to "Judas Iscariot," and carefully couples his name with that of Mr. Alexander Delmar, whose unfortunate career in the Bureau of Statistics is so well known, and in fact neglects no means of making him seem base, odious, and contemptible. It is making no new imputation on Mr. Greeley to say that his training, habits of mind and pursuits, especially during the past four years, have been of a nature to make his abuse of such a man on such a theme more than usually foolish and mischievous.

We have had during the week some remarkable illustrations of the condition of the civil service. The collector for this port, Mr. Smythe, became a candidate for the Russian mission, without any special qualification for the position, and without a single claim to it of any kind except his devotion to the President in his quarrel with Congress, and, let us add, without the least chance of being confirmed. This, however, does not prevent his leaving his post here and going to Washington to "lobby" vigorously in favor of his confirmation. Before engaging in this enterprise he had appointed to a clerkship in the custom-house the notorious E. A. Pollard, the historian of the *Lost Cause*, and the most truculent and ferocious of the Richmond journalists during the war. The selection of such a person for a place in the Government employment was too great an absurdity, to use a mild term, to allow us to suppose that Mr. Smythe did it except under strong pressure, and without knowing well both the man and his antecedents. Pollard, as might have been expected, swallowed the oath as if it had been a cocktail, and entered on his duties; but his appointment leaking out, and being used against Mr. Smythe's confirmation, he was unceremoniously dismissed, on the ground that Mr. Smythe did not know who he was when he appointed him, but, Pollard says, under a special arrangement by which he was to send in his resignation and keep away from the custom-house, but draw his salary all the same; the distinguished historian apparently not having the slightest consciousness that such a story, even if true, reflects any discredit on him. While all this is going on, it comes out that the clerks in the drawback department of the custom-house have been for more than a year in a league with swindlers out of doors, for the purpose of cheating the Government out of drawbacks on goods never exported or even in existence, and have succeeded in cheating it out of over a million of dollars. Taken together, the three incidents show that the custom-house, as at present managed, is really a greater disgrace to the Government which sustains it and a greater demoralizer of the community than the public gambling houses of the little German princes, over which we have so often held up our hands and rolled up our eyes. When one considers that, according to the War Horses, we cannot adopt Mr. Jenckes's mode of selecting employees for this blessed institution without establishing an "aristocracy" and imperilling free government on this continent, it will be admitted that the devil has brought his arrangements in this part of the world to extraordinary perfection.

The controversy between Mr. H. C. Carey and M. Benard has been renewed in the *Journal des Economistes* by a reply from M. Benard, in which he alleges that his (M. Benard's) report of Mr. Carey's language with regard to slavery at the meeting of the Economical Society was correct, and that Messrs. Paul Coq and Villiaumé have authorized him to adduce their testimony also in support of the charge. He then goes on to cite passages from Mr. Carey's work on the "Slave Trade," published in 1853, in which the author says that free-trade and slavery are parts of the same system, and that slavery flourishes wherever there is free-trade, and declines wherever there is protection, and that the road to emancipation in the United States lay through a high tariff. He does not add, but we think we cannot be wrong in inferring it from what he says, that he believes a free-trader to be naturally a friend of slavery. It thus appears that while one school of protectionists consider free-traders supporters and promoters of slavery, one school of free-traders consider protectionists to be supporters and promoters of slavery, and we are, as far as authority is concerned, as far from the truth as ever. Would not rigid investigation show that the real bent of the protectionist is towards highway robbery, as being the quickest and most energetic mode of restricting men in the choice of a market, while the free-trader's darling vices are adultery and embezzlement, as affording him the best means of emphatic protest against "the interference theory of government?"

In Ireland there are signs, such as there have never been, not even in the golden age of 1782, of real union, and real progress, both social and political, as the consequence of union. The Protestants seem to have made up their minds that there is no hope for the Established Church, and this conviction seems to be turning the heads even of the Orangemen of the North toward co-operation with the Catholics in favor of tenant right and other reforms which have hitherto failed in Parliament simply because there was nothing like united action amongst the people to oppose to landlord hostility. A steady popular demand, made by all creeds, for a reform of the land laws, and expressed in firm and moderate language, could not be resisted in London; but the co-operation of the Protestants is essential, because, as has been said of the English troops in the Indian army, they are to Irish agitation what the steel point is to the lance. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the spirit in which the Catholic bishops are meeting Mr. Gladstone, which is frank and fair as well as cordial. They declare their perfect readiness to accept equality of all denominations before the law as the sum of their desires, while agreeing that in disestablishment all vested interests shall be religiously respected. But the educational question is still plainly one of the rocks ahead, as the bishops insist on the public schools being divided amongst the different religious denominations, or, at all events, on having a certain proportion of them, or of the educational funds, handed over to the Catholic clergy; in other words, they seek what they seek here, and would like to get everywhere, but what every government in Europe, even in Catholic countries, now denies them.

On the other hand, it is the confident expectation of some of the best observers of Irish society that, the pressure of Protestant ascendency once gone, the same spirit of resistance to clerical domination and the same growth of the secular spirit in legislation which are to be witnessed amongst the laity of all other Catholic countries, will be witnessed in Ireland. A Catholic Lord Chancellor, Mr. Justice O'Hagan, late of the Queen's Bench, the first in one hundred and fifty years, has just taken his seat in the Court of Chancery, amidst great popular emotion, and one of his first acts was to subscribe $500 to the building of a monument to protestant Grattan, accompanying the money with a feeling tribute to Grattan's memory. O'Hagan is one of the ablest, calmest, and wisest of the present generation of Irishmen, a great lawyer and, what is rarer in the United Kingdom, a great jurist, whose devotion to his own creed and race nobody has ever doubted, but who sees no hope for Ireland but in a more cordial and thorough union with England and a more earnest and skilful participation in English public life.

The Greco-Turkish trouble seems to have at last reached its conclusion in the acceptance by Greece of the recommendations of the Paris Conference. There has been something artistic in the whole performance, both on the part of the Turks and Greeks. The Turkish "ultimatum" was, in its way, a fine piece of bunkum, and so was the lofty refusal of the Porte to take part in the conference if Greece were admitted to it on a footing of equality. Then the gradual but reluctant concurrence of the belligerents in the conclusions of the Conference was a very delicate piece of acting. Turkey had to take time to consider, and the money markets waited in dread suspense while the Divan was meditating. But then it was expected all along that its final decision would be favorable to peace. Greece did better, and robbed the peacemakers of all hope, and filled the newspapers with rumors that at Athens the air was full of blood and thunder, and that no human power could stay the arm of M. Bulgaris. However, even Athens has come down, and nobody will be hurt on the present occasion. The final tableau, in which the Greek cabinet appears divided, with a bare majority of one for peace, was appropriate and picturesque. The affair will, however, probably act as a warning to the Great Powers, and hasten the solution of the Eastern question. The Greeks are not very formidable as a political community, but they have it in their power, clearly, to convulse Europe by resolutely assailing Turkey at an opportune moment—that is, at a moment when one or two of their protectors are ready to fight. We have had no war this time, because no one was prepared for it; but the Athenian politicians might begin their little game again on a signal from Austria or Prussia or Russia, and in a week the Continent would be plunged into a great conflict. Whether the Hellenes will ever become sober-minded enough to play their cards with real skill, as the Italians did, and reap real advantages from the jealousies of the Great Powers, remains to be seen.

THE GEORGIA DIFFICULTY.

As soon as the Georgia Legislature expelled the negro members everybody was sensible that a new and exciting subject of controversy had been opened, namely, the power possessed by Congress to exact from the reconstructed States the continued observance of the conditions on which they had been readmitted to the Union. Suppose any State evaded or repudiated these conditions, was there any remedy for the evasion or repudiation; and if so, what was its nature and where was it to be found? There were very few who did not believe, during the debates on the Reconstruction Act, that once the States were back in the Union the power of Congress over them was gone, and that after the new governments had been organized the negroes and Unionists would, beyond the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment, have nothing to rely upon, either for ascendency or safety, but their own ability and dexterity and the general progress of society. Few people liked to say anything on this point, however. The Democrats did not care to talk about it, because they feared that by calling Republican attention to it they would prolong military rule at the South; the Republicans said nothing about it, because, though it was undoubtedly the weak point in the whole scheme of reconstruction, they were not prepared with a remedy or substitute. The question, How was the observance of the conditions of the Reconstruction Act to be permanently enforced? was one which went, it was felt, to the very foundations of the Government—down to the very deepest depths of political philosophy and constitutional law, and therefore, by almost unanimous consent, it was let alone. Many of our Radical contemporaries made light of it, but their hilarity was plainly forced. They never seriously believed, and do not believe now, and even begin to confess that they do not believe, that the negro armed with the ballot is going to be able, in a democratic community, to outgeneral and outvote such consummate masters of the electioneering art as the Southern whites have always shown themselves to be. It was hoped, therefore, by all lovers of peace and quiet, that the point would never be forced on public attention in any practical shape; that the machinery set up and put in motion by the Reconstruction acts, if it did not last for ever, would last until the passions and memories which had made it necessary had died out, and the Unionists of the South, whether black or white, had undergone political absorption.

The point, however, *has* come up in a practical shape. Georgia fulfilled all the requirements of the act; was formally readmitted to the Union; sent representatives to the House, who were allowed to take their places; obtained release from military rule; and elected a senator, who now applies for his seat. The Senate is now asked to refuse to receive him, on the grounds (1) that the Legislature of Georgia was not competent to, and did not, "duly ratify" the Fourteenth Amendment and comply with the other conditions imposed by the Act of June 25, 1868, inasmuch as it contained a certain number of disloyal persons not qualified to hold office, and was therefore not the lawful Legislature of the State; (2) that the Legislature and people have committed "such acts of usurpation and outrage" as to unfit the State to be represented in Congress; and (3) that on the whole case, taking the action of Georgia before and since "the pretended ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment," no civil government had been established in the State which Congress ought to recognize.

The whole matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee, from which a majority report has been presented by Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, against the admission of Mr. Hill, to the conclusion of which only Messrs. Conkling and Frelinghuysen gave their adhesion, being apparently ready to exclude Mr. Hill under the discretionary power of the Senate, but also apparently ashamed of the arguments by which Mr. Stewart advocates this conclusion. The report, therefore, though in form a majority report, is in reality that of Mr. Stewart simply, and the ground it takes is that although the Legislature of Georgia was properly elected and convened, and although it instituted a formal enquiry into the qualifications of its members, that enquiry was not properly conducted, and some members were allowed to retain their seats who under the Fourteenth Amendment were disqualified for office. Therefore, he argues, the Legislature was an illegal body, and its ratification of the amendment was null and void. He thus assumes two things which may well be called startling; the first is that the judgment of a State legislature on the qualifications of its own members is not final, but may be reviewed and overruled by Congress, without other evidence than, as in the case before us, a newspaper report of the proceedings; the second is that the presence in a legislature of a small number of members not qualified to sit invalidates all its subsequent proceedings, and amounts to the same thing as if *all* the members were disqualified—a doctrine which would of course throw a doubt over the validity of the proceedings of every legislature in the country, Congress included, for in all of them persons in the first session, at least, take part in legislation who are afterwards unseated. It would probably be difficult to hit on a better plan for promoting anarchy than the deliberate adoption of any such principle, unless it be the doctrine that no man need obey a law till the court of last resort has pronounced it constitutional. The second reason assigned in the report for not admitting Mr. Hill is that, a month after his election, the Legislature expelled all the colored members from their seats—the committee being of opinion "that there is no distinction in the right to hold office on account of race or color," and being "quite confident that such was the opinion of Congress at the time it approved that constitution." Here Mr. Stewart advances one step further, and maintains that the misconduct of the State Legislature on the 3d of September renders null and void what it did on the 28th of July previous, and it is difficult to see why this invalidating power of the "outrages" committed by it should not go back to the very beginning of its sittings and affect *all* its official acts.

But he does not stop here. His fourth reason for refusing a seat to Mr. Hill is that, according to the reports of the Freedmen's Bureau, "there were 336 cases of murder and felonious assaults between January 1 and November 15, 1868, for all of which there had been no legal redress, and hardly any attempt on the part of the authorities to punish the criminals." The proposition here presented for our acceptance is that the failure of the police and legal tribunals of a State to prevent or punish crime with what Congress may consider the proper degree of efficiency will also furnish a sufficient cause for refusing to admit the State representatives to Congress—a doctrine which would place the representation of every State at the mercy of a party majority, inasmuch as there are not many States in which it may bear to be said, just now, that they afford adequate protection for life and property. What did the Indiana senators, for instance, feel, or those of New York, when they heard this argument read?

Mr. Trumbull has presented a minority report, in which he shows conclusively that Mr. Hill, the senator elect, is, and always has been, a loyal Union man; that he was duly elected by the Legislature of Georgia; that the Reconstruction acts provide that "when the people of the said rebel States shall be *by law* admitted by representation in the Congress of the United States" the provisional governments shall cease to be provisional; that on the 25th of June, 1868, Congress, *by law*, declared Georgia admissible to representation on certain terms and conditions; that General Meade officially certified the fulfilment of some of these conditions; that the remaining one—the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment—was duly proclaimed by the President, and the Georgia representatives were thereupon duly admitted to the House; that members of both the Reconstruction and Judiciary Committees of the House, including Mr. Boutwell, telegraphed to General Meade that the Legislature itself was the proper judge of the qualifications of its members. If, therefore, the Reconstruction acts had any force, Georgia is now as much a State in the Union as New York; and to deprive her of representation on the grounds brought forward by Mr. Stewart is just as great an act of usurpation as it would be to expel Messrs. Morgan and Conkling because of the late election frauds in this city, or the failure of the police to catch the Rogers murderer. If the Reconstruction acts had no force, but were merely a device resorted to to make things pleasant and prosperous preparatory to the Presidential election, then the Republican politicians have been guilty of a great piece of imposture. In fact, if the Democrats are in need of a campaign document, the history of the Reconstruction legislation, with

the majority report on the Georgia senatorship annexed, would be as effective as anything we know of.

If we are asked what we propose as a substitute for what Congress is doing, or whether we mean seriously to maintain that Congress ought not to interfere for the prevention of such outrages as the expulsion of colored members from the Legislature, and such violations of the Constitution as the appearance in it of disloyal persons unpurged of their treason, we reply, in the first place, that nobody has any right to address such questions to *us*, because we never ceased to say to those who cared to listen to us, during the last two years, that the Reconstruction acts could not possibly reform Southern society; that the ballot could not furnish the negro with complete protection; and that, therefore, the hurrying of act on act through Congress under "the previous question," without debate or reflection, was unnecessary and mischievous; that to readmit a State to the Union under these acts was to relinquish all extraordinary control over it, and to leave Unionists to the ordinary sources of safety and prosperity, viz., the sense of justice and love of order of their neighbors, and their own courage and energy and good sense. As might have been expected, however, those noisy and vituperative supporters of the Reconstruction policy of Congress who not only maintained that it was the best policy Congress could pursue, but that it was a perfect political panacea and blackguarded everybody who ventured to criticise it, and shrieked with delight over "the regeneration" of such States as framed constitutions under it, are now among the first to counsel the total repudiation of it and the restoration of military government, or, in other words, the complete stultification of the Republican party before the world. We cannot help feeling that what has been done cannot be undone; that for the government of the South by the whites, in fact, if not in form, there is only one substitute—military force; that this the North has relinquished, too hastily, as we thought, and think still, but no return to it is now possible; and that for the real regeneration of that region we must trust hereafter to education, to popular intelligence, to the growth of industry, and the enforcement of the Constitutional Amendment in the manner pointed out by Mr. Trumbull—penal legislation in execution of it—and not to doubtful and dangerous attempts to destroy the independence of State legislatures.

THE WORKING-MAN'S VIEW OF CAPITAL.

The labor problem—that is, the means of raising the laboring population out of the condition of dependence on the capitalists in which they have always lived, and, in spite of the prodigious advances made within the present century in the means of production, still continue to live—was, until very recently, discussed by members of the capitalist class only. The leading economical writers, even of the French communistic school, have all been drawn from the middle or upper classes of society, and if not capitalists themselves, have been educated among capitalists, or brought up in a position to see the world from the capitalist's point of view. Even the leaders of the great "working-man" movement in France, in 1848, were lawyers or journalists, and the great Socialist leader of Germany, Lasalle, belonged to the same category. Nobody not a Socialist has waged such effective war on the Continent against what the working-man has long considered his great enemy, the principle of competition, as Sismondi, but Sismondi was "a gentleman and scholar." In England the men who have been making most fuss about the wrongs of the laboring classes, in the press and on the platform, have been university men, who never did what working-men call work, who dine with duchesses, and spend their evenings in clubs, and preach political economy, and in various other ways prove their unfitness really to speak for the working-man.

Now, the interest in the working-man's condition, and the general conviction that it was unsatisfactory, could not and did not exist very long without creating a very general desire to hear what the working-man had to say about it, and how the existing social arrangements appeared from his stand-point. This, combined with his own increasing political weight in nearly every community, and his increasing power of organization and combination, created by practice in the formation and management of trade societies, has at last ended in producing labor conventions "composed of working-men only," in which their condition and possibilities form the sole subjects of discussion. We have spoken more than once in the *Nation* of the first great gathering of this kind held at Geneva, in 1867. Others have since followed. In this country they have been very numerous within the last five or six years, but the most important, owing to the high position in point of intelligence generally accorded to the laboring population of New England, has recently been held in Boston, and has been addressed by a large number of the orators, working-men, and others who make a profession of dissatisfaction with society as it is.

From the deliberations of all these assemblies, as well as from the labor platforms which occasionally make their appearance before elections, and the declarations which labor organizations exact of candidates, it is not difficult to extract the economical and political ideas by which the working-classes, at least in the great manufacturing districts, are permeated. Touching the nature and functions of capital, they are utterly at variance with all economical writers. These writers hold capital to be a portion of past production, saved for future use by persons who, had they been so minded, might have spent it in personal enjoyment. For instance, they say, if a working-man saves a portion of his wages and puts it in a savings-bank, it becomes thereupon capital, and the bank lends it as such to persons who use it to assist in further production. Of course the phenomenon becomes a trifle more complicated when we see capital accumulated in large masses in the hands of persons who have not themselves saved it, or who have inherited it or made it by speculation; but the origin of capital and its uses remain the same, no matter by whom held or in what quantity. The absence of capital in a community, such as savage or newly settled countries, means simply that nobody has any savings of past production by him, on which he can live while producing more.

No theory of political economy seems easier to apprehend, and yet the most talkative and agitating portion of the laboring class have not got hold of it. To them capital is simply "money," and need not represent anything at all or be itself the product of any but the most trifling labor. It may, for instance, consist in pieces of paper with a word or two printed on them, such as General Butler wants to have the Government issue as circulating medium, each not worth more intrinsically than half a cent, though called "one thousand dollars." Seeing, therefore, that capital is necessary in industry, and that the possession or non-possession of it, in most cases, decides whether a man shall labor with his head or his hands, and believing the Government to possess the power of manufacturing it in any quantity, they look on the capitalist as a monopolist into whose hands the Government plays, and who selfishly retains for himself a commodity in which all ought to share. This notion crops out, of course, in different ways in different countries. In France, it used to take the shape of a demand that the government should establish banks to supply the poor with "credit"—that is, loans of money—their claim to which was to rest rather on their necessities than on the probability of their repaying it, credit being in the eyes of the Socialists (another of their curious departures from the received commercial ideas) not a thing to be earned by thrift, honesty, and sagacity, but one of a man's "natural rights" which was denied him every time a capitalist refused to discount his bill. In Germany, the source to which the working-man was to look for capital formed the great ground of the celebrated controversy between Lasalle and Schultze-Delitzsch, Lasalle holding to the French theory, that the government ought to supply it—Schultze-Delitzsch preaching, and happily with success, that capital was the product of saving, and that if working-men wanted it they should create it by their own labor, or borrow it from banks set up with their own funds, and maintained, as all banks are, by the honesty and prudence of their customers. At a great labor convention held in this country two years ago, the difficulty was met by a proposal that the Government should supply twenty-five million dollars in "capital" to working-men to aid in delivering them from their employers, and we observe that the recent convention in Boston heartily endorses General Butler in his efforts to get rid of gold and silver, the use of which he and the working-men consider the root

of the monopoly, and substitute slips of paper issued by the Government. Here again the theory that capital is composed of savings, or has any necessary connection with past labor and self-denial, is evidently held in utter contempt.

One of the natural results of this way of looking at capital is intense hostility to interest, the taking of which a "professor" at the Boston convention expressed his hope of seeing one day treated as "a crime." This hostility is, of course, a very old fallacy, with the origin and history of which everybody is familiar, but amongst the working-men it rests on grounds different from those on which it rested in antiquity and the Middle Ages. The objection to it on the part of mediæval moralists and economists was, that money of itself produced nothing, and that therefore to charge for the use of it was to take payment for nothing. The working-man economists acknowledge that money produces—for what is money but capital?—but hold that inasmuch as everybody ought to have as much capital as he needs, the interest on loans of money is simply the form in which the present monopolists extort their gains from the public; in other words, it is not unlike a tax on air or light. It ought not to be, as the economists maintain it is, partly a reward for saving—or, in other words, for self-denial—and partly an inducement to save, because a man ought not to have to save; nor is it an insurance against the risk of non-payment, because nobody ought to have to borrow in such a manner that it would make any difference whether he paid or not.

On the subject of the distribution of wealth, or rather the best means of preventing its excessive accumulation in few hands, the working-men, like other people, seem to be a good deal divided in opinion. Judging from the talk at the labor conventions, however, they tend towards the adoption of the doctrine which is almost a corollary from their theory of capital which we have just been discussing—that, as all wealth is the product of labor simply, and not of labor and capital combined, as the economists erroneously maintain, the laborers ought to divide the results of production between them; so that there would be no large fortunes and no bloated capitalists and big moneyed corporations. This notion gets a good deal of support from the talk of the political demagogues, who always, in and out of Congress, speak of the rich as in some way a blameworthy and disreputable class, whom it would be no great harm to lay a heavy hand on. They are made the objects of excessive taxation, and frequently of pulpit denunciations. Wendell Phillips proposed the other day to make them pay the national debt; and, in fact, to listen both to the working-man agitators and the moral reformers, one would imagine that rich men were a curse to a community—a kind of social excrescence whom it would be well to get rid of, if it could be done without violating the Ten Commandments. At the bottom of this denunciation and dislike lies the working-man's notion that they are made rich by getting hold of money they have not earned, to which the poor were entitled. The term labor, too, is in all these speculations applied to hand labor simply. The labor of planning, contriving, combining, watching, superintending, is treated as if it did absolutely nothing for the country. What is perhaps most curious is, that human nature, as all the orators see it and know it, in themselves and their friends and neighbors, is absolutely excluded from consideration; for that most prominent and striking characteristic of human nature, for instance, dislike of labor, and the desire of leisure and enjoyment, no allowance is ever made. Just as the trades-unions do all they can to put laborers of all degrees of capacity, industry, and ambition on the same dead level as regards wages and hours of labor, the labor conventions talk as if they would like to take away from all members of society all material inducements to do more than their neighbor, either in producing or saving. The desire of saving they would destroy by preventing anybody from holding capital, or, if he held it, from getting anything from it by way of interest or profits. The spirit of adventure which lies at the bottom of all great commercial undertakings they would root out by forcing everybody who successfully encountered great risk to share his reward with the community at large; so that Jones, who, after twenty years of peril, trial, and toil, quickness of eye and soundness of judgment, had accumulated a fortune and proposed to live on his interest, would have to divide his substance with the Smiths, who had passed that period working in a mill on weekly wages, of which the surplus went in bad whiskey. The very growth of civilization itself they would stop, by denying to people of refinement and culture the means of gratifying their tastes or following their favorite pursuits—thus preventing human society as a whole from offering its members the most valued of its prizes, the only prizes which are sufficient to stimulate men to the highest pitch of exertion, both mental and moral.

In fact, we do not know that we could offer to the managers of colleges, of schools, and other places of education, a more profitable subject of examination and reflection than these labor conventions, and the speeches made at them. They illustrate better than anything else could the enormous importance in democratic societies of the diffusion of economical knowledge, and the absolute necessity to such societies of the cultivation of the reason and the bridling of sentiment.

LEGALIZATION OF CAUCUSES.

Some months since the directors of the Union League Club of Philadelphia offered prizes for four essays on the subject of legal organization of parties for the purpose of selecting candidates for office; in other words, on legalizing caucuses. The essays have lately been printed, and their appearance will no doubt do something towards increasing public discontent with the caucus system, but none of them, in our opinion, do much to clear the public mind.

The evils of which these essays treat are the familiar ones which we have so long been accustomed to hear attributed to the caucus—the disappearance from the political stage of men of culture and refinement, and its occupation by ignorant and corrupt partisans, regardless of the public interest, eager for place and utterly unscrupulous in their choice of means for obtaining it, and the selection by bodies of this nature of candidates for office unfit in every way for the positions they are chosen to fill. These two calamities—the deterioration of the character of party managers, and at the same time of the candidates nominated by them—are those which are generally embraced under the term "evils of the caucus system." It is easy to understand the intellectual process by which the conclusion is reached that by bringing the caucus within the pale of the law we can eradicate these glaring vices which beset our system. For it is in the caucus that all the base trickery and corruption which is rife throughout the country, sapping the foundations of law and order, filling the bench, the bar, and the legislature with its subtle poison, festers to a head. Here may be seen what elsewhere may only be suspected; here is visual demonstration that knaves and ignoramuses manage the wires of our machine; there the whole rout of managers, wire-pullers, and log-rollers gather together and make sport of the honest and orderly people whose delegates they are supposed to be. You may suspect, for example, that a good deal of chicanery and humbug enters into the selection of a member of Congress, but it is proved to you when you see a caucus listening without a word of protest to barefaced falsification of public documents, or nominating as representative a man who had openly avowed deceit as his profession; you may have heard it whispered that "politics" had its effect on the Supreme Court, but when a judge opens a bar-room in New York in connection with a Presidential caucus you see that it is so. In short, the caucus furnishes to every one an exhibition of political rascality and hypocrisy in full play and energy. This being so, is it not the most natural thing in the world to pass at once to the conclusion that it is the caucus itself which is corrupting us?

It is much easier to impute the blame of the evils of a state of society to something seen, patent, of everyday occurrence, than to attempt to trace the difficulty to its remote and anterior cause. And having thus decided that the eruption and not the state of the blood is to be considered, that the caucus is not symptom but disease, we proceed to apply the orthodox remedy in the shape of an enactment. It is one of the most curious features of modern society, the era of legislation having fairly set in, that the moment any trouble occurs in any part of the system a dose of law is at once recommended by all the doctors. If people intoxicate themselves, let a law straightway be passed that no one shall sell liquor; if a tax cannot be collected at one dollar, because people will rather cheat than pay it, let a law be passed

making it two dollars; if government bills are below par, make it penal to sell gold; if a respectable business does not pay, make it pay by giving it a monopoly. Or, to take our own case, if voluntary associations for the purpose of choosing candidates for office result in the selection of bad candidates, all that is necessary for a complete reform would seem to be an enactment that the associations should cease to be voluntary. Make them legal, and the whole difficulty is surmounted. Or, in the words of the gentlemen who offered the prizes for these competitive essays, "Whereas, in a republican form of government it is of the highest importance that the delegates of the people, to whom the sovereign power is entrusted, should be so selected as to truly represent the body politic, *and there being no provision of law* whereby the people may be organized for the purpose of such selection; . . . and whereas, there are grave defects existing under the present system of voluntary organization, *which it is believed may be corrected by suitable provisions of law;* now, therefore, be it resolved," etc., etc., etc. It seems to us that those who suppose that, by making the caucus a legal instead of a voluntary body, patriotism and intelligence would resume their sway in nominating conventions, overlook entirely the fact that people cannot be made to do what they do not want to do by an enabling act.

Let us see how such a law would work. Mr. Came's proposal, and his is as good a one as could be suggested, is as follows:

"In all cases let the State make provision for an accurate registry list. At a specified time, previous to any election at which candidates are to be voted for, let the list be put in the charge of any officer of the district whose duties or office facilities best fit him for the purpose, whether it be the warden of a ward, the clerk or treasurer of a city, or whatever officer of a town or precinct the law may designate or authorize each municipality to select for itself. Such officer shall be required, for a certain number of consecutive days or evenings, to provide two ballot-boxes, marked respectively with the names of the two leading parties at the last election preceding, for the reception, under the usual regulations against fraudulent voting, of names of candidates to be voted for at the next subsequent election. As each legal voter deposits his ballot the presiding officer shall check his name in the list, with the letter indicating into which box it was cast, as "R" for Republican and "D" for Democrat. At the close of the voting period said officer shall count the ballots in each box, and the highest number in each bearing the same name shall be considered as designating the regular candidate or, if the ticket embraces more than one name, candidates of each party; and the officer shall so make and publish the sworn returns in any manner which may be directed by law.

"To provide for the exigency of third or new parties, said officer shall be empowered to open other additional ballot-boxes whenever a legally designated proportion of the whole number of voters in the district—one-twelfth—shall so petition him in writing, and he shall label said box or boxes as the petitioners may request. A like petition shall cause him to substitute any party name for that which was used at the preceding election."

Is it not clear that at the election succeeding the passage of any such law the party managers would only have to begin work a little earlier than usual in order to secure their object? A week or so before the quiet citizens of the ward or district cast their nominating ballots, the party leaders would hold their voluntary caucus in the usual place, nominate the regular ticket, and then would solemnly assure every voter, as they do now, that if he bolted he would endanger the success of the party. And so he undoubtedly would. The managers nominate John Smith, and it is found two weeks later that Brown is the choice of the legal caucus. The managers know all about both Brown and Smith. The people do not, and never can, for they have not the leisure to make a specialty of studying the careers of every office-holder in their State. The manager takes you aside and whispers in your ear that Brown was the fellow who in the year 185— made that unfortunate attack on the ballot, or who in 186— pursued such an unpopular course on impeachment, or who was notoriously an aristocrat and addicted to kid gloves. In short, Brown was not an available man, and though personally of the very highest character, and just the sort of man he would like, for himself, to see at Washington, still the interests of the party were, after all, of greater weight, etc., etc. In short, Brown would before the election come to be regarded as a dangerous fellow, and Smith would be triumphantly elected. And the year after we may be sure the "legal" nomination would not draw many persons to the polls. The voluntary convention would have resumed its sway, and one more useless wheel would have been added to machinery already intricate. The true way to enforce the new system would be to make all other meetings than that of the nominating convention, and of the citizens at the polls, illegal and punishable by fine and imprisonment, and by passing at the same time a statute forcing all citizens to take part in the nominations under pain of disfranchisement or whatever other penalty would seem best fitted to the case. By adopting Mr. Came's plan you only make the caucus system a little more complicated than it now is, and complication is what managers delight in.

We have already intimated a belief that the debased condition of the caucus is rather to be considered as affording evidence of the debased state of political sentiment in the community than as itself the prime cause of corruption. The radical difficulty is in the character of the men intimately connected with politics throughout the country. If these were the honorable, the patriotic, and the wise, the caucus would be composed of the honorable, patriotic, and wise. In any country which is divided by parties, there arises the necessity of some consultation before the critical moment arrives in which the parties are to contend for the victory. It is manifestly impossible for a party to vote blindly with any chance of success, and a convention to nominate the man who will at once command most votes among his own partisans and draw away most votes from the enemy becomes a necessity. In the earlier history of the United States such conventions were constantly held and the system received no abuse. But the political class was a different one in those days. Removals taking place for cause, it was impossible to make *a trade* of party service. But forty years ago we introduced the principle into democratic government that offices were spoils, the proper prey of the victor. From that moment the management of party has been growing more and more corrupt. At present fifty thousand offices are open to the competitive rascality of those low enough to be tempted to compete. These are the prizes for which the hungry delegates to caucuses enter the lists. Nor do the aspirants after office only engage in the conflict; the office-holders must do the same, lest their more active rivals outstrip them. The body of the caucus come together for the purpose of defending or attacking particular persons, of removing or relieving from fear of removal their friends and enemies; not, as formerly, for the purpose of nominating fit men for office. Take any country town you please, and you will find the most active man at all conventions, the hottest, most virulent partisan, is some fellow who is perpetually assuring every one that "he don't want no office," and is well understood by all who know him to have been intriguing for the postmastership for years. These are the men who bring the caucus system into discredit. It is not the caucus which lies at the root of the matter, but the system which has produced the class which composes the caucus. So long as we have fifty thousand men trembling from hour to hour for their official life, and two hundred thousand more thirsting for the official blood of the first fifty thousand, so long shall we have mean, petty motives entering into the selection of candidates, and so long will it be impossible for purity and honorable intelligence to obtain control of the Government.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS SEX?

We propound the above question in no bantering, jocose, or trifling spirit, but in all gravity and seriousness of mind. Some may think it foolish, remembering what point the physiologists make of sex, finding it in trees and plants, and even in organic nature, where elements and gases combine somewhat after the masculine and feminine manner. But while the distinction between male and female is traced through the lowest orders of creation, is there not a disposition to slur it over in the highest orders, as being a fact of secondary and incidental import, a fact apparent in the animal and physical economy, but not pertinent to the social economy or the spiritual; a fact that becomes thin and precarious and insignificant as men and women leave their bestial condition, and is destined to disappear in the fulness of humanity? Apostles of "a-sexualism," if we may so name it, are abroad in this generation, suggesting that the old distinction between men and women may be an ancient delusion doomed to pass away in the new order of civilization. Did not an apostle say, "In Jesus Christ is neither male nor female, but a new creature?" And shall not that crea-

ture be both male and female in one? The orthodox formula ran, "Man and woman are one, but the man is the one." A new reading is, "Man and woman are one, but the one is the woman." The correct rendering will be, "There is neither man nor woman any more. Humanity abolishes both." So seem to say the zealous champions of the hitherto "suppressed sex," persuaded that the admission of sex has been the ground of the "suppression." They see no way of securing for woman her rights short of disavowing the existence of the quality that has all along been supposed to constitute her a woman. She must be educated precisely as if she were a man. She must go into the market and appear in court on the same terms with men. Civil life must recognize no difference between masculine and feminine. In the political world her place must be undistinguished from that of her companion biped, whose extremities are otherwise clothed and whose countenance is otherwise adorned. The intellectual sphere has no separate nook or seat for either a worse or a better half. The soul knows no gender.

We hope that we appreciate the motives that animate the workers in the cause of woman's elevation. We are fully sensible of the fact that they are laboring to throw off burdens of great oppression, to correct the errors of centuries, to place one-half of the human family, and the most interesting half of it, in its true position. We wish them every fair success in their enterprise. But laws are laws, distinctions are distinctions, and facts are facts. Or, haply, are there no such things as laws, distinctions, and facts? Admit that the differences between the sexes are not yet determined with the nicest exactness, is it fair to assume that no differences exist?

Now, it may be a superstition of ours, but we too are inclined to think in this immense field of modern discussion one thing, at least, may be taken for granted—and that thing is, *sex*. Sidney Smith once remarked, with the wit that was not always wisdom, that if boys and girls were taught alike they would soon be undistinguishable from each other; and he said it as if he hoped they one day would be. We are sorry for those parents of large families of unmarriageable daughters who indulge the same hope, but we cannot encourage them in the belief that it will be speedly fulfilled. Sidney Smith died before the era of physiology came in. That era affirms sex more absolutely than it was ever affirmed before. The more deeply human nature is searched, the more sharp and trenchant is found to be the line that cuts it into two halves. The fact of sex is comprehensive, complete and exhaustive. The unlikeness between men and women is radical and essential. It runs through all the spheres. Distinct as they are in bodily form and feature, they are quite as distinct in mental and moral characteristics. They neither think, feel, wish, purpose, will, nor act alike. They take the same views of nothing. The old statements that one is passive, the other active; one emotional, the other moral; one affectionate, the other rational; one sentimental, the other intellectual, are likely to be more than verified by science. Of course these statements, whether verified or not, do not justify the imposition of arbitrary limits on opportunity or enterprise. It still remains to be determined what place each shall fill, what work each can do, what standard each can reach; and these nature should be left to determine. But that both cannot occupy the same place, do the same work, or reach the same standard, ought, we think, to be assumed. Nature has decreed it so. The exigencies of life demand that it should be so. More emphatically still, if that could be, the amenities of life, the sentiment, romance, poetry, personal, domestic, social delight and charm of life insist that the distinction shall be preserved. No doubt it will be preserved if it is decreed. Nothing we can do will impair the force of a predetermined law. But we should be careful to acknowledge it where it plainly appears. We have no right to assume that it ever will be or can be abrogated. To proceed as if such an eternal distinction did not or should not exist is to plunge into all manner of difficulty. Make experiments, but confess that they are experiments. Venture theories, but avow them to be theories. Do not mistake surmise for demonstration, or enthusiasm for knowledge, or desire for insight, or passion for principle, or a wish to improve society for a conviction that the particular change is an improvement. Do not adroitly substitute a conclusion for a premise, and then press reforms as demanded by the "nature of things," when the "nature of things" may be directly against them. So long as the suffrage and other revolutions are regarded as experiments designed to feel after the lines and limits that sex claims for itself—so much and only so much—no harm need follow. The spirit of reform is then scientific. But if it is taken as accepted that sex has no lines or limits, but is a name to which no deep reality corresponds, immense harm will be done; for then the apparent failure of the reform will be traced to the wrong origin, and will yield no fruits but those of fanaticism.

Thus far the element of sex stubbornly holds its own. Nothing has occurred yet to induce the belief that men and women can profitably or successfully exchange parts or perform the same parts. It has been shown that men have been doing some things that women might do as well or better; but it has not been shown that men and women may put on precisely the same equipment or perform precisely the same service. The notion is fanciful that by educating the sexes together they will outgrow the old folly of romantic sentiment, and will live in the undisturbed serenity of a single sex beneath a single roof. The discipline at Oberlin, we are assured, is very strict, and strictly administered, with a view to prevent scandal. At Antioch, Horace Mann was tormented by a ceaseless anxiety. Even in normal schools—where the students are for the most part "out of their teens," past the sentimental period, unusually intellectual, under severe mental discipline, qualifying themselves to teach for a livelihood, with little time or disposition for dreaming—intellectual rivalry does not abolish the distinction between the two sexes of scholars. No scandalous disorders disgrace the institution, but the secrets of hearts are unrevealed, save by an occasional engagement, which discloses the fact that all the ladies are not Minervas, nor all the gentlemen Platonists.

The industries of modern society offer room and opportunity for the genius of either sex to demonstrate its scope. Male and female may divide employments without quarrel or question, nor would it be difficult to assort them even now in advance of experiment. The learned professions have their masculine and feminine aspects. In medicine there is a very broad and well-marked department where the feminine qualities of patience, sympathy, tenderness, tact, perception, nicety of touch and manipulation, administrative care and sensibility, can render admirable service—departments which fairly belong to women. In divinity it is not hard to discover a male and a female side. For the adequate discharge of pastoral offices men and women are required. The Catholic Church provides them both, carefully distinguishing the parts that belong to each. The Protestant minister has a wife whom the congregation adopt as shepherdess, and hold to her duties accordingly. And now deaconesses and Protestant Sisters of Mercy are coming into vogue among the Evangelical denominations, a confession that the law of sex holds in the administration of the Gospel. The feminine side of the law is not so obvious to ordinary vision; but somewhere, perhaps, either in the upper spheres of equity, where the moral sentiment comes into play, or in the lower spheres of technicality, where mechanical assiduity carries off the palm, a place for women may be found.

Politics, it must be confessed, appear thus far to be prevailingly and stubbornly, if not incorrigibly, masculine. There is very little indeed to justify the conclusion that women, we mean the peculiar qualities of women, have a place in primary meetings, party caucuses, public debates, club-rooms, conventions, or any of the ordinary election arrangements. In discussing woman's place in politics, woman's claim to public offices, woman's title to suffrage, the element of sex is left out of view. Her claims are pressed on the ground of her humanity. She is considered as a person, an individual, a social entity, a property-holder, a payer of taxes, a morally responsible being, a creature endowed with reason. Her title is placed on the same ground with man's precisely. The suggestion of a temporal, actual, and radical distinction between the man and the woman, as portions of organized humanity, which may qualify in some degree the terms "rights," "duties," "responsibilities," is resented as an impertinence. The bare mention of masculine and feminine in this connection is regarded as a declaration of war against the reformers. Sex has nothing to do with government or the concerns of government.

We do not regret the movement towards universal suffrage. We do not deprecate the experiment of it. We merely insist that it shall be regarded as an experiment and nothing more, and its failure, if it fails, must be set down to the circumstance that it made no account of the law of sex. At present it is an experiment, and a crude one. That there have been illustrious female sovereigns; that a few remarkable women have displayed no inconsiderable diplomatic ability as counsellors, advisers, executors, is no *proof* that the sex as a sex is qualified for political service. That in some secluded towns and in quiet times, when no stirring movements were on foot and no exciting questions were raised, women have voted peacefully along with men, is no proof that men and women will ever vote peacefully together in large cities, or in times when politics run high. They may and they may not. No *à priori* theories will decide the question either for or against the success of the trial. That the element of sex will crop out somewhere, and will have its dues, there can in our judgment be no doubt. Where it will crop out, it would be presumption to say. Whether it will appear early or late, among the causes or the consequences, in

legislation or in practice under legislation, in the assignment of functions, or the distribution of trusts, or the apportionment of duties; whether it will break out violently in the form of quarrel between the sexes, or will show itself graciously in the shape of new civil arrangements defining woman's place in the civil order, it would be absurd to conjecture. But at some point, in some shape, to some purpose, the old distinction will declare its presence and vindicate its power. Men will continue to be men, and women will continue to be women, in spite of theorists. A careful analysis of the masculine and feminine characteristics might save time and trouble; but if we mean to leave science out, and rush upon the painful and confused methods adopted by the revolutionists, so be it. We shall come at the same results in the end. Only let us not prejudge the results.

THE SOCIAL STATE OF GREECE.

THE social state of Greece at present is peculiarly one of transition; *peculiarly* so, because while society can in no country — not even in China—be said to be stationary, in the case of Greece the movement has begun so recently and gone on so rapidly that the old and the new are brought into strong contrast, and the fact of transition cannot escape notice. The state of the nation is vividly presented to the eye by the city of Athens. It consists of two distinct parts; one Turkish, having narrow, winding streets with no sidewalks, a pretence of a gutter in the middle, and rough, one-story houses; the other European, with broad, well-built, and well-lighted streets. Between these two there is an intermediate space combining the characteristics of each, but the difference of one extreme from the other is greater than can be found in most other cities, and such as marks two stages of civilization. It typifies the extremes of Greek society, and brings almost into one view the starting-point and the goal of the national movement.

This transition is from the enforced barbarism of Turkish slavery to the civilization of freedom. It should be borne in mind that the Greeks were not merely a dependent nation tributary to the Turkish Government, before 1821, but in a state barely removed from personal slavery. In opportunities of education, in control of the profits of their labor, in protection from outrages on their persons and families, they were hardly as well treated as the average of the negro slaves in the South were. When by throwing off the burden of oppression they regained self-respect and motives for effort, an upward movement began in every part of the nation, which is still going on. It has set on foot a general system of education, developed an extensive commerce, built a number of carriage-roads at great labor and expense on account of the natural obstacles, and given opportunity for an indefinite amount of individual enterprise in all spheres of activity. We might say, in other words, that this was a transition from Asia to Europe, from Oriental to Western habits and modes of thought. The position of Greece in relation to the two continents makes it the more remarkable that it has wrought out a civilization so decidedly European. Look at it on the map. Notice how it trends eastward towards Asia and Africa, by how wide a space, nearly equal to the whole width of Germany across from the Adriatic to the North Sea, it is separated from civilized Europe, and remember what almost barbarous and impenetrable countries occupy this interval, and you will appreciate the marvel of modern Greek civilization. There still remain traces of the influence of Turkey in the social state of the people. Such are to be found in the neglect of agriculture and manufactures, in the position of woman, in a general corruption of language and moral sentiments. The recent presence of the Turks in Greece has left its mark also in the results of slavery under such masters: for example, the number of persons above middle age who are without education, the want of roads, the brutish modes of life among the common country people. But in spite of their exposure to Eastern influences, their separation from civilized Europe, and the degradation of their slavery, the Greeks show a very strong tendency to Europeanize themselves and to attain some degree of free civilization.

One of their earliest steps in this direction was to establish a system of education, in which they were guided by certain leading German scholars, and adopted the German system as their model. So they have now the system complete, with university, gymnasia, and, below these, two other grades, the Hellenic and the common schools. In all these the education is free, and the expenses are borne by the Government. The common schools correspond to our primary schools. In the Hellenic schools the study of classical Greek and Latin is begun, and the other branches of study carried on. The gymnasia add to these the modern languages as optional studies. The university is divided on the German plan into four schools, of law, medicine, theology, and philosophy, with a school of practical pharmacy added, and in these schools lectures are given by the professors on subjects of their own choosing. Outside of these, there is in Athens a number of private schools for boys, covering the ground of the common and Hellenic in the national system, and of private girls' schools. The only public school for girls where anything more than elementary education is given is the Arsákeion, so named from its founder, which draws pupils from all parts of Greece, and sends them back to be teachers in the common schools. On the whole, a great effort has been made to secure a general education of the people, and the next generation can hardly fail to reap the benefits of it. Their zeal for this object is perhaps the most creditable point of the character of the modern Greeks. It is true the practical working of the system may be criticised, and the motive which prompts their zeal is not always the love of truth or desire of mental growth; but still such a system tends to correct its own faults, and may lead in time to the higher motives for self-culture. To have made such a beginning is an honor to the people, even though one can hardly help thinking it would have been wiser to have developed their material resources and laid a foundation for their finances first.

While the educational system of Greece is constructed after the German model, their literature has rather a French tone. You find in a catalogue of publications since 1820 numerous translations of such novels as those of Sue, Dumas, and Victor Hugo, with but few of books of any kind from other modern languages. Of original literature they have yet almost nothing. A few collections of popular songs, inferior to those made by Fauriel and Arnold Passow, a few volumes of fugitive pieces by educated modern poets, and some half-a-dozen volumes of essays and stories, are all the productions of the modern Greek mind in the sphere of pure literature. In special departments of study they have supplied their present needs by translations generally, but in philology, church history, and law have produced some original text-books and standard works. A great part of the intellectual activity of the Greeks works itself out in their newspapers, of which there are forty or fifty, including all kinds of periodicals, in Athens alone, none of them dailies, but the smaller ones appearing three, four, or five times a week. Of course, so many papers cannot be very well supported by so small a population (between 40,000 and 50,000), and especially as they contain often no more than one advertisement in a number. The newspapers proper are almost exclusively political, and overflow with rhapsodies about the past and future glories of Greece to a degree which even our old American papers scarcely rivalled.

Society in general shows the same Europeanizing tendency, with lingering traces of Oriental habits and ideas. Among the lower classes and in the country the latter still prevail. The houses are rudely built, generally of stone, and often without glass in the windows. In dress and personal habits many of the people are almost barbarians. On the other hand, every town has its school, and in the larger ones there are newspapers, organized courts, the European dress, and many marks of growing civilization. The more educated classes are generally adopting the European dress; especially in the university, where none of the professors, and scarcely one in a hundred of the students, retain the picturesque Albanian costume which is the national Greek dress. In morals, too, something of the same transition is going on, though the improvement is still rather superficial. The vices born of slavery, such as deceit, want of self-reliance, and idleness, are rife among them. Drunkenness is common, but rather harmful as a waste of time and money than as a cause of crime. The Greek is not maddened by his drink, but excited and noisy. The spread of education and refinement is beginning to raise the people above the grosser vices, but the church does little to teach them positive morality, and it is to be feared that they will acquire only such as respectability demands.

Correspondence.

DR. BOWDITCH ON CONSUMPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remarks in your issue of the 7th ult. upon Dr. Bowditch's articles on consumption, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, seem to me to call for some comment, as otherwise they may have the effect to deprive those articles of much of their weight and authority. The remarks referred to plainly intimate that Dr. Bowditch's theory, that dampness of soil is the great cause of consumption, is the result of superficial investigations, which, if more persistently followed up, *might have* shown him that the geological structure of the soil was quite as efficient a cause.

Not to spend time in noticing a style of criticism which, in passing upon articles of so grave moment as those of Dr. Bowditch's, assumes ig-

norance on the part of their writer as to his subject, thereby, unintentionally perhaps, but none the less effectually, weakening their influence, while the critic justifies himself not with well-defined statements of fact, but by vague suggestions of possibilities, I beg leave to correct the impression which your article undoubtedly produced upon the minds of many of your readers by a statement of facts.

Dr. Bowditch has made consumption his study, and specialty in practice, for about thirty years, and in this vicinity, and, we had supposed, throughout the United States, as well as in Europe, he is recognized as an authority on all that relates to that most distressing disease. So that when he deliberately puts forward a theory, even giving it the dignity of a law, touching the causes of consumption or its proper treatment, his views should be received with great respect, whether supported by evidence and argument or not. But in this particular case it so happens that the positions taken by Dr. Bowditch are fortified by the most abundant and satisfactory proof from other highly respectable authorities. In the "Tenth Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council" (London, 1868), Dr. Buchanan occupies fifty-three pages with a very interesting account of his investigations, under the auspices of Government, upon the subject of consumption as affected by conditions of soil. This is his preface: "The general sanitary enquiry which was entrusted to me last year having appeared to show a relation between wetness of soil and prevalence of consumption, the subject is now further examined with direct reference to geological considerations," and these are some of his general conclusions:

"The connection between soil and phthisis has been established in this enquiry

"(*a*) by the existence of general agreement in phthisis mortality between districts that have common geological and topographical features *of a nature to affect the water-holding quality of the soil;*

"(*b*) by the existence of general disagreement between districts that are differently circumstanced in regard to such features;

"(*c*) by the discovery of pretty regular concomitancy in the fluctuation of the two conditions, from much phthisis with much wetness of soil to little phthisis with little wetness of soil."

"But," he adds, "the connection between wet soil and phthisis came out last year in another way, which must here be recalled,

"(*d*) by the observation that phthisis had been greatly reduced in towns where the water of the soil had been artificially removed, and that it had not been reduced in other towns where the soil had not been dried.

"(*e*) The whole of the foregoing conclusions combine into one—which may now be affirmed generally and not of particular districts—that WETNESS OF SOIL IS A CAUSE OF PHTHISIS TO THE POPULATION LIVING UPON IT.

"(*f*) *No other circumstances* can be detected, after careful consideration of the materials accumulated during this year, that coincide on any large scale with the greater or less prevalence of phthisis, except the one condition of soil."

And, as indicating that mere geological structure has no influence upon consumption, he shows by tables that the position, as regards consumption of the chalk districts "will, on the whole, represent the order in which they would stand, if they were arranged according to the better or worse elevation of the chalk area on which the population live," and, generally, that, whatever the character of the substratum, the prevalence of consumption will be in proportion to the *water-holding capacity* of the surface soil, which, capacity is due to the nature of the surface soil itself, though it may be affected and modified by *elevation* and *slope*.

In a postscript Dr. Buchanan, after referring in a highly appreciative tone to Dr. Bowditch's experiments in the same direction, says: "Until the end of my own enquiry, I was in complete ignorance of Dr. Bowditch's researches. I should not insist upon this point except for the purpose of giving to the conclusions which Dr. Bowditch and myself have attained the additional weight that they deserve from having been arrived at by a second enquirer, wholly ignorant of and therefore unbiassed by the work of the first."

I should not dwell at such length upon this matter did I not feel that Dr. Bowditch in contributing his articles in the *Atlantic* is conferring an invaluable benefit on our people, which ill-considered and reckless criticism by a paper of the *Nation's* standing might seriously impair.

R. H. B.

BOSTON, Jan. 25, 1869.

[We are really very sorry if anything we have said about Dr. Bowditch's articles has tended to lessen his influence or authority with anybody. The "Literary Note" (*vide Nation* of the 7th ult.) in which we drew attention to Dr. Haviland's labors, and suggested the possibility of Dr. Bowditch's not having examined with special care the geological conditions of consumption, did not profess to be a formal criticism of his researches. It was no doubt rash or careless to suggest in that place his having overlooked anything or made any mistake, but "R. H. B." would have made the offence seem much more serious, and have more fully justified his own indignation and trouble of mind, if he had told us that Dr. Bowditch made formal mention of his geological investigations in the *Atlantic* article, and, furthermore, had not revealed the fact that even such an authority as Dr. Buchanan was as ignorant of them down to the close of last year as we were ourselves.—ED. NATION.]

THE FINANCIAL TENDENCIES OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I do not believe in the efficacy of repealing God's laws by statute, either as affecting the value of money, the hours of labor, or the phases of the moon, I suppose I cannot be called, in popular parlance, an admirer or friend of the laboring man. I have recently read, however, Gen. Butler's late financial manifesto, and notice this resolution, passed at a recent "Labor Reform" Convention held in this city, at which Mr. Wendell Phillips made a speech:

"*Resolved*, That the late speech of General Butler in advocacy of the financial tendencies of the labor movement, placing him in the front rank of statesmen and economists, evincing at once profound political sagacity and heroic devotion to right, merits and will receive the unanimous support of all intelligent friends of labor throughout the Union."

Of course no educated or reasoning man would take the trouble to refute General Butler's fallacies or misstatements. They do not surprise any one who has observed their author in court or on the stump. Butler knows better. Whatever he is, he is not a fool, and none but a fool would utter such stuff believingly. Butler, though no fool himself, believes evidently that he is addressing an audience of both fools and knaves. This speech was delivered for the masses, not for educated men, and is probably as mortifying an insult as was ever thrown in the face of people called intelligent. Butler is practically acting on Robert Lewes's theories. In his view the people are ignorant and they are dishonest, and the best way to popular success is to prey upon their dishonesty and their ignorance.

To students of theories of government the problem is an interesting one. If Butler is right; if our boasted system of education has resulted in this chaos of ignorance and knavery on which he lays the foundations of his future political success; if the whole country is as the Fifth Massachusetts Congressional District and the friends of "labor reform" in Boston, then our existing phase of popular government and general education is a hopeless failure. Robert Lewes is right, and mankind is not fit for self-government.

I think myself that Butler has miscalculated. Our people are intelligent enough to see through fallacies too transparent to admit of exposure. At the same time one's faith is somewhat shaken when a really intelligent constituency, as constituencies go, like his, does not resent such barefaced insults to their intelligence and honesty, and the friends of "labor reform" enthusiastically endorse them. Hitherto Butler has shown that he did not underestimate the masses he had directly to deal with; will he be equally successful in his attempt on a larger scale? Is the whole country as ignorant and knavish as the old Essex district? This is to be seen; but even his success so far is a sad incident to the real friends of popular progress.

BOSTON, January 28, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. FELT & DILLINGHAM announce that they will soon issue reprints of five recent English books—namely, "The Life and Career of Lord Brougham, with Extracts from his Speeches and Notices of his Contemporaries"—his own notices of some of them would impart a lively tone to the volume; "The Public Life of Queen Victoria;" "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli;" "The Life of W. E. Gladstone;" and "The Life of John Bright."——Messrs. Hachette & Co., of Paris, have for a good while been publishing, and with very great success, a series of books, written by French writers of good standing, which we may briefly describe as intended to popularize science. They are fit for the instruction of the young, though instruction is not

their formal and avowed object, and not less well fitted for giving a useful smattering of information—for there is usefulness in a smattering if one knows it for what it is and uses it as such—on those scientific topics of which everybody is expected to know more or less, and of which it is not only unpleasant to know nothing, but is pleasant to know something. MM. Radeau, Guillemin, Meunier, Jacquemart, Viardot, and a dozen other capable writers, are among those employed by Messrs. Hachette & Co. in making their little manuals, and the subjects treated of are optics, heat, thunder and lightning, vegetation, astronomy, volcanoes, and many more. We should add that the description we have given of this series would not be complete if we did not say that it is not devoted entirely to science; the arts, both the fine and the useful, have some attention paid them, and one can learn of pottery, of painting, of sculpture, and carving. Some of the books of this series Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. are going to translate and reprint, and some one or two they will reprint from translations already in the English market. They begin with M. Fonvielle's "Thunder and Lightning," and that will be followed by "Heat," which is the work of Professor Cazin.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are to republish a book which will have something of the value of the books of Messrs. Felt & Dillingham which we have just mentioned, and will have in addition a value which those little works have not; we refer to Miss Harriet Martineau's brief sketches of distinguished men and women, chiefly English, not long since deceased. They give with accuracy, but not with fulness, the facts in the life of the subject of the memoir, and they also give Miss Martineau's opinion—which always is Miss Martineau's opinion, and a pretty decided one—on his or her character. Her criticism is often acute, for she has a woman's way of feeling character, and a good deal of a solid judgment not hitherto thought so common among women as among men. She has, too, it may as well be said, something of the feminine aptness for partisanship; but we do not know that her critical faculty is affected by her likes or dislikes more than most men's, because she is an able and honest person, sincerely desirous of being just. Her obituary notice of Landor is a good example of her fairness, her good sense, her acuteness, and her good writing. The "De Quincey" may be quoted in illustration of some of her other qualities; her friendship for Wordsworth, and her contempt for the subtilizing, unpractical, shiftless scholar, are more evident in it than that she ever understood or cared for the real De Quincey. Still the admirers of that singular and delightful genius will do well to read what may be said against him; truthfully, too, no doubt. Miss Martineau treats of a great many persons, and her social, literary, and political standing has long been such that she had exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with the lives and characters of distinguished men and women. She writes about Father Mathew, of both the Napiers, of Brougham, of Macaulay, of Lady Noel Byron—of whom she was a very intimate friend, and so decided an admirer that his lordship, wherever he is, may rest assured that he is better off than he would be with Miss Martineau—of Whately, of Dumas, of Lord Grey, of Amelia Opie, of Croker—who is heartily "paid out" for his bad language about Liberals—of Wilson and Lockhart, and fifty more. The same house announce Kreissle Von Hellborn's "Life of Schubert," and, doubtless for later publication, a book that ought to be a very good Christmas "juvenile," and which it is a wonder no one has thought of before—a monosyllabic "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

—We spoke last November of a meeting of gentlemen interested in philological learning, which was called to meet at the New York University. At that preliminary meeting it was decided that a national convention of American philologists should be held in the course of next summer. The 27th of July has been designated as the time when this body will begin its sessions, and the place chosen is the city of Poughkeepsie, in this State. Measures will then be taken for completing the organization of a permanent "National Society for the Promotion of Philological Studies and Research in America." This being effected, the convention will proceed to the reading and hearing of papers written by several of our most distinguished linguists, and then what time remains—the session will be several days long—will be devoted to the discussion of various questions which, so far as they are set down in the circular before us, have the look of having been prepared by philologists engaged in the practical work of instruction. First comes the question inevitable, How much of the time in a collegiate course of study should be given to the study of language? Secondly, and thirdly, and fourthly, and on to seventhly, come these related questions which also may pretty confidently be expected whenever two or three or more practical philologists are nowadays gathered together: How much of the time should be devoted to the study of the modern languages? Should the study of the French and German precede that of the Latin and Greek languages? What position should be given to the study of the English language in our colleges and other high schools of learning? What is the most efficient method of instruction in the classical languages? What is the best system of pronouncing Latin and Greek? Should the written accent be observed in pronouncing Latin and Greek? It is to be hoped that the society's conclusions in regard to these matters—if it is going to come to conclusions as a society—may be put into print. There are thousands of teachers who, unable to attend the sittings of the convention, would be very glad to read the opinions of their superiors in learning upon topics which are of such everyday importance, as well as of intrinsic interest. It is almost a pity that all learned associations, when they deal with doubtful subjects, not merely of abstract interest, do not employ some officer whose duty should be like that of the reporter of a court. A synopsis and summing up of the arguments on the questions above-mentioned, with the decision of the society noted at the end, would be a useful book. It would be useful to so large a public, too, that probably enough the society might, by publishing these condensed proceedings, pay some part of its expenses. The eighth and last question put down for discussion is, What more efficient measures can be taken to preserve from destruction the languages of the aboriginal Indians of America? All professors of languages in universities, colleges, theological seminaries, and similar schools of the higher grades, all presidents of colleges in which languages are taught, and all amateurs and patrons of philological studies, are invited to be present at this first convention. Three o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of July next, is the time appointed. We see in the list of names appended to the invitation those of Professors Atkinson, Goodwin, Gurney, Peabody, Pierce, and Sophocles, of Cambridge and Boston; Hadley and Whitney, of Yale; Evans and Haven, of Michigan; Greene, of Princeton; Harkness, of Providence; Drisler, Schmidt, Chandler, Barnard, Ferris, and others of our New York professors, and many more, representing all the important institutions of learning in the North, East, and West. Professor De Vere's, of Charlottesville, is the only name of a Southern professor that we observe. Names of amateurs that we observe in the list are those of General Garfield; Judge Daly; Mr. Richard Grant White; Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford; Mr. George Gibbs, of Washington; and Mr. Sumner. The meeting ought to be large. But we have, we must say, heard Poughkeepsie described as the hottest in July of all towns or cities in the United States, which, however, is perhaps an exaggeration.

—We should look in vain in this country for any periodical peculiarly the medium of the higher class of teachers, such as the professors of colleges and the heads of the best preparatory schools. There is no public ground on which the professors at Yale and the professors at Harvard can meet as such and compare experiences, or offer contributions to the development of their special departments, or criticise doctrines new and old, or weigh the merits of recent text-books. In this respect they are less fortunate and less intimately united than the teachers of grammar and primary schools, who find what nearly corresponds to their wants in the State conventions, county institutes, and official educational monthlies, with the names of most of which last our readers are tolerably familiar. Imperfect as are these means, they yet serve to maintain an *esprit de corps* which can hardly be said to exist in the grade above. Or again, to what college catalogue was it ever sought to give more than a local interest and value by attaching some essay or discourse, by a competent authority, on language, or mathematics, or any of the branches taught in the regular curriculum? Abroad the practice is not unknown; for instance, the important research into the Roland legends, by Dr. Hugo Meyer, presented in a paper to the Bremen Historical Society, was published as a sort of preface or introduction to the programme of the Bremen High-School (consisting, as we should say, of College, School of Technology, Latin and Grammar Schools in one). Opportunities would not certainly be wanting here, and we recall as we write a fit article for such a purpose which appeared not long ago in the *North American Review*—an enquiry into the origin of the Italian language with reference to the written and popular speech of the ancient Romans.

—The occasion for saying all this is the sight of the *Zeitschrift für Gymnasialwesen* (Berlin: Weidmann; New York: L. W. Schmidt) for January, which now enters upon its twenty-third volume. It is a handsome, open octavo of about a hundred pages, and in its divisions it corresponds nearly enough with the general scope of our own educational journals already referred to. But this one, as its title indicates, is for the body of Gymnasia—the college fraternity. It gives (1) discussions of questions of instruction and management, with whatsoever more or less immediately pertains to these offices in the gymnasia; (2) critical examination of recent

text-books; (3) Government regulations for the gymnasia, extracts from other periodicals, personal and school notices, etc. Under the first head, in the number before us, is a highly interesting paper on proposed reforms in German orthography, which is also treated at length among the reviews of text-books. We find on page 90, in a report of the twenty-sixth convention of German philologists and pedagogues at Würzburg last October, the latest expression in regard to the Apollo Belvedere. Prof. Henry Brunn, of Munich, exhibited to the meeting two plaster casts, one of the Apollo and the other of the head recently found by Steinhauser at Rome, and confidently supposed to be not only Apollo, but either the original of which the Belvedere is a copy, or else a superior copy from the same original. Prof. Brunn decides it to be the head of a young athlete. In regard to the ægis probably borne in the left hand, he accepts the conclusion afforded by the Pouqueville-Straganoff statuette in bronze.

—The proprietors of the *Watchman and Reflector* call our attention to the fact that the recent squabble between it and the *Independent*, on which we commented jocosely last week, was due simply to its having forwarded a fac-simile of its first number, published fifty years ago, to one of the editors of the *Independent*, "only bespeaking such reference to the fac-simile as might be judged fit," a proceeding which these gentlemen do not consider equivalent to a formal application for "a notice." The subsequent trouble therefore arose, apparently, from the *Independent's* looking on the *Watchman's* comments on its own theological position as in some sort a breach of the condition on which it accords "notices" to its contemporaries. The matter is one of very little interest either to us or the public, and we return to it simply to disclaim all intention of imputing any extraordinary depravity to either *Watchman* or *Independent*, and to confess that the *Watchman's* application does, in the light of its explanation, seem a more innocent one than we had supposed. Any literary phenomenon which deserves notice it is the duty of an editor to notice, as far as his space and means will permit; if he only notices it because somebody interested in it asks him to do so, the notice is an advertisement, and he ought to present it to the public as an advertisement, and not as an honest expression of opinion. The system of mutual puffing, of which there is so much—more elegantly termed "the exchange of journalistic amenities"—owes its origin to the theory, which more than anything else helps to bring the press into contempt, that a paper is, and of right ought to be, the exponent of the editor's or proprietor's personal hopes and fears, likes and dislikes; an instrument with which to punish his friends, reward his enemies, push his fortunes, and bring confusion on those who think meanly of him and his works, report his speeches, and even chant his praises. From this theory the personal broils by which the press is so disgraced and the public so much amused and disgusted flow as naturally as possible. From helping one's friends to castigating one's enemies there is, in the newspaper world at least, but a short step; the editor who in one column describes his friend of the *Light-House* as a model of all the virtues, is pretty sure to have to tell in another of the desperate personal depravity of the conductor of the *Dark Lantern*. In fact, discussions between journals whose editors insist on treating their papers as their private speaking-trumpets, inevitably degenerate into common rows, such as would naturally take place in a meeting composed of rivals in business debating without a chairman. The general result is that there is no body of men exerting the same amount of influence, and really so deserving of respect, who enjoy so little consideration from the public. The members of the other professions look on them as boyish, flighty, irascible, shallow, and slightly unscrupulous persons, whose powers of mischief are great, and who therefore have to be humored, and even flattered, but whose sayings wise men do not mind, and whose ravings and boastings are a favorite subject of merriment in companies in which none of them happen to be present. But their quarrels and their mutual "cawings," as the Scotch say, perhaps do more than aught else to make them ridiculous. Of course the opinion of a professional brother cannot and ought not to be a matter of indifference to any properly constituted mind. There is no editor who ought not to be gratified by seeing in another paper commendation of himself or his work; but then to make such commendation valuable to anybody with a fair amount of self-respect and good sense, it ought to be genuine and hearty; it ought, in short, to possess those marks of thought, discrimination, originality, and sincerity which distinguish honest criticism from common puffery. In other words, no honest, self-respecting man ought to care for praise which he knows is accorded just as readily to an advertising charlatan as to a distinguished publicist, and which he knows, too, the slightest personal difference with the utterer would at any moment convert into dirty abuse.

THE TWO COUNTS MÜNSTER.*

At the beginning of our century Germany was a confederate empire, but an empire tottering towards dissolution under the weight of age and debility, and under the blows dealt it by the armies of the French Republic. The peace of Luneville revealed the fatal exhaustion of its vitality; Austerlitz gave it the finishing stroke; the Rhenish Confederation was formed by Napoleon, and Francis laid down the German imperial crown. During the following seven years Germany groaned under the yoke of the French conqueror or bled under his sword. The battle of Leipzig restored it to independence, and the Congress of Vienna reconstructed it in the shape of a loose confederation, without a central head and with a powerless Diet. This reconstruction, which almost everybody hailed as better, though not much better, than total disunion, was the result of a long and painful travail, being brought about by the discordant exertions of men of varied opinions and tendencies, under the influence of clashing interests, and partly under the pressure of foreign dictation. Its consummation was hastened, if not made possible, by the threatening reappearance of Napoleon on the stage, which commanded harmony and speedy work. The act which created the Germanic Confederation was signed on the 8th of June, 1815, ten days before the battle of Waterloo. It completed the general work of the congress which, under the auspices of Czar Alexander and his Austrian and Prussian allies, and under the chief diplomatic management of Nesselrode, Metternich, Hardenberg, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand, readjusted the map of Europe—the intersecting boundary lines of which Napoleon had so rudely effaced—cast lots, so to say, over countries, and decided the fate of nations without consulting them. Among the principal authors and signers of that "Act of Confederation" was Count Ernst Münster, as representative of the King of Hanover—George III. of England—whose "Despatches to the Prince Regent" have now for the first time been published by his son. With what disregard of all right—human, national, hereditary—the Vienna assembly of princes and ministers disposed of so many countries and peoples; how coolly it sacrificed Poland to Russia, Italy to Austria, Saxony to Prussia, Denmark to Sweden, and liberty to monarchical sway everywhere, has often been told. But no history can convey as clear an idea of the heartlessness and rapaciousness which characterized the repartition of Germany by its princes as we can get from the perusal of a collection of diplomatic correspondence from so well-informed a member of the congress itself as was Count Münster. The following extract will suffice to show how shamelessly the traffic in lands and "souls" was carried on, especially if we consider that the writer belonged to the comparatively upright, fair, and patriotic portion of the assembled diplomats.

"Prussia," he writes, "having taken possession of that part of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw which falls to her share, as well as of her new provinces beyond the Rhine, and even of the greater part of those she is to obtain between the Rhine and the Weser, I charged Count de Hardenberg to represent to the Prussian chancellor that Prussia was in possession of a population of 131,500 souls which belonged to Hanover, this kingdom having only obtained 119,500 souls by the occupation of Hildesheim. It seemed to me, then, just, until the cession of the Hessian possessions and the Duchy of Lauenberg should be arranged, that Prussia should give up to us, in East Friesland, 119,500 souls, and in the town of Goslar 5,500—in all 125,000. This would still leave a surplus of 6,500 souls in her hands. . . . It is not unimportant to us, as the revenue we ought to receive is about 50,000 rix-dollars per month. . . . I have not sufficient confidence in the good faith of the Prussian cabinet to believe that we shall ever receive what is due to us. Now Darmstadt and Baden are very unwilling to enter into the unions sought from them to facilitate the arrangement agreed on between Austria and Bavaria. . . ."

The dealings of the great powers with each other are shown up in another despatch. The ministers of England and Austria, wishing to obtain the aid of Prussia in resisting Alexander's designs on Poland, confidentially offer her, under certain conditions, the whole of Saxony. This communication is betrayed to Alexander, who, in turn, tells Frederic William that Metternich has "offered to concede all his demands if Russia would declare itself against those made by Prussia." Informed of this conversation, Metternich writes to Hardenberg "formally denying the assertion of the Emperor Alexander, and offering to repeat this disavowal in his presence if he persisted." This letter, too, being betrayed, Alexander makes "this affair the occasion of a personal quarrel with Prince Metternich," who tries "warding off the blow by communicating, in his turn, the confidential letters of the chancellor of Prussia." And so great was the mutual distrust of the allies during the very Waterloo campaign that even the position of the Russian forces, which, "according to the

* "Political Sketches of the State of Europe from 1814–1867. Containing Count Ernst Münster's Despatches to the Prince Regent, from the Congress of Vienna. By George Herbert, Count Münster." Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1868.

first plans formed at Vienna, were to remain behind the line of the armies on the Rhine—could not fail to cause much distrust and reserve in the movements of the active allied army." Soon after these gentlemen founded the Holy Alliance.

Their principal work, the Germanic Confederation, was far from realizing, in the eyes of Count Münster, that degree of freedom and unity which the German nation had so good a right to expect as the reward of its sacrifices in the cause of the fatherland and its princes. Having long served King George as ambassador and as Hanoverian prime minister, in which capacity he generally resided at the Court of St. James, he had gradually imbibed the principles of Tory constitutionalism, which in Germany were then considered liberal. He was sincerely attached to the common cause of Germany, although in his political affections his monarch occupied the first place and Hanover the second. He had little confidence in the good intentions of either Russia, Prussia, or Austria, and his intimacy with Metternich lasted only as long as the interests they represented were in harmony. When, in later years, Canning became the great antagonist of the Austrian chancellor of state, Count Münster did not hesitate to assail his former friend and instructor and his reactionary policy in a diplomatic note which appeared like a firebrand in German politics, though, in his own sphere, he continued to show an unlimited subserviency to royal desires and schemes. He left office shortly after the death of George IV., and lived his last years in dignified retirement, having refused both a large pension and the title of prince.

Unnaturally constructed, without the means of improvement, but well fitted to check progress and foster rivalries, the German Bund—though representing neither right nor power—managed to live, with a brief interruption in 1848-1850, from the eve of the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, to the eve of the battle of Königgrätz, in 1866, since which it has been replaced, in part, by the North German Confederation, under the lead of victorious and aggrandized Prussia. This violent change cost Hanover its independence. Having ceased to be connected with Great Britain by the ties of dynastic union when Victoria, in 1837, ascended the British throne, and her uncle, Ernest Augustus, according to Salic law, succeeded to the throne of Hanover, it alternately sided with Prussia and Austria in their more or less open conflicts for supremacy in Germany, and, under King George, the son of Ernest Augustus, finally took up arms on the side of Francis Joseph in the war which terminated the existence of the Bund. The Hanoverian troops fought bravely at Langensalza, but were soon after forced to surrender. Hanover became incorporated with Prussia, and the blind king an exile. Among those of his nobles who dared to warn him, though with little prospect of being listened to, against the fatal consequences of his warlike determination, was the young Count Münster, George Herbert, who has since become prominent by the decided readiness with which he accepted the new situation, as well as by his open declaration in favor of a further extension of Prussia's supremacy. The "Political Sketches" which he has issued together with the "Despatches" of his father, and which his lately deceased wife, well known in England as Lady Harriette St. Clair, translated from the German for the benefit of her countrymen, are probably intended to vindicate his course, which seems so little in harmony with the traditions of his house, to persuade his Hanoverian countrymen that, in so momentous a crisis as the present, *Gefühlspolitik* (sentimental politics) will not do, and perhaps also to smooth for him the path to influence under the new auspices.

The "Political Sketches" are divided into four heads, entitled "The Congress of Vienna," "Russia," "Germany"—by far the longest sketch—and "General Observations on the Existing State of Politics." They are sufficiently interesting, and to those little initiated in German politics tolerably instructive, without being either profound, scholarly, or exhaustive. The author passes in rapid, and sometimes very hasty, review the whole history of Europe, from 1814 to 1867. He states his views on almost every subject, but rarely supports them by argument. When he does, his argument is too fugitive to be conclusive. He is an undisguised aristocrat, but a friend of sincere, unadulterated constitutionalism. He abhors anarchy and the Napoleonic régime. He believes in Prussia—which must become Germany—wishes well to Austria's experiments of regeneration under Beust, and almost admires Russia, in spite of her "despotism tempered by assassination." He rejoices at the revival of Italy, laments Poland as lost, is friendly to Hungary, and would like to see Turkey extinct. The most interesting parts of the whole are those concerning the downfall of Hanover and the character and future of the North German Confederation. As his views on the latter subjects have called forth a considerable echo in Germany, we will briefly present them.

The war of 1866, he believes, "has given equal significance to the fortunes of Germany and of Prussia." Prussia might have imposed more centralizing conditions on the states that were in her power; their sovereigns ought, perhaps, to have been compelled "to acknowledge the King of Prussia as their protector, under the title of King or Emperor of Germany." He doubts whether "the experiment of a federal state that is now being made will answer." He should have preferred more distinctness in the new position of Prussia, "a firmer, more visible, and definite central power." The mechanism of the new Confederation "is too complicated, and, therefore, for any length of time, untenable. Federal commander-in-chief, federal chancellor, federal council and ministry, ministries of the separate states, privy council; in Prussia, house of lords, house of commons, provincial diets, municipal assemblies, district diets. This is rather too much." Yet the new constitution has created a ground on which a durable structure may be raised. "Legislation on a large scale, *i. e.*, for all federal concerns, ought to be in the hands of the central government and the Parliament together; the sovereigns being represented in an upper house." The separate state assemblies would then be in the position of provincial diets. A more compact union of North Germany would exercise a more powerful attraction upon the southern states. "Half measures are always followed by whole evils, and it cannot be denied that the annexation of some states, and continued existence of others, however political reasons may have required it, was a half-measure." What has not been done, can and must be done in future. "The present state of things in Germany, the North German Confederation, is nothing but a German empire *incognito*, and the sooner it takes its real position, and acknowledges its sovereign as such, the better."

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS IN CHILDREN.*

THE author takes for his motto the words of Prof. Donders: "I say, without hesitation, that a short-sighted eye is a diseased eye." Probably four out of every five readers of this page do not believe Donders. Popularly, "a near-sighted eye is a strong eye." Let any one who wishes make the experiment of telling the next man he meets with glasses that his eyes are diseased. We assure him of a cool and incredulous reception. Every one has friends or relations who are near-sighted, but who work long and hard by lamp-light, and endure it as well as anybody; and we are not ready to believe that our friends—still less ourselves—labor under a "chronic organic disease" of the eyes. Still, the words upon the title-page confront us with the disagreeable assertion of this fact. Before examining Dr. Cohn's book, let us state plainly what a near-sighted eye is, and how it merits to be called diseased.

The fortunate possessor of a good eye can read a printed page like this at the distance of three feet. He can bring the page gradually nearer, to within three or four inches of his eye, and still be enabled to read, through a conscious effort—an actual muscular effort—of which the rationale is as follows. The rays of light pass through the lens, called crystalline, placed in the central axis of the eye, and are focused upon the retina, as the picture in a magic lantern is focused by the lens upon the white sheet. *Distant* rays are exactly focused by the normal eye at rest—and therefore vision of distant objects is clear. But to focus a *near* object exactly of course requires a lens of a different shape; and this slight change of shape is actually effected by the aid of a tiny muscle within the eye. When normal eyes are engaged upon objects within a distance of less than a foot, this muscle is constantly at work, adapting the shape of the lens to suit circumstances. Of course, the muscle may become wearied with overwork. It may ache, and set the whole eye aching. More than this, the effort—expressively called "straining the eye"—produces a pressure upon the coats of the eyeball from within; and in young children these coats are delicate, and may easily acquire a tendency to give way before this constant pressure. The pernicious habit of holding the head down to the book tends to the same result, for of course the blood rushes into the eye, crowding it still further, and increasing the tendency—if any exists—to a gradual bulging out of the eye. Here, then, is the whole story. An eye is overworked in such a manner as to make its fluid contents press too severely upon its coats; the pressure is continued, six hours a day, for two or three thousand days; the process is begun at an age when the whole body is soft, when even the bones will bend before breaking; the eyeball begins gradually to lose its correct shape; it yields at the back part, and thus becomes slightly elongated. This condition is near-sightedness. The retina, at the rear of the eye, is too far from the lens to receive

* "Untersuchungen der Augen von 10,060 Schulkindern, nebst Vorschlägen zur Verbesserung der den Augen nachtheiligen Schuleinrichtungen. Eine ätiologische Studie von Hermann Cohn, Med. et Philos. Dr., Augenarzt in Breslau." Leipzig, 1867. 8vo, pp. 171. [An Examination of the Eyes of 10,060 School-children; with suggestions for the correction of certain arrangements in schools injurious to the eyes; by Dr. H. Cohn, of Breslau.]

an image properly focused. Further optical explanation is here out of place; suffice it to say, that this simple change in the shape of the eyeball constitutes near-sightedness, and that this changed condition is not a healthy one, but often tends to a steadily increasing disorganization of the coats of the eye, producing partial or total blindness in the end.

Thus is our author's motto justified. As to his observations, they are truly invaluable, as being really the first of the kind which have been alike wide in their range, ample in number, and minutely careful in each instance. He has examined five schools of low grade in the village of Langenbielau, near Breslau, and twenty-eight schools—of six orders—in the latter city. The ages of the 10,060 pupils varied from seven to twenty-two years. The examination was conducted during the winter term of 1865–6, with all the appliances known to modern science for obtaining trustworthy results. The mode of examination was as follows. Every scholar was bidden to stand in a good light, and read from a sheet printed for the especial purposes of this test; the type being at a distance of four feet from his eyes. Those who could not read rapidly from this sheet were noted, as deficient in visual power. Each one thus noted as deficient was then subjected to a thorough examination by the means of glasses and the ophthalmoscope in the hands of Dr. Cohn himself. The result of this examination gave the surprising total of 1,730 children—over 17 per cent. of all examined—as more or less deficient in sight. We will give a rapid summary of a few of the principal results.

The number of children with defective vision increases steadily, through seven grades of schools, from 5 per cent. in the lowest grade to 31·7 per cent. in the highest. This large proportion, nearly one-third in the highest, is not accidental, for it is obtained from an examination of two *gymnasia* (answering to our American "colleges") containing 1,195 pupils. The proportion in the city schools is nearly four times as great as in the country schools. Of the 1,730 with defective vision, 1,004 were near-sighted, very trifling cases of the affection not being included.

No school was without myopic (*i. e.*, near-sighted) scholars. The village schools, on the average, had 1·4 per cent.; the city schools eight times as many (11·4 per cent.). In the city there was a constant increase in the number of myopes from the lowest grade of school up to the highest; *i. e.* from 6·7 per cent. up to 26·2 per cent. In the two upper classes of the *gymnasia*, 115 were near-sighted, against about 135 who were not so! As to age, among the pupils in the village schools, 243 were found who had attended school not more than six months; of these, *not one* was near-sighted. The proportion rises steadily, in almost every kind of school, from the youngest to the oldest classes. The degree of affection increases in proportion to the age of the scholars and the rank of the school. Less than one-fourth of the near-sighted required glasses between Nos. 6 and 15; the remainder weaker glasses. Near one-half required No. 24, or a weaker glass.

Without going further into Dr. Cohn's statistics, surely here is enough to set us on the enquiry for causes. No near-sightedness before the school age—and nearly one-half of the oldest pupils near-sighted! Our author sums up his results with the remarks: "I am far from attributing the enormous extension of near-sightedness among school children *exclusively* to the school; but a due respect for hygienic laws should compel us to arrange matters so that no one can point out even a possible cause of harm." The points which he would see attended to are:

"1. School desks and seats adapted to support the child's body in a healthy position, with his eyes at a proper distance from the book.

"2. Very well lighted school-rooms, to remove the temptation to hold the book near the face—a prolific source of the increase of near-sightedness.

"3. Statutes to prevent school children from wearing glasses unless ordered and selected by a physician.

"4. Strict disciplinary measures to prevent scholars amusing themselves by *squinting* (a popular athletic pastime!).

"5. Instruction in normal schools, that teachers in future may be aware of the evils arising from bad hygienic arrangements in schools." He adds: "I am convinced that if these suggestions should be attended to by those in authority, the result would be, not indeed the complete banishment of diseased eyes from the world, but *a great diminution of the number of 'diseases of refraction' in children.*"

In a very thorough examination of the school-desks and seats, Dr. Cohn found almost universally prevalent these faults: 1. They did not correspond to the size of the pupils. 2. The feet were unsupported. 3. The book was brought too near the face. 4. The seat was away from the desk (in order to allow the scholar to rise in his place), in consequence of which the body had to stoop forward very much. This was one of the chief faults found. 5. Desk tops flat, instead of inclined. He says, "In every class where I was present during the exercise of writing, I was able to show the teacher that the eyes of almost every scholar were but two or three inches distant from the paper, instead of a foot, or a foot and a half, as they ought to be." His suggestions are, to support the feet; to bring the seat and the desk so near that the edge of the latter shall project an inch over the former; to make the desk from 6½ to 9 inches higher than the seat, according to the size of the scholar; and to incline the desk-top moderately. The windows of school-rooms also received a good deal of attention from Dr. Cohn. He says, in regard to the quantity of light admitted, "The number of near-sighted pupils in the twenty elementary schools is in each case proportional to the narrowness of the street, the height of the opposite houses, and the lowness of the story in the school-house in which the class is placed."

In regard to the use of glasses we find our author reprehending in strong terms the employment of the same pair for reading and for viewing distant objects. It is almost sure to bring on a rapid increase in the degree of near-sightedness. Bad type, fine maps, writing on slates or with poor ink, reading in bed, by firelight or moonlight, fine embroidery, etc., are also more or less potent causes; to which he adds congenital predisposition. We would point out, as another cause, the over-heating of school-rooms. It needs no proof to show that this must cause congestion of the eyes—which is one of the strongest operating causes in producing near-sightedness. But an anecdote (for the truth of which we vouch) will set this in a clear light. A lady, recently visiting one of the colored normal schools in Richmond, found a class of young girls standing against the wall, behind the stove—apparently because there was no other place to stand. They all held their books within a very few inches of their faces, and on being asked why they did so, replied that they could not see to read otherwise (which was really the case). They were sent out of doors to cool themselves, and on returning they could read at the proper distance. Precisely the same state of things was encountered in another school: temporary myopia from standing behind a stove, cured by a few minutes in the fresh air.

Dr. Cohn found the opposite condition to near-sightedness in 239 children—less than one-fourth as many. Nor does the proportion increase in the higher schools, but the far-sighted are distributed without any seeming law. How extensive these evils are in our own country it is impossible to say. But it is safe to say that few persons are aware of their magnitude. It is the duty of our physicians to arouse the public, and we are glad to see from the pens of Dr. Jeffries (*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, Nov. 5), and Dr. Williams, President of the American Ophthalmological Society (*Mass. Teacher*, for December), articles bearing upon this point. We refer our readers to the above sources for a fuller discussion than we can find room to give.

Alphabet of Geology; or, First Lessons in Geology and Mineralogy, with Suggestions on the Relation of Rocks to Soil. By S. R. Hall, LL.D. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868.)—This is one of the numerous well-intentioned efforts to bring science to the level of the childish mind. The common method of making such books is to abridge treatises intended for older persons, leaving out the hard words and the philosophical ideas. Now, roast-beef is bad for sucklings even when it is chopped very fine and administered with a tea-spoon. The diets proper to baby and adult differ in quality, as well as in quantity and mode of administration. Abridgments of books for adults are almost sure to fail as helps for children. A new method is necessary for little children. A mere compiler can never make a proper child's book on scientific subjects. The task is one which befits an investigator in science, and demands a deal of original thinking. The book before us treats of mineralogy rather than of geology. It describes very inadequately some two hundred and fifty mineral and metallic substances. Mistakes and inconsistencies abound. Even the terminology is extraordinarily inaccurate and confused. Thus, on p. 129, we have barytum for barium; on p. 130, carbonate of *barytes* and carbonate of *strontium* are within ten lines of each other. On the same page occurs this sentence, which is but ill adapted to instruct adults, let alone children: "Both sulphuric and carbonic acid [*sic*] unite with a base called Strontium [*sic*], which is an oxide." The term "barytes" is indiscriminately applied to the sulphate and the oxide of barium. The composition of the strontium minerals is wrongly stated, because the author incorrectly says strontium when he means the oxide of strontium. Mistakes in the composition of the minerals described are numerous. Chemical errors abound. Sulphuric acid is said (p. 122) to be "formed by a combination of sulphur, nitrogen, and water." The statement that "potash is a protoxide of potassa" (p. 125) contains as much error and confusion of thought as can well be got into that number of words. In saying (p. 101) that "when strong acids are applied to lead it is converted into an oxide, and forms a beautiful white paint, so com-

monly used for the outside of houses," Mr. Hall misleads his little readers deplorably. Strong acids do not have any such effect on lead, and "white lead" is not a simple oxide at all, in spite of Mr. Hall's categorical statement to that effect on p. 120. On p. 96 we are informed that platinum is dearer than gold, the fact being that it costs less than half as much. On p. 115, barium is said to be of a dark-gray color; it is white with a yellowish tinge.

Of geology there is very little in the book. About twenty pages are devoted to loose and general remarks about rocks and soils, and in a supplement of sixteen pages a few illustrations of fossil vegetables and animals are lugged in; but these pictures are inserted without any connection with what precedes and follows and without sufficient interpretation. Mr. Hall erects clay into a mineral species under the name of "argillite," and makes it one of the nine letters of his "alphabet of geology." No such mineral species as "argillite" is recognized by good authorities.

The author evidently means to have children commit his very inaccurate descriptions to memory. The first hundred pages of the book are divided into thirty-five lessons, with questions appended. We can only hope that mineralogy will not be made disagreeable to many children by this vicious method of teaching it. There is but one way in which to study mineralogy with profit, and that is with minerals, blow-pipe, and test-tubes in hand.

A deal is said nowadays about the badness of Latin and Greek grammars and other classical text-books. They may be bad; but any one who has occasion to read many school-books on scientific subjects will soon come to the conclusion that the scientific manuals are on the average decidedly inferior to the grammatical, both as regards general intelligence of method and adaptation to the end in view.

Life among the Apaches. By J. C. Cremony. (San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.)—This is a book of personal adventures among that which is perhaps the fiercest and most incorrigible of our American Indian tribes. It is full of incidents such as will commend it to those who devour "thrilling narratives," while it gives many facts valuable to the student, and especially valuable to the student of our Indian politics. Indeed, its special object is to "let in such light as may result in bettering our present deplorable Indian policy." The author has earned the right to be listened to, if one may earn this by eight years of intimate and interested contact with his subject. The opportunity for this came, first, as Spanish interpreter to the United States Boundary Commission, for establishing the limits of the Gadsden purchase, in which capacity he travelled extensively in Arizona, New Mexico, and Northern Mexico—the home of the Apache race; and afterwards as Major of California Volunteer Cavalry, in the late war, when he was over much the same ground, engaged in fighting the wild Indians and guarding on reservations those already whipped. According to the author, the Apaches number 25,000 souls, and can or could bring into battle 5,000 warriors. This is exclusive of the Navajoes and Lipans, which are of the same stock. They rule or have ruled with terrible mastery over the whole of Arizona, a part of New Mexico, and parts of the Mexican states of Chihuahua, Sonora, and Durango, or over a territory nearly as large as all of our States bordering on the Atlantic and on the Gulf combined. Over this vast country they roam in small parties without government or leader except such as the occasion may create, and yet by an ingenious system of mountain signals they can concentrate at once large bodies for attack or defence. They build no houses and plant no fields, but live by the hunt and by robbery, chiefly by the latter. "The Apache has become the most treacherous, bloodthirsty, villainous, and unmitigated rascal upon earth." He is, however, no idiot, but smart, quick, and cunning, and sometimes manifesting high intellectual powers. Nor is he destitute of all the virtues. Still, it is the author's conclusion that he is incapable of improvement. Upon this he harps continually.

As might be expected, the proposed cure for the Apache does not contemplate any attempts for his reformation, but plans a vigorous campaign against him for his immediate subjugation, and that after a different manner from the "Regulation" system, for which the major has hearty and perhaps not unreasonable contempt. He would thus remove the Apaches from their country; why, or where to, he does not say; and, having abolished the present Indian Bureau, would put them in charge of the War Department. Now, every one not a "semi-idiot" or sentimentalist will agree with the author that the first thing for the Apaches, or any other marauding Indian tribe, is subjugation, and that the more thorough and speedy it is, the better. But Major Cremony, like all others who study this problem only from the military or police stand-point, can conceive of nothing beyond subjugation, except an enlarged guard-house called a Reservation, where Indians are to be fed at Government expense, and left to rot in swinish laziness. And this seeming incapacity of military men for taking anything but a military view of the matter is a serious reason why the care of the Indians should not be put entirely under the War Department, unless it can be in some modified form, as it has been in the Freedmen's Bureau. He gives a phase of Indian character from what is perhaps the darkest side of the problem of Indian civilization. As such, it is valuable because we have had nothing before it near so good. But this very fact makes the general conclusions of the author less trustworthy. For what may be true of the Apaches is not necessarily true of Indian tribes as a whole.

There are other characteristics of the book and its author which do not add to the credibility of its statements or to the weight of his conclusions. For instance, he makes a statement (p. 293) concerning the law of retaliation for murder, as it exists "among nearly all other of our American tribes," which is exactly the reverse of the truth. It is not the fact that there is generally any trial of a murderer by the tribal dignitaries before he is liable to the attack of the avenger of blood. And it is impossible that there should be, with the general absence among the Indian tribes of anything which can be called government. Equally untrue are his sweeping assertions (pages 96, 192) that all efforts to Christianize or civilize the Indian tribes of our country have been failures. He cites the results of the Jesuit missions in California, but probably never studied far enough to see that their failure to regenerate the Indian lay in the fact that they introduced no new principle of life.

As regards literary character, the book is written in a plain, outspoken style, which is only marred by the frequent announcements of the author that he makes no attempt at fine writing and by the unnecessary use of the egotistical pronoun. The book would have been much better had the author arranged his material so as to bring together his studies in Apache customs and character and his reflections thereon, thus saving much repetition and some inconsistencies. It needs also a good map and index, and on the whole is worthy of them.

Blindpits: A Story of Scottish Life. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.)—Notwithstanding its clumsy and inartistic construction, "Blindpits" is a clever and very readable novel. Its author is a person of great good sense and shrewdness, and of unusual ability in the analysis and portrayal of character. The book, had its merits not been obscured by the lack of anything like a sense of form and proportion, which would have kept inferior interests properly subordinated, might have been much more than clever. There is not, it seems to us, an ill-drawn character in it, and, considering that twenty or more are introduced and that most of them are depicted at full length, and all are very distinctly outlined, that is to say that it has very unusual merit. But there are at least half a dozen of these characters who in no way aid the progress of the story, who, in fact, retard it, and who should have been cut out without mercy. The book, too, is written in an easy, unaffected style which is always sensible, not infrequently humorous, and sometimes pathetic. The conversations are natural and lively, and have the merit of confirming the author's verdict on the characters. Usually, in novels, the reader has to take the writer's word as to the intellect, the wit, or the genius of his personages—when they speak for themselves no such qualities are evident. Probably there is not an unamusing chapter in this book; but it is true that there are chapters in plenty which should have been omitted, on the ground that it is not the business of a novelist to gossip about his characters, especially after he has sketched them so fully and firmly that the reader knows them thoroughly, but to use them for the definite purpose of making his novel a consistent and artistic whole. These faults—of over-diffuseness and unnecessary elaboration of minor points—might, however, have been overlooked had the book been intended only as a study of character, with no pretensions at plot or unusual incidents. But a principal event in the story is a poisoning of one of the personages and an ensuing trial for murder. The person who is poisoned is a prominent character, and the person who is tried is claimed by the author as the heroine. This catastrophe occurs somewhere near the middle of the book; nothing has prepared the reader for it, and it bursts upon one with a startling suddenness which is the less easily forgiven when it is found that no real interest hinges upon it and that it leads to nothing, not even to an additional glimpse worth getting into the workings of character. This blunder, which, on the supposition that the plot is the invention of the writer, would be fatal to any pretensions on her part to do artistic work, may be judged more leniently on the theory, which for various reasons seems to us a probable one, that the story of the supposed murder in all its details

is a true one, by which the author of "Blindpits" has been strongly impressed. Her error has been in not giving it its due place and importance. Occurring where it does, with nothing depending on it, it is simply an ugly blemish, which should have been got rid of even at the risk of a plotless novel. If it seemed of sufficient importance to write a book about, other things should have been kept justly subordinated to it. As it stands, Mr. Dods's poetical aspirations and Mr. Graham Richardson's love-making are quite as important and certainly much pleasanter constituents of the novel.

We have spoken of the truth and vividness of the character-painting in this book, and indeed it would be much easier to understate than to overstate them. The men, it is true, are not quite so well done as the women—a fact which gives a hint at the sex of the anonymous author—but still they are better than the average men of recent novels. The women, however, are transferred bodily from life to the canvas, and every merit, every blemish, shown in the most effective lights. The author seems to have known the characters as well as the story, and to have rendered them with equal literalness—without attempting to transmute them in her imagination into something truer than literal truth. The fidelity to nature which they exhibit is not that highest artistic truth which relates itself not only to the individual under inspection but to universal humanity, but a truth of local coloring, of Pre-Raphaelite fidelity to unessential as well as to essential facts. For this reason also, the book, which is never dull, which is full of well-done realistic details, and which has in Bessie Barclay as pleasant a heroine as we have met in many a day, is a book for which we hesitate to find a verdict more favorable than—clever.

Tricotrin: The Story of a Waif and Stray. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Idalia," etc. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—The hero of this novel is the son of an English earl, who in his early boyhood abandons his birthright in a fit of anger with his father, and thereafter lives the life of a Bohemian. He is introduced to the reader as a man somewhere between forty and fifty, still in a state of romantic poverty, in which he owns nothing but a boat, a pet monkey, a priceless violin, and a rare copy of Dante, worth its weight in gold. He lives principally on brown bread and grapes, he fiddles at country dances, and by reason of the nobility of his nature and his "personal magnetism," has such influence over "the people" of all Southern Europe that he is recognized as a "power" among them by diplomatists of all nations. The "Waif and Stray" whose history the novel purports to be is a woman of overwhelming beauty, whom Tricotrin saves as an infant from the death by starvation to which she had been left by a heartless mother. The story of his passion for her and her lukewarm gratitude in return are not, we regret to say, either easy or remunerative reading. What "Ouida's" distinctive stock-in-trade as a novelist amounts to, we are puzzled to say. Her cheap rhetoric, her bathos, her sentimentalizing seem to be easily traceable to the influence of Bulwer; and for her situations she is as often as not indebted to another poor master—Mr. George Lawrence. She improves, however, on the worst traits of both her models, and as a maker of tawdry sentiment and "hifalutin" has few equals and no superiors.

Her present book is prefaced by what purports to be a likeness of herself, intended, probably, as a sort of sop to that Cerberus of a public whose assumed curiosity concerning her personality has been so ruthlessly dealt with. The face, which is a fine one, does not exactly fit in with one's conception of the woman who could have been guilty of "Idalia," and the whole effect of the engraving is suggestive of the idea that it has been borrowed for the occasion from some old annual or "book of beauty" of a date of twenty-five or thirty years back. The attitude, the dress, the figure, are more like the antiquated ideals of artists who studied the picturesque more than they studied anatomy, than like any particular human being.

Afranius, and The Idumean. Tragedies; with the Roman Martyrs and other Poems. By the Rev. Professor John M. Leavitt. (New York: Printed by Hurd & Houghton. 1869.)—Here and there in this volume there is a poetic thought. There is imagination and truthful representation in a line in which Afranius, walking and talking to himself in a soft, beautiful night, and thinking of Zala, who seems to her lover to be all the world—who seems to be, as mistresses do seem to moonlight lovers, the very reason of heaven and earth, asks himself:

"Does love for her, a heathen, make this night?"

The thought is not new in poetry, and the implied, parenthetical confession of faith Afranius might have spared, but the passage is to be praised.

"The Deluge," again, begins with this picture, which has vigor and clearness, if also some age:

"The heavens are chang'd, clouds piled on clouds rush on,
Sweeping in mountain masses o'er the sky,
Then, mingling, stand a roof of angry black."

But on the whole the passages quoted no more fairly represent our author's ability as a poet than this one, which may be said to exemplify his versification:

"Industry subdues its boisterous energy;"

and this one, which is at the beginning of "Faith in its Relation to the Individual," and which may stand as a specimen of his freshness and suggestiveness of thought and force of imagination:

"Hail, smiling Spring! thy life-imparting breath
Wakes dreary Nature from her sleep of death;
When glows thy sun and milder breezes play,
Through secret mazes steals the potent ray."

It is strange that every little while some new writer should come forward to illustrate still once more the truth, that a man may be clever and interesting in prose, and in verse be a source of regrets. And yet not strange; for it is of the essence of this fault that he who has it should be unconscious of it. After having given "Afranius" and the other pieces a more careful perusal than we usually give to verses of the value of these—for apparently this book is the work of a man with the best intentions—we find nothing for it but to say that we have no doubts or misgivings as regards the advisability of encouraging its author to turn his attention away from poetical composition—at least, for the public.

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Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868	2,563,002 30
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$9,345,972 12
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868	$6,807,970 89
Losses paid during the same period	$3,081,080 49
Returns of Premiums and expenses	$1,383,230 61
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$7,587,435 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise	2,214,100 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest and sundry Notes and Claims due the Company, estimated at	290,530 03
Premium Notes and Bills receivable	2,953,267 53
Cash in Bank	405,548 83
Total Amount of Assets	$13,660,881 39

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By order of the Board.

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VOL. VIII.—NO. 189. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1869. { FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM / TWELVE CENTS PER COPY

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PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

A DISCUSSION on the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill began the week in the Senate. It was as lively as any debate that has been had for a long time, Mr. Patterson, of New Hampshire, being very angry with Mr. Sumner. The matter in question was whether or not to pay $12,500 annually to certain gentlemen for their services as judges and arbitrators under the treaty with Great Britain relative to the suppression of the slave-trade. The judges on our part reside, it appears, not at Sierra Leone, the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere in Africa, where they might be able to render some of the service for which they are paid, but here in New York and other cis-Atlantic towns and cities. Mr. Patterson moving that the appropriation for their salaries should cease, Mr. Sumner compared him to John Slidell of evil memory, and proceeded to eulogize the persons who had labored for the freedom of the negro and the destruction of the traffic in slaves. Mr. Patterson's resentment at being classified with negro-traders and slaveholders was very great, and as he has been a college professor he was able to give full and learned expression to his grievances. "Calling names," he said, "settles nothing. Why, sir, I might select a senator here and call him the most patient of animals with a parcel of books on his shoulders, deeming himself the national divinity; but that would not make him so." To do Mr. Sumner justice, he is never so consciously and deliberately insulting as this; it is his manner which is so trying to his fellow-senators. Then it is true, too, that the structure of his mind is a source of trouble to people of "business habits." The end of the matter, so far as the Senate is concerned, was that the President is to find out if Great Britain is willing to abolish the courts; and if so, we are to dispense with judges and appropriations together.

The Senate has passed, after a severe struggle, decidedly the most important measure of the session, in the shape of the Constitutional Amendment forbidding all "discriminations in the exercise of the elective franchise on account of race, color, nativity, property, *or education*, or creed," and taking the control of "the manner of appointing Presidential electors from the State legislatures, and prescribing their election by a popular vote. The adoption of the amendment would be a fitting close to the great controversy by which the country has been so long torn, but for the provision forbidding any State, no matter what its circumstances or its experience, to demand from any of its citizens an educational qualification for the exercise of the franchise. It is impossible not to regard this as a step backward, because, no matter what the practical operation of the article may be, it will be taken as a solemn national declaration, made by the most progressive people in the world, that intelligence is of no importance in politics, and that a "brute vote" *ought* to count for as much as a human one. All the experience of the country refutes this doctrine. There is not a single department of the Government which popular ignorance has not injured and is not injuring, and nothing better than windy declamation has been offered by anybody in support of the theory that a successful democracy is possible without general, and even considerable, education. There may seem to be something gained for the negro in this provision, but it is only temporary gain.

In the House the business of the week has been various in character, for not many days of this session and this Congress now remain, and everything presses. Indeed, night sessions are held, and there is no cessation of work. Of great local interest is the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the East River between New York and Brooklyn. Hitherto capitalists have had their doubts about putting their money into this enterprise, for it was uncertain whether the State had power to grant, as it did a year ago, permission to a company to bridge a tide-water stream. As enlarging the bed room, so to speak, of New Yorkers, as bringing their homes and their working-places somewhat nearer together, this bill is of importance. On Wednesday there was much talk about Johnson and Scannell, the two refractory witnesses, or non-witnesses, who were summoned to testify before the committee for investigating the election frauds in this city. Scannell was without excuse, and was ordered to pay the costs of his arrest by the Sergeant-at-arms. This he was ready enough to do, but some of the Democratic members of the delegation from this State urged him not to pay and then set about making him a martyr—a working-man with a large family oppressed by Radical tyranny. Inasmuch as the ex-alderman has and gratifies a taste for rings and precious stones, and possesses a trotting horse of the reputed value of $14,000, the task of putting him in the light of a person compelled to rot in jail for the want of seventy dollars was not easy, and the Republican members were successfully jocose on the subject. The affair illustrates very well Mr. James Brooks's notion of how to oppose ably the Republican party. In the course of the debate Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, was called to order for unparliamentary language. On the following day, Thursday, there was another scene of verbal violence in the House. Mr. Holbrook, of Idaho, is a young man and Western in his manners, and probably not a friend of General Butler's, and possibly he has been an Indian agent, as delegates from Territories are apt to have been. At all events, General Butler, discussing the appropriations for the Indians, was severe on the men who have had charge of our relations with the Tribes, and Mr. Holbrook at once denounced him as a wilful liar. He declined to avail himself of the chance offered him, according to custom, and would not retract; whereupon he was called to the bar of the House and sharply censured. On Friday the most important business was the discussion of the bill reducing the effective force and the expenses of the army. It was recommitted, and there is very little likelihood that the committee will bring it back this session. Mr. Garfield made some just remarks as to the unequitableness of setting adrift men who have been in the national service for perhaps twenty years and are now fit for no other than their own profession. Nothing definite has yet been done about the railroads—either the Air Line or the Pacific and its branches—and it is possible that nothing will be done till the new Congress meets. We say "possible," thinking of the schemes of the Pacific road lobby, which is highly pleased with the action of the Senate committee in consenting to what is called the

Omnibus Railroad Bill. But it is doubtful if the Senate will take the committee's opinion. The minority of the committee has drawn and signed a strong protest.

Mr. Sumner seems, however, to think meanly of the amendment, and urges the passage of a bill instead, on the ground that "whatever Congress enacts for human rights will be constitutional." It is very difficult to deal with a proposition of this sort fairly, inasmuch as it is almost impossible to get at its meaning. If it means that good motives in the legislators are all that is needed to bring an act into accordance with the Constitution, the establishment of a state church might be made constitutional. If it means, on the other hand, that "human rights" are better secured by an act of Congress than by a constitutional amendment, the answer is that the repeal of an act of Congress is a very simple and easy matter, the repeal of a constitutional provision a very difficult one. If it means that Mr. Sumner's proposed bill would necessarily be an enactment for "human rights," it is a gross begging of the question. The question is, whether the leaving of human rights dependent on an act, when a constitutional amendment is possible, would not be in practice a betrayal of them. The argument is in fact worth notice only because, although falling rapidly into disuse, it is a kind of argument of which it is high time we saw the last; and men of education like Mr. Sumner ought to set the Logans and Chandlers an example of giving it up. Nothing but the certainty that a man is inspired will justify him in using it.

The Georgia difficulty, in so far as the share of the State in the Presidential election is concerned, has been met in what is perhaps the most harmless of ways, by a sort of compromise in the shape of a joint resolution which provides that though the State vote may be counted, it shall not be allowed to defeat Grant's election. As Grant is sure of his election in any case, nobody will under this resolution have any reason to complain. No further steps have been taken with regard to the expulsion of the State delegation from the House or the reception of Mr. Hill in the Senate. It is to be hoped that no further steps will be taken, and that instead all Republicans will devote themselves earnestly and energetically to the task of procuring the passage and ratification of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the exclusion of persons in any State from the franchise or from office on account of race, color, or creed. In this we touch bottom; the process of reconstruction as revealed in Mr. Stewart's report on Mr. Hill's case has no bottom, and contains no reason why it should ever come to an end. If his doctrines be accepted, the turning of States out of the Union and bringing them in again would become a regular part of the work of the Congressional majority, every time it was vexed or pleased with State legislation or State justice, and we should have periodical applications for the infliction of the penalty from any party in the State which considered itself unfairly dealt with.

The text of the *Alabama* Convention has been received in England, and, if the telegraphic accounts be correct, the "settlement" is likely to be as vigorously denounced there as here, though for a different reason. The English press finds fault with it because it provides for the submission to the Commission of the whole controversy, including the hastiness and unfriendliness of the recognition of Southern belligerency before the news of the blockade reached England. The history of this point in the controversy is very curious. It was insisted on strongly by Mr. Adams and Mr. Bemis in the earlier stages of the discussion, simply as a means of proving the responsibility of England for the subsequent ravages of the Confederate cruisers issuing from her ports. "You recognized the Confederates as belligerents," they said, "sooner than was necessary, or than is customary, and you thereby not only showed your hostility to the United States, and gave us good ground for doubting your good faith in your subsequent efforts to preserve your neutrality, but you furnished the Confederates with a base for their maritime operations and encouraged them to make use of it. Your subsequent efforts to preserve your neutrality, too, were feeble and futile, and, therefore, on the whole case, you are liable for all damage done to our commerce by Confederate cruisers issuing from British ports." In other words, the prematureness of the recognition of belligerency was insisted on as a part of the proof of English liability for the loss sustained through the operations of the privateers. Now, however, the British Government has virtually admitted its liability for the ravages of the *Alabama*, and in the ordinary course of diplomatic debate nothing would remain but to press for payment of the money, this being the very kernel of the question.

The controversy has, however, partly through the effects of Mr. Johnson's indiscretions, taken an entirely new turn, and it is now proposed to make England confess that the recognition of belligerency was unprecedented and unwarranted, not by way of proving her liability for the actual losses sustained by the cruisers issuing from her ports, but partly by way of proving her responsibility for a large, indeterminate, and indeterminable amount of the total loss sustained through the war, both by land and sea, and partly by way of teaching her a wholesome moral lesson. In other words, the public, General Grant included, is decidedly in favor of keeping the question open, that is, of leaving it where the negotiations found it, and where it will now be left. Even the private claimants of *Alabama* damages support this course, one of the heaviest sufferers, Mr. Upton, of Boston, having signed a petition the other day against the confirmation of the Clarendon-Johnson Treaty. The figure which Mr. Johnson cuts under these circumstances is really pitiable.

Harper's Weekly defends the proposed action of the Senate and House with regard to Georgia, on the ground that "the substance of reconstruction is the essential point." This we take leave to call a dangerous doctrine, because if the substance of any measure was not to be found in the act or resolution in which the measure is embodied, people would never know what the law was, and the control of the public over law-makers, especially in these days of the "previous question," would be completely lost. The substance of reconstruction is or ought to be in the Reconstruction Acts; if it be not there, but was retained by Congressmen in the back chambers of their brains, the acts are traps or puzzles, not laws. Nothing could be better calculated, too, to encourage the reckless, speechless legislation on all subjects which is one of the great evils of the day than allowing majorities, when acts they have "rushed through" fail in attaining their object, to treat them as null and void, and produce an unknown "essence" or "substance" of the law from some secret repository, and make it take the place of the law itself as it stands on the statute book.

Who is to form the cabinet is still as great a mystery as ever, General Grant preserving a real and impenetrable silence on the subject. The veil, it is said, will be lifted soon after the official announcement to him of his election. This extraordinary departure from party usages has naturally, at last, begun to excite a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst the old politicians, who are hurt, and they say alarmed, by General Grant's failure to consult them about his appointments, and there is a good deal of head-shaking over the possible result of his want of political experience. To their chagrin and anxiety the failure of the bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act to pass the Senate is said to be in part, at least, due. One of the reasons assigned for doubting Grant's fitness to choose his cabinet himself is that he has always been simply a soldier, and he is reproached for not seeking advice on the theory that the party managers are sagacious men who pass their lives in severe and conscientious study of human character, with the view after each election of getting exactly the right men into the right places in the Government, and that the results of their past efforts, for instance in the construction of the Pierce, Buchanan, and early Lincoln cabinets, had left nothing to be desired, and furnished Grant with models which the poor simpleton will probably try to copy of himself, but will miserably fail.

The week, as usual, has furnished a fresh illustration of the delight-

ful condition of the civil service. Last week we had a row between an ambassador and an admiral on a foreign station. This week we have a row between an ambassador and his secretary of legation, with side hits at the Secretary of State. Mr. Hale, of Madrid, is the ambassador, and Mr. Bliss, the secretary. Mr. Hale has, after years of suffering, made an appeal to a member of the New Hampshire delegation in Congress, which this gentleman has been foolish enough to print, in which Bliss is painted in the darkest colors. Mr. Hale says a history of "the indignities and outrages" Bliss has inflicted on his chief would be a history of the chief's "whole life" in Madrid, and in these atrocities he has been backed up by "Seward" (*sic*), who has been guilty of "duplicity," of "brutality," and of "baseness," and, worse than all, is "a confederate" of Bliss in certain Spanish contracts, for the sake of which the latter has neglected and betrayed his country. Moreover, "a Spanish woman has married" Bliss and "controls him," and, from being a "Channing Unitarian," he has embraced Popery. And yet again, he has had a stand-up fight in Mr. Hale's drawing-room, during his absence, in the presence of Mrs. and Miss Hale, with another visitor, an American doctor named Mackerlain, and the combatants were separated after the first round by one of the servants of the legation. Their meeting was accidental, and the deadly nature of their hostility may be guessed from the fact that, though they were both merely calling on the ladies, they refused to postpone the encounter. The object of Mr. Hale's letter to the New Hampshire Congressman is simply to get the New Hampshire delegation "to recommend General Grant to continue him in his place;" not that he wants the place particularly, but he wants to stay in it long enough "to triumph over these two men who have used him so basely for so long a time;" in other words, "till Perry and Seward are both out of office." We know nothing of the merits of the quarrel except what we get from Mr. Hale's letter, and we know nothing of General Grant's views about the Spanish mission; but, judging from the letter, we should say that if he thinks the United States need just now a prudent, discreet, self-restrained, and well-balanced man, he will bring Mr. Hale home at once.

The St. Domingo annexation scheme, as we feared, is likely to come up again. It appears that at the bottom of the movement is a person named Baez, who is nominally President of St. Domingo, having been raised to that dignity by one of the ordinary insurrections in 1867; but whose tenure of office is probably not worth a month's purchase; in fact, the last news is that a pronunciamento against him has broken out also. His competency to negotiate for the transfer of the island, or any part of it, to a foreign power may, therefore, be guessed. In fact, nobody is now, or is likely to be, competent to conduct a negotiation on behalf of the Haytians or Dominicans for any such purpose, or in fact for any purpose, because there is not enough confidence reposed by the people in any of their temporary rulers even for the maintenance of internal tranquillity. If the United States Government, therefore, engages in any such transaction, under the auspices either of Mr. Banks, Mr. Orth, or anybody else, it will become a party to a wretched little fraud, and an unprofitable one besides, because it will have to conquer the island and hold it by force of arms all the same. The notion that the island contains republics, in anything but the name, or can be decently governed by us except through a military force, is a pure delusion; and those who do not want to see the army increased, a leak of unknown magnitude opened in the Treasury, and a ring formed beside which the Whiskey Ring and the Indian Ring would fade into insignificance, ought to protest against it with all their might.

The news from Greece is clearly peaceful. The Bulgaris ministry resigned sooner than sign the protocol, and are reported to have acquired much popularity at Athens thereby, but the King has found a way out of the difficulty. The protocol is one of the most harmless of documents. It simply lays down certain doctrines of international law which no power thinks of disputing, though hardly any power observes them in practice, the principal one being that it is a breach of international law to aid an insurrection on the soil of a friendly power by permitting the transmission of supplies or reinforcements to the insurgents. The objection of the Bulgaris ministry to signing it therefore was, doubtless, a personal one mainly. They gave out they were going to fight Turkey, and then refused to sign any proposition, though it were simply an affirmation of the revolution of the earth on its own axis, which promised to establish peace with Turkey. Their resignation placed the King in an awkward position, as he had to get somebody to sign, and men ready to take office for this particular purpose were probably scarce, though office-seekers at Athens are plenty.

The exercise of the newly-acquired right of holding public meetings for discussion in France seems to be attended with extraordinary difficulties. The Commissary of Police is legally entitled to a seat on the platform, and he attended a meeting at Belleville accompanied by three shorthand-writers, for whom there was no accommodation. The chairman offered one seat, the Commissary insisted on having four, and, after a squabble, the Commissary refusing to recede from his position, the audience receded from theirs by leaving the hall to him and his reporters. There seems to be a want of practicalness, however, in this way of solving the difficulty. To stop the meeting was what he wanted, and to say their say, in spite of all obstacles, should have been the main point with the audience. An Anglo-Saxon or Hungarian meeting would have sat it out, and provided seats for the reporters. The course of Sunday evening lectures in the Salle Valentino, of which Jules Favre gave one and Laboulaye was to have given another, has also been stopped by what the French police call a "manœuvre," but a manœuvre of their own. The Salle Valentino is a ball-room, frequented in the evenings by the same circle who in summer figure in the Jardin Mabille. The ladies of this circle are not pinks of propriety, but they are now what they have been for the thirty years during which the Salle has been open to them. When the course of lectures began, however, the police became suddenly troubled by their dress and behavior, and intimated to the proprietor that, in the interests of public morality, they feared they would have to shut up the hall. The proprietor took the hint, and has procured immunity for his dancing-parties by shutting out the lecturers. The last popular hero is the Baron Séguier, whose resignation has been an immense success.

There is no change, however, worth notice in the general state of things in France. The financial statement of M. Magne looks well enough, as the financial statements always do, because their estimate of the expenditure of the coming year is never, or almost never, accurate, or intended to be accurate. There is a regular addition made to it later in the financial year, in the shape of "supplemental credits," which the Corps Législatif votes with little question. Deficits, too, ever since the accession of the present Emperor, are met by loans, so that the increase of taxation has been but trifling as compared to the increased ability of the country to bear it. But the impression seems to gain strength all over Europe that the adjustment of the Continent on its new political basis of popular sovereignty, instead of royal or imperial arrangement, cannot be completed without a fresh trial of material strength. Every power is now a little uncertain as to its exact relative weight, the standard set up by the Congress of Vienna having been destroyed, and new states of which the congress knew nothing having come into existence. Of the terrible nature of this struggle when it comes some idea may be formed from the perfection to which the manufacture of small arms and artillery has been brought within the last twenty years, and the size of the force which every Continental power now keeps on foot. The latest and most careful calculations, as produced by Baron Kuhn in the Austrian Reichsrath, give France 1,350,000 men; North and South Germany, 1,229,117; Austria, 1,053,000; Russia, 1,467,000; Italy, 480,461; or over five millions and a half. Deducting one-third for the difference between strength on paper and effective strength, we have still an enormous host left, armed and equipped, except the Russians, with the highest efficiency, and whose combined operations, considering the rapidity with which troops are now concentrated, and the delicacy and complexity of the existing social organization, would be attended with an amount of destruction, both of life and property, such as the world has never seen. The two powers which most dread the struggle are France and Austria, as it is very doubtful whether it would end without leaving France in a second-rate position, and without effacing Austria from the map.

CABINET-MAKING.

We take it to be well understood that any one who pretends to any knowledge of the probable constitution of Grant's cabinet is either an arrant humbug or else is some gentleman unfortunate enough to have to forward daily supplies of news from Washington. Grant, who, as Lowell said the other day, was elected "in spite of both parties," has astonished and confounded both parties by doing what fifty years ago was considered a matter of course by all parties—keeping his own counsel with regard to future appointments.

It is a long time since any President has done as much. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that, from the time of Polk down to the present moment, the custom has been that the party leaders should force into the chief position in the cabinet some one of their number who ran for the Presidency, but was defeated in the nominating convention. There is always some position in the administration (formerly it was the State Department, now the Treasury) which is prominently before the public, and, in consequence, the great object of political ambition next to the Presidency. At present, for example, when people say they really wish they knew who were going to be in the cabinet, all they mean is that they would really like to know who is going to be Secretary of the Treasury. The War, Navy, and Interior Departments are of little importance in comparison. In the same way, twenty years ago the State Department was the important one—was, in fact, the cabinet, in the minds of the office-seekers and the public. So, in Polk's cabinet, Buchanan, who had tried his luck in the Democratic convention which nominated Polk, received, as a reward for his sufferings, the Secretaryship of State. In Taylor's cabinet, or rather Fillmore's, Daniel Webster and Edward Everett had the same place in succession. Need that be explained? When Pierce came in, Marcy supplanted Everett, and Marcy had been balloted for in the convention of 1862. Buchanan again appointed Cass in 1857, and Cass, as the recorded votes of the convention show, and as all the world knows, had been an opponent of Buchanan and for a long time an aspirant to the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln appointed Seward.

But we have only gone over the most important and evident cases. A more minute investigation would, we are inclined to believe, reveal the fact that, in the administration last named, Mr. Chase was offered the Treasury, and Mr. Cameron the War Department, for reasons not unlike those which led to the admission of Mr. Seward. And who shall say why Buchanan thought Howell Cobb peculiarly fitted for the work of finance, or Isaac Toucey for naval administration? And why had Cobb, Cushing, and Jefferson Davis, and Guthrie, of Kentucky, seats in Pierce's cabinet? Or Robert J. Walker, Marcy, and John Y. Mason in that of Polk? In those days, when a gentleman was elected President, he looked cautiously about him for "dangerous" men, powerful intriguers, astute wire-pullers, sagacious log-rollers, who had always acted with the party, yet who were too intelligent not to be willing to change sides in case honorable preferment were offered them by new friends while it was refused by the old, or who were too patriotic not to be ready to abandon their principles if their principles seemed likely to cease to command a majority of votes in their section of country. Such men as these were accordingly sent for. Some one or two of them would naturally have been unsuccessful candidates for the Presidential nomination, and these it was peculiarly necessary to secure. Something must be done for these retainers, heretofore so trusty, henceforth so very likely to be untrusty. Accordingly, some gentleman who had received a heavy vote at the convention was made Secretary of State, the Treasury was given to some one whose name had not appeared in the convention, because there had been an understanding that if it did not appear something nice would be reserved for him; the War Department was given to some one who had been "before the country" as possible President for some time; the Navy was put in the hands of some one who wanted to try his luck next time, and thought the prestige of cabinet service would answer his purpose admirably, while it was privately known among "his friends" (who got him the appointment) that he must inevitably fail in that position and would so make way for another friend, who meantime might be satisfied with the Attorney-Generalship.

In fine, the old way of making up a cabinet was to make it a "political cabinet." The object was to put an end to the rivalry of uncomfortably active political supporters by giving them positions which should prevent them from going over to the enemy, and should at the same time seem to the public an honorable recompense for past services. Under this system, had the Democrats succeeded in defeating Grant last year, we should no doubt by this time have learnt to look forward to Mr. Hendricks as probable Secretary of the Treasury. The principle was to apply the same strategy to cabinet offices which was used in other parts of the political field—to treat them as booty, and distribute them in such a way as to strengthen the attachment of the incumbents to the party. And this was done not by the President, who was nominally in control, but by the party, which urged and advised and remonstrated and threatened until it obtained its will. The President was, until very lately, a mere puppet in the hands of the party managers; the more puppet-like, the better. Polk, perhaps, was as near the "political" ideal of the period of which we are speaking as any one could expect to come—utterly unknown before he was nominated, and the soul of geniality afterwards. It is essential to the existence of Spoil-of-office Government that individuals should be pliant, and "receptivity" might be said to have been the one essential qualification in Presidents of the old school. Every one will recollect how much was said by Democrats in 1856 about the delightful tendency to *compromise* which Buchanan had always shown; it was thought to be just the thing for a crisis.

The war produced a great change in the system. The absolute necessity of having an effective administration made people discountenance purely political appointments, and although Lincoln's first cabinet was arranged under the old system, and the State Department was given to Mr. Seward because he had been a candidate for the Presidency, the cabinet of 1865 was made up on a totally different footing. Every one was continued in office in order to give what was called "continuity" to the administration; in other words, for the purpose of returning to the plan practised by Washington, Adams, and the other earlier Presidents—of making promotions depend upon the merit of the candidate. Every one recollects the earnest determination on the part of all thinking Republicans that no changes should be made while the war went on. The result certainly justified their expectations.

But now there is no war, and the struggle for cabinet appointments has begun again, and one of the most interesting questions of the moment is, whether those who desire to force Grant into forming a "political" administration, or those who simply desire that he should put the best men he can find in office, will succeed. If Grant had been nominated in the ordinary way, by intriguing managers and corrupt rings, there would have been little hope. He would have been obliged to give pledges, and to regard partisan services, and to take the advice of the sages, and the result would have been that we should have seen the reintroduction of the check-and-balance system with this aggravation, that we should have lost one of the best results of the war at the very moment when it seemed secure in our grasp. But Grant was not nominated in the way we have named; he was confessedly the candidate of unbiassed, intelligent patriotism. It is extremely likely that the caucuses would have thrown him over if the constituencies and their newspapers and periodicals had not forced the caucuses into doing their pleasure. He was nominated as well as elected by the people. He therefore stands in the same peculiar position in which Lincoln stood in the spring of 1865, and can, if he pleases, carry still further the reform which was then begun. He can root out the influence of "politics" from the administration.

Though Grant's cabinet may not be an ideal one, there seems every reason to believe that he will remove his administration from the corrupt influences which threaten to poison it. He is silent, but no one supposes that he is sleeping; and to any one alive to the indications of the political sentiment of the times, nothing can be clearer than that every attempt (such as measures for the reform of the civil service, or to arrest the progress of the "rings" by cutting down subsidies) to make the Government intelligent, efficient, and economical, meets with the warm approval of the great mass of intelligent people throughout the country. We have no doubt that

Grant understands who nominated him quite as well as anybody, and that he is not at the last moment to be frightened by the politicians into making appointments of conciliation and intrigue. It is not to be forgotten that Grant served in the army during the war, and there saw a good deal of politics. He has already done a thing which no President has dared before to do, in detailing an officer of his staff to burn office-seeking letters—in other words, refusing to hear the prayers for political preferment of those who imagine his destiny bound up with theirs, and who under that misapprehension lately spent several months of their lives in trumpeting forth his praises with a view to preferment. Such an act does not seem to show that subserviency to the influence of politicians which is likely to lead to a "political" cabinet. Not that it is in the least likely he will attempt anything so utopian as complete independence of party. He has too much good sense to tilt against windmills. But there is such a thing as abuse as well as use of party organization, and against the former it is high time for somebody in power to set his face. Whether Grant is the man for the work remains to be seen. Of the nature of the difficulties he will encounter, we get an inkling already in the news that the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office bill hangs fire in the Senate, pending the appointment of the cabinet. If the appointments are satisfactory to the majority, all will be well; if not, the "traitor" may be sure he will catch it.

HOW ARE THE HIGH PRICES MAINTAINED?

The condition of the leading branches of business activity throughout the country is at this moment most anomalous and entirely unprecedented. With abundant crops of almost all our principal staples, with a year of active production in our important manufacturing industries, with a general business characterized by all persons interested as unprofitable and extremely dull, with a growing economy among all classes of the people and a consequently diminished consumption of all articles produced, we see yet not only no decline in price, but a positive advance in the cost of almost every single article of consumption or of traffic. Readers of the *Nation* may remember how we predicted early in the fall that trade this winter would be dull and unprofitable, basing our prediction upon the natural delay in marketing abundant crops upon a declining market. The dull and unprofitable trade has come in accordance with our anticipations, but the important decline in prices which was to have resulted from it has so far failed to show itself. The question is interesting to all, How are the high prices maintained?

We have of late years heard so much about the effects of speculation on so many things with which speculation had nothing to do; we have so frequently seen the premium on gold, and the credit of the Government, and the price of eggs and butter at the market-stalls, attributed to unscrupulous gold gamblers and forestallers and middlemen, who were really as much interested in lowering prices as in advancing them, that we have perhaps become too much inclined to go to the opposite extreme, and to entirely ignore the existence of that potent element of our commercial organism. We hear comparatively little of speculation nowadays; the press has stayed its daily tirades against Wall Street and the marketmen; the general public no longer watches the ups and downs of gold and stocks; the great mass of private citizens are no longer "taking flyers" in Erie or Northwest Common, or "dabbling a little" in flour or wheat; there is no one now to throw the blame for his losses on the professional speculator, and hence speculation is scarcely mentioned and seems almost to have died out. Yet never was speculation so intense, so powerful, so wide-spread, or so dangerous to the public welfare as at this moment. It is not the speculation of thousands of thoughtless individuals, who risk a portion of their earnings, much of their time, and withal a share of their comfort and independence, on the chances of the Stock Exchange or of the cotton market, and who after the "fitful fever" return to their ordinary avocations soberer and poorer. It is not even the speculation of the professional speculators who make a precarious living by seeking to foretell the natural course of the markets. It is a speculation of a very different kind. In all the markets there appear to have sprung up suddenly, almost as if by concert, organized bands of bold, able, unscrupulous men of wealth and prominence, who appear to have obtained control of the railroads, the banks, the crops, the real estate, gold and Government bonds, or of a large portion of them, and who are daily advancing the prices of all these things without reference to their value or to the supposed natural tendency of the markets, but by the simple determination to hold by main force possession of them until absolute necessity or want shall compel the public to pay whatever price they, the holders, choose to demand. The public is almost unanimous in the belief so frequently expressed by the *Nation*, that prices are too high, and they consequently abstain from buying. The speculative combinations declare that they will force prices still higher, and consequently refuse to sell. All business is at a deadlock, each party striving to starve the other out.

At all the great Lake ports, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, and Buffalo, the stocks of flour and grain are steadily accumulating; but little or nothing is moving to the East. The railroads are bringing us no breadstuffs, nor are we sending any abroad, vessels are lying idle in our harbors, the Produce Exchange is almost deserted, and after a magnificent harvest prices have but slightly declined from the famine rates of last spring. The great grain speculators here and at the West are buying up everything that comes to market, and placing it in store to hold for higher prices. Petroleum, which has grown to be an article of the first importance in trade, is being produced latterly again in larger quantities than ever; it is subject to precisely the same influences as grain—it is accumulating in stores, and advancing in price, until its export is entirely stopped. Cotton, which of all our products is the most valuable, has for the last few weeks almost ceased to be an article of trade. In spite of a good crop, prices are nearly double what they were a year ago. Europe, which takes about two-thirds of our crop, refuses to pay our prices; American cotton can be bought in Liverpool to-day two or three cents a pound cheaper than in New York; the Manchester cotton-mills are running on half time, yet lose on their production; English and French ships that have gone to New Orleans or Savannah for cotton take back lumber, or whatever they can get, for no cotton can be shipped; American manufacturers are not buying beyond their most pressing wants; the planters themselves think they have made a mistake in selling their crops, and come into the market to buy them back and even to buy more; no one is willing to sell; and while the crop is good, and consumption light, and stocks are accumulating, prices keep advancing, and the whole trade is at a standstill.

The great bulk of the railroad stocks of the country have been, by waste, mismanagement, and fraud, materially reduced in value during the last two years; comparatively few of them pay regular cash dividends; many of them have been doubled and trebled in quantity without representing a single additional dollar in property; yet they are selling to-day from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. higher than a year ago. Most prudent investors have sold out their railroad stocks and have purchased other property; never was there known so little investment demand for securities of this class, never so little faith in their honest management; yet prices go higher and higher by strides almost fabulous, until the most hardened gamblers ask themselves, How much further can things go? The last quarterly statement of the National Banks shows that they hold scarcely one-half the amount of Government bonds that they held a year ago; it is notorious that many private holders have been sellers; Europe is at present unwilling to purchase more from us—has not, indeed, purchased any for several months past; the amount of bonds held by large speculative dealers is very great, and there are no buyers at present prices; yet the prices keep advancing still. The premium on gold is more directly affected by the export demand than by any one other cause; for over two months there has been no export of consequence, and the condition of the foreign exchanges is such that no early export is probable; all other leading influences point to a lower premium, yet gold is to-day four or five per cent. higher than in December.

With the general dulness of business and the decline in profits of all trade, there naturally comes a decline in rents of all tenements used for business purposes. In the lower part of the city a very

large number of offices and stores are vacant. The owners of some of the recently erected bank palaces find no tenants for their marble halls. Of the extraordinary number of new dry-goods stores erected during the last two years on the west side of this city, many will, according to all accounts, stand empty or be rented at very low figures. The prospect is that dwelling-houses will be similarly affected. While thus real estate generally is not profitable, and seems likely to become less so, the prices paid for it are advancing rapidly; the transactions are almost incredible in amount; whole blocks of city property change hands almost daily for cash sums that a few years ago would have been the town talk for a week; whole townships, whose existence was all but forgotten, are suddenly laid out in city lots and country residences, and find eager buyers at auction after auction; acres of mud that have for centuries lain buried under the Harlem River, or the sweet waters of Gowanus Bay, suddenly emerge into the money markets as first-class security for loans on bond and mortgage; and the same state of affairs appears to prevail in all parts of the country alike.

The enormous activity of production and of traffic resulting from the waste and movement of our gigantic war rendered necessary the creation of an amount of money or currency far in excess of all our former wants, but certainly not in excess of the wants of those days. The creation of this increased amount of money or currency was accompanied or rapidly followed by a corresponding or even an excessive increase in all kinds of credit facilities. The war witnessed not only the issue of four hundred millions of greenbacks and of three hundred millions of bank currency, but it also witnessed the creation of fourteen hundred national banks and of twenty times fourteen hundred private banking firms. These national banks and banking firms, by the well-known and perfectly legitimate means of drafts and checks and loans and deposits, create credit facilities which for all business purposes serve just as well as money, and in fact are better than money when used for legitimate business purposes only. In this manner, while the currency of the country was trebled or quadrupled to meet the exigencies of the war, the credit facilities of the country were from the same necessity increased tenfold or fifteenfold; nor is there any good evidence to show that during the height of the war either currency or credit facilities were really in excess. But while peace and the disbanding of the armies have reduced the business movement of the country to a mere fraction of what it was four and even three years ago, the whole currency, the whole machinery of banking credits, remains at the same high figure as during the most active period of the war. We need to-day perhaps twice or three times as much currency and credit together as we had *before* the war; but we have in use ten times as much. One-half of our present currency and credit cannot find employment in legitimate business. It is the natural tendency of currency and credit, once created, to seek to be employed to its full extent. The currency and credit which cannot be employed in legitimate business is forcing itself upon speculators, and is at one and the same time the impulse and the means of the extravagant speculation now going on.

The remarkable feature of this speculation is that it does not lead to any increased activity in any of the different markets affected by it, except perhaps in the market for real estate; but even in the latter there seems to be a pause. As a general thing there are no buyers. The advance in prices is not based on increasing transactions. The prices are simply put up by the holders asking each day more than they asked the day previous. Once in a while the great combinations make a few sales and let prices fall, so as to give an appearance of activity to the markets, and entrap a few unwary outsiders into buying or selling at the wrong moment. But these are rather exceptional phases of the movement. Its regular course for weeks past has been a steady upward forcing of prices of almost every article named, without any increased demand for them—with, on the contrary, a steadily decreasing demand; without any increase in the real value of any of them—with, on the contrary, a steady decline in the productiveness or real value of most of them; without sound or valid reason beyond the sheer force of will of reckless men, and the incautious greed of the banks and bankers, whose money and credit are the cheap lever with which the whole machine is worked.

"Capital is timid." At least so says a favorite axiom of social science. But is the capital timid that trusts itself to water-lots? Is even the rapid progress of New York sufficient reason for making an East River oyster-bed worth as much to-day as a lot on Fifth Avenue was a few years ago? Is the capital timid that expects the surplus population of even our city to overflow within the next ten years one-tenth only of the acres of corn-fields and meadows turned into suburban villa sites during the last twelvemonth? Is the capital timid that allows store-house after storehouse to be filled with grain and flour and meats, at prices that admit of no export, after a magnificent crop, and with a lessened domestic consumption? Is the capital timid that enables a planter to hold his cotton, by advancing him fifty per cent. more than last year's average price, in face of a better crop than last year's, in face of a diminished demand, in face of preparations to double the crop next year, in face of the fact that it almost pays to import cotton here from England? Is the capital timid that lends to-day thirty per cent. more on a railroad stock than it would have done a year ago, when the value of that stock is lessened by one-half through its quantity having been doubled? Is the capital timid that lends on securities manipulated by men who control courts of law? Do timid capitalists, who have lent their money or their credit for thirty, sixty, or ninety days on railroad stocks or cotton or grain or pork—do they ever ask themselves who would buy these things of them, if they should ever be compelled to sell? At present prices there are no buyers except speculators interested in sustaining the price. If *their* ability to buy should be curtailed, who would relieve the timid capitalist of his load? Can any timid capitalist give any reason satisfactory to himself why any one of the articles named by us should to-day be worth one cent more than they were a year ago?

The only sensible reason that can be given is, that money is abundant. If money or credit could be profitably employed in trade, there would be more demand for it for that purpose, and it would be less abundant. The very fact that it is abundant shows that it cannot be profitably employed in trade. But if trade is not active or profitable, that is the strongest possible reason for a general decline in prices. The abundance of money is the very last reason in the world why prices should advance. The abundance of money, which tempts the capitalist to discriminate less closely in his risks, is the very thing that ought to make him more cautious than ever. In fact, capitalists and money-lenders generally have to learn that in times of peace and economy there is not and cannot be the same employment for money and credit that there was in times of war and extravagance. The excess of money and credit created during the last six years will have to lie idle during the years to come. Capitalists, like every other class of the community, will, hereafter, have to be satisfied with smaller profits and lighter transactions. Their present efforts to avoid the inevitable by lending on property or merchandise of any kind at present speculative prices can only delay the resumption of activity in legitimate business, and involve money-lenders, speculators, and the whole community in the irretrievable confusion and ruin resulting from sudden panic and collapse.

THE CRIMINALS AND THE LAW.

THERE is a good deal of ferment in New York just now on the subject of the growing audacity of criminals, and, unhappily, it is not confined to New York. Criminals are unusually bold, and the means of repression apparently unusually defective, through the West and Northwest also. The criminal class, too, seem to be gaining, like all other classes, by the general diffusion of intelligence, and are displaying in the work of robbery and murder a good deal of the power of combination and organization shown by their betters in great commercial and benevolent enterprises. Science, too, though it has done much to facilitate their detection and arrest, has, perhaps, done more to facilitate their escape. They use the railroad and telegraph as energetically as anybody, and the immense movements of population which the improved means of communication have caused of course doubles a fugitive's chances of avoiding observation in his flight.

But the great cause of the increase of crime must, after all, be

sought in the increasing defectiveness of the machinery of penal justice. The same agencies which are lowering the character and efficiency of the civil courts are, of course, lowering the character and efficiency of the criminal courts. One of these is the elective judiciary. That the election of judges by the popular vote should, in a more than ordinarily moral and religious community, interfere with the proper administration of criminal justice, may at first sight seem very strange to the simple-minded. But any one who is puzzled by the phenomenon has only to spend an hour or two with one of those lovely characters, "the men inside politics," in any State in which the judges are elected, and if he can only get him to explain fully "how the thing is done," the way in which his honor on the bench may, in many cases, have reason to fear the hostility of the friends of the swashbuckler or express robber at the bar will become plain enough. The judge is, however, after all, even in the worst States, only a subordinate hindrance to the due and proper punishment of crime. It is always difficult for a judge to be glaringly remiss in his duty, because he has, happily, to perform it in public and in the presence of professional critics. The principal mode open to him of favoring powerful criminals, at least in this city, consists in the "suspension of sentence," and, amongst the justices of the peace, in prematurely discharging prisoners, or in releasing them on "straw bail."

The real god of the thieves and murderers, at whose shrine they threaten or adore, is the district attorney. Wherever he is elective, he exercises a control over the administration of justice such as probably no judicial officer in the world, at least in a law-governed country, has ever enjoyed. He is, in the first place, usually nominated and elected rather for his political services than for his fitness for the place. In the second place, he is virtually responsible to nobody for his manner of discharging his duties; nobody has a right to call on him for an account of his stewardship. He is, he will tell you, responsible to "the people" from whom he derives his authority, and in a small Swiss canton or Greek republic this might amount to a real check. But saying that a judicial officer in crowded, busy, and complex communities like the States of the Union is responsible to "the people," is very like saying he is responsible to posterity or to humanity or the spirit of civilization. True, it is the business of the press to keep an eye on him; but the press cannot hit him no matter how much it shoots at him, and he knows it, partly for want of exact information, which it can procure from nobody but himself or his employees, and partly because the press abuses very respectable men so fiercely for mere differences of opinion that its charges against unworthy officials produce little or no impression. The minute a criminal leaves the justice's court-room, he passes into the hands of the district attorney, and everything this officer does for or against him from that moment is shrouded either in secrecy or mystery. He draws up the indictment; and, being the legal adviser of the Grand Jury, may press it or let it be thrown out. If found, it passes into a pigeon-hole in his office, and it is for him then to decide absolutely when he will bring it to trial or whether he will bring it to trial at all or not; or, if he does bring it to trial, whether he will take pains with it, and will bring out the points for the prosecution in the examination of his own witnesses, or cross-examine properly those for the prisoner, or make a strong presentation of the case to the jury. In most States, too, he has no personal interest in procuring a conviction. He is paid by salary, which he draws no matter what becomes of the criminals, and if you complain, as impudent people occasionally do, that somehow a good many bad fellows are never brought to trial, and a good many others prosecuted with such languor that they have no difficulty in escaping, the answer is that the officer owes you no account of his conduct, and that, at all events, you are so grossly ignorant both of the facts and of the law of the matter that it would be useless to talk to you about it, which, in nine cases out of ten, would be strictly true. There is no person authorized to visit his office, look among his papers, and ask why this murderer or that burglar goes unwhipped of justice. "The people" might make such an inquisition, but he is no more afraid of "the people" than of the precession of the equinoxes.

Supposing, however, the district attorney to be honest, capable, and energetic, and supposing him even to be paid by fees instead of a salary—so much for every conviction—and supposing the courts did their duty valiantly, and pronounced promptly the full sentence of the law, the greatest difficulty of all would still remain untouched, viz., the uncertainty as to whether the sentence would ever be carried out. Imprisonment for long terms, which now furnish the only penal protection society enjoys against grave crimes against person or property, and which in some States furnish the only protection for life itself, are in practice a mockery. They are hardly ever executed—a fact of which the criminals are perfectly well aware—and yet all schools of reformers and jurists agree in pronouncing certainty to be the element in punishment which, more than all others, gives it its efficacy. It is this which gives the punishment of death *all* its value and all its terrors. On every other ground it is objectionable. It is the absolute destruction of hope which it involves, the absolute impossibility of modifying or lightening or changing it, that makes it so terrible to criminals, a fact which its assailants almost invariably pass over without notice, and apparently hardly think of, and consequently they give themselves no trouble about a substitute. They tell us, as a matter of course, that you may imprison the murderer for life, but they make no attempt to meet the fact that imprisonment for life is practically an unknown punishment in American jurisprudence, and which, for reasons which cannot be removed without a total reorganization both of our political and social system, and indeed, we might add, without recasting human nature itself, cannot be introduced into American jurisprudence. What these reasons are we cannot state better than in the language of the Chicago *Tribune*, which has been discussing the efforts now making in Illinois to have the infliction of the death penalty restored to the judge, as under the old law, instead of being, as now, left to the discretion of the jury:

"If convicted, he can rely upon the strongest efforts to have his term made short, the chances of escape from prison, and the chances of pardon. Should he be imprisoned, the circumstances of his case will soon die out of public memory, and the feelings of the few who may remember them will be softened by time. New judges will be on the bench, new attorneys will represent the State, new governors will be in office. It never has been and never will be difficult, under these circumstances, to satisfy such officials that the demands of justice have been substantially complied with, and that the repentant and exemplary prisoner who has served one, two, or three years of his sentence is a fit subject for clemency. Friends and relatives, male and female, religious and political, will not fail to press the matter until at last the prison bars are removed, and the murderer walks forth in health and vigor, purified of all crime in the eyes of the law, and worth, in the estimation of society, a hundred dead men."

Not more than five per cent., the same journal says, of criminals sentenced to the penitentiary in that State for over three years serve out their terms, and those who do so are poor, penniless wretches who are more comfortable in prison than out of it. In Massachusetts, the penal system of which is perhaps better than that of any other State in the Union, the warden of the state prison reported in 1865 that "he had never received a man into that institution, on a life sentence, who did not say he preferred it to one for ten years." The records of the prison since 1833 show that while the average time served by prisoners sentenced for ten years is six and three-quarter years, the average time served by prisoners sentenced for life is only six and a quarter years. We need not after this cite the statistics of any other State.

All of this uncertainty about life sentences is, of course, not due to simple laxity on the part of officials. Some remissions of sentences are due to the commutation system, or are granted on proof of long good behavior; some to executive clemency, excited by all sorts of agencies; but no matter what the cause, the fact that life sentences or even sentences for long terms are practically never carried out, deprives them of most of their terrors for criminals, and practically, wherever the death penalty is abolished or rarely executed, puts the killing of a man on the same level with burglary or highway robbery, and thus furnishes every criminal who finds himself detected or pursued with the strongest possible temptation to murder his victim, in order to escape capture or destroy evidence. Of this privilege of course criminals are largely availing themselves. A policeman now counts on receiving one or two shots from a thief's revolver, as almost a matter of course, before arresting him, and the slightest resistance to a robber puts life in imminent peril.

These facts, which are notorious, give a curious air of humbug to the tremendous sentences recently pronounced on criminals in the New York courts, and convert into something very like a farce the surrender of the "butcher-cart thief" who murdered the sheriff in Michigan, where murder is punished by imprisonment "for life," to the authorities of that State, after he had received a sentence of forty years' imprisonment from the courts here for an attempt at burglary and felonious shooting at a policeman.

Considering that the opponents of the death penalty for murder do not profess to regard human life as absolutely sacred, and contemplate the killing of men by the thousands in war with perfect complacency, and even under certain circumstances with joy and pride, it is evident that they really consider the question of its retention or abolition as one of expediency simply, to be solved by experience. They would kill men for robbery only, if there were no other way of preventing robbery, for unchecked robbery means the dissolution of society, and they will, therefore, we take it, kill men for committing deliberate murder, if it can be shown that there is no other way so efficacious in preventing it. The sentimental treatment of the matter, therefore, in which they largely indulge, and the harrowing pictures they draw of executions, are very improper instruments of persuasion. We believe we are safe in saying that the experience of all communities, in which the experiment has been fairly made, shows that nothing will adequately protect human life except a penalty which will shut out hope, appal every imagination, and which, by being reserved for murder exclusively, will mark as nothing else could the enormous interval which separates, or ought to separate, the taking of property from the taking of life, in every good system of criminal jurisprudence.

THE PRINTERS' STRIKE.

The first obvious reflection suggested by the recent strike of the printers in this city is, that they offer no exception to the general disposition—we may now say custom—among the working classes to combine against their employers and against each other for the purpose of controlling the amount of their work and their wages and the competition in every branch. The Printers' Union is as unreasonable and arbitrary as any other trades-union, shows itself as exclusive and tyrannical towards those not members of it, as peremptory in its orders and in its demands, as ready to coerce where it cannot persuade. The strikes which it has caused within the last eight or ten years have not, perhaps, been stained by as great violence as those of other bodies; but the attempt has been made repeatedly to intimidate those who refused to be bound by its programme, and in spirit it has been as unjust as if it had hunted down, beaten, and killed those from whom it claimed but could not obtain support. Its rule that no member shall work in a printing-office where all are not members; its edict not to parley or discuss, but to quit work immediately after presenting its demands; its claim that the skilful and the inefficient alike shall be paid by a fixed scale; its hostility to the employment of women; and the powerful, almost superstitious, control which it has over even the decenter men of the craft—all these features it has in common with the bricklayers' and the shipbuilders' and the piano-forte makers', and all the other mechanics' unions. It is, like these, deliberately carried on in the interest of the lazy and the incompetent, who chiefly engineer it, plan its surprises, marshal its forces, pass its resolves, and suppress everything like diversity of sentiment as if it were the sheerest treason. There can be no reasonable doubt that the strike among the book printers was devised and organized by the printers employed on the daily journals—for what ulterior purpose will perhaps appear before long.

This comparison with other working-men is of use as serving to correct any *à priori* notions we might have entertained as to the essential difference between setting type and working at a lathe, for example. By neither, it appears, is a man saved from extravagance and folly, nor are these differently displayed or for diverse ends. Yet there would seem to be a valid distinction between the labor of the printer and that of the mechanic pure and simple. The art which has to do with the expression and preservation of ideas appeals more to the intellect and the judgment, requires a better education, and ought to stimulate thought and broaden the understanding more than any other productive industry that could be named. Yet this does not prove to be the case, though instances are not wanting among us of honorable advancement from the printing-office into public station and dignity. If we except the brutal and violent passions, the journeymen printers of our day will not surpass in average morality, self-respect, or scarcely intelligence, the carpenters or the painters, the smiths or the mill hands. They labor under the same delusion as to their rights, their interests, and their obligations; they are even notoriously unsteady, vagrant, shiftless, irresponsible. Mr. Jenckes tells of officers in the custom-house who do not know over-night with whom they are to carry on the business of their office in the morning. The foreman of a large printing establishment expects to make up a new pay-roll every day, for every day some man who was counted on disappears, without explanation, and some new compositor appears asking to be set to work; but the stuff which fills the gap is as unreliable as that which made it; and looking at all these changes, and the miserable workmanship of the bummers who flourish under the ægis of the Printers' Union, it is a perpetual source of wonder to those engaged in publishing how anything is printed correctly and how anything comes to time.

It is well known that the uncertainties and delays which these strikes occasion have already built up the country offices at the expense of this city, just as other mechanical processes have been transferred or put out—piano-forte cases, to quote a recent example, being now largely made in Massachusetts, where the water-power and the timber are close at hand, and where wages are lower and workmen more steady. Singularly enough, this putting out of books increases along with the marked growth of publishing houses in New York, which far outstrips every other city in this kind of productiveness. What remains to be done here is the slop-work and the periodicals, along with whatever is urgent and must be done under immediate supervision. Any disproportionate increase of wages benefits printers at a distance, and attracts numbers hither to compete with those who have forced them up. To recall its proper business to the city, wages must be reduced to about the same ratio which they bear in other places to the cost of living, and this can be done in two ways—by the employment of women or by the aid of machinery. The machines, though forward, are not yet ready, nor, in a certain sense, are the women; that is, there is no well-trained body of them to start up the moment a strike occurs and adequately fill the places left vacant by the men. Women compositors there are plenty, but not many of high proficiency. Their lack of education is perhaps balanced by other qualities which belong to their sex, and which render them peculiarly fitted for type-setting. But on the other hand their sex is a drawback in many respects. They seldom apply themselves to their work as if it were to be their sole dependence in life, and with a determination to master it in all its details. Before each flits the inevitable perspective of a husband and a home, and her interest in the office becomes only temporary. Moreover, they could scarcely be expected to endure night-work or exposure in the streets by night, and thus again their usefulness is limited. Nevertheless, there is undoubtedly room for improvement, and we are glad that enough women have been found, trained or eager to be trained, to bridge the interval between the beginning and the end of this strike, and indeed to render the strike futile. The training-school instituted by Messrs. Gray & Green is an excellent example which we are glad to praise the ladies of the *Revolution* office for sustaining and extending. In this practical side of the woman question the public will always sympathize, however much craftsmen grumble.

The present status of the printers as a class, compared either with the nature of their work or with their former status, offers a curious social problem. That with the rise and enormous development of the daily press, the augmented production of books and periodicals, the wide diffusion of knowledge, the spread of just and ennobling ideas by reforms of every kind that have found an instrument in the press, the printer has degenerated—has got on, at least, no faster and no further than other mechanics whom schools and newspapers are but just reaching, is certainly amazing. In morals we will not be too positive. Those whose memories go back to the time when printers' "devils" were largely occupied in bringing them "black strap," will perhaps think that money may as well be spent for whiskey as for rum-and-molasses, and with no greater detriment to morals. The proportion of married men among compositors has certainly diminished, and this has done much to unsettle the business and to keep respectable men from entering it. Then the necessity of night-work has received an extraordinary extension from the emergencies of the daily papers, which in gratifying the public thirst for the latest news have redoubled the drain on the physical resources of printers and made it almost impossible for them to do first-class work. The night-work, with the generally irregular habits inseparable from a printing-office, is the fruitful source of dissipation; the want of a stimulus to good workmanship, and the imperative need of help whether good or bad, produce that floating and objectless crowd which every office shuns, and has notwithstanding to endure more or less.

By their lack of fixed habits, the exhaustion of their nervous systems, their default of ambition and self-respect, incapacitated for good work, they are yet by their numbers so formidable that they easily control the better sort, whose lot is less arduous than their own. They inevitably tend to drive the sober and industrious from the trade, and to put the public not less than their employers at the mercy of their caprices.

The remedy for this is not really found when we have driven all men, or all but a very few men, out of the business and turned it over to women and machines. We shall never get rid of night-work; we shall never, like the Continental journals, print this morning's *Times* yesterday afternoon, for the sake of getting through by daylight or of being read at evening in the cafés. Nor shall we, so far as can now be judged, restore apprenticeships in printing any more than in other trades. But it has always seemed to us that sufficient attention had not been given to the comfort and health of printers within the limit of the necessities already enumerated. The engine-room of a large factory is often the most attractive part of the whole establishment, light, airy, cleanly swept and dusted, the brass and steel of the mighty motor polished to brilliancy. In quite other conditions the human machine both in the factory and the printing-office is left to perform its appointed task: in dirty and obscure garrets, crowded and unventilated, with no incentive to be any cleaner than his surroundings, the printer undergoes a process of slow poisoning which begins with the blood and ends by corrupting the whole system. That self-respect and manliness, the sense of something due to the employer, the desire to be perfect in what is one of the most beautiful, as it is almost the most valuable, of the arts, cannot flourish naturally in such a soil, is clear; and the first step to reform would, in our opinion, be to burn up ninety-nine out of every hundred printing-offices and build new ones on sanitary and humanitarian principles. The entrance of women in considerable numbers will perhaps modify these obstacles to the moral influence of the printing-office; but on this side statistical tables and their own experience should remind employers that they have a duty towards their men which cannot be avoided if reason is ever to take the place of strikes.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 22, 1869.

SINCE I wrote last the most important topic of public discussion has perhaps been the course adopted by the Ritualists. The decision of the committee of the Privy Council was, as you know, to forbid the practice of lighting candles and of kneeling before the consecrated elements. A large meeting was held in London by members of the party to discuss the proper course to be adopted. The general tone of the meeting was quieter than was expected, and a majority seemed to be decidedly in favor of moderate courses. Of course a great deal was said about the injustice of the decision, and the incompetence of a lay tribunal to decide upon these knotty ecclesiastical questions. The result, however, was that no decisive motion was passed, and it was understood that it should be left to every clergyman to do as seemed good to himself. A good deal of correspondence has subsequently taken place in the newspapers, and the matter seems still to be in suspense. Mr. Orby Shipley—one of the most prominent Ritualists—has asked pathetically, How, if I leave my candles unlighted, can I possibly teach the doctrine of the real presence? The difficulty has almost a comic sound, and yet, considering the position which the Ritualists have taken up, is a very real one. They have been preaching with great energy the symbolical meaning of the various ceremonies which have given offence, and now, at the bidding of a court consisting chiefly of lay judges and acting on the authority of acts of parliament, they are required to abandon them. Certainly the impression upon their congregations might naturally be that in taking down the symbol they abandon some of the doctrine. It is not very easy for a man to haul down his flag and say that he does not surrender. Therefore, in spite of the exhortations from the large body who like to keep things quiet, and the demonstrations that a Christian ought to yield many external matters for the sake of peace, the Ritualists make many mouths over their leek. Mr. Mackonochie, the defendant in the late action, wrote a long letter to the *Times*, in which he took up very passionately the position to which, as is increasingly evident, they are being rapidly driven. He repudiated all authority of the state over the church, and declared, in the unpleasant metaphor used by theological writers, that it was a case of spiritual adultery between mother and son. He added, and certainly it was a moderate conclusion from such a statement, that he should be sincerely grateful if the church was turned adrift from the state, even though stripped of all its property. In short, the Ritualists are rapidly taking up the position to which they are logically bound—that the Church of England must be separated from the state. At present there is a disposition, more or less avowed, to wait for some stronger pretext; but it is not improbable that such a pretext will soon be given. Mr. Bennett, one of the most conspicuous of the party, is being prosecuted for asserting the doctrine of the real presence. If that should be decided in his favor, there will probably be a respite for some time, and the comparatively trifling matters of mere ritual will be overlooked; if the doctrine as well as the symbol is condemned, it seems probable that matters will be brought to a crisis of which it is very difficult to predict the issue.

The three great church parties have hitherto managed to keep together in a state of more or less repressed animosity. The Evangelical party went through its season of difficulty over twenty years ago, when Mr. Gorham won his case and established the right of the clergy to preach the Low-Church doctrine of the sacraments. The Essayists and Reviewers more lately established a right to say pretty much what they pleased about the inspiration of the Scriptures and everlasting damnation. Almost the only clergyman who has within modern times been expelled for heresy was a Mr Dunbar Heath, who blundered into a flat contradiction of one of the articles whilst preaching some doctrines about faith, unintelligible, if not to himself, at least to every one else. He would probably have been let alone if he had not shocked the surrounding clergy by casting doubts on the existence of the devil, and so depriving them of one of the most cherished articles of their faith. Hitherto, then, the policy of the Church of England has been practically the widest possible comprehension. In condemning the Ritualists we should for the first time be taking a step towards narrowing its borders and, sooner or later, to the disestablishment of the Church. In a letter recently published, from Mr. Goldwin Smith, I see that he anticipates that ecclesiastical questions will be among the first to stir up political agitation in England. The symptoms which I have noticed give considerable probability to this view of the question, and I think it highly probable that within a year or two we may see the beginning of a struggle far keener and more exciting than that which is now raging in Ireland. The Church of England has in many ways enormous power with the upper classes of society, and an attack upon it would alarm not merely those who have a sincere belief in its doctrines, but all who desire the permanence of the present arrangement of landed property and the security of vested interests generally. It has struck its roots so deeply into the soil that when it falls there will be a great upheaval of the foundations of other things besides churches. That it will fall, and that we shall see the beginning of the process, is an opinion which is daily gaining ground, though it is more difficult to say whether the battle will last for years or for generations.

The public is meanwhile amusing itself with other discussions, generally of rather trifling interest. There has been a remarkable apathy as to the fate of the conference which has been discussing the Eastern difficulty. Few people flatter themselves that they really understand the ins and outs of that ominous and perplexing question, or have any definite view of its merits. Moreover, England has withdrawn itself so decidedly of late years from any participation in the affairs of the Continent that we look on more as outsiders than as directly interested. The Eastern question indeed touches us nearly, and a conflagration in that quarter of the world might end by setting fire to this. The contingency, however, is at present remote, and we are by no means so eager as before the Crimean war to have a share of any hard knocks that may be going. A little controversy that has been raging for some time without creating any great excitement has a bearing on the same subject. Admiral Grey wrote to the *Times* to propose that we should abandon Gibraltar. The more ardent Liberals have frequently advocated this measure as an act of justice to Spain; and as we bestowed the Ionian Islands upon Greece by way of solemnizing their new experiment in constitutional government, it seemed not inappropriate to suggest a similar compliment to the new Spanish empire, monarchy, or republic. You are such promising lads, we should be saying in effect, that you shall keep your own little fortress in future, instead of leaving it in the hands of your elders. However, on looking a little further into this generous offer it seems that there is something more behind. Spain, it was suggested, might make the matter easy by giving us Ceuta in exchange. In short, it turned out that, according to the admiral, Ceuta would really be more convenient to us than Gibraltar. The harbor is better, it is not exposed, as that of Gibraltar will be in future wars, to the fire of long-range cannon, and it might be made sufficiently strong, if not so strong as the celebrated rock, for a moderate expenditure—a few millions or so. In fact, the admiral proposed to do a generous action in order to secure a good bargain. I am no judge of the rival merits of the two fortresses, although the argument seems to preponderate in favor of Gibraltar; but the proposal to

do a sharp stroke of business whilst gaining a little credit for liberality was rather amusing. If we are to abandon Gibraltar, I would rather do it on terms which, if they made our common sense doubtful, would at least show that we were really disinterested.

Another little discussion has excited interest of a more local kind. The Thames embankment is now approaching completion. The result is a really noble work, unapproached by anything done in London in modern times. The grand curve of the Thames makes one of the most picturesque vistas to be seen in any city. Several striking buildings already look down upon it—the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, the Temple, and St. Paul's all come in effectively from different points of view. Meanwhile, we are about to undertake a work for which immense preparations have been made, and which, if properly carried out, will add a first-rate building to London. A great sum of money, accumulated in the Court of Chancery by a process which I confess is rather mysterious to me, though the money somehow or other seems to belong to nobody in particular, is to be spent on the erection of new and magnificent law courts. A large space of ground was accordingly purchased between the Strand and Lincoln's Inn, and has been cleared of a set of the meanest and dingiest houses to be found in any part of London, or, in other words, in any civilized city. Just as we are about to begin the work, it turns out that the space is so confined and the approaches so difficult that it will be almost impossible to give to the courts due effect. If a larger area is to be bought, the purchase-money would absorb the whole fund that should have been spent on the building before a stone has been laid. Now, it has occurred to Sir C. Trevelyan—a distinguished civil servant of old standing—that a splendid opportunity presents itself of remedying this cost by building our new courts on the ground reclaimed by the embankment. They would still be close to the Inns of Court, and by effecting one or two exchanges of public buildings we should have a legal quarter most conveniently arranged, and a singularly fine addition to the beauties of the metropolis. The embankment would be adorned by a grand Palace of Justice, as our French neighbors would call it, with the common-law barristers in the Temple on the one side and the equity lawyers in Somerset House on the other. Several minor advantages would be obtained, and, in short, we should have a fine set of public buildings in a position of almost unequalled beauty. The prospect is certainly tempting, and if it could only be proved that the expense would not be too great for the advantages promised, it might probably be adopted. Unluckily, we are at this moment, and are likely to be for the present, in a fit of rigid economy. The Government is cheeseparing with considerable vigor, and is likely to look with scant approval upon any plans, however attractive, which involve an increase of expenditure.

The chief resource of the newspapers at the present moment is the series of election trials. So far as we have yet proceeded, the new system seems to give general satisfaction. It is working with much greater expedition than the old plan of committees, and, as the judges sit on the spot, the expenses, though very great, are of less ruinous proportions. The decisions are more imposing than those of the amateur and not too impartial judges who formerly decided; and we may hope that the difficulty of direct corruption has been decidedly increased. Nothing, indeed, has come out of a very startling nature. There are the old stories of the consumption of unlimited beer, which seems to be the favorite mode of influencing the British elector; and at one place we hear of a man in a mask distributing sums of money to the intelligent constituents. At this place, not only the male voters, but their wives and children, appear to have been kept in a constant state of semi-intoxication; and the result was that one voter at least, after consuming many pints of beer at the expense of one candidate, was induced, according to his own account, by reflecting on the names of Martin Luther, Ridley, and Latimer, to vote for the other. It is possible to get a voter into too hopeless a state of mental muddle. Only two decisions have yet been given: one member satisfactorily cleared himself of all imputations; the other was turned out owing to acts of some of his agents, of which it did not appear that he was himself cognizant. As it is very easy not to know too much, it is very desirable that a man should be responsible even for acts of which he is in partial ignorance.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have in press "Underground Life; or, Mines and Miners"—which is from the French of M. L. Simonin; "Letters of a Sentimental Idler," by Harry Harewood Leech; and "Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of the Island Kingdom," by Mr. Manley Hopkins, who has been, and we believe still is, the English consul-general at the Sandwich Islands. The Bishop of Oxford writes a preface for the book. Almost immediately this house will begin the publication of their weekly paper, which will be called *Appleton's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art.* It will be as large as *Harper's Weekly*, will contain as a serial Victor Hugo's new novel, will be illustrated, will give with each number a detached picture—a steel engraving or a cartoon on wood—will devote much attention to education and educational books, and will pay more attention to science than is paid by any of the merely popular journals. ——Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. will publish "The Ghost-Hunter and his Family," by Michael Banim.——We may mention here, what we should have mentioned some time ago, that Mr. Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, has published a volume which it may interest some persons to have, now that they can get it without paying for it its highest price: we refer to John Henry Newman's poetry, which Mr. Donahoe publishes under the title of "Occasional Pieces."——Messrs. John Wiley & Son announce "Free Town Libraries: their Formation, Working, and Results, in Britain, France, Germany, and America," by Mr. Edward Edwards.——"E. Foxton" is the well-known pseudonym of a New England lady who has already once ventured into the field of fiction and had a tolerable success with "Hermann; or, Young Knighthood." She is now announced by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. to write a novel entitled "Agnes Wentworth." The same house will begin in the July number of their magazine a new novel by Mr. Anthony Trollope.——Messrs. Sever, Francis & Co. are publishing a new edition of a book for which there will be some considerable demand—Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," of which everybody has heard, and which but few people have ever happened upon.

—We observe that Mr. William A. Wheeler, well known as a lexicographer, both independently and in connection with the rival dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, has obtained the fit and congenial appointment of General Assistant in the Boston Public Library. The eighth number of the *Bulletin*, in which his name appears for the first time, has for its principal object the cataloguing of "Books placed in the library, or newly located, during the months of November and December, 1868." On the back of the title is a list of "Duplicates in American History" which are offered in exchange (in kind?), and there is an appeal made for pamphlets, which will be sent for at the expense of the library. Mr. F. W. Christern, we believe, takes charge of such contributions from this city. Towards the end of the *Bulletin* is another list of "Deficiencies in American Periodicals," and in Almanacs; and on the last page are enumerated several embossed books for the blind (the gift of Mr. George Ticknor), which will be increased, it is stated, if the demand warrants it. Finally, to show the liberal spirit in which this noble institution is carried on, we shall quote the following standing announcement:

"A particular privilege is, in this Library, accorded to all persons desiring any book not in its possession, of asking, on blanks furnished for the purpose, that it may be immediately purchased; and the assurance is given that, unless there is some special reason why it should not be ordered, it will be procured as soon as possible, and the applicant will be notified of its reception. If duplicates are asked for, they will be ordered, provided our records show a circulation of the present copies to warrant such additions."

These *Bulletins* are sold at the library for two cents each; but there are hundreds of persons in all parts of the country who would gladly pay fifty cents or more for a year's subscription to so useful a mirror of current literature in every branch of human knowledge.

—Carl Knortz, who has for some time been engaged in studying the antiquities and languages of our North American Indians, with special reference to their legends and folk-lore, tells in *Die Welt* of this city (Jan. 1, 8) how he made an excursion to Lake Superior in the summer of 1867, and spent several days among the Ojibways at Sault Ste. Marie, picking up what stories he could of Hiawatha, who there goes by the name of Menabusho. He found that Mr. Longfellow had not exhausted this field, and he reproduces the characteristic though not striking tales of the hero which a squaw of some hundred snows, on the Canadian side of the straits, delivered to him in return for a piece of chewing-tobacco. To these the chief Shawano—who lived on a little island in the midst of the rapids, and to whom the writer brought letters of introduction from his step-son, an American lawyer—could contribute nothing; but his account of the origin of his tribe, and the reason why they settled in the neighborhood of the rapids, is as good as anything that came from the female centenarian. "The Ojibways," he declared, "dwelt formerly in heaven. Then on a time the Great Spirit let fly a pair of them, in crows' shape, to the earth; and these

two flew through the whole world, tasting as they went the flesh of the buffalo, the bear, the beaver, the deer, and of other animals; but as they perceived from the flavor of each that it was doomed in the lapse of years to extinction they would not alight in any of their lands. After they had thus flown about the earth for a long while, they came to the rapids, tasted the fish there, and discovered that these would never be diminished. Accordingly, they alighted on the spot where the fort now stands, and as soon they had touched the earth with their feet they suddenly became a human pair."

—The famous pipe-stone quarry in Minnesota, from which the Indians have from time immemorial procured the material for their pipes—the stone being of an unusual color, that of the Indians themselves—is well described in an interesting paper in the *American Naturalist* for February. Catlin was the first white man to visit the spot, as he declares in his "Last Rambles among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes" (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867); and he gives some details of the "stone medicine-man" and other curiosities within a radius of twenty miles from the quarry, not mentioned by the writer in the *Naturalist*, who gives, however, a much better idea of the quarry than Catlin does. Passing over the other entertaining articles and miscellany of the *Naturalist*, we are happy to republish its announcement that Dr. A. S. Packard, Jr., assisted by Dr. J. L. Le Conte, Mr. S. H. Scudder, Baron R. O. Sacken, Mr. P. R. Uhler, and other specialists, will undertake, with sufficient encouragement, to produce an entomologist's annual for 1868, or, as it will formally be called: "Year Book of Progress in American Entomology." It will be duodecimo in size, and should appear in the spring. If three hundred names are sent in, five hundred copies will be printed. They are requested in advance, at seventy-five cents a copy, addressed to W. S. West, Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass. Though this work is designed for the students of insect life, it deserves the support also of the class who are most benefited by the labors of these gentlemen: we mean the farmers.

—Among the several stenographic publications which we receive from time to time, we have been most pleased with *The Rapid Writer*, published at Mendon, Mass. The quarterly issue for Jan. 15 indicates that the system devised by the editor, Mr. D. P. Lindsley, has maintained itself in the face of many obstacles, and we are particularly glad of this because it is the only system which ever seemed to us practicable for general use and for instruction in our common schools. The desideratum has been: a system at once rational, simple, and uniform, which any intellect could master that could master the alphabet and the spelling-book, and proficiency in the practice of which should depend chiefly on diligent application. We do not say that Mr. Lindsley's method accomplishes all this; from a superficial examination of it, some years ago, we came to a different conclusion; but he gave us hopes of seeing the need supplied, and really took a considerable step in that direction. He dispenses with lines, for instance; all his characters mean one thing, however written with reference to those which precede or follow. Then he has carefully adopted them in such a way as to make those signs horizontal which are most in use—an evident economy which no other system has sought after. Of other details we are not competent to speak, but the author seems to have gone to work in the right way. That he enables a student to dispense with a teacher we think doubtful; he may not profess to do so. Any one who has dabbled alone in phonography will testify to the embarrassment of choice caused by the duplication of signs according to situation, the consequent disagreement between the same word as written one day and written the next, and the desire, not to say the necessity, that is felt for an arbiter and director. Perhaps absolute uniformity is not compatible with speed in writing, but if by this we understand reporter's speed, the objection is slight. The value of the reform will be not in enabling everybody to take down stump-speeches on the spot, but in saving a vast amount of time and labor in the ordinary writing of everyday life—a great matter, if only a third of what we now expend. By uniformity we gain this: that all who have been trained to the system can read the writing of other people as readily and as certainly as their own; printers, for example, will compose straight from the reporter's note-books, instead of requiring him to translate it into the common hand.

—Mr. Hepworth Dixon, after several encounters with accepted historical traditions, and as many more or less successful attempts to set up *à priori* theories, has entered the lists with those who have sought to reconstruct Shakespeare's character and training from his plays. And as some have proved the poet a lawyer bred, others a merchant, others a Catholic, etc., Mr. Dixon lays his finger on a certain text and makes Shakespeare a Puritan. He first rescues from monkish aspersion the character of Sir John Oldcastle, an early martyr of the Reformation, whom Shakespeare took as his lay figure in modelling Falstaff, and whose name even he retained for the first representations of the play in which the fat knight was brought upon the stage. Subsequently, he would seem to have repented, substituting Falstaff's name for Oldcastle's, and taking pains to say, in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, where he promises a continuance of the story, "with Sir John in it," who may likely "die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your hard opinions"—"for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." Hence Mr. Dixon concludes: "The man who wrote that confession in the days of Archbishop Whitgift is a Puritan in faith." *Protestant* would perhaps be a closer inference, though if either really covers Shakespeare there will be few of his admirers to grumble at it. Mr. Dixon's argument will be found in his volume called "Her Majesty's Tower."

—Our readers will hardly expect of us a formal review of that Welsh book of poems whose title we gave a fortnight since, "Gemau Llwyfo," or, as we may render it, "Llwyfo Gems; being selections from the Principal Compositions and Songs of Llew Llwyfo [Lewis W. Lewis]. (Utica: T. J. Griffiths.)" It will be sufficient, we trust, to refer to articles on Welsh poetry in the *Nation* of March 8 and Dec. 20, 1866, and to say that the poems contained in this volume have for the most part carried off prizes at the national Eistedfod, or bardic tournament, in the mother country, and that the author is an ardent champion of the new or Carmarthen school of metres, as his controversial and rather egotistic preface informs the reader. In order to show, however, that the freedom which he demands for the bard is not an excuse for inability to handle the old metres, he gives a few specimens of what he can do with them in the way of consonantal jingling, and affords us, at least, all the satisfaction on that head that we require. The strong pieces of this collection are two epics: one national, "Gwenhwyfar," and the other scriptural, "David, King of Israel," with fragments of two other long poems on "Arthur of the Round Table" and "Elijah the Tishbite." Of the minor poems in addition to these, especially the songs, little can be said in comparison. The former exhibit a remarkable command of language, dramatic power, constructive genius, and wealth of imagery, characteristic of the genuine poet. In artistic form and in real merit "David" will bear the palm over "Gwenhwyfar," but falls behind it in popular interest, and will probably not endure so long. "Gwenhwyfar" celebrates the virtues, trials, and misfortunes of King Arthur's queen. As Mr. Lewis prefers blank-verse to the old national metres, it is difficult to compare him with other Cambrian poets, but all things considered he would seem to have claim to no less a rank than first among those whom Wales has produced in the last hundred years.

—The censorship in France, which regulates what may or may not be sold at railway bookstalls, was recently reported to have proscribed the Erckmann-Chatrian series, for no other reason that could be surmised than the feeling against war which *Le Conscrit*, *Madame Thérèse*, *L'Invasion*, and *Waterloo* would be apt to excite in the French bosom. This, by the way, was not an absurd conjecture. M. Frédéric Passy, who has been addressing the working-men and other citizens of Eastern France on the subject of political economy, with great approbation, embraced Geneva in his tour, where, as the report says, "plus libre qu'en France, il avait pu parler sur la paix"—that is, over the border, he felt at liberty to speak of peace. However, the admirable novels of the twin authors have not been thrown out of the market, but the censorship has shown itself in another direction. M. Paul Albert, one of the lecturers at the Sorbonne to the ladies admitted by M. Duruy's famous provision for secondary instruction, recently had occasion to criticise Bossuet for narrowness in his views of the human race, and to oppose to him Voltaire as among the first to group nations under one family and preach their solidarity. Some of the mothers who accompanied their daughters to these lectures, being shocked by this rather harmless doctrine, made such representations to the Empress as that M. Duruy was compelled to censure M. Albert, whereupon the professor at once resigned.

—M. Duruy, when left to himself, prefers making professors to unmaking them. In July last he launched out the scheme of a "Practical School for the Higher Branches (*hautes études*)," which was to supplement the purely theoretical instruction of the schools already existing. Like the School of Fine Arts, which consists of a large number of distinct *ateliers*, this "École pratique" would not be confined to any one building. In November, feeling emboldened, and counting 264 pupils already in his four sections, the Minister ventured to order the institution of a fifth, "compris-

ing the economic sciences," or, as he rightly prefers to call them, "economics"—whether political, industrial, financial, or other. In accounting for the lamentable neglect of political economy in France, M. Duruy referred to Quesnay, one of the "physiocrats," as the founder of the science, which therefore becomes "toute française." He then contrasted the thoroughness and detail with which it is taught in the German universities, did scanty justice to the actual French teaching of it, affirmed that economics were learned in France chiefly by practical experience, and that, destitute of the guidance of science, men were constantly shipwrecked by rash enterprises or swamped by routine. He concluded by praying the Emperor to create a second chair of political economy in the Collége de France—"for the history of economical facts and doctrines." To this the incumbent of the present chair, M. Michel Chevalier, objects as delicately as he can, showing what a reflection it is upon his professorship, which ought properly to include the scope of the proposed chair. The *Journal des Economistes* also points to the superfluousness of this establishment, which by right should have been bestowed on the Sorbonne. It reminds M. Duruy of his unsatisfactory experiment in the same direction with the programme of secondary instruction, and concludes, for its part, that "it is not the higher studies, but the primary and intermediate," which are lacking in the public instruction relative to the economic sciences.

—What we said last week of the Athenian fondness for newspapers is quite overshadowed by the account given by the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* of a similar passion at that capital. He states that there are sixty political journals published there, and that their number is constantly increasing. Their circulation in the provinces is insignificant, and it is reckoned that at least 150,000 copies are daily sold and consumed in the city itself. Even diminishing this number by one-third, and allowing the number of citizens able to read to be one in ten instead of one in seventeen, there will still be an average consumption of three and a third newspapers *per caput*. The fact agrees with the natural inference, that it takes several of these newspapers to make one good one, and several, we should add, to make an expensive one. For tenpence one can have his paper for a month delivered at his own door. The dispersion of talent implied in the active existence of so many papers affects of course the quality of all, and they are in fact edited less in the interest of the public than of their proprietors, who use them as means to political advancement. One, the most popular and widely circulated of all, the *Correspondencia*, which is no dearer than the rest, has gained the chief editor a fortune. It is in the strictest sense a *news*paper, and a hotch-potch at that: a mass of disarranged, undigested items from all parts of the world, in which contradictions, nonsense, error, and falsehood are jumbled indiscriminately with truthful reports. This extraordinary publication, which is besides of dirty and illegible typography, is published between nine and ten o'clock at night, and the temporary revival of the day's bustle which occurs when the edition begins to be hawked about at that naturally quiet and drowsy hour is one of the most curious customs of the Spanish capital. The paper is with good reason called the "Nightcap."

In last week's paper, in the piece of correspondence on "The Financial Tendencies of the Labor Movement," there is a proof-corrector's blunder so bad that we suppose most of our readers set it right without trouble. "Lowe" is to be read for "Lewes" wherever the name occurs.

DEAN'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.*

If the execution of the late Mr. Dean's "History of Civilization" were as good as the general plan, it would be a valuable contribution to literature. To take the various elements of civilization in their "envelopment," to use his rather awkward expression, and show how one after another they have been individually *developed* in the course of history, as is sketched in the introduction, is a good leading idea for a historian, and in the hands of a competent person might have resulted in a noble work. But Mr Dean neither had the scholarship nor the grasp for an undertaking of this magnitude.

He had, in the first place, no sense of the weight of authorities; a glance at the citations at the foot of the several pages is enough to show that we need not look here for the latest and best that is known in regard to these nations. To take a single example: on the vexed question of early Italian ethnology, the sole authority quoted is Prichard, who is of course a high authority wherever *physical* evidences are to be weighed, but none at all in a field where these count for very little, and *historical* testimony is chiefly to be appealed to. But Mr. Dean alludes to no other writer—not even Niebuhr and Ottfried Müller, much less Lepsius and Mommsen. These pages, therefore, are altogether worthless. The inhabitants of Italy are divided into three "departments"—the Umbrians, the Etruscans, and "the inhabitants of Italy south of the Tiber"—although nothing is more certain than that the Umbrians formed one race with the Southern Italians. Just below it is stated categorically that "the first colonists were the Pelasgi;" although nearly all scholars have now rejected Niebuhr's hypothesis. A page about the Etruscans follows, ending with the assertion that, as to their language, "all that can be safely inferred is that it belonged to the class of Indo-European languages"—an assertion which is at best a very doubtful inference from very scanty data. The most important fact of Italian ethnology, which has been accepted for years, is wholly ignored—that the various Italian nations (always excepting the Etruscans, and the Greek and Gallic colonists of historical times, probably excepting also the shadowy Iapygians) formed one cognate race, or rather one branch of the Indo-European race, itself subdivided into Umbrians, Oscans, Sabines, Latins, etc.

Mr. Dean's second defect as a historian of civilization is a lack of the sense of the relation of facts to each other, whether in regard to their comparative importance or to their bearing upon historical continuity. A sufficiently full account of manners and customs, religion, art, etc., is given, but all in the catalogue style. Important and trivial matters receive about the same degree of prominence, nor are they handled in such a way as to lead of themselves to the general deductions which he desires to make. These reflections form separate paragraphs, in which the author philosophizes upon facts, but always from a very narrow and commonplace point of view. Each nation is treated as if it were wholly independent of others; it does not seem to have occurred to him to show how the civilization of one worked upon that of its neighbors; that is, how civilization spread from one to another. Neither have we any hint of the rich truths of philosophy that the patient toil of the present generation has brought to light.

For instance, whoever would study the history of civilization from its earliest beginnings, would naturally, one would think, master first of all the results of comparative philology as to the earliest condition of the Indo-European nations. The truths of comparative mythology, as brought out by Max Müller; the interesting development, by Mommsen and others, of the stages of advancement occupied by the several branches of this great race at the successive epochs of their dispersion; the nature of the primeval patriarchal institutions, as described by Maine—such discussions as these indicate the line of enquiry which is alone worthy of a student of the nineteenth century. But of all this Mr. Dean seems utterly ignorant. If he undertakes to search into primitive manners at all, it is in a description of the Tartar tribes of Central Asia—an interesting theme, but one which has hardly anything to do with his subject; for civilization, as we possess it, is not descended from Tartar society, nor, so far as we are in a condition to judge, from anything resembling it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the chapter on Egyptian religion is silent upon the influence of this religion upon that of the Hebrews, and through this upon humanity. Such vital investigations as these seem entirely out of his ken. For instance, he says (p. 402) that "no ancient papyri have yet been discovered that would throw much light upon" the philosophy of the Egyptians; apparently he had never heard of the translation of the "Book of the Dead." In like manner we are not surprised at the assertion (p. 668) that "the religious system of Phœnicia exerted little influence in historic times on the belief of other nations," although it is notorious that its influence upon the Greeks was very marked. We are, however, rather surprised to meet on the same page, following some ten pages of Phœnician mythology, the assertion that the philosophy of this people was atheistic, and that "there exists no trace of a belief in God as an intellectual principle distinct from matter."

It is in keeping with the general character of this book that in treating of primeval times all the early records are accepted without question, just as they have stood in school-books; and that we have a somewhat detailed account of the siege of Troy, "about B.C. 1184," just as if Wolf and Grote had never written. Granting its exact truth, it is hard to see what it has to do with a history of civilization. It is probable that the later volumes of this history, when the author comes to stand on firmer ground and treat of better ascertained facts, will be more satisfactory; for much of the present detail is very well done, and many of the defects are such as are peculiarly glaring in the treatment of primitive epochs. But it is in every respect a pity that Mr. Dean chose to reserve his work from publication until

* "The History of Civilization. By Amos Dean, LL.D." [In seven volumes. Vol. I. Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsell. 1868.] 8vo, pp. 695.

it was completed. This first volume is hardly above the standard of the scholarship of thirty years ago, when it was first written; judicious criticism upon the several volumes as they appeared might have taught him something of the requirements of a historian of the present day, and have resulted in a work more worthy of his really fine powers and his pure ambition. Yet among these requirements must surely be reckoned an acquaintance with the leading modern European languages and the ability to verify in the original any passage of a translated work. Now, there fell into our hands the catalogue of our deceased author's library as it was offered for sale. It was evidently the store from which he had drawn the materials for his history, whose scope is world-wide; and yet, to our surprise—not merely on account of the author, but also and first on the scholar's account—it contained, with the exception of some venerable rubbish of Latin or Greek, not a single work printed in a foreign tongue. Such a fact is sufficient to stamp the possessor as incapable of grappling with the problem he has approached. Neither science nor philosophy nowadays can get on with a single crutch.

SMILES'S LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.*

When George the Third was King, an English country physician used to drive about Lichfield in an old, bespattered sulky crammed with books, sweetmeats, and the massive form of its owner, Dr. Erasmus Darwin. As he went round among his patients he used to scribble poetry or speculate on botany, æsthetics, mental philosophy, and mechanics. He wrote a deal of mellifluous verse. All who have read his "Loves of the Plants" remember

> "How the young rose in beauty's damask pride
> Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
> With honeyed lips enamored woodbines meet,
> Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet."

And in similar strains he portrayed the glories which he firmly believed were in store for ballooning and steam locomotion. Darwin corresponded with Benjamin Franklin concerning a model of a fire-engine that Boulton, of Birmingham, had sent to London for Franklin's inspection, and—his sanguine and speculative mind inflamed by the idea of a locomotive—he used up, riding in his sulky, large store of scraps of paper in embodying his suggestions as to the construction of the "fiery chariot." For one not a mechanic they were really remarkable.

This was in 1765. But already, in 1759, Robinson, of Glasgow, produced a model of a carriage driven by steam-power. In 1769, Cugnot, in Paris, constructed such a machine, which "ran against a stone wall that stood in its way and threw it down." His carriage had power enough, but was unmanageable. Although he improved it, he obtained no results, and it may still be seen in Paris at the "Arts et Métiers." Meantime, Moore, in London, gave notice of the invention of a similar machine. James Watt, in 1784, took out a patent for the application of steam-power to purposes of locomotion. Wm. Murdock made a model of a steam locomotive in 1781. Then came Symington and Sadler, called by Watt "hunters of shadows." Symington not only made a practical model of a land locomotive, but in 1801 built and ran the *Charlotte Dundas* by steam on the Forth and Clyde Canal. He died in London, so poor that he was buried without a stone to mark his grave. Then came that genius, Richard Trevithick, who, after various successful experiments with land locomotives, applied and completed the first railway (tram-road) locomotive on the 21st of February, 1804. It drew for a distance of nine miles ten tons of bar-iron at the rate of five and a half miles an hour. A romantic history that of Trevithick. On the verge of unlimited wealth in Peru, we next see him escaping across the vast expanse of desert to Cartagena, where, gaunt, starving, and in rags, he meets a strange Englishman—Robert Stephenson! Trevithick accomplished extraordinary things. He made the first railway locomotive, introduced the cylindrical boiler and high-pressure engine, invented the oscillating engine and a screw propeller. These are but a part of his triumphs. Never did career so fully give the lie to that senseless and immoral maxim, "Success is the test of merit." He died in 1833, and but for the charity of friends would have been buried by the parish.

The milestones of progress in the history of this branch of mechanics are the grave-stones of those who fell by the wayside in the race for success. Few of the modern triumphs of science have had so unpromising, so halting a development as the steam locomotive; and Mr. Smiles's book is, really, its biography, which necessarily includes the biographies of scores of men—the history of struggling genius and crushed hopes, of unrequited labors and disappointed ambitions. As you look upon the modern Prometheus, the locomotive of our day, the huge iron creature almost instinct with life, you might almost imagine that in its streams of fiery sparks, its deep sobs, its convulsive screams, its clouds of white smoke, you see its creators' flashes of genius, hear their sighs of sorrowful regret, and behold in that column of misty vapor a fit emblem of their vanished dreams of triumph. Slow, halting, failing, again beginning, the unsuccessful invention of one age is perfected in another. Every screw, rod, plate, and piston of the modern machine may be said to have its separate inventor and perfector—or a dozen of them—and the locomotive, as Robert Stephenson said, is "not the invention of one man, but of a nation of mechanical engineers." One may see at Baltimore the first locomotive used on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was made by George Stephenson in 1832. That machine is the half-way house in the history of the locomotive. It looks strangely to our eyes of 1868, but it was a marvel thirty-six years ago.

Then the development of the railway itself, likewise slow, is also interesting. Wooden rails were employed in 1630 by one Mr. Beaumont, who lost £30,000 in the enterprise, and, as the chronicle has it, "rode home upon his light horse." Indeed, Mr. Smiles contrives to interest one equally in the railway, the locomotive, and in George Stephenson, whose biography possesses every element of interest. The son of a collier, a poor laborer himself—so poor that when his wages were raised to twelve shillings a week he announced to his fellow-workmen that he was "now a made man for life"—this illiterate pitman raised himself by his honesty, industry, sagacity, and talents to rank with those of whom his country may be proudest. Everything about the man engages our sympathy, compels our esteem, and enlists our admiration. Mr. Smiles has done his subject entire justice, and well placed before us the admirable character of the honest Northumbrian—his simplicity, his great heart, his intellectual perseverance, his admirable intelligence—an intelligence that was not bounded by the horizon of railways and locomotives. "Buckland," said Stephenson, one Sunday morning as he stood on a hill with the great geologist watching the stream of white smoke tossed out by a rapid locomotive—"Buckland, I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?" "Well, I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh! very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" asked Buckland. "It is nothing else," said Stephenson. "It is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years; light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, and made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes."

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

We find deportment in books as well as in men. Mr. Turveydrop was a deportment. So also was His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. A "deportment" is a humbug—always hollow, often vicious, sometimes both. Here we have "De l'Organisation Sociale, par Ch. Barre (Comte De La Garde)"—a handsome 8vo volume of five hundred pages published at the "Imprimerie et Librairie Générale de Jurisprudence," Paris, 1868; white paper, ample margin, clear type, bound in Turkey morocco, but yet a literary and typographical "deportment;" certainly hollow, and not altogether virtuous. The first chapter opens thus: "Man is a mixture of two elements; he is at once material and immaterial. In this he resembles every animal that breathes here below." "The material element asserts and developes itself in him sooner than the immaterial. This phenomenon likewise shows itself among beasts." "Man, presuming that the other animals do not understand each other by signs, or by the inflection of their cry or song, assumes generally that speech is the great gulf that separates him from the beast." Our author proposes (p. 200) that there should be two kinds of marriage, temporary and definitive: the first for five years, the second permanent. We pass on.

"Si j'étais Reine, par Marie de Solms." The authoress is Madame Ratazzi, wife of the Italian ex-Minister of State, and formerly Madame Wyse, *née* Marie Bonaparte. The book is descriptive and biographic, but not a success.

"L'Astronomie Moderne, par W. de Fonvielle. Paris, 1868." Not so much a scientific disquisition as a talk on matters astronomical, in the

* "The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son Robert Stephenson; comprising a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive. By Samuel Smiles." Second, revised edition. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868. 8vo, pp. 496.

* The works noticed may be had at F. W. Christern's, New York.

course of which the author expresses his dissatisfaction at the manner in which astronomy is cultivated in France—"*l'insuffisance de l'astronomie nationale*"—and presents quite a formidable indictment against the officials charged with the interests of astronomical science. He complains specially of what he calls idolatry of La Place, whose *Mécanique Céleste* is "that dry, false, and incomplete dogmatism under which we are crushed." Every year the first graduate of the École Polytechnique receives at the hands of the President of the Institute a magnificent copy of the works of La Place. And, says our author, they would send to Charenton (insane asylum) any one who might arise in the audience and with truth cry out, "Wretched man! what have you done? Do you not see that you have given that youth a *dead book*, loaded with dead formulas with which, unfortunately, his memory is already overcrowded, and which will prevent him from understanding the true philosophy of nature?"

"A Travers les Espagnes"—for the author finds several Spains: Catalonia, Valencia, Alicante, Murcia, and Castile. This is not precisely a book of travels, but of dreamingly descriptive letters written while journeying; some nice pen-pictures and charming bits of sentiment—evidently a woman's writing.

"Espagne. Traditions, Mœurs et Littérature, par Antoine De Latour." We remember "Études sur l'Espagne," by the same author, published some ten years ago. Few writers on Spain are better qualified for the task than M. De Latour. Long residence in the country (he went there as secretary to the Duke of Montpensier) and thorough study of its history, literature, and traditions have made him familiar with every subject of interest in the peninsula. His volumes are all interesting, although, perhaps, a trifle too scholastic for the general reader.

At no distant day, when the furore as to California and Australia shall have abated, and fresh outlets are sought for the enterprise and redundant population of Europe, it is probable that Asia Minor will be the first country to attract attention; and there are reasons why it should. It is a peninsula larger than Spain and Portugal, rich in natural resources and commanding in geographical position, with an admirable coast-line on the Mediterranean, the Greek Archipelago, and the Black Sea. It was one of the cradles of civilization, of empires, and of religion, and is now but a dreary waste, sparsely populated by three millions of wretched inhabitants. Nevertheless, it was once covered with large cities and the noisy routes of commerce, and contained the richest of all the Roman provinces. Plutarch tells us that, after the defeat of Mithridates by Sylla, Asia Minor in two years paid the Romans a military tax of 120,000 talents of silver—almost equal to $150,000,000 gold. Our moderns have done something grand in that line too. France paid the Allies (in 1814–15) a thousand millions of francs, besides the support of from 400 to 500,000 soldiers. Gibbon estimated the annual revenue of Asia Minor at four million and a half pounds sterling. Considering the relative value of the precious metals to-day, these sums should be doubled in order to obtain a correct idea of the actual amount. On these data, and making an approximate calculation on the relative basis of taxation and people, the population of Asia Minor under the Romans must have been about twenty millions. Livy names four cities that under the Consul Manlius furnished in one summer 14,000 bushels of grain, and money equivalent to $200,000. On the sites of these four cities now stand as many wretched hamlets, which together could not furnish a hundred bushels of grain and a hundred dollars in money. In former days cotton, the olive, the mulberry, and all the orchard fruits flourished. We know it is the country of the vine, but its extirpation was part of the religion of the Turk. Its present small population is demoralized and scattered among ruins, deserts, and morasses. Such are some of the salient features in the picture drawn of this once flourishing region by M. P. de Tchihatcheff in his most interesting "Une Page sur l'Orient." He claims that Asia Minor can yet be restored to more than her ancient prosperity. The means proposed would be the direction thither of a stream of European emigration. The advantages of such an emigration over trans-Atlantic emigration are pointed out. Of course, the "sick man" of Constantinople is very much in the way of such a plan, and the long-enduring "Eastern question" must first be solved.

"Révélations sur l'Intervention Française en Mexique, de 1866 à 1867," is one of a long list of books concerning the Franco-Mexican catastrophe, which must be rather lugubrious reading for the subjects of the third Napoleon. M. F. de La Barreyrie, the author, for three years chief editor of the *Journal d'Orizava*, had excellent opportunities for observation. He declares that the Mexican question must not be left silent and forgotten in France, and that a "liquidation" is indispensable for the honor of the French Government. Much fault is found with General Forey for the delay in the advance of the French army upon the capital. Disembarked September 22, he should have been in Puebla October 15, and in Mexico November 5, even supposing his entire march to have been one long combat. Sixty days were spent in the siege of Puebla, and he did not reach Mexico until June. He was only then ready to open a campaign in the interior which should have been already closed—the favorable season there for a campaign being from October to May. Then the rains begin, the roads become bad, and the country unhealthy. Our author compares the withdrawal of the French to a "*sauve qui peut*," more resembling a rout than an orderly retreat. "The United States had said *Va t'en!* and to show its obedience, the French army did not wait for the period fixed upon for abandoning Mexico." Intervention, so bold in 1862, was frightened in 1866. "A single word from the United States sent the army back to France much quicker than it came, and it sought Vera Cruz by forced marches, abandoning everything likely to embarass the wild retreat (*retraite échevelée*). It was followed by crowds of men, women, and children (French) forced to leave Mexico. "*C'était une grande débâcle humaine, qui faisait pleurer des larmes de sang.*" Such was the precipitation that enormous values in property were abandoned. At Orizaba thousands of loads of corn, barley, straw, and droves of cattle were left behind. Powder in large quantities was thrown in the gutters, bombs and grenades destroyed, the hospital at Orizaba, worth 200,000 francs, given away for 20,000 francs—one item alone of its medical stores, 80 pounds of quinine, was worth 58,000 francs; clothing, harness, and wagons given away; horses sacrificed—one lot of 200 Arabian mules sold for 500 francs, many of which cost 5,000 francs each. But the most remarkable, as well as the most humiliating, incident in this series of misfortunes was the extent of desertion from the ranks. The author of the latest work on New Mexico ("2,000 Miles on Horseback") speaks of the large numbers of deserters from the French ranks then (1866) seen in New Mexico and Texas, and who had left the French corps that penetrated as far north as Chihuahua. But M. Barreyrie gives us a more sombre picture of the demoralization of the French army when he tells us of crowds of soldiers who not only deserted their flag during hostilities, but turned their backs on France when ordered home and were found in the Juarez ranks, firing on their own comrades and countrymen! Desertion in the French army is a much more serious affair than in ours. It is punished, as it should be, by death. During our late rebellion, an ill-timed clemency, the presence of foreign elements in our ranks without attachment to our cause or to our flag, and the sympathy of a large disloyal civil element, almost encouraged the crime. In the French army it is different. Discipline is better and the dishonor attached to desertion greater. Not one man of the thousands who deserted in Mexico dares again put his footon his native soil, any more than if he were an escaped convict. And yet, in the face of these consequences, the French desertion in Mexico, as revealed by M. Barreyrie, is startling. Following the army the road was strewed with arms and equipments, abandoned as though in complete rout, and you met groups of soldiers, some with, some without arms, sadly expatriating themselves in dishonor—*qui les larmes aux yeux tournaient le dos à la France.* As the French left Orizaba it was occupied by General Gomez (of the Juarez army) with an escort of eight cavalrymen, of whom five were French deserters (p. 24). The main assault on Puebla (April 3) of the Juarez army, under Porfirio Diaz, was made by a body of French deserters in the Mexican ranks (p. 66). A detachment of Juarez's cavalry charged into Vera Cruz. "It is sad to be obliged to relate that Frenchmen headed it (p. 25)." The secretary of Porfirio Diaz was a Frenchman (p. 45). "Hundreds of millions have been spent, French blood has been shed throughout Mexico, and our army rolls are covered with that disgraceful stain—*couverts de cette honteuse maculation*—deserter!" (p. 97). M. Barreyrie, in order to show that Mr. Secretary Seward might have saved Maximilian's life, had he chosen so to do, quotes Mr. Dominech. If Mr. Dominech is not better authority in modern history than in Mexican archæology, the citation is not a happy one. M. Barreyrie's little volume of 115 pages, although highly interesting, is fragmentary and wanting in method.

"Recherches sur la Géologie de l'Egypte et le Canal Maritime de Suez, par P. Cazalis de Fondouce." The Suez Canal is the competitor of our Pacific Railroad in the race for the commerce of China and the Indies. It is, therefore, a subject of deep interest for Americans. This enterprise of to-day is, in its origin, the oldest in the world. Arab tradition carries it back to the period of the first journey into Egypt of Abraham with Sarah his wife. Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and Pliny, all relate that the Pharaohs, Darius, and even Ptolemy, discontinued the work because they were satisfied that the Red Sea was higher than Egypt. Strange to say, this ancient error was confirmed by the French *savans* who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt

and who reported a difference of ten metres—about 30 feet—between the two seas, and in favor of the Red Sea. La Place said they were wrong, and maintained, *à priori*, that there was no difference of level. Subsequent geodesical research confirms the correctness of his theory. One hundred miles of sand separate Port Said, on the Mediterranean, from Suez, at the head of the northern end of the Red Sea. Enormous works are in course of construction at either end. Fifty miles, or one-half of the canal, one hundred yards wide and twenty-six feet deep, is already finished to its full size, and M. Lesseps asks but two years more for the full completion of the work. Five hundred tons of sand drifted every day into the canal from the desert, and the enormous mud deposits at Port Said are the two great obstacles to contend with. The English transports for troops already use the canal, and its receipts in 1857 were about $260,000. M. Fondouce's work is an excellent one, but those who are specially interested in the geological questions connected with the canal will find a more valuable book in the "Studii scientifici" of Figari-Bey, published at Lucca, 1864.

"Les Origines du Christianisme d'après la Tradition Catholique."—2. "Les Origines du Christianisme d'après la Critique Rationaliste Contemporaine." Both these works are by M. l'Abbé Em. Castan. The nature of the first is explained by its title. The second is "the refutation of the boldness of contemporary rationalistic criticism, of which the most popular organ is M. Renan." Learned, calm, and dignified in tone, the Abbé treats M. Renan with great fairness; and, while rendering full justice to his eminent talents, criticises him with tact and erudition. "Du Progrès dans ses Rapports avec l'Eglise" is also by the same author, and is written to show the position of the Catholic Church with reference to the great modern idea usually designated by the word "progress." The introduction has an eloquent analysis of the merits and defects of Renan's principles, doctrine, and style. From the "Questions Contemporaines" of the latter a remarkable passage is quoted: "Deism, with all its pretensions to be scientific, is no more so than religion; it is an abstract mythology—but still it is a mythology. It requires miracles. Its God intervening in the affairs of the world does not substantially differ from the God of Joshua, who stayed the sun in his course. We may add that dry, narrow dogmas, having nothing poetic nor traditional, and without possible interpretation, are for the human mind a much more narrow prison than popular mythology. By the standard of Voltaire—Herder, Fichte, and Schleiermacher were not sufficiently orthodox for a professorship of natural religion; they were, simply, excellent theologians."

"Milton: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres, par Edmond de Guerle." This is a remarkable book. Not merely because it is the production of a foreigner upon a subject that but few even of the poet's countrymen have successfully ventured upon, but remarkable for its intrinsic merit. We know of no work in English so satisfactory. The biographies of Milton by Dr. Johnson, Symmons, Newton, Hunter, and others are, none of them, so full and so well digested as this work of M. de Guerle. Much is expected of Mr. Masson's work now in press—"The Life of Milton, in connection with the History of his Time"—and it will doubtless fill a void long left in English literature. When Coleridge was asked in Germany if Klopstock was not a German Milton, he replied: "Yes; very German." But the estimate of the English poet has improved abroad since then. In France, Delille and Chateaubriand have endeavored to translate "Paradise Lost;" Villemain and Quinet have written eloquently upon Milton; Geffroy has produced an excellent work on his pamphlets, and M. Taine, in his "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," presents an elaborate criticism on his great poem. Milton's early life, his foreign travel, his political experience, his theology, are all well and clearly presented by M. de Guerle, and we are struck with his critical discrimination in treating of Milton's pamphlets. Macaulay's extravagant praise is equally applied to all of them when he tells us that they abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance; that they are a perfect field of cloth of gold; that the style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery, and that their bursts of devotional and lyric rapture are "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs." To the "Areopagitica" M. Guerle gives quite as high praise as Macaulay: "Never have the rights of conscience and of free thought been more nobly asserted; and the ideal of political eloquence is reached at a bound a century before Rousseau." But, on the other hand, he points out the serious defects and blotches of writings which, stained in the muddy waters of his controversy with Du Moulins and Salmasius, sadly offset his grand beauties of style. Of course, our author has the inevitable parallel with Dante. But it is well done, and such a parallel, *cæteris paribus*, is safer in the hands of a Frenchman than of an Italian—say Alfieri—or of an Englishman—say Macaulay. M. Guerle protests against the criticism of his compatriot, Taine, and with justice. Taine says that Milton, in his painful effort at poetic flight, was not able to rise above the narrow horizon of his own vision: his heaven is a Whitehall of embroidered valets, his God a constitutional monarch presiding at council, clothed in beautiful ermine robe, with a peaked beard, such as Vandyke would have loved to paint, and, above all, dreadfully dull—*incomparablement ennuyeux*. The Word Creator is a Prince of Wales, whose archangels, thrones, and dominations celebrate his majority in a gala, where we see the Lord Mayor's coach and the beef-eater's wigs. Adam—nice young man, fresh from the University of Oxford—is an assiduous member of the House of Commons; Eve, "*une jeune miss anglaise*," good housekeeper, who electioneers for her husband among the young country squires, and who leaves the table when dessert comes on and the men begin to talk politics, etc., etc. Of all Milton's creations Satan is the only one who finds favor in M. Taine's eyes, "in spite of his puns and his drill-sergeant amenities." This is not criticism, correctly remarks M. de Guerle—it is parody; and he protests against it accordingly.

Essays on the Progress of Nations. By Ezra C. Seaman. Second Series. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. 12mo, pp. 659.)—The first series of this work appeared many years ago. We cannot give the exact date of the event, any more than we can determine the precise line of demarcation between tertiary and post-tertiary deposits. Indeed, there is a sort of geological grandeur in the long and indefinite interval which elapsed after the first series (we had unconsciously written stratum) was finished and before the second series was formed; and this analogy is rendered still more striking by the fossilized character of their contents. As a repertory of statistical information concerning national wealth, population, and productive industry, this volume will be found convenient and valuable; the materials have been collated with evident care, but the arrangement is loose, confused, and repetitious. Much space is also wasted in the reiteration of facts so obvious that to see them gravely put into print is a great trial to the patience. Who wishes or needs to be informed that savages and barbarians have no schools and colleges? or that, by the art of photographing, the likenesses of friends and of distinguished men are taken in large numbers? or to be told twice on the same page and in nearly identical words that the microscope enables us to see things otherwise beyond the power of the human eye to discover? Mahometanism is described, at least a dozen times, as a religion sanctioning polygamy, robbery, slavery, and aggressive and predatory warfare, and it is repeated quite as often that the Koran contains a few theological dogmas but no moral precepts, a statement which is very far from the truth. It seems strange, too, that a religious system which "allows unrestrained sway to the passions and to the lusts of the flesh" (p. 139) should have the effect of "making the Mahometans a sedate and grave people remarkable for their regularity of habits and stability of character" (p. 140). Mr. Seaman's assertion that the Koran simply enjoins frequent prayers without inculcating either love or benevolence, justice or humanity, is not sustained by such citations as the following: "One hour of equity is better than seventy years of devotion;" "To endure and to pardon is the wisdom of life;" "Paradise is prepared for the godly, who give alms in prosperity and adversity, who bridle their anger and forgive men;" and many other admonitions to patience and charity which we have no space to quote. The truth is, Mr. Seaman's sketch of Mohametanism is a commonplace diatribe such as might be found in "Encyclopædias of Religious Knowledge" a century ago, but which gives no real insight into what it purports to describe and would not be endorsed by any Oriental scholar of the present day.

Here we might raise a fundamental question as to the relevancy of much of the material contained in Mr. Seaman's volume. What have the rise and growth of Mahometanism, Judaism, Brahminism, Magianism, Buddhism, and a host of other isms to do with the author's avowed object in preparing this second series, namely, to trace the "great progress made by enlightened and industrial nations" since the "new census," and "to bring the work down to the present time"? In order to understand the events of the last decade, it was not necessary to go back to the deluge or even to the Christian era. If the second series begins with the dawn of history, what period of time did the first series cover? Did it describe the contemporaries of the Lithuanian aurochs whose bones were found in the caves of Bize and Pondres, or was it devoted to *l'homme fossile* of M. Troyon? This superfluous padding certainly mars the symmetry and detracts from the usefulness of Mr. Seaman's book. The author has also a chapter on the races of men, in which he makes a most remarkable exhibition of hobby-horsemanship. The Rosinante on which he sallies forth against the giants of radicalism is—climate. The revelations of Mahomet, the fickle character

of the Saracens, "gambling among Catholic nations," "the fine arts, music, poetry, and eloquence," "concubinage and polygamy," "a tendency to build up an aristocracy," "monopoly of lands," and a hundred other features of national, social, moral, and intellectual life are attributed to the influence of hot climates. The "superiority of the Chinese" over the Hindoos is referred to the same cause (p. 339), although we are told on p. 5 that both India and China are "blessed with pretty good climates." Now, the fact is, that the Hindoos, with a far hotter climate, are as a race far more highly endowed than the Chinese. Their literature, instead of being "of very little value," is superior to that of any Mongolian nation, and shows an inexhaustible vigor and originality unsurpassed by any other branch of the great Indo-European family, to which the inhabitants of India and of England alike belong. Mr. Seaman's classification on p. 176 utterly ignores this kinship. But it is in the section which discusses the "Characteristics of the Negro Race" that he unfolds with the most complete self-satisfaction his theory of climatic influence, and brandishing his foil, as M. Jourdain flourished his *fleuret*, seems to say to his "fanatical" adversary in the words of the illustrious *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*: "*Je te veux faire voir ton impertinence tout à l'heure. Tiens; raison démonstrative!*" Among other things he accuses the colored people of being "particularly subject to the crime of rape." Does this assertion rest upon any better basis than that made a century ago by Schlözer, who discovered in the Jews a peculiar proneness to highway robbery? "The test of experience," to which Mr. Seaman constantly appeals, proves that the above-mentioned crime prevails in communities in proportion not to the shade of color, but to the lack of culture in the population. The statement, too, that the anti-slavery people of the North expected that the President's Emancipation Proclamation would incite the slaves "to kill, slay, and assassinate their masters and their families," and that they were disappointed in this respect because they did not understand the character of the negro, is entirely false. No such results were ever anticipated by the advocates of that measure. On p. 199 an attempt is made to trace the acknowledged vices which afflict society in the Southern States not to slavery, but to "the hot climate." Our author's contempt for the negro is only equalled by his hostility to the Puritan, and he intimates (p. 214) that the intellectual character of the former and the moral character of the latter might be improved by miscegenation.

But we have already devoted more space to Mr. Seaman's book than it intrinsically deserves. To point out all the misrepresentations and sophistries which it contains would require us to give to the criticism of it at least one whole number of the *Nation*. The most useful portions of the volume, and indeed almost the only portions that are free from partisan prejudice, are the statistical tables; and we advise the author henceforth to eschew vain philosophy and stick to the figures, which have a proverbial reputation for never swerving from the truth.

Earth Closets: How to make them and how to use them. By Geo. E. Waring, Jr. (New York: *Tribune* Association.)—This pamphlet is substantially made up from one issued by the English company which manufactures the patent commode, on the dry-earth principle, invented by the Rev. Mr. Moule. And as the application of this principle in the simple and convenient manner herein described can hardly be overestimated, in an economical or sanitary point of view, Mr. Waring has rendered a very great service in spreading the knowledge of it in this country. We apprehend that the adoption of earth-closets will meet with the greatest hindrance in cities and in farming districts; the first, because water is already in every house and dirt is not easily obtainable or easily dried; the second, because farmers are peculiarly indifferent to the matter in question, and thus, more perhaps than in any other way, are distinguished as less refined—not to say less civilized—than the people of the town. The farmers, however, will undoubtedly take to heart the demonstration of great gains in manure, while townsmen might easily arrange to be supplied with dried earth as with coals, with this difference: that persons could be found to supply the earth and to remove it for no other compensation than the simple enrichment it will have undergone in the meantime. Such an arrangement, if extensively carried out, would save immense outlays for plumbing, and all the annoyance and expense of frozen pipes in winter, as well as reduce the water-rate and effect a very considerable reduction in the water-consumption of a great city. But the sanitary considerations should have even more weight, as they point to an invaluable defence against contagious diseases, the connection, for instance, between cholera and sewers and sinks having been clearly demonstrated. This safeguard small places cannot afford to neglect, and metropolitan boards of health would do well to consider it indispensable and provide for it by enactment. As a beginning, let our schools, hospitals, jails, and other public institutions make the experiment which has proved so entirely satisfactory in England and India, and has done more than anything else to solve the sewage and river-nuisance problems of which we nowadays hear so much. Perhaps we ought to add that where coal-ashes are plenty (and they are generally too plenty), they can be used, whether sifted or unsifted, with nearly the advantage of dried earth.

Saint Paul. By Frederic W. Myers. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1868.)—What may be called the Kingsleyan flavor or the Kingsleyan savor—there is need of as fleshly a word as can be had—pervades all this clever book and makes it disagreeable. Kingsleyan it may be termed, for Mr. Charles Kingsley is the most offensive, at the same time that he is the most noted and most admired, of the writers who exhibit what, by a slight distortion of the phrase, we may call a peculiar carnal-mindedness in religious and all other matters: everything becomes sensual in their hands. To this animalism as a root may be traced easily and directly most of the faults of omission and commission which make him, whether as preacher or writer, to many people the most offensive of all the second-rate living English authors. That he is a writer of considerable power—which he undeniably is—makes the matter all the worse. In this "Saint Paul" Mr. Myers, with an unchaste fervor of language; with a sort of heat and excitement which is noticed in platform speakers when apparently the roll of their own voices warms them up; with much sensuous alliteration and other unintellectual ornamentation—in short, in the Kingsleyan manner—presents us with his view of the great apostle to the Gentiles. We see, not the intellectual disciple, the trained reasoner spinning creeds out of the simple system his Master taught, but a Paul in raptures, and agonies, and ecstasies, hot and cold, faint with love and with grief and with yearning for souls and with sorrow for his sins, and again full of a courage and fire that seem to be largely physical. That it is all well enough, such as it is, may be seen from a stanza or two that we copy; but it is from the impression got from the whole book that we have chiefly been speaking. Paul is preaching, as indeed is the case throughout:

> "God, who at sundry times in manners many
> spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
> eager to find if ever or if any
> souls will obey and hearken to His will:
>
> who that one moment has the least descried Him
> dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
> doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
> pleasures and powers that are not and that are:—
>
> ay amid all men bear himself thereafter
> smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
> dumb to their scorn and turning on their laughter
> only the dominance of earnest eyes?—
>
> God, who whatever frenzy of our fretting
> vexes sad life to spoil and to destroy,
> lendeth an hour for peace and for forgetting,
> setteth in pain the jewel of his joy:—
>
> I am persuaded that no thing shall sunder
> us from the love that saveth us from sin,
> lift it or lose hereover or hereunder,
> pluck it hereout or strangle it herein."

The device of beginning the lines with a small letter is of Mr. Myers's invention, and is intended, we suppose, to help to convey the impression of the rush and fervor of the apostle's feelings and thoughts—an end which it seems to answer.

Hymns, by Francis Turner Palgrave. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1868.)—We should suppose that this little volume might add two or three or perhaps more to the hymns which may be said or sung in the family and sung in church. There is a child's hymn which might very well be added to the small store that mothers now can teach their children, and the "Christus Consolator," the "Day-Star," "A Litany," and the "Garden of God," would enrich any hymn-book that we now have, or, we dare say, any future hymn-book, except one a good deal smaller than any that is likely to come into existence. This is not saying anything concerning the hymns before us considered as poetry, which we suppose they are not. But they are the work of a highly accomplished writer. The final poem, which is not a hymn, but a piece of "anti-science" verse, in the metre of Empedocles's monologue in Mr. Arnold's poem, is extremely unsatisfactory.

Gloverson and his Silent Partners. By Ralph Keeler. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869.)—Mr. Keeler's book gives evidence that its author is a man of some reading and cultivation, and that having undertaken the volunteer duty of writing a story of California life, he has endeavored to do it with such honesty and fidelity as lay in his power. But his story only adds another to the already deplorably long list of thin and worthless American novels. It is not to be gainsaid that there is a certain truth to nature in his attempts at characterization. Just such vapid, empty, colorless people are, doubtless, to be met with in every corner of the habitable earth; but to paint them with no ulterior end in view, to relieve them by no contrast with something better worth delineating, reveals a certain sympathy on the part of the artist—a sympathy not conscious, perhaps, but ineradicable—which is not pleasant to contemplate. Among painters there is a saying, that all the portraits a man paints, no matter how strong the resemblance they bear to their subjects, have also a more or less perceptible likeness to the painter himself. The same thing holds in books. All novels are, in a sense, autobiographies, and usually their authors are the persons most plainly indicated in their pages. Often enough this is done consciously, the writer using himself as the most available material to work from. Unconsciously, however, he reveals himself quite as fully, as much by negation as by definition. The glimpse of life he gives his reader shows plainly enough the angle from which he got it. It is not necessary to conclude from reading a novel like this that life in California is absolutely sordid and trivial. One feels persuaded that a writer who possessed himself more fully, who had something definite to say, and was not too much hampered by his reading and an uneasy sense of the conventional way of describing life and character, might make some effective use of it. Mr. Keeler seems to be a clever sort of man, with a certain facility in expressing himself; but we should say that it would neither benefit him nor give much pleasure to any one else for him to continue the career as a novelist which he has unsuccessfully begun in the novel before us.

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JANUARY 1, 1869.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1868..		$8,774,326 01
Amount of Premiums received during 1868	$3,912,130 07	
Amount of Interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, etc.	766,144 13—	4,678,280 20
Total		$13,452,606 21

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Losses by Death	$741,043 22	
Paid Annuities and for surrendered and cancelled Policies.	135,863 45	
Paid Dividends to Policy-holders	1,225,865 26	
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses	493,714 72	
Paid Advertising, Physicians' Fees, and Reinsurances	76,978 87	
Paid Salaries, Printing, Office, and Law Expenses	130,558 64	
Paid Taxes and Internal Revenue Stamps	35,107 60—	2,839,131 76
Total		$10,613,474 45

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank and in Trust Company	$397,351 51	
Invested in United States stocks—cost (Market value, $3,154,808 75.)	2,978,907 49	
Invested in New York City Bank stocks (Market value, $47,862.)	41,549 00	
Invested in New York State stocks (Market value, $991,070.)	947,856 42	
Invested in other stocks (Market value, $222,500.)	210,579 60	
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks (Market value of securities, $505,745 50.)	408,100 00	
Real estate (Market value, $1,028,806 59.)	878,806 59	
Bonds and mortgages Secured by real estate, valued at over $5,000,000 (buildings thereon insured for $2,055,700, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security.)	2,389,900 00	
Loans on existing Policies	1,257,735 63	
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869	475,066 07	
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.	60,449 44	
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1869	2,387 76	
Premiums in hands of agents and in course of transmission.	564,784 85—	10,613,474 45
Add excess of market value of investments over costs		387,348 15
Cash assets Jan. 1, 1869		$11,000,822 60

LIABILITIES OF THE COMPANY.

Amount of Adjusted Losses due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869	$92,131 00	
Amount of Reported Losses awaiting proofs, etc.	18,700 00	
Amount reserved for reinsurances on existing Policies: ($86,397,710 10 Participating Insurance at four per cent. Carlisle, net premiums. $1,047,434 65 Non-participating at five per cent. Carlisle, net premiums)	8,473,594 03	
Return Premium 1868, and prior thereto, payable during the year	727,115 40—	9,311,540 43
Divisible Surplus		**$1,689,282 17**

DURING THE YEAR **9,105** NEW POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, ENSURING **$30,765,947 67.**

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PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

ON Wednesday week the Senate began business by receiving the credentials of the new Maryland senator, Mr. Hamilton, and then, after discussing for a while the proposition to assist certain parties in establishing an Americo-European line of steamships, proceeded to the chamber of the House of Representatives, where it was treated in a manner almost or quite unexampled in the history of our national legislation. Mr. Butler's revival of John Randolph's violence was, however, borne with more dignity—so far as we get accounts—than could have been expected of "a co-ordinate branch of the Government" in process of having fists shaken in its face. The more radical senators were in some sympathy with both Mr. Mullins and Mr. Butler as regarded the case of Louisiana and Georgia, but the issue was not fairly and squarely made between them and their opponents, and the Senate's decision as to the counting of the vote of Georgia was based on the concurrent resolution of the two houses. It overbore the decision of the House, thanks to Speaker Colfax's energetic action, which, whether "inspired" into him by some bold member or taken of his own proper motion, was most effective. It seemed to cut Mr. Butler's legs from under him, it sent him to his seat so quickly. But the spectacle presented by Mr. Wade will diminish the regrets at his speedy disappearance from the national councils. On Thursday, Mr. Garret Davis wanted Mr. Butler censured for insolence. That is a business, however, for the Massachusetts Legislature or the House. His letter in reply to a request from the Legislature asking him for heaven's sake, and the sake of the State, and the sake of the unfortunate Fifth District, to resign his seat, would be lively reading. On the same day the bill striking the word "white" out of the city charters of Washington and Georgetown was passed for the third time, and perhaps Mr. Johnson will take this one more chance for a veto. Appropriations and the currency occupied the attention of the Senate for a good deal of the week, and on Monday there was discussion of the question whether or not to pay civil officers in the South who, though unable to take the test oath, were yet employed by the Secretaries and Postmaster-General in 1865, and who were expressly told, in many instances, that the oath would be dispensed with in their case. There can be no doubt that these men ought to be paid for what services they rendered, whatever should be done with the authorities who set aside a law of Congress. On Tuesday, in the Senate, a desperate attempt was made to dispose of Mrs. Lincoln's pension claim, but the Washington markets bill proved too strong for it, and it was laid over. An effort was then made to take up the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act, but Mr. Ferry, of Connecticut, again showed that the Washington markets would not bear delay, and this too went over.

Business presses on the House as the session draws near its end, but it allowed Mr. Butler to take up two or three days with his attack on his friend, Mr. Wade—for whom, by the way, he still entertains great reverence, he says. The votes by which he was defeated in his endeavors to do something with his resolution of censure were very heavily against him. To find Mr. Schenck on Mr. Butler's side is rather surprising; but he is apt to take a notion to bolt once in a while, and is by nature pugnacious, and is usually so nearly right that he may be permitted an occasional escapade. Boutwell, Banks, and Eliot, of the Massachusetts delegation, followed the lead of their filibustering colleague. Mr. Dawes, by the way, is highly praised for his conduct as Speaker *pro tem.*, and Mr. Colfax, taking the floor, spoke as sharply and clearly as he "rules" when in the chair. On Friday, $190,000, the estimated value of the *Alabama*, was voted as prize-money to Commodore Winslow and the ship's company of the *Kearsarge*, which nobody will begrudge who remembers the morning when the news came of the action between those two now immortal cruisers. On Saturday, Mr. Hooper made an able financial speech. On Monday, the Scannell business came up again, Mr. Brooks reading as a part of his speech a petition from the prisoner intended to be jocose and satirical. Mr. Covode made the point of order that the petition was impudent, and then Mr. Ward made a further point by objecting that the impertinence having been incorporated into Mr. Brooks's speech, he could not be allowed to proceed even if in order, so that sorry joke was brought to a fit end. On Tuesday a bill was passed removing political disabilities from a great many persons in the South. Beyond the passage of this bill no business of importance was transacted.

The Supreme Court has rendered its decision in the case of *Bronson vs. Rodes*, in which it affirms the validity of contracts for the payment of money in "gold and silver coin, lawful money of the United States," made before the war. This of course still leaves open the question in what manner promises made before the passage of the Legal Tender Act, to pay in "lawful money of the United States," should now be redeemed, coin not being specifically mentioned. It has also decided that contracts made since the passage of the act to pay in coin are perfectly legal, so that no legislation on the subject is needed, and contracts of this kind already in existence do not depend on the honor of the parties for their fulfilment, as has been supposed. The court holds that the making greenbacks lawful money of the United States did not make gold and silver coin unlawful. The *Times*, with which we had some controversy on the subject last summer, confesses that "a grievous wrong was committed when the State courts made the enactment of this law [the Legal Tender Act] a reason for invading the sanctity of contracts previously in existence." But the *Times* says elsewhere in the same article: "The Legal Tender Act may have been a necessity of war time, and we expect to see its constitutionality affirmed." If the law were constitutional, however, the State courts could only do as they did, and committed no wrong at all. Moreover, it is not for a State court to pass on the constitutionality of a Federal act. The duty falls to the Federal courts, and we are still of the opinion which we held last summer, though we only give it for what such an opinion is worth, that the Supreme Court will hold the act to be unconstitutional with regard to all contracts which do not plainly contemplate greenbacks as a possible mode of payment, and thus do away with what *was* "a grievous wrong." We think, moreover, that the decision in the case of *Bronson vs. Rodes* is but the first of a series in which this conclusion will be reached, and that the term "lawful money" used before the passage of the act by contracting parties will be held to mean gold and silver coin, and not greenbacks. The *Times* treated this view of the case as little less than wicked when we first propounded it, but we did not care to protract the controversy

then, lest we and the *Times* between us should be betrayed in the heat of argument into deciding the case without giving the Supreme Court a chance of saying anything.

General Grant has made a speech in reply to the official announcement of his election, in which he declares that he will not reveal the names of the members of his Cabinet until he sends them in for confirmation to the Senate, and reiterates his determination to regard merit more than aught else in his selection of them. The reason he gives for keeping his secret so long is, that he wishes to save trouble to competitors for the various offices. The principles of his administration are to be "economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt." There is here no mention of "the main question" or of "the goose"—an omission which cannot, we imagine, have been pleasing to Messrs. Butler, Logan, and Chandler, and the like, and we fear will lead to trouble with those worthies, as well as several other Republican chiefs who care nothing for any of the objects to which Grant attaches so much importance. His mode of choosing the Cabinet, also, is said to be very obnoxious to many politicians, who are reported to be determined to show that a President cannot succeed who begins his administration in that way. We wonder what Messrs. Cameron and Forney think about it, and trust they will speak out. A storm is unquestionably brewing, and will break out before next December.

There appears to be a good deal of difficulty, as has been all along anticipated, in getting the Senate to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act. Senator Edmunds and other very good men have been making desperate efforts to bring up the repealing bill for final action, but somehow other things have thus far appeared more important, the fact being, in the estimation of the world out of doors, that some senators out of secret hostility to and suspicion of Grant, and others from the feeling that the power of preventing men from being removed from office is too good a thing to be lightly given up, are determined to leave the act standing, if they can do so without an open declaration of their sentiments. The senatorial reputation for wisdom has not been rising of late. The Constitutional Amendment, as the Senate has produced it, is worthy of the House as it is on Saturdays, and the performances of Mr. Wade on Wednesday week suggest some curious reflections as to the state of the Senate's mind when they selected that gentleman as the person best fitted to preside over their deliberations in case they should have serious trouble with Andrew Johnson. It appears that he does not possess one of the qualities which were claimed for him when he received that extraordinary honor, and a more striking and painful illustration of the way sensible men allow themselves to be imposed on in exciting times, by noise and uproar, than his selection for his post is not often met with.

Mr. Johnson is closing his term in a cloud of pardons. His last act of grace has been the release of Devlin, a distinguished "whiskey thief," convicted about a year ago in Brooklyn. Many others have experienced similar clemency. For offences against the Post-Office, too, he seems to have the greatest tenderness. The stealing of publishers' money-letters has been very common of late amongst postal employees, but there is little encouragement to prosecute, owing to the way in which the fountain of mercy flows at the White House. Against the assassins of Mr. Lincoln, too, he seems to have ceased to feel any rancor. He has restored the bodies of some of them to their relatives, which is perhaps but reasonable and humane, and he is said to be about to bring Dr. Mudd home from the Dry Tortugas. What makes this worth remarking on, is the unpleasant contrast it offers to the almost ferocious haste and sternness he manifested at the time of the trials. Now that Wilkes Booth's body, too, has been dug up, and delivered to his relatives, one wonders what was gained by the theatrical mystery which was thrown round the place of his burial.

The accounts from Tennessee are all very positive as to Mr. Johnson's intention to run for the governorship immediately, and his success is considered certain, unless the Loyal League, an organization of great size and efficiency, should prove too much for him. He has the advantage of not having been mixed up in the recent State quarrels and coming back from Washington as the martyr of Southern rights, and his eloquence will doubtless have more force than ever on the cross-roads. It will be a disappointment to many people not to see him returned to the Senate, where he would meet his old enemies face to face, and where he certainly would not indulge in soft dalliance with them. In Tennessee his views on the public debt will doubtless also be popular, and the bondholders need look for no quarter from him. When one takes up the old newspaper files of last year, or the reports of the impeachment trial, and reads there what some Radical orators and writers assured us Mr. Johnson would do, or cause or permit to be done, in the way of rape, arson, highway robbery, and treason, in case he were not convicted, one can hardly believe that it was really the personage who is now leaving the White House so peaceably that those sons of thunder had in their eye when they were thus trying to act on our nerves.

The most striking event of the week has been the riotous proceedings at the counting of the electoral vote, arising out of General Butler's objection to the reception of the vote of Georgia. It is due to Congress to say that they took every proper precaution against the occurrence of this scandal. Knowing that there was a difference of opinion about the exact status of Georgia, and that therefore there was a chance of a dispute over the reception of her vote, the question was brought up for settlement a week beforehand, and a concurrent resolution adopted by way of compromise, under which the vote of the State was to be counted, but was not to be allowed to affect the result; a condition of no great practical consequence, as it was well known it could not affect the result in any case. There was, therefore, ample opportunity afforded to everybody of saying whatever he wished to say upon the matter, and of recording his vote upon it, and it was finally settled in the only way in which it could be settled under any circumstances, or at any time, by a resolution of both Houses. Consequently it was not possible on the day of counting to raise any objections to the reception of the Georgia vote which had not been already raised, or have them passed upon by any body or tribunal which had not already passed upon them. So that the resuscitation of the question by General Butler was, it is fair to conclude, due to the love of disorder which seems to be rooted in his nature. Bringing it up at all was an unnecessary interruption; bringing it up as he did, with loud yells, rolled-up sleeves, and threatening looks and gestures, and all the usual preliminaries of a riot amongst Sixth Ward roughs, on what is, except the inauguration, the most solemn of American political ceremonies, was of course a piece of unmitigated ruffianism, for which, if his constituents were like other people, he would be at once called to account.

He has now been in Congress nearly three years and he has not yet given the smallest aid to rational legislation. All his energies have been devoted to schemes of personal annoyance of enemies or plans for the creation of tumult and disorder in some branch of the Government. He revelled in the impeachment; he revelled in the corruption enquiry, and in the squabbles with Sam Ward and Sheridan Shook; in the crusade against the tax bill, and in the attempt to tax the bondholders. Re-elected by a large majority, on the assurance that he had abandoned his financial heresies, his first work was to prepare a pamphlet in favor of irredeemable paper, and denunciation of gold and silver coin, and read it to the House as "a speech," at a moment when the honest men of all parties were cudgelling their brains to discover the best and quickest mode of returning to specie payments, and when the utmost discretion on the part of legislators was needed to restore confidence in the public credit. This falling flat, he devoted himself to getting up a riot on the most public occasion possible, so that his own notoriety, and the national disgrace which is the result of his notoriety, might receive their final touches. Those readers of Congressional proceedings who remember that he and Mr. Wade are the two men whom the conviction of Mr. Johnson, on his impeachment, would have raised to power and influence, and charged with the conduct of affairs during a most difficult crisis, must have experienced some strange sensations last Thursday morning. The squabble between him-

self and Mr. Bingham over the rhetoric of the latter was a fitting close, too, to the mutual beslavering which went on between them last February, when they were both beating their tom-toms against "the greatest criminal of the age."

The *Boston Advertiser* has been dealing very severely and sarcastically with General Butler's admirers and supporters since his performances last week, and insinuates that they are now ashamed of him. But we think it does them injustice. Not one of them, from Senator Sumner down, has, so far as we know, ever ventured to assert, in a private room, that he thought General Butler a good man, or a proper representative of an intelligent, Christian constituency, or a man whose career he would like his son to imitate. They reserved their eulogies of him for the stump, where blather and evasion would pass without critisism or contradiction, and what they said there was not that he would not prove a stumbling-block in the way of honest legislation, or an injury to the public credit, or a scandal to free government, but that "the Copperheads hated him," and that he was "sound on the main question." Now, these two propositions are still true of him, and therefore we do not see that his admirers are likely to hang their heads in view of his last exploit. Men who were not ashamed of the code of morality which they concocted last fall to justify their voting for him, are hardly likely to blush over his excesses, even if he were to knock the President of the Senate out of his curule chair. He owes his position, however, less to the support of those who really think well of him than to the cowardice of those who know him and distrust him, and have shrunk from doing their duty by him. We observe, by-the-by, that in trying to wriggle out of his scrape in the House, he declared that "there was no man who had greater love, greater respect, or greater veneration for old Ben Wade than he had." In the same debate, General Logan pronounced Ben Wade "the great living monument of this great age." The public will now be curious to hear Ben Wade's opinion of Ben Butler and Jim Logan.

The Spanish Constituent Cortes has met, and is now busy in organizing for work, the first thing in order being, of course, the selection of a monarch; that the Government is to be a monarchy being, apparently, a foregone conclusion. The person now most talked of is the Duke de Montpensier, the Duke d'Aosta having dropped out of sight. The religious question, which was pronounced, after the success of the revolution, the one likely to give least trouble, is now thought likely to cause most, owing to the assassination of the civil governor of Burgos and the unexpected spirit of resistance which is showing itself among the clergy. The governor was stabbed to death by the crowd which collected round the cathedral in which he was about to make an inventory of the plate and jewellery; the attack, the police say, having been instigated by the archbishop and the clergy, who have been accordingly arrested. The news caused a violent demonstration in Madrid against the Papal nuncio, who was obliged for some days to lie hid, but the rest of the diplomatic corps made common cause with him, and threatened to leave if he was harmed. The Pope has given the priests the cue by refusing to receive the new Spanish ambassador at Rome, and the clergy throughout the country are fiercely denouncing civil marriages, which have been recently authorized, as concubinage, and are threatening a total suspension of religious offices, which would, it is feared, fall as heavily on the peasantry as an interdict in the middle ages, the Spanish peasant looking on regular mass as a necessity. One small Protestant church, the first, has been opened in Madrid, and is crowded. The minister is an able and moderate man, and uses a liturgy which is, in a large part, a translation of that of the Anglican Church. The clerical journals have, however, begun to threaten the demolition of all Protestant "temples." One of the most curious incidents of the crisis is a threat on the part of the Provisional Government to demand the ex-King, and Father Claret, the ex-Queen's confessor, from the French Government, under the extradition treaty, for having carried off a large quantity of church plate and other valuables. A new adviser of the Spanish people has appeared in the field in the person of that wise and moderate Genevan radical, M. James Fazy, whose performances in that ancient burgh have, during the last twenty years, attracted so much attention. He is of opinion that the best thing for Spain to do is to set up a federal republic like that of Switzerland. It is quite clear, however, that the *first* thing for Spain to do is to offer seats in the Constituent Cortes to all the "earnest radicals" of the civilized world, who think they know better what is good for the Spaniards than the Spaniards know themselves.

By the way, in talking last week of Mr. Hale's troubles at Madrid we, in what we must acknowledge to have been a somewhat muddle-headed manner, substituted in various places the name "Bliss" for the name "Perry," thus robbing Mr. Perry of some of his glory, and, as one correspondent suggests, casting an imputation on Mr. Bliss of the Legation at Berlin. Mr. Bliss, however, will hardly be troubled by the bad opinion of anybody who did not detect our mistake.

The other foreign news is unimportant. In England, the case of Overend, Gurney & Co. occupies the larger share of public attention, the defendants having been committed for trial, with a fair chance of its resulting as painfully as the case of Sir John Dean Paul and his confederates in 1856. Gigantic frauds, by persons of the highest social and commercial position, have, in fact, during the last ten years, been alarmingly frequent in England. During that period, one member of Parliament has committed suicide to avoid exposure; another has been sentenced to penal servitude, and two banking-houses of the highest standing have been in the criminal courts—and all on charges of swindling or embezzling. The Overend-Gurney case is, as a social phenomenon, made all the more serious by the appearance in the case, as a self-convicted cheat and humbug, of the official assignee of the Court of Bankruptcy, an officer in whose hands enormous amounts of property vest every year. It appeared on his own evidence that he was in the habit, while acting as agent of the Gurneys for the examination of the affairs of persons to whom they were making heavy advances, of taking bribes from the borrowers, and finally used the knowledge he had acquired of the desperate condition of the Gurney affairs to extract a douceur of one hundred thousand dollars from the firm. He was near being mobbed on leaving the court-room Parliament has been opened by a Queen's speech, read by the Lord Chancellor; but it, as usual, indicates nothing except the nature of the subjects which will probably be brought forward by the Ministry.

The Greek question has been settled for the present by the King's finding a ministry ready to sign the protocol of the Paris conference. As we said last week, it is a perfectly harmless document, and binds nobody to anything. It inflicts on Greece a censure by implication, but a very slight one, and it has rendered the Bulgaris ministry an essential service by enabling them to get out of the Cretan scrape with the air of martyrs. Moreover, it does the Cretans no harm, because their struggle was over before the conference began its sittings. The evil of it is that the Greeks have probably learned nothing from it, and will keep on disgusting Europe by their rant, instead of winning its respect by the spectacle of order and good government. Whenever the day comes that travellers can journey through the interior of Greece with as much safety as through Switzerland or even Turkey in Europe, we shall see a revival of Philhellenism, and a fair chance of the Greeks succeeding the Turks. But there is something preposterous in the anxiety of the former to administer the affairs of the whole Ottoman Empire, when they do not pay the principal or interest of their debts; or, admitting this to be excusable, when a stranger cannot ride ten miles into the interior from Athens without an escort of cavalry to save him from being robbed or murdered, or both, on the high road. It is doubly preposterous when one remembers that a foreigner may ride alone from Belgrade to Constantinople in perfect safety, and find himself along the whole route in the midst of a Christian population which, in all outward marks of comfort and prosperity, stands higher than any peasantry in Europe, except the Swiss and Austrian. Little is known of Greece, but whose fault is it? Into what country in the world would travellers pour with greater delight if they could do it with safety to their throats or purses, or if the Athenians gave more time to road-making and farming and policing, and less to newspaper articles and stump speeches?

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The Suffrage Amendment as it passed the House was in these words: "The right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any State, by reason of race or color, or previous condition of slavery, of any citizen, or class of citizens, of the United States." But the Senate Amendment is in, these words: "No discriminations shall be made in the United States, among the citizens of the United States, in the exercise of the elective franchise or in the right to hold office in any State, on account of race, color, nativity, education, or creed." In other words, the Senate proposes to the legislatures of the various States a much more radical measure than that of the House, intended to prevent the possibility of oppression for which a way might be opened by restrictions based on education, origin, or religion. The differences between the two Houses will have to be reconciled by a committee of conference, and of what conclusions that committee will come to no one can be said to have the least idea, for the present result of the long discussion of Congress on the subject seems to be that all the propositions have about an even chance of adoption, and that no one can say what may turn up enacted at the end. The Amendment is an attempt to restrain (or rather to eradicate) the passions of a dominant and hostile race, not by punishment, not by the effect of terror, but by a simply declaratory resolution. We say declaratory, because although the power be given to Congress to enforce it by appropriate legislation, the legislation will always be difficult of execution, and therefore inefficient.

It is very true that the idea of the extreme members of the Republican party is, that until the negro is educated to that point at which he can compete evenly with the white he is to be protected by such legislation as may from time to time prove necessary; that this new article, for example, will enable the North to deal summarily with any State which violates its provisions; that States may be excluded under it from representation, as the Senate Committee now proposes, even without its aid, to exclude Georgia; that Mr. Sumner's motto, "Anything for human rights," will clear the way of a good deal of difficulty, and what little may be left will disappear very rapidly before the broad light of such minds as those of Messrs. Butler, Logan, and Wade. This method of dealing with the South is that which one section of the Republican party has long advocated, the policy of extending the arm of the Government over the black until he was quite able to hold his own. It was in fact a system of "protection" applied to man, such as we have been accustomed to apply to manufactures, its principle being, Government support in the "struggle for existence" as long as needed. The Georgia Committee's report offers an excellent example of this theory of the duties of Congress, a theory to which our chief objection is that it is impracticable. It might, perhaps, be an excellent thing, if, while an inferior race was slowly improving its morality and intelligence, some impartial agency could come between it and oppression, could avert evil and cherish good influences, could, by gradually educating, perform that office for its subject which a parent performs for its child. And particularly would such a course be advantageous where the government was, as in our case, in great measure itself responsible for the existence of the subject class. While the tutelage continued, the world would have the admirable spectacle afforded it of a government engaged in an effort purely moral, and at the end of it would have a result which would certainly justify its attempt.

But the trouble is that such a thing has never yet been done, and, as far as we can see, is just as impossible in America to-day as it would have been in Sparta two thousand years ago, though for different reasons. In Sparta it would have been impossible, because if it had occurred to any one to suggest it, the Spartans would have treated him either as a lunatic or criminal. In America it is impossible, because, in the first place, the *laissez-faire* system has been so long and so successfully worked with our own race that no considerable number of them can be induced to think of any other, except as the merest temporary shift. Any American, or any Englishman, at heart believes that a man who cannot make his way in the world without assistance from rulers is, and must be, a contemptible fellow, and if he is a negro will begin to call him "nigger," and prove the contempt in which they hold him by cheating him; if they get a chance, by enslaving him. They resent any interference with this natural chain of cause and effect as an interference with their liberty. The hardest charge, perhaps, against which the Republican party has had to struggle in its administration of affairs since the war, has been that which was founded on the military occupation of the South after the rebels had laid down their arms.

Another reason why a long-continued protection of the negro is impossible is that you cannot concentrate public attention on the matter for any great length of time. It may be said that is not necessary, inasmuch as the negro has now the ballot and the right to be elected to office. But although neither race, nor color, nor religion, nor education, nor nativity could any longer give ground for depriving him of his rights, are we to suppose that those five guarantees would prevent the clever white politicians of the South from finding ways in which to reach their ends? We need only look at Georgia. There, in the face of a law granting the negroes suffrage, every negro member of the legislature has been turned out of his seat, and no remedy has been discovered at Washington except an unlawful abrogation of the very statute under which these members were elected. We may be sure that for a very considerable length of time the Southern whites will find means by which to override any restriction we may impose upon their love of domination. No amendment can exclude the possibility of intimidation such as that which lately rendered the black vote useless in Louisiana. Cases like these will be occurring continually, and unless public attention can be riveted upon the negro question during the next century, we do not see any way in which political outrage of that sort is to be hindered by protection. You must certainly be vigilant in order to know when to protect and where to protect, when to pass a law and when to repeal one, when to cry "Anything for human negro rights!" and when to cry "Nothing for human plantation rights!" If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty for yourself, what sort of watchfulness must be that which is to preserve the freedom of your somewhat sleepy neighbor? Now this continuous vigilance is an impossibility. The negro question can only be kept alive until the States are all in the Union, and then other matters will absorb the attention of individuals, and, what is more, of parties. The public can only be interested in a very small number of subjects at once, and the next twenty years will certainly crowd subjects upon it. Free-trade and protection, civil service reform, municipal reform, taxation, finance, and foreign relations form the tangled web which is to be the business of the next generation, as negro slavery has been that of the last. The moment is fast coming when the negro will disappear from the stage of national politics. The last thing we can do for him is to pass the Fifteenth Amendment and establish on paper the principle that his right to vote shall not be taken away from him by State restrictions, and that neither an aristocracy of color, nor of race, nor of property shall enslave him. In fact, the only way open to us of guarding the negro against encroachment was through military occupation, and perhaps, looking at the matter from a speculative point of view, the most serious mistake we have made has been in refusing to retain armed possession of the South until proofs of a radical change of political feeling were given. But only great statesmanship could have accomplished that in the face of all party cries that were raised over it, and statesmanship was not at our command. There is a feeling implanted in the breasts of people long accustomed as ours have been to self-government which makes military rule odious even when military rule is necessary, and that feeling carried the day and hurried the reconstruction acts upon us before we were prepared for them. It is too late to take another course now; the ballot is all that is left to us.

But *the ballot is no panacea for political ills.* It has been proved as well as anything can be proved in politics that a whole class or a whole race may be enfranchised, and yet injustice and oppression remain in force as before. The French have voted for half a century, and yet their suffrages are cleverly manipulated in the interests of a despotism at every election. A large class in England was enfranchised by the law of last year, and yet we hear complaints every day that the new voters have not learned the extent of their powers, and that they vote against heir ultimate advantage in support of wealthy candidates who seek

an entrance to Parliament to represent not their constituents, but their own class; and that the voters do this in the teeth of the most active attempts to persuade them to the adoption of a more far-sighted policy, is undeniable. In Jamaica the negro himself has long had the right to vote and to hold office, but events which occurred in that island not very long since might teach any one who needed the teaching that the right was *of itself* of little value to them. But, slight protection as the ballot affords the freedman, it is the only protection in our power to give, and we have always maintained that such value as it might yield was justly his. But we repeat that very little good will come to him from laws or constitutional amendments unless supplemented by what in other cases has given newly-enfranchised classes influence among the communities which gave them the suffrage. What makes the German and Irish emigrant a dreaded if not a respected member of society in America? It is certainly not the ballot, but the fact that he uses the ballot intelligently as a weapon against all who would trifle with his liberties. He educates himself; he earns wages and saves them; he makes bargains which conduce to his own benefit as much as to that of the other party; he is honest and does not get into jail; he is sober and thrifty. When he is not, he immediately loses his rights. In this city the Irishman has no rights which his governors are bound to respect, and this merely for the reason that he is ignorant, and neither industrious, sober, nor thrifty. The politicians whom the ballot gives him, whom he himself elects, grind him to poverty by taxation and wax fat over his misery, and the more they batten on him, the more he adheres to them. The ballot does not protect him, but the semblance of power which it gives makes him facile in the hands of his oppressors. If the negro will work and earn money, if he will put it away in banks and not squander it in riotous living, if he learns to make as sharp a bargain as his white neighbor, then the ballot will be of some use to him, but not otherwise. Every deposit in a savings-bank is worth ten votes to him. His color will be forgotten as soon as he is "respectable," and to be "respectable" in modern times means to exhibit the faculty of acquiring independent wealth. He must find some means of making his Southern fellow-citizens look upon him as an equal, and this he will never do by merely being able to produce a copy of the Constitution of the United States and refer the usurper to the Fifteenth Amendment.

EDUCATIONAL TESTS.

The prohibition of educational tests, which the Senate has added to the amendment, deserves separate consideration, because it forms the one obnoxious feature of the measure. In the first place, it is an attempt to protect the negro from a purely imaginary danger. As long as distinctions on account of race or color are forbidden, no educational test can be imposed at present at the South which would exclude, if not quite as many whites as blacks from the franchise, at least enough whites to make it impossible for any such test to be enforced, even if any political party were bold enough to attempt its enforcement. As far as this matter is concerned, the protection of the interests of the ignorant negroes may be fairly left to the ignorant Caucasians. No degree of acquirement can be exacted of the one which is not exacted of the other, and we should like to know where the planters, or any other class at the South, are going to find the force to keep the whites from voting on election day because they have no "book larnin'." In fact, the one thing which even the wildest and most visionary of Southern politicians, accustomed as they have been to the maddest speculation in government and social organization, have always acknowledged to be impossible, is the taking away of the franchise from any white man now in possession of it on any pretext whatever. If it be said that an educational test might be set up which would be applied loosely to white men and strictly to blacks, we reply that from injustice of this kind no laws can protect any class of the community. Negroes might be cheated in the same way in the enforcement of a registry law, and they may be driven from the polls by intimidation, though no qualification is exacted of them, as decent men were in so many cases in this city last November; or they might be cheated, and probably will be, in the counting of the ballots. In short, what real protection from *cheating*, after all, does any of us enjoy, in any walk of life, except our own shrewdness and intelligence? There was and is an educational qualification required in Connecticut, but in towns in which the selectmen were Democrats a man who did not know his alphabet could pass it without difficulty, while in others a voter had to be a fluent reader.

In the next place, neither our experience of aristocracy nor of caste, at the South or anywhere else, warrants us in expecting the Southern whites to attempt the imposition of an educational test. This is the one test from which aristocracies invariably shrink, and have never resorted to. The tests they love are those of race and property, and occasionally creed. Property they believe in, and blood they believe in; but in mere reading, writing, and ciphering they do not believe. Whenever they have for any reason found it desirable to abolish property and race qualifications for voting, and have had to swallow universal suffrage, or anything approaching to it, they have invariably shown a strong dislike to educating the voter. By keeping him ignorant they keep him poor, degraded, and easily managed, and yet get the use of his vote for themselves, without the trouble of arguing with him or convincing him. Universal suffrage without education is notoriously the very best basis in existence for absolute or aristocratic rule, because by making people believe they are sharing in the government, and that the court or council which regulates their lives and spends their money is the product of their votes, it prevents discontent, and makes exactions of all sorts safe. An educational test, on the contrary, would, in the first place, excite a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst those whom it shut out; and, in the second place, would furnish a powerful stimulus to the malcontents to get enough knowledge to meet it; and, having got it, and made their way through the barrier, they would arrive on the political stage both with their feelings hurt and their wits sharpened, and with the idea firmly implanted in them that knowledge ought to rule—an idea which, once it takes hold of a community, makes caste impossible, and distinctions based on color or creed ridiculous. In fact, the establishment of an educational test at the South would be the virtual surrender by the Caucasians of the theory to which they so fondly cling, and which is the source of all their troubles—that the negroes are an intellectually inferior race. There is no test they can possibly prescribe for voters which negroes would not meet, after a while, with greater readiness than white men, for we believe it is admitted that negroes mount the first steps on the ladder of knowledge more readily than whites, though their comparative ability to reach the highest heights, in as great numbers, is a matter of dispute; and it would be difficult to conceive of a spectacle better calculated to damage the claims of the Japhet family to perpetual ascendancy than their daily defeat by the tribe of Ham in the acquisition of the rudiments of learning.

Our last objection is one of which probably all of our readers may not see the practical force, but those of them who believe, as we do, that all legislation, and even all administration has more or less of an educational influence, and that one effect of the formal adhesion of a government to a principle, no matter how false, is to spread and perpetuate a belief in its soundness, will agree with us in considering this objection the strongest of all. A good illustration of our meaning is furnished by the history of the "spoils" theory of the nature of the public service. Fifty years ago everybody in the United States believed that government offices ought to be filled as places in a bank or counting-house are filled—by persons possessing certain moral or intellectual qualifications for them, and that such persons should be furnished with inducements to do their work well in the shape of sufficient pay and tenure during good behavior. In fact, we suppose that the notion that any other rule of selection could, would, or should be applied to the public service never entered any one's head. But in an evil day the Government itself abandoned the rule and began to use the public offices simply as means of rewarding party services, and the result is that, after thirty years of familiarity with the practice, we find the opinion widely diffused that any other use of the public offices, or any other mode of filling them, would endanger free institutions on this continent or make party government impossible.

Now, we would look on the insertion in the Constitutional Amendment of an article forbidding States, no matter what their experience

or necessities hereafter, to exact any evidence of education from voters, even the knowledge of the letters on the ballot, and actually abolishing the intelligence test, where, as in Massachusetts, it is in successful operation, and the ratification of such an amendment by the States, as a solemn affirmation of the pestilent doctrine which during the last ten years has been gaining daily strength, that no man can be too ignorant to vote, and which during the last five years has given birth to another, which is if possible worse, that no man can be too ignorant to legislate. The necessity which Southern folly and fanaticism have forced on Northern politicians and philanthropists ever since the outbreak of the war, of defending the rights of the negro to citizenship by every weapon within their reach, has, of course, produced a prodigious amount of exaggeration. It has been so necessary to heighten the value of man, even in his lowest state, that humanitarian orators and writers have got into a way of throwing doubt on the political value of all education and culture, and from insinuating have come gradually to asserting broadly that the most ignorant negro knows just as well which way it will be for his interest to vote as the best educated white man. This has naturally and logically led to the ostentatious exaltation of ignorant and violent legislators, men who make a boast of their ignorance and their freedom from all training, and to the jealous relegation to the background of politicians who profess to treat politics as a science and legislation as an art, or who confess their obligation to schools, colleges, and law courts and drawing-rooms, to the experience of the human race and the dicta of cultivated reason. In fact, during the last three or four years it has seemed sometimes as if, in the hands of some people, the pro-negro agitation would resolve itself finally into a crusade against civilization itself; and all this in the teeth of the illustrations which every State and every city in the Union furnishes, that in proportion to the ignorance of the voters are the ignorance and corruption of its legislators, and in proportion to the ignorance and corruption of legislators are the weight of taxation, the failure of justice, the power of money, the degradation and oppression of the poor.

Of these detestable doctrines, a constitutional amendment prohibiting educational tests would be the crown and consummation. It would, if it did nothing else, help to strengthen the impression already too common amongst the millions of new-comers from the Old World, as well as amongst native imbeciles, that education is simply a device of the wealthy for the vexation of the poor, and that for political purposes its advantages are a delusion. We have seen the same charge brought in Congress by "a man of the people" against what is even more necessary to the poor than education—gold and silver coin. After this there is nothing improbable in the supposition that we shall yet see schools and colleges denounced by philanthropic War-Horses, who have got their learning in odd hours by the light of pine-knots, as feudal inventions for the humiliation and annoyance of the hardy sons of toil, and the funds of which ought to be spent in supplying honest laborers with "capital" or farms. Some of the possible consequences of the educational clause are so absurd as to give countenance to the story which is afloat, that it was inserted for the express purpose of having the amendment defeated. That clause would prevent any State from exacting from a judge or attorney any knowledge of law; from the warden of a State prison, a policeman, or a sheriff, a knowledge of reading and writing; from the doctor of a State lunatic asylum or hospital any knowledge of medicine; from a State engineer any knowledge of mathematics, and so on.

FRENCH POLITICS.

One useful result of the thoroughness of the arrangements made by the Imperial Government in France for the preservation of its own existence, as far as the use of force can do it, is that it is furnishing the French with a training in constitutional agitation such as they have never had, or have only had during very short periods. It is now nearly eighty years since the Revolution, and during the whole of that time they have not had one experience of the possibility of accomplishing a political reform through persistent organization of public opinion and persistent appeals to it, or, in other words, through persistent talk. What they obtained under Louis Philippe's charter was the result of three days' fighting. When the nation outgrew the charter and began to clamor for a loosening of its bonds, it got what it sought in the same way by another insurrection. So that the French public really knows nothing of the power of public opinion, when exerted through free debate, except what it learns from the history of other countries. Louis Napoleon is, therefore, by permitting any debate at all, and by making an appeal to arms hopeless, really supplying Frenchmen with an amount of political training such as they have never received under any other régime, and if he were only a little wiser and bolder, and were likely to live longer, might prove, in spite of his bad antecedents or bad intentions, the best friend France has ever had.

His defect is that he is, in spite of his prodigious material force, over-timid. The concessions of January, 1867, loosened men's tongues, but the Government has ever since been struggling fiercely to prevent their wagging, and, in doing so, has of course produced greater irritation and a stronger impression of its own feebleness than if it had never removed the gag. For instance, the press has been recently released from the arbitrary control of the Minister of the Interior, to which it was subjected after the *coup d'état*. He can no longer suppress a newspaper and ruin its proprietors after three "warnings." All press offences now have to be regularly tried before the courts; but this concession, though a great one, has been rendered positively injurious to the Government by confining the jurisdiction of these offences to the inferior courts, and making them triable, without juries, by young judges dependent on the Government for their promotion, and therefore constantly exposed to the suspicion, at least, of servility. The concession has, of course, set the press talking as it has not talked before in eighteen years, and prosecutions are incessant all over France, and the trials are attended with so much *éclat* that writers rather court them. The fines are compensated for by the increased circulation of the newspaper, the imprisonment by the increased popularity or notoriety of the editor, and, what is worse than all, the judges are every day presented to the public as the corrupt instruments of power. The offences selected for prosecution, too, are such as might properly enough have been made subjects of arbitrary punishment by ministerial edict, but which are trivial when considered as subjects for judicial enquiry. The cause of this mistake is to be found in the character of the men with whom the Emperor has unavoidably surrounded himself. His confederates in the *coup d'état*, the Persignys, Fleurys, Mornys, were men who detested the press and would willingly have extinguished it altogether. Their successors are men who have been trained in the régime of repression, and are, therefore, utterly unfit to work any other. Men with the real political sense which is needed to work a constitutional machine, exposed to public criticism, have not rallied to the Empire and are not doing so, and the attempt to put the liberal system in force with the old instruments may be pronounced a failure thus far. M. Pinard, for instance, who rose into favor through the impression produced on the empress by his Catholic piety, had so little discretion as to treat some small sentimental attempts to honor Baudin's memory as state offences, and finally got the whole garrison of Paris under arms to provide for the possible results of a funeral oration at his tomb. At this point the ridiculous was reached, and the minister was dismissed; but the mischief was done.

One of his colleagues, M. Baroche, the Garde des Sceaux, an officer who occupies—judicial functions apart—a position toward the legal officers of the Government which may best be described by saying that it is a compound of that of the Lord Chancellor in England and of the Attorney-General in this country—has been displaying the same want of tact in his treatment of the crown counsel engaged in the prosecution of press offences. It has been such that he has in a measure driven the "parquet"—that is, the whole body of prosecuting officers—into the arms of the opposition, and done more to give weight to opposition harangues and articles than could have been done in any other way, merely through his excessive anxiety to secure convictions. No number of acquittals could damage the Government as Baron Séguier's resignation, of which we have already spoken, has done; and the sting of it is aggravated by his openly appealing to the newspapers and the public in justification of his conduct. It would be difficult to

give anybody not familiar with the reverence of Frenchmen—and, above all, Frenchmen of Baron Séguier's rank—for official *convenances* an adequate idea of the political gravity of such an occurrence as his resignation, and his writing an account of the causes of it to the newspapers. Even such a sober journal as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* treats it as "the gravest of all recent incidents," and "a symptom, and a very curious symptom, of the existing situation." It means, in fact, that the opposition is not factious, and is not confined to professional agitators or grievance-mongers, or to speculative observers or politicians.

The few defeats sustained by the Government in the country elections have not been followed up with such rapidity as to warrant the assertion that it has lost, or is in any *immediate* danger of losing, its hold on the country population, but its majorities are everywhere diminishing, and in an increasing number of departments it has begun to regard the elections with anxiety. This state of things in the provinces is now said to be bringing about what will certainly be the most striking phenomenon witnessed in French political life within the present century, namely, the reappearance in politics of the Legitimist gentry. There is said to be a great demand everywhere, not for opposition candidates, properly so called, but for "independent candidates"—that is, men not suspected of republican or Orleanist tendencies, but men who are not nominated by, and will not be dictated to by, the prèfets. To meet this a large number of the prominent men of the old noblesse, who for forty years have not touched politics, are said to be about to take the field for election to the Corps Législatif. Many of them are men of enormous wealth, owners of great estates, and in possession of great social influence, who would have little difficulty in making their way in politics if they chose; and certainly their appearance on the scene, even if they professed to belong to no existing party, would be a powerful reinforcement to the opposition.

The public meetings in Paris have become considerably worse. They are held daily, and are mainly attended by socialists, and the proceedings consist principally of denunciations of property and marriage, and advocacy of the holding of all things, husbands and wives included, in common. Attempts have been made by moderate men to get a hearing in defence of the existing institutions, but they are cried down, and even threatened with personal violence. Anybody who says a word before the audience on behalf of the present bases of civil society is treated as an enemy of the poor man and an abettor of the selfish bourgeoisie, just as here anybody who, like the clergyman in Massachusetts the other day, attempts, on a temperance platform, to throw doubts on the efficacy of coercion, is treated as a friend of drunkenness, if not silenced altogether. There are signs, however, that the Government in France is going to commit—under the instigation of men who ought to know better—the unpardonable folly of prohibiting the meetings. Experience in all countries has clearly shown that, when the discovery is made that revolting folly and ignorance prevail in any stratum of society, the very best remedy is to give the fools and ignoramuses every possible facility for laying their theories before the world. These theories are never dangerous except when they are preached to small circles of dupes in dark workshops and bar-rooms. Produced on a "free platform," the common sense of the community and the artillery of the press have free play upon them, even if "the freedom" of the platform be, as it often is, only a name; and these no form of human delusion has long withstood. Nothing is more certain than that modern society, on the whole, runs no risk of retrograding; and to human reason and human experience the work of directing its progress and removing the obstacles in its way may safely be left everywhere. A donkey, though you stop his braying, remains none the less a donkey. In fact, by doing so and condemning him to obscurity, you only facilitate his passing himself off as a horse or a zebra.

THE HIGH PRICES.

The *World* of last Saturday describes an article in last week's *Nation* as a "tissue of absurdities," or as the *Tribune* would say "branded lies," without basing this criticism upon anything beyond our statements of facts, several of which the *World* very emphatically denies. We do not pretend to lay before our readers accurate tables of statistics, but we do pretend to base our statements upon a correct knowledge of general facts. How far the former bear us out on this occasion, we must leave our readers to judge.

At the time we wrote only the figures of four weeks' shipments of wheat since January 1 had been published, showing the insignificant export of only 360,000 bushels, or at the rate of 90,000 bushels per week. Considering that the receipts at the principal Lake ports during this period were over 2,100,000 bushels, that the stock in New York was over 3,000,000 bushels, and in Chicago and Milwaukee alone nearly 3,000,000 bushels more, or together about two-thirds larger than last year, and nearly three times as large as in 1867, the export of 360,000 bushels in four weeks is certainly "no export at all." It is quite true that while our article was in press—its publication was unavoidably delayed for a week—a marked revival of exports took place, amounting in ten days to more than double the total export of the preceding four weeks, and swelling the 360,000 bushels suddenly to over 1,000,000—as the *World* triumphantly states. But the very fact that the shipments could so suddenly increase to that extent shows how light they were before. And we certainly could not accurately state what had not yet happened when we wrote.

The *World* also takes exception to our reference to the prices of breadstuffs. As far back as June superfine flour sold in New York at $6 75 to $7 50, and spring wheat at $1 95 to $2 18. Since then the prices have only fallen to $6 to $6 50 for flour, and to $1 48 to $1 70 for wheat, in spite of the excellent condition and great abundance of the harvests. That the slightness of the decline is due to speculative holding is amply proved by the large accumulations, and is besides a matter of such unquestioned notoriety as scarcely to need proof.

Petroleum has advanced from twenty cents to twenty-seven cents per gallon in less than six weeks, in spite of increased production, and mainly upon a speculative combination among leading foreign and domestic houses. Up to the fourth week in January the exports were less than one-half of what they were last year, and the increase in the exports of which the *World* speaks has taken place since, mainly for account, and for the convenience of the very combination referred to.

Our statements in regard to cotton are equally borne out by the commercial statistics. At this time last year middling New Orleans cotton was selling at twenty cents, and a few weeks before had sold as low as sixteen cents, whereas the price now is thirty to thirty-one cents. The export from all the ports for the week ending January 30, this year, was 21,000 bales against 64,000 bales for the same week last year, and for the week ending February 6, also, 21,000 bales, against 62,000 for the same week in 1868. One week there was not a single bale shipped from New Orleans to England, and another week not a single bale shipped anywhere from either Charleston or Savannah. Surely we did not exaggerate much in saying that there was no trade in cotton. In fact, the very increase in the export of breadstuffs, which is the most striking though mistaken charge of the *World* against us, was largely due to the almost total stoppage of cotton shipments and the consequent decline in freights.

Have the events of the last few days satisfied the *World* that there is a great deal of speculation going on in all the markets?

THE EDITORIAL TYPE.

It is constantly said that the wide diffusion of newspapers and other cheap periodical literature is essentially modifying human character, and that we shall have in after generations a new type of man, as different from the slow-acting, slow-thinking, on the whole contented and not over-curious man handed down to us by the Middle Ages, as the mediæval man was from the Greek or Roman citizen. The effect, actual and probable, of the diffusion of this literature, too, on education and culture of all kinds, on scientific investigation, and on morals, is a constant subject of speculation. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that so little attention has been paid to the rapid growth and increasing distinctiveness of the profession by which this literature is created. It is, to be sure, of comparatively recent origin—the only one, indeed, which can, strictly speaking, be called modern. It is true, also, that its claims to be called a profession at all are yet hardly admitted. It is only very recently, and in fact as yet only in this country and in France, that men who write for and edit newspapers are willing to call themselves journalists and admit journalism to be their only and regular profession. In England most of those who follow the

calling either do so as a stepping-stone to something else, or as a supplement to something else, or else under cover of something else, in deference to the popular belief that a man cannot make a steady livelihood by it, or that if he can it does not call forth all his powers or his best powers, and that, therefore, a high-minded or ambitious man ought not to sit down to it contentedly as the work of his life. The London journalist usually calls himself a "barrister-at-law," even though he has relinquished all hope or never entertained any hope of holding a brief—one of those small social shams the success of which, considering the intense horror of Englishmen for the lighter sorts of humbug, is amongst the most amusing phenomena of English society. In France the almost complete exclusion of the aristocracy from all share in the government wrought by the Revolution, combined with the profound respect of the French for talent apart from wealth or social position, opened in 1815 a career to newspaper men which led rapidly to the highest official positions and elevated the calling at once into the rank of a recognized profession; and a recognized, in a certain sense an honored, one it continues to be in spite of the suspicion with which it is regarded by the Imperial régime, and in spite of the despicable character of the men who there, as in all countries, fill its lower ranks. Here it has shared the happy fate of all honest callings: that is, its respectability, like the selling of soap or the peddling of apple-peelers, depends not on its nature but on the manner in which it is pursued, and a man is an editor and calls himself so as naturally and properly as he calls himself a doctor or a farmer. Even in England, however, the profession is getting able to stand alone. Of late years the rapid growth of the demand for periodical literature and the crowding of the ranks of the bar, and the diminishing possibilities of colonial life, have drawn into it a large number of men of better education and higher character than those who formerly filled it, and it has risen into the rank of a career which a sensible and enterprising man may deliberately embrace.

Journalism has in all these countries, however, been a distinct calling for a sufficiently long period to make the mental and moral peculiarities of its members not only recognizable but worthy of investigation at the hands of the social philosopher; but somehow the work has never been done. The legal type of character and the ministerial and medical types of character are well known and have often been analyzed and described. The effect of sifting and classifying facts, of arguing from analogy, of defending all sorts of causes, on the lawyer's mind has been often treated; so has the effect of didactic oratory and complete exemption from criticism on the clergyman's mind; and so has that of the constant struggle to extract laws under trying circumstances from singularly obscure and uncontrollable phenomena, on the physician's mind. The military mind, the agricultural mind, the mercantile mind, and the politician's mind, too, have all been examined, described, and classified with more or less care, and are perfectly familiar to the public. The editorial mind remains to this hour unreached by scientific enquiry, and yet there is no doubt that it forms a type in itself which grows every year more marked and which will well repay study. Our present purpose is to call attention simply to one feature of it, and that perhaps the most striking and the one which does most to prejudice the public against the profession, though it is one for which the peculiar history of the profession fully accounts: we mean its notorious want of modesty. By want of modesty we do not mean confidence in one's own opinions and over-earnestness in setting them out as the true and only truth. This is a characteristic of all men whose business it is to argue, and, in fact, may be said to be a necessary element of rhetorical success, whether at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the press. It is in fact a characteristic from which no class of controversialists or teachers is entirely free. What we mean is the freedom with which the editor expresses the wonder and delight with which he regards his own performances. All men are apt to do so whenever they are even tolerably successful. There is a good deal of exaggeration, we think, in the popular estimate of the extent to which men overrate their own powers. The mass of men take a tolerably just view of them. As a general rule, men reach and retain the positions for which they are fitted, and they owe these positions rather to the correctness of their own calculation as to what they can accomplish than to that of other people. It is in estimating the value of their work after it is done that the weakness of human nature shows itself most, and it is of course most marked in men who have achieved some measure of success, and whose calling places them in conspicuous places.

But in most of the "learned professions" etiquette, if not natural sense of propriety, forces a man to conceal this high appreciation of his own performances. At the bar, for instance, even a leader affects humility constantly, except when engaged in a personal quarrel. His opponents, however deep the contempt he may entertain for them, he designates as his "learned brethren," or is apt even to pretend to be somewhat appalled by their eloquence and lore. In fact, if it was not for the badness of *their* causes, he would give up *his* causes in despair, but having justice on his side he does not shrink from the encounter, feeble though his natural powers may be. His own exploits he has, in obedience to well-settled usage, to speak of as "humble efforts;" his abilities are "poor abilities." The counsel on the other side are an "overwhelming array of talent and learning." In nine cases out of ten this no doubt is gammon, but it is a kind of gammon which promotes good feeling, good manners, and has a certain humanizing reflex action on the mind.

In the pulpit, also, personal boasting is not permitted. Clergymen, like other men, may be and are proud of their influence, of the growth of their congregations, and of the confidence reposed in their character, and it is allowable and is customary for them to review their work openly; but then usage requires the most conceited man either to ascribe the glory of the work to Providence, or, if he reserves any of it for merely human agents, to share it with the congregation. The medical profession, or at least the respectable part of it, is bound by even stricter conventional rules than any other. The public depreciation of a professional brother, or interference with his practice, or any attempts to lessen it by doubts of his capacity, or unfavorable comparisons with one's own or open exaltation of one's self, are amongst the unpardonable professional offences.

The editor is, in fact, the only man engaged in an intellectual calling who publicly discourses on the number and value of his own services to society, and this not in self-defence or under the influence of temporary excitement, but as one of his regular duties. He generally varies the ordinary business of his calling, which is certainly dull and monotonous, by a sort of hymn to himself which treats now of his influence on the existing public; now of his type and paper, which he calls his "dress," and new type, his "new dress;" now of the furious eagerness of his advertisers; now of the prodigious number of his subscribers and the lightning rapidity with which his admirers are forming "clubs" and forwarding remittances; now of his devotion to the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, and now of the amazing meanness, cunning, and corruptness of his rivals. His song hardly dies away, however, before an antiphonal strain is heard from one or more of these rivals sweetly accusing him of fraud and lying, and challenging him to prove even one-half of his assertions or back them up by a small wager, and ascribing most of the evils of society to his unhallowed influence.

He is the only man, too, who, pursuing an intellectual calling, touts for customers or for hearers. A lawyer who offered a spring overcoat to anybody who paid him a retaining fee of one hundred dollars, or gave him that amount by way of professional remuneration, would lose caste, and the public would be rather shy of giving him their cases. A clergyman who announced that the deacons or vestrymen would present each taker of a pew in his church with a Dutch oven or a set of ladies' furs, would soon find his church empty. But an editor frequently professes to do the work of both a law-professor and clergyman: that is, expound the constitution, for instance, and save souls on the same page, and yet nothing is commoner than his offering goods of various kinds to persons who will listen to his teachings or induce others to do so, and he does it with a perfectly imperturbable face and with much puffing both of his law and his gospel. One of the causes of this absence both of modesty, and dignity, and *esprit de corps* in what promises to be the most influential of the professions, is, doubtless, the fact that it took its rise just at the beginning of the commercial age, and inherited no feudal traditions as the other professions have done. The newspapers began to be a power just as the commercial spirit began to invade society and supply a new standard of success and merit. But the principal cause is doubtless to be found in the fact that newspapers were originally commercial undertakings simply. The editor undertook to sell such scraps of intelligence as he could pick up, and he brought to his calling precisely the same code of morals and manners as he would have brought to the establishment of a small retail milk or potato business. The comments on public affairs, criticisms of public men, and general work of instruction were added on to the business afterwards, and have been every year growing in power and importance, and promise hereafter to be, perhaps, the most effective of all agencies in moulding popular thought and character. But the combination of instruction with the purely commercial work of selling the news and outdoing commercial rivals produces the most ludicrous contrasts in the columns of newspapers—a combination which nothing but long use prevents from producing greater amusement, and doing more to bring the press into contempt, and which would, but for the steady growth of the press in commercial strength, con-

vert the editor into the most singular type of man in existence. This growth in commercial strength is gradually ridding the profession of the traces of the milk and potato business, but it will never thoroughly assimilate it in manners or in minor morals to the others. All professions are becoming more and more commercial in their spirit, and are leaving more and more room for the play of individual enterprise and energy in getting on. At the bar as well as in medicine the traditional rules of propriety are gradually giving way, and though there is gain in the change there is also loss, for these rules, though they often kept merit in the background for long years, did a great deal to prevent noisy impudence from pushing too soon to the front, and if they kept men from using all the legitimate means of succeeding prevented them from using most of the illegitimate means. But the press must, from its very nature, be more or less given to self-laudation, because it holds its own trumpet constantly in its hand, and it will probably never be in human nature to resist a temptation of this kind. If lawyers or doctors had the means constantly at their disposal of informing a great many thousand people, without expense to themselves, that their offices were amongst the few places in this world of sin and sorrow in which justice and health were to be found, we greatly fear we should hear of many more wonderful cures than we do, and the counsellor would have fewer laughs at the editor for his high appreciation of his own merits.

A REAL CONSULAR STORY.

I AM in the civil service, and I have been in it for nearly eight years. I was appointed soon after the accession of President Lincoln, and the way it happened was this: Desiring for the sake of pursuing certain studies to go to Venice, some of my friends wrote a petition that I be sent there as U. S. Consul, that being a capacity in which favored students, invalids, and incapables have much the habit of going abroad. My friend H. wanted at the same time to go to Munich, but as that city was provided for *he* was sent to Venice, and I was sent to—we'll call it X., it being advisable not to make the veil too transparent, to avoid libel suits. It was a capital city, though so far as we are concerned of no political importance whatever, yet had a legation, established for the benefit of a well-known political invalid, and kept up for equally hospitable reasons. When I arrived at my post, I found both legation and consulate vacant for a long time and in the charge of a sub-secretary of the French legation and teacher of languages, who kept the bird of freedom in a cheap fifth-story apartment in an obscure part of the city, where he dispensed *visés* and French lessons together. There were many of my compatriots in the city, and monsieur made himself popular by being valet-general to the colony.

I had no salary, only fees, but as the consular returns made the compensation from these sources respectable, I had accepted the place on those terms, hoping it might be a step towards Venice when a change should take place. Assuming the reins of government, I took to myself, in a third-story apartment, the coat of arms, passport-book, etc., etc., and began to exercise consular jurisdiction over my fellow-countrymen to the amount of one dollar per *visa*. It was one of the few cities in Europe where the passport was still indispensable, and my generous compatriots, who like to have a functionary of my class in case of difficulties but don't like the fee-paying part of it, were not as a general thing very agreeable, and as a large proportion of them were secesh, it was very hard putting the screws on, especially after the law was promulgated demanding the oath of allegiance preliminary to *visa*, very soon after my arrival. My dollars cost me sometimes more than they were worth. But the police were inexorable; the consul's *visa* must precede theirs; and by cultivating friendly relations with the officials I got all the support I needed. It would, however, have been easier to squeeze out a considerable amount of money than it was to get the oath of allegiance. I remember one Virginian lady, young, spirited, and beautiful, who went on the rampage about it and almost broke my heart; but I enrolled her amongst the loyal in spite of everything. Another patriot of the peace persuasion, with a strong charity for the employment of force when it was necessary to prevent coercion, on being informed that he must kiss the Book, burst into fury and assured me that he was as good a loyalist as I was. I was ready to admit it, the more that he had already made a large income out of the war, and I, sitting in my office six hours a day, could only make about $600 a year; but I could not let him go without the oath.

He went on in a torrent of abuse of me, the Government, the President, etc., and finally, drawing a dollar from his pocket, held it up, and ordering me and all the interests I represented to a place I hope to escape finally, assured me that that magic talisman would carry him through everything. "Very good," said I meekly, "if that will carry you through, it will be cheaper than ordinary, for *I* shall charge you as much as that." He went off, abusive to the last, and I saw nothing more of him for three days, when he came to me as meek as could be desired, and went through the forms without a word of remonstrance. At another time two wealthy citizens of Mobile came, backed by two of my consular colleagues, to persuade me to let them slip by. They were perfectly loyal, they said, but feared the confiscation of their property if they took the oath. I was inexorable, and after exhausting the inducements they went away, and I believe left town with English passports, I losing my two dollars lawful gain, to say nothing of what I might have pocketed if so disposed which the law would not recognize. I doubt if any one in the service enrolled so many South-siders as I in that year. No fish got through my net except those who had interest enough to get a pass from the minister of foreign affairs, but my income suffered in the end, as will be seen.

After six months' solitary representation of the United States, I received a reinforcement in the person of Hon. Mr. A., we'll call him, being the first of the series, a Western politician, a backwoods lawyer who had been governor of his adopted state. He informed me that he had only come out to see Europe at the public expense and had a leave of absence in his pocket. Of course he knew nothing of diplomatic matters, French he had a profound contempt for, international law he didn't care to meddle with, and he unhesitatingly availed himself of my experience, my French, and my labors. Acting as his man of business and interpreter, I took a house for him, engaged an office-keeper, and after having presented him to the authorities I was honored by the appointment of secretary with a compensation left to his generosity. I went with him to talk of affairs, translated for him, wrote his letters to the authorities, and in a few days, finding that I was *au fait*, he allowed the duties of the place to devolve on me altogether.

The governor was good-natured, witty, and on the whole an interesting sample of what a man may become with no other advantages than civilization west of the Mississippi affords. The sleepy old town was soon too dull for him, and pulling out of his pocket his leave of absence he went off on it to make the tour of France, Switzerland, etc., leaving me in charge. This of course was all right, being in the way of his better education. When he returned it was only to say good-by to the sovereign and return, making another detour to America. He confided to me that the legation at this place was a sort of preserve kept for a certain friend of the head of the department, and whom we shall hereafter have to know as C., being the third of the series. C., he said, had another place just then which he did not want to quit, and so the place would be, in one way or another, kept warm for him. He assured me at the same time that he should return to the place as soon as he had been at Washington to arrange matters, and so went off, begging me to pay the rent when due, with some other obligations, to meet which he would send me the money as soon as he reached London.

There was an interregnum of six months, in which I did all the duty of consul and minister, paid the rent, etc., but I never from that day to this heard a word from the governor about the money spent, which, amounting to about $400 gold, I obtained from the U. S. Treasury through the intercession of his successor (the second minister, B.), less by about $40 which I had not taken vouchers for and could not therefore recover. As for my labor, perhaps when I meet the governor in the Fortunate Isles he will pay me in funny stories. Of the three occupants of his place in my time, he was on the whole the most creditable, and I had bitter cause to regret him

With the fashionable season following came his successor, Mr. B., a politician of doubtful reputation, as they say when it is not at all doubtful, and whom some excessively dirty work in managing elections had entitled to a reward in the way of a foreign appointment, due deference to his reputation forbidding his being put into a responsible post at home. His services deserved a more important post, as he had, they say, narrowly escaped the State prison in performing them. He was as ignorant of French or diplomacy as A., but that was nothing, as he only came to keep the place warm for C. and draw $8,000 from the public treasury, in gold, when paper was worth from 30 to 40 cents on the dollar.

I have never been certain that the sin I was guilty of in asking him for the office of secretary with a slight compensation did not merit all the misfortunes he brought on me, but I was hard up and willing to do any work that lay in my line without regard to the character of my principal. I was underbid, however. A certain individual—that's a *safe* term—who held a place in a local banking-house in consideration of his being an American and a good decoy-duck, offered to do the work in return for the honor of being his excellency's secretary. His Excellency B., glad to supply the want at so reasonable a rate, at once agreed, and the banker, who had during

the whole period of my tenure of office been an out-and-out Copperhead, partly from "pure cussedness" and more because most of the Americans then in the city were South-siders, began suddenly a new part—loyalist, with decorous reservations, not to alienate his former clients. B. had respect enough for law to induce him to prevent his secretary from assuming the title of Secretary of Legation, an impertinence the American Eagle resents by declaring a fine and imprisonment on whoever ventures on it. The legation was not yet at its lowest indignity.

That winter's business was good, and my income from fees amounted to $800, with a prospect of increasing, and my comparative prosperity induced me to go out to the U. S., and bring my family—wife and one child. I made a cheap voyage home and as cheap a voyage back as was possible under the circumstances, and arriving at X. found that during my absence the secretary, left in charge of the legation, had put on the feathers, assumed a card with B. C. D., Secretary of Legation U. S. A., had assumed diplomatic powers, and negotiated a treaty with the local government by which the American consul's *visé* should thenceforward be dispensed with, because, as he himself assured me, "it was too great an annoyance to Southern people to be obliged to come to my office and take the oath of allegiance." I went to the police and made reclamations; to the minister of foreign affairs to remonstrate, but was told that our minister had requested it and that there was nothing more to be said on the subject. I was never so dumbfoundered in all my life; in fact, I have never quite got over my amazement at the amount of cheek shown in this affair. That a person illegally assuming to represent the U. S. A. should have entered into negotiations with any government to facilitate the protection of declared outlaws was only to be outdone by another equally strange fact, viz., that our own Government, being informed of the fact, should have taken no notice of it, not even to order the pretender to diplomatic honors to put off his borrowed plumes. But the incident had a more than humorous or surprising import to me; it left me without income; but how I struggled and how we suffered the next two years, living *au cinquième* and out of society, is of no direct moment to my narrative.

I hoped that the arrival of His Excellency C. would have ended the injustice. This chosen man, to keep the place open for whom it had been twice ill filled and the country twice dishonored, must be a rare and worthy representative. A. and B. I have sufficiently characterized; the new one was another type of the pure incapable. On his arrival he quietly settled down into the secretary's apartments, established the official quarters of the legation in one of the rooms of his bank, accorded gratis, be it understood, in consideration of the honor conferred; and when the official doorkeepers at one of the government *fêtes* refused the *soi-disant* secretary admission as a person not officially known, Mr. C. took him on his arm and walked him through. They were very punctilious at the court of X. Thenceforward Secretary B. C. D. ruled the legation, and C., reposing in his *otium cum dignitate*, consulted his pleasure and left the duties as far as possible to D. C. had two tendencies generally remarked and for which he quickly became notorious in X., to economy and whiskey, so that R., who was something of a punster, made a great hit when a lady enquired if it were true that his excellency "drank," by replying, "drinks any given quantity." It is to be supposed that it was for so meritoriously saving half his very insufficient salary that he was accorded (as he himself assured me, at least) $1,000 from the contingent fund of the State Department.

A reader of any spirit will have asked the question many times ere this, Why have remained in the place under such circumstances? A man of spirit who had the means to back it up would have resigned long before, but I had put all I had into my voyage out and had nothing for my voyage home. Besides, I hoped that a sense of justice would induce the State Department to urge on Congress the appropriation of a salary for the consulate, seeing that there was a clear necessity of such an office at X. It was a great mistake. My subsequent experience has proved that our Government has never paid the least attention to justice, to fitness, to merit or good conduct in its appointments to diplomatic and consular posts. I have known men whose habitual neglect of duty and absence from their posts without reason or permission, notorious drunkenness and bad character, utter incompetence and innate unfitness, or even corruption and venality in the performance of their duties, were well known locally and easily to be proved by a slight investigation, to remain in office despite of complaint after complaint, until they were obliged to leave their official residences to escape legal action of one kind or another. The result of all my complaints in the above-cited case proved the folly of looking to the Government for justice, but, like the unjust judge, the department finally, tired of my clamor, sent *me* to another place to get rid of it. I believe that the history of this legation is the history of many others, and as for our consuls, *such as they are*, the quicker we cut off three-fourths of them the better. As to other branches of the civil service, let those testify who know. Of my own I have spoken what I know, and the above account is true to the least fact, neither overdrawn nor over colored. I am willing to affix my affidavit thereto. The opportunities for a dishonest man to make money in a U. S. consulate are sometimes great. I know of several who have grown rich on a salary that wouldn't pay their living expenses. I have myself been offered considerable sums for appointments which would give American protection, and I know that in the Levant an appointment to a consular agency or vice-consulship is often worth £200. In the busier Western European ports a man can make more than his salary by having an interest in some ship-furnishing house, who will pay him a nice percentage on all the jobs he sends them, and he has almost complete power over the ships, owing to the extreme looseness with which we hold our consuls to responsibility and the liberties they have to be disobliging, or the reverse, to the captains. A dishonest consul in a place whence many shipments take place may work himself into a large income and make the Government lose ten times as much in duties. In times of political disturbances American passports sell for large sums, and I have known a good many to be sold. Each one of those illegal papers may be the source of serious diplomatic difficulties and loss of prestige.

Yet we put all these powers into the hands of men who, for temporary amusement, for profit or for idleness, and having an uncle or relative further removed or nearer, see fit to ask for a place abroad. There is no qualification, no kind of examination. Not one in twenty of our consuls can speak any language but their own. I have known a man to leave his office entirely in the hands of a sharper, while he vagabondized by the year, got drunk, made a reputation of being an associate of the lowest characters in his place of residence, *and deserved it*, and, though complained of for years, to remain in his place, because he had some friend in Congress or behind the scenes.

The appointment of special agents during our war at a great expense to travel through Europe to act on public opinion, and Mr. Seward's notion that they were of eminent service to the Republic, shows at once what our consular and diplomatic service ought to have been and what it was. It alone should have been equal to the duties for which these agents were appointed, yet the fact that they were appointed proves that even in the eyes of the Department of State its subordinates were incapable of performing their first and most obvious duty—that of representing their country.

A man who enters our civil service does so thinking only that he has got a place. With a very few honorable exceptions, it is only to him a share of the spoils of victory, and no conception of doing honor to himself or the country or advancing the public interests, no hope of making himself an honorable position, enters into consideration. He cannot live honestly by his salary, and he has every facility for dishonesty to supply the deficiency. People and government are alike indifferent to what he does so long as he is sound on the goose and can answer Mr. McCracken's questions satisfactorily. What the consular service may have been before Mr. Lincoln's time I can't say, but since his advent it is without exception the least respectable of the civilized world.

Venite Lictores, or I shall chop my own head off.

A Civil Servant.

Correspondence.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

A long-lived nation can wait for ample justice. No reparation that Great Britain can *give* now will undo the mischief that she has done. But, as a nation outlives many generations of men, the equivalent that America can *take*, by accepting the English theories of neutrality, and biding our time to act on them, may sweep maritime England from our path of commercial rivalry for ever.

Many American citizens would be glad that our Government should pay our ship-builders for losses occasioned by Anglo-Confederate piracy, and close the door of negotiation for ever. A gigantic reprisal upon British commerce, by some future generation of American ship-owners, can alone compensate American commerce for the fears and the injuries of the past.

The spirit in which Great Britain ought to have treated our Southern and Scotch enemies is illustrated by the conduct of the first Lord St. Germains, great Sir John Eliot. "One of his first orders," says his biographer,

"strikingly exemplified the sense of justice, irrespective of personal leanings, with which he performed strictly at this time his commercial duties. A French ship, laden with wine, belonging 'to one David Alexander, of Dieppe, a Papist,' had been taken prize, under commission from the town of Rochelle, then in revolt against the French king, and driven by storm into Dartmouth, where Eliot arrested her. Here all his sympathies were with the captors, and against the captured. But in vain he was petitioned to permit the ship to be carried into and judged at Rochelle. The case was too clear to admit of doubt. *England was yet at peace with France, and the men who made prize of the ship, as rebels to the French king, could only be regarded as pirates by an English vice-admiral.* Eliot was immovable; and, though Buckingham was anxious to have found a flaw in the transaction, and it was reopened on the Rochellers being taken under protection by England, the admiralty could only confirm the decision of Eliot."—John Forster's "Life of Eliot," Vol. II., pp. 21, 22.

Modern England *builds* ships for the rebels of a country with which she is at peace, and refuses redress for this infamous aid to piracy. *Per contra*, the spirit in which Great Britain *demands* reparation for wrongs is curiously shown by the despatches of another Elliot, Her Majesty's plenipotentiary to China in 1841, enclosing to General Gough a copy of "Terms of Agreement granted to the officers of the Chinese Government resident within the city of Canton." *Granted!*

"Art. 2. 6,000,000 dollars to be paid in one week for the use of the crown of England, counting from the 27th of May, 1,000,000 dollars payable before sunset of the said 27th day of May. [The day of agreement.]

"Art. 3. . . . If the whole sum agreed upon be not paid within seven days, it shall be increased to 7,000,000 dollars; if not within fourteen days, to 8,000,000; if not within twenty days, to 9,000,000.

"Art. 4. Losses occasioned by the plunder of the factories, and by the destruction of the Spanish brig *Belbanio*, in 1839, to be paid within one week."

In this affair "Kwang Chow Foo" met a plenipotentiary whom no amount of stewed puppy could mollify, and unjust Great Britain was facing China, and neither France nor a united AMERICA.

Notes.

LITERARY.

IN a late issue of the *Commercial Advertiser*—which by long custom is the recognized organ of "the trade" for the purpose of making announcements of new books and of laying claim to foreign books to be reprinted—we see Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" announced by the Appletons and by the Harpers. Apparently, then, Fields & Osgood do not insist on their right to the works of this author. Their imprint on two volumes of his poetry and one of his prose would seem to establish their right so far as the imperfect right "by courtesy of the trade" can be established. It is said, by the way, that Americans will not have especial reason to be pleased with this new book. The author "ought to come over and study our institutions," as they used to say; and really that is not so bad a way of preparing for criticising a people—to take a look at them, "to see the thing as it is," as Mr. Arnold himself likes to say. We may properly mention here that in the last number of *Macmillan's*—an excellent family magazine for families, clever enough, though there is a good allowance, too, of third and fourth-rate matter—there is an article by Mr. Arnold, readable, of course, and capable of instructing; of course, too, not without whimwhams and affectations. It is the inaugural lecture which he delivered some ten or twelve years ago when he took the chair of poetry at Oxford. "The Modern Element in Literature" is the title of it, and one would say, from the way in which it treats the subject, that there is more of it to come. The Greeks, of course, are the true moderns; we are pretty modern, we of to-day; the Romans were modern in feeling, some of them; the Elizabethans were more ancient than we, and far more ancient than Sophocles and Horace. There is, to be sure, a truth in all this, but there is misuse of language too. Other books which the Appletons announce are "Lecky's History of European Morals," and a work with the title "Tommy Try, and what he did in Science."—Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce numerous additions to their list of reprints of English works, and besides these Maclaren's "Physical Education," "Personal Recollections of English Engineers," and "The Flowery Scroll." This last book is the Chinese love-story which Sir John Bowring has recently been translating, and it is agreeable reading.—To the titles of books already mentioned by us, Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son add these two, "The Shakespearean Treasury of Wit and Wisdom," compiled by Dr. C. W. Stearns, and "Mexico and the United States," by the Rev. Dr. Gorham D. Abbot. The latter is said to contain information derived from high official sources.——The American News Company will publish on the 20th inst. a book in which Mr. Samuel Bowles describes his last summer vacation trip to the Rocky Mountains with Mr. Colfax and his family. The title is "Colorado: Its Rocky Mountains. A Summer Vacation in Camp." What with the Vice-President elect, the Indian question, the Pacific Railroad, in which everybody is interested, the interest which most Americans take in our far Western country—to say nothing of the interest which some people will take in Mr. Bowles as the captive of Mr. James Fisk's bow and spear—this volume ought to be a good one to sell.

—The inability which every people—with the possible exception of the French—has found in itself to give to localities names at once well sounding and not unmeaning gets its best illustration in the nomenclature of the streets of cities. Whoever may have made the country, it might be proved from the names at the street corners that some decidedly finite being made the town, and is responsible for its local sign-board literature. Walking about New York, for example in the newer parts of the city, every lettered lamp-post at the corners makes us aware of the poverty of invention under which christeners of our thoroughfares labor. And by the way it may be remarked that this dull uniformity in the local signboards is in very marked contrast with the racy strangeness of the personal signboards. Perhaps there is no city where there is more variety in the names of the business men. We have the old Dutch names, the old English names, arriving by way of New England, the newer English names of later unpuritan importation, the strange German names, the names of Jews, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, and of men of almost every nation, gathered here for trade. It is the fashion, too, to make the sign conspicuous. But London seems to be in worse difficulties than any of our American cities in the matter of finding names for its thoroughfares. The Metropolitan Board of Works has just issued a blue-book which has a good deal to say on this subject. It reports that there are in London no less than eighty-seven John Streets, besides John's "Places" "Passages" and "Mews" without number; there are eighty varieties of streets bearing the name of Victoria, to say nothing of thirteen Victoria Cottages; including thirty-five Prince Streets, there are some hundred or so of modifications of Prince's road; there are sixty-four Charles Streets, forty-seven James Streets, and twenty-seven James Places, thirty-seven Edward Streets, fifty-eight Elizabeth Streets and Places, a directory page or so of Alfred, and great numbers of George Streets and Charlotte Streets. Deceased monarchs and princes are of course responsible for some of these names, but some of them, and perhaps not the smaller number, have been bestowed in honor of sons or wives or daughters of builders and owners. On any other supposition it would be hard to account for thirteen Mary Anns, seven Emilys, seven Ellens, ten Elizas, thirteen Janes, thirty-four Marys, and fifty-three Annes. It appears that there are a few exceedingly odd names, which is almost a wonder too, considering the whimsicality of the Britisher and the obstinacy with which he indulges any whim that he once takes into his head. But for that matter the greater wonder is that with these traits of character he has made himself notorious as a nomenclator by the uninventive, unindividual manner in which he follows after "old use and wont." Still we find a Ruhamah Place and a Mehetabel Road, which will do very well as oddities. These would bother Mr. Matthew Arnold as much or even more than "Coles's Truss." Here in New York we have fallen back on the Arabic numerals, which we may thank heaven are entirely inexhaustible for the purpose of designating streets—though we suppose the Chicago press will contradict us on this head, so far as concerns the growth of their municipality. But the Londoners will have to marshal the whole body of letter-writers to the *Times* if they are ever to be extricated from the confusion they are in.

—For more reasons than one the recent death of Viscount Strangford should be mentioned in journals devoted to literature or to politics. He was an extraordinarily good scholar, and an extraordinarily good writer for the press, as well as being a politician in the high sense of that abused word. Questions of Eastern politics—Egyptian, Turkish, Persian, Indian—were his specialty, and it may be doubted if he was anywhere equalled—in England he certainly was not—for the closeness of his study of them, the minute exactness of his information, and his comprehensive views of England's rights and duties as regards them. He was the second son of Percy Clinton Sydney, the sixth viscount of his house, and seems to have labored with more than the usual disadvantages besetting the career of younger sons. His mother dying soon after his birth—which took place at St. Petersburg, where his father was ambassador—Percy Smythe Sydney was sent to his grandmother—an American lady, by the way—at Clifton

a watering-place near Bristol, and remained there, going to a small school, till he was ready for Harrow. From early childhood he showed a wonderfully retentive memory and in the last years of his life could recall the names of the shipping that he used to see in the harbor, of the streets and lanes about which he wandered, of his childish companions, and of every book that he read; indeed it is said of him that he never forgot anything that he had ever known. Vámbéry, the orientalist and traveller, bears testimony to the power of this faculty in the viscount's later days, when it was as great as ever. Vámbéry says that his knowledge of Asiatic tongues was so precise, deep, and correct as to be astounding. After his return from Central Asia, he visited Strangford, and among other things conversed with him concerning the Tchagatai, or Tartar-Turkish, a dialect all but unknown and even unheard of in Europe. Strangford could speak the Tchagatai, Vámbéry found, better than himself, and quoted to him Tartar classics as well as any mollah in Khiva or Bokhara. This was not the only dialect of an Asiatic country that he had never visited which the learned viscount could speak and write fluently and idiomatically. In short, "he was the most varied linguist England ever produced," if the Hungarian scholar's opinion is to be accepted as conclusive. Not unlikely it is to be so accepted. Persians have said that he spoke Persian "with the mastery and elegance of a highly educated native," and it is said that his knowledge of modern Greek in all its dialects was so extensive and accurate that he could at once tell of what province a speaker was a native, and, more than that, could hardly in any province have been known for a foreigner so far as his speech was concerned. From Harrow he went to Oxford. After leaving school it is said that he never—for what reason we do not know—received a shilling from his father, but supplied himself. This fact may explain the brevity of his stay at the university, which he left at the end of a year. Or it may be that his passion for oriental studies decided his departure. However that may be, he went out to Constantinople in 1845—when he was 20 years old—as an attaché of the embassy. Already he had taught himself Arabic and Persian, and to them he soon added Turkish and Greek. For twelve years he was in the diplomatic service, and as the Crimean war occurred in this period, so much labor was thrown on him as Oriental Secretary that it very nearly ruined his health utterly. He was never robust. In 1857 his brother, who had succeeded his father, died and he became the eighth viscount. In February, 1862, he married happily, and on the eighth of January last was found dead in his bed—dead of overwork at the age of forty-three years. For the ten or eleven years of his later English life he was as before a student, and a light of the Asiatic Society and the Geographical Society; as a geographer, not more than one or two men in England were comparable to him. Besides his studies, however, he occupied himself more or less in writing for the press, as we have said. He did some reviewing in the *Saturday Review;* there is an article of his entitled "The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic," in the *Quarterly Review* of August, 1866; and from its foundation he was a promoter of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and a frequent contributor to that journal, which will sorely miss him. Indeed, whether considered as political writer, scholar, or profound politician, his death is nothing less than a loss to the British Empire. It is to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that we are indebted for most of our facts concerning him.

—With the so-called Phil-Hellenic movement Lord Strangford was by no means in sympathy, and we can easily imagine him severely denounced in Boston by the Phil-Hellenes lineally descended from the Byron and Doctor Howe of 1821, just as in England he was often denounced by the more numerous and less intelligent writers and talkers on the "Eastern question" as "a mere Turk." He used to say of himself, "I am an anti-φιλελλην," whereupon most people set him down as a hater of the Greek and a lover of the Mussulman; but he used to go on and say, "But I am a pro-φιλορωμαιος." That is to say, Lord Strangford, who may almost be said to have made the future of Turkey in Europe the study of his life, who talked and thought about it from the experience and labor of years and not merely from a fervid, uninstructed, sentimental, school-boy notion of ancient Athens and her glories, who knew the character of all the races involved in the problem—this trained student of politics and history disliked the Turks, was decidedly an anti-Turk, disbelieved in the Greeks, and was no Phil-Hellene, but was a "Philo-Romaic," as he phrased it, was a believer in the Bulgarians as the race destined to supplant the Turks and, in place of Mohammedan or Russian, hold Southeastern Europe. We observe that half a dozen Bulgarian gentlemen resident in London have recently addressed to Lady Strangford a letter of condolence, in which, while expressing their sorrow at the loss of their champion, they express at the same time confidence or hopefulness for the future of their people. They claim that the Bulgarians, little known as they are in Europe, and much as they are overshadowed by the noisier Greeks, are a strong undivided nationality of five millions souls. It is not unlikely that the death of Lord Strangford, calling as it has and will wide attention to his projects for the gradual settlement of the most baffling of all the questions of European politics, may be an event more fruitful of political results than his life would have been. It is to be hoped that something may be done with his letters, which are spoken of very highly, as being full of linguistic learning and of wit, and which, probably enough, may have political as well as philological value. And unless something is done with them he will have left behind him no permanent memorial of great labors and great talents.

—Those of our progressive men and women who were for doing all kinds of things to Chief-Justice Chase because of his behavior during the impeachment trial, and who have not yet ceased their visitations on the heads of the seven judges who would not be politicians on the same occasion, will be pleased to hear a new anecdote concerning Dr. Pusey which is now going the rounds in England. We hope he may be able to deny it. Lord Kingsdown—Thomas Pemberton, and afterwards Thomas Pemberton-Leigh—who died not long since, was one of the many English lawyers whose abilities have raised them from poverty to the peerage; he filled several high offices in the course of his life, having been for many years a member of parliament, and served as attorney-general to the Prince of Wales, chancellor and keeper of the great seal to the Prince of Wales, and member of the Privy Council. Of the judicial committee of the Privy Council he was a very active and efficient member, being for learning and for intellectual power able among the ablest. Of course his integrity was as well known and as much believed in as his ability. When he was lying ill of the disease of which he died, it was proposed in the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford that the degree of Doctor of Laws should be conferred upon him, an honor which he had so well deserved that the conferring it would have been an honor to Oxford. A large majority of the board were eagerly in favor of the proposition, but it was opposed by Doctor Pusey and one other clerical member, and as Lord Kingsdown's friends were not willing that a disputed honor should be tendered the eminent man whom they admired, the two ecclesiastics were permitted to have their own way—a thing not overmuch to the credit of their fellow-members, most people would say. It was of course, as is customary in such cases, thought best to say nothing to the defeated candidate about the proposed honor. Doctor Pusey, however, conceived it his duty to write to Lord Kingsdown, saying that his opposition had proceeded from no want of respect for his lordship, but from the conviction that by his judicial authority he had contributed to sustain judgments adverse to the spiritual interests of the church. Put in plain English, this occurrence would be related with substantial accuracy if it were said that Lord Kingsdown, a man of undisputed probity, having declared the law on certain matters to the best of his knowledge—an indisputably greater knowledge than Doctor Pusey's—was punished by Doctor Pusey to the best of his power for thus doing his duty. It may be wrong to allege want of temper and want of consideration and want of sense against a man in many respects so good and in many respects so able as Doctor Pusey, but this act of his looks very like what in other men would be called spitefulness, and blind zeal for party, and an immoral ignoring of the honesty of eminent opponents.

—Three of the heroes of modern Italian unity have rejoiced in the name of Giuseppe, and of these perhaps the greatest, though from his modesty the least conspicuous and famous, was the Sicilian patriot La Farina, one of the most intimate and valued advisers of Count Cavour. Towards the close of last year his private correspondence was published in Milan, in two volumes (*Epistolario di Giuseppe La Farina, raccolto e publicato da Ausonio Franchi*), and the incidental allusions in some of the letters to the well-known radical and now representative Crispi have provoked the latter to a rather ridiculous display of himself. On the 4th of December he wrote to the editor of the correspondence, that there was not a word of truth in all that La Farina had said of him; but as it would require a volume to confute his misrepresentations, he would confine himself to two, and he instances passages in letters of November, 1860, which imply that Crispi's patriotism was inspired by sordid motives. In view of this "infamous calumny" he makes an appeal to the conscience of the editor for an early apology, failing to obtain which he threatens to seek redress in the courts. The reply of Franchi is what might be expected, and is marked by dignity and quiet irony. After disclaiming any responsibility as editor for the judgments or opinions of the deceased writer—a responsibility which no editor would or could assume—he explains away the injurious construction of La Farina's language with regard to Crispi,

and concludes as follows: "When I am sure of being in accord with my conscience, I have very little concern for my legal responsibility. If you wish to have recourse to the latter, so do; you know better than I do what legal reparation is worth as compared with the judgment of history, and I know besides that no law and no tribunal will ever succeed in making me retract what I have never uttered." It may, however, be questioned whether the publication of these letters was not premature, considering how violent have been the agitations and dissensions of the Italians during the last twenty years, how fierce were the personal jealousies evoked, and how many have survived that stormy period. The omissions in Franchi's collection, due to numerous refusals to surrender La Farina's letters for publication, are a proof of the sensitiveness which still exists. The documents withheld would undoubtedly show how former friendship had changed to opposition and hostility; and the better La Farina's character is established for integrity, statesmanship, and intelligent devotion to his country, the less likely is any one to confess having differed with him or been any the less far-sighted and patriotic.

—Within the past two years Italian scholars have been fruitful of commentaries upon Dante and the "Divine Comedy." Of about a dozen that might be named—some general, others confined to particular books or passages—and which have been published in all parts of the kingdom, the one by Giovanni Ventura is the most interesting. It undertakes to explain the opening verse of the seventh canto of the "Inferno," well known to have given rise to various interpretations:

"Pape Satan, pape Satan aleppe."

Ventura by some reasoning persuades himself that in Pluto Dante designed to impersonate Philip the Fair, of France, who has, however, received his dues in other parts of the same book. He then develops the satirical speculation of Benvenuto Cellini that the line in question was borrowed from a phrase he once heard used by a judge in a French court, and should be read as French, by sound:

"Paix, paix, Satan; paix, paix, Satan; allez, paix!"

This Ventura changes into—

"Pas paix, Satan; pas paix, Satan; à l'épé [épée]."

But as there is nothing to justify such an extravagant fancy—certainly not the words of Jesus, "I come not to bring peace but a sword," which Ventura cites—so the explanation of the best commentators commends itself by its simplicity as sufficient. According to this, *pape* is a Latin exclamation of surprise, while *aleppe* is the Italian form of *alpha* (as *Giuseppe* of *Joseph*), and in this connection means chief or prince. But Ventura really improves the fine passage in Canto V. that contains the story of Francesca da Rimini, by separating from her narration the line which is commonly supposed to terminate the first portion of it:

"Caina attende chi vita ci spense."

This fierce and abrupt transition from the sweet tenor which became Francesca, seems to be fairly attributable to Paolo, who up to that time had been silent and of whose silence throughout some commentators have made much as poetic art. But the two succeeding lines sustain Ventura perfectly by their plural allusions—

"Queste parole da *lor* ci fur pôrte.
Da ch' io intesi quell' *anime offense*," etc.

By this suggestion our author has quite redeemed his book from worthlessness. A new work with the pretentious title, "La Mente di Dante Alighieri," is announced by Professor Brambilla, of Como, to whom these studies are not new.

—The International Congress of Statistics will hold its seventh session this year, and, by invitation of the Government of the Netherlands, at the Hague. In anticipation of its meeting, Herr von Baumhauer, director of the Dutch Royal Statistical Bureau, has published: "Idées-mères ou plan motivé d'un programme pour la septième session du congrès international de statistique. La Haye, 1868." Hitherto, in the author's opinion, the practical usefulness of the congress has been almost neutralized by a want of system in its subjects of discussion, and, as a consequence, a too crowded programme and overburdened committees. He therefore endeavors to reduce under a few heads the more important topics to which attention should be given. The congress will miss one of its ablest members in the late Prof. Frederic Benedict William von Hermann, the Bavarian political economist, who died in November at the age of seventy-three. For forty-five years he had been a teacher of his favorite science, and in 1832 published his first work upon it (*Staatswirthschaftliche Untersuchungen*), by which he at once won reputation. He was engaged in his last moments in preparing a second edition of these "Researches," which his son-in-law, Prof. G. Mayer, may perhaps complete for publication. Von Hermann stood very high in the confidence of his Government, and was an illustration of the extent to which the rulers of the present day depend on men of science and special learning. He was made successively inspector of the schools of technology, ministerial counsellor, and counsellor of state; was a long time member of the Bavarian chambers; represented the city of Munich in the national assembly at Frankfort in 1848, and his country several times in international conferences and negotiations where economical questions were involved, as in the reunions of the Zollverein, the expositions of London and Paris, and finally the congress of statistics, of which he was one of the most admired speakers. It is worth mentioning that the Bavarian Government has been and still is managed on anything but the "non-interference" theory. Munich is one of the cheapest capitals in Europe, but the prices of the necessary articles of food are regulated not by competition or supply and demand, but by government decrees.

RIVES'S MADISON.*

It is ten years since the first volume of this work was published, and three years since that was followed by the second volume. In the editor's plan as originally announced, and as restated in the preface to the volume now in our hands, still a fourth volume was contemplated for the completion of the work; and even then, if the narrative and its illustrative extracts had been presented with the same fulness as is allowed in the three substantial octavos now before us, it seems as if Mr. Rives would have found a fifth volume necessary. But his labors were closed by his death, at his residence at Castle Hill, Virginia, on the 25th of last April. It is greatly to be regretted that he should have left a work, in many respects so admirably and faithfully constructed up to a very important point in our constitutional history, uncompleted beyond it. And the failure is the more to be deplored because it cannot be referred to the want of time, as Mr. Rives had kept his second volume all prepared for the press through the space of four years, during a critical period of the war of the rebellion, waiting for a more auspicious season for its publication. We must therefore look to another mind and hand to bring the work to a close We hope that the conclusion will be characterized by the same excellent qualities of dignity, good taste, fidelity, and intentional impartiality as are exhibited in the portions of it that have been put in print. It is to be presumed that Mr. Rives has left all the necessary materials with some preparation of arrangement and illustration to facilitate the task of his successor.

Fortunately the excellent plan on which he constructed his work has secured the results of his labors from being merely fragmentary compositions. He intended that his several volumes should be complete, each in itself, by treating and confining itself to a definite period of history, constituting in itself an epoch marked by its own incidents and results. In each of the three parts of the work, the agency and the noble and conspicuous services of Mr. Madison offer material of the most important character for illustrating the most signal movements in our national annals. In the first volume in which this accomplished and high-toned man, a patriot by nature, was fitting himself to be a statesman, the War of Independence, and the political union based on the Articles of Confederation, presented to him a field and materials not only for acting an eminent part in the emergent occasions of the time then passing, but also for preparing to perform the very exacting duties which would be imposed on all our able men in all sections of the country in the formation of a working plan of government.

In the second volume, beginning its narration at the close of the war of the Revolution, and treating largely of the distractions and perplexities of the ensuing period, Mr. Madison appears in his honored place as one of the most competent and judicious if not the most brilliant and gifted among the men who formed and established the Constitution of the United States.

The third, and, as we have said, the last volume which Mr. Rives has been permitted to give to the public, traces the course of public affairs during the period of both terms of Washington's administration, Mr. Madison being through the same period a member of and, as we now have to add, a party leader in the House of Representatives. He did his full share, and contributed his generally calm and discreet counsels, his integrity of purpose, and his wisdom in policy, in the very difficult work of setting the new government in motion, and in initiating the measures which turned it from theory and parchment into a living organization

* "History of the Life and Times of James Madison. By William C. Rives." Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868. 8vo, pp. 639.

with its vitality represented in institutions and functionaries. This was the period, too, in which the previous harmony, or rather the as yet untested question as to the degree and quality of the accordance in opinion and purpose which was supposed to underlie much variance of aim and inclination, was brought to the severe trial of debate and sectional and personal declarations on the floors of Congress. When all were professedly Republicans, and all were professedly Federalists, a common agreement to divide on some issues led as usual to the charging of synonymous terms with new and diverging meanings. We have ascribed to Mr. Rives the merit of an intentional impartiality. If he has ever failed in respect of that quality—as in some very important and in many subordinate points we think he has—the human error, in his manifestation of it, may be referred in part to common and in part to especial temptations. Hamilton went to his grave with the full conviction that Madison had been recreant to his own once avowed political principles, and had also been influenced by personal unfriendliness if not by jealousy and malice towards him; while he had also been used as a tool by a wilier and an abler party leader, Jefferson. That the son of Hamilton, through the seven volumes in which he has identified the career of his father with the development of the American Republic, has given just cause of provocation to the biographer of Madison, we suppose no one but a prejudiced partisan will deny. That Mr. Rives has not limited himself within the most rigid rules of candor and fairness in some of his pleas and arguments which must be regarded as rejoinders, is, we think, equally evident to an unimpassioned and intelligent reader. Mr. Rives was, and with abundant and all-sufficient reasons, a profoundly devoted and revering admirer of the personal character, as well as an earnest political disciple, of Madison. It will be remembered also that he was appointed by Congress to edit the Madison Papers. No one of course could be more competent than he was to set forth the views, the mental history, and the mature opinions of the subject of his political and biographical study. But he has—as most do, when they love their themes and have a noble one to deal with—become a champion, and failed of justice to some in extolling the one.

There is one very serious and positive assumption under which Madison spoke and acted in the public services through which he is followed in this volume, and Mr. Rives adopts the assumption in his whole exposition of the course pursued by the incipient Republican party. The assumption was of this sort: Madison spoke and wrote with a continual reiteration of "the sense in which the Constitution is known to have been proposed, advocated, and adopted," alike in the General as in the State Conventions, as if there were room and right for only one opinion—and that his own—as to what that "sense" was. Mr. Rives, adopting this assumption as to a forestalled and perfectly according interpretation of that great organic instrument by all the parties interested in it, takes for granted that there was no range left for the construction of the Constitution in national and liberal directions tending to the formation of a "strong" government, such as Hamilton and the Federalists desired, but that a rule of stringent limitation, leaving no elasticity of interpretation or use, had been recognized contemporaneously with the adoption of the instrument. The old complaint is, that Hamilton and his party, seeking money power and prestige and imitating monarchical institutions, were bent upon a complete alteration of the spirit and the letter of the Constitution. But could not those thus harshly censured fall back upon the "sense" in which they had accepted that instrument, and maintain that while that instrument was a novelty and stood to represent a new and untried experiment, its interpretation in many details was free, and as fairly admitted of constructions in one direction as in another? Besides, Madison, as a member of the Virginia Legislature, had there successfully advocated the giving to the Congress of the Confederation the power to regulate commerce for all the States, the lack of which power in the central government was the occasion of such discordancy and mischief as exercised by the States. Yet this precedent was in itself a sufficient token that if the Constitution was to secure nationality in one or in many matters, the prime characteristic of the government which it was to support and guide would be that it should be "strong."

It is observable also that Mr. Rives is apt to attach severe epithets, indicative of bitterness, greed, cunning, or mean ambition, to the leaders of the incipient Federal party. How differently, for instance, does Fisher Ames appear in these pages, and in the admiring and revering memories of him personally that are lingering in the hearts of the old men in Massachusetts!

There are two golden sentences from the pen and the mind of Madison which it would have been well for the citizens of his State to have kept in their view during the civil war. Before the weak and inefficient Confederacy of the States had yielded to our constitutional government, and while patriots South and North were feeling their way on towards the needful measures which provided for and perfected the latter, Madison wrote: "The individual independence of the States is totally irreconcilable with their aggregate sovereignty." He wrote this also: "The right of coercion should be expressly declared."

Thus far it seems that the publication by descendants or by admiring representatives of each single biography of the prominent founders of our Republic indicates such a spirit of partisanship in individual portraiture or narrative, as to prompt a like spirit in all the biographical pens which follow, if only in the needful task of answering and correcting alleged misrepresentations. What a work will that be by-and-by, of some wise and faithful constitutional historian, who shall undertake to digest these voluminous and jarring publications; and what a genuine tribute it is to the greatness of Washington, to find claims advanced, in rivalry, in behalf of so many gifted men—that each of them was the one of whom Washington confidentially asked help, as regards the sentiment or the phraseology, in the composition of important public papers and which it is nevertheless most reasonably believed that he wrote substantially himself.

We must add a word of high praise in behalf of the publishing firm of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., for their continued fidelity in serving the cause of one of the highest departments of our literature. These elegantly printed volumes, on fair, thick paper, with hardly the most trivial error of the press to be noticed in them, lengthen out the file of works bearing the imprint of a firm which, beginning with our era of literary culture, has perpetuated itself by the production of what we may now call a National Historical Library.

THE "ISMS" OF CENTRAL ASIA.*

THE title of M. le Comte de Gobineau's work indicates with sufficient clearness its aim and scope as a historical survey and critical analysis of the religious and philosophical systems which prevail at the present time among the inhabitants of Central Asia. The author is a man not only eminent in letters, but also well known in diplomatic circles; and his former connection with the French embassy at Teheran gave him a rare opportunity of studying Oriental civilization in all its phases, and of becoming familiar with the peculiar intellectual life of the East. His book is divided into sixteen chapters, in which the following subjects are treated: 1. The moral and religious character of the Asiatics; 2. Persian Islamism; 3. The faith of the Arabs, with an account of the origin and development of Shiism; 4. Sufism and the philosophical speculations of the East; 5. The free-thinkers of Asia under the influence of European ideas; then follow seven chapters on the rise and growth of Babism, four chapters on the theatre and the drama in Persia, and an appendix containing a translation of the Book of Precepts, which is one of the sacred books of the Babists. According to M. de Gobineau, the salient features of the Oriental mind are a strong proclivity to inductive methods of reasoning united with a wild and undisciplined imagination which often leads to the most astounding feats of metaphysical microscopy, a great fondness for theological discussions and insoluble problems of the supernatural, wonderful dialectic skill and subtlety, and excessive excursiveness. The love of disputation which characterizes the Asiatics accustoms them to listen with equanimity to the opinions of their adversaries, and thus disposes them not only to tolerance, but also to a very broad eclecticism in religious belief and worship; so that, although conversions from one faith to another are extremely rare, every man modifies his hereditary religion by engrafting upon it whatever ideas and ceremonies may please his fancy or correspond to his supposed needs. The Albanian Mussulman lights his wax-candles in honor of St. Nicholas; the Mirdite Christian reverences the dervish as a father-confessor from whom he seeks absolution for his sins; the women of Khosru-shah do not hesitate to bring offerings to Our Lady with the hope of obtaining children, and, if their desires are granted, return thanks in the manner prescribed by the Christian ritual; in the maritime town of Pondicherry, Mussulmans, Hindoos, and Christians celebrate their religious festivals in common and join in all the solemnities with equal devoutness; and in the temple of the fire-worshippers at Baku may be seen a kind of divine service performed with an accompaniment of small cymbals such as are used by the Guebres in their devotions, around an altar adorned with images of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, St. Nicholas, the Virgin Mary, Greek and Roman crucifixes, and Parsee vases, all of which are equally revered as sacred emblems by a multitude of half-naked penitents, who

* "Les Religions et les Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale. Par M. le Comte de Gobineau." Deuxième édition. Paris: Didier et Cie., Libraires-Editeurs. 1866. 8vo, pp. 543. New York: F. W. Christern.

by long fastings and macerations of the flesh have rendered their bodies as insensible to physical influences as their souls are inaccessible to the suggestions of common sense, and whose speech, consisting of a farrago of Hindoo and Persian dialects, with occasional European interpolations, is as motley as their worship. There are also in the environs of Trebizond and Erzeroum religious communities which profess to be Sunnites, frequent the mosques on Fridays and listen with apparent edification to the reading and interpretation of the Koran by the mollahs; on Sundays, however, they go to the churches, hear mass, confess the divinity of Jesus Christ, and adore the images of the saints. Among the more lettered classes this melange of ideas manifests itself in an extremely particolored philosophical eclecticism. M. de Gobineau does not sympathize with those who regard Mohammedanism as a hindrance to intellectual development. A religion which declares that "the ink of the scholar is more precious than the blood of the martyr," and that in the last judgment each man must give a strict account of the use made of the mental faculties with which he was originally endowed, cannot, he contends, be hostile to the intellectual growth of the race. The high degree of material prosperity and of scientific and literary culture which was fostered under the ensign of the crescent from the seventh to the sixteenth century would seem to indicate that the subsequent decline of the Asiatic nations must be due to some other cause than Islam. A civil and military administration like that which has prevailed in Turkey for the past two hundred and fifty years, the intestine strife and anarchy which the conscription of foreign slaves has made chronic in Egypt, the Afghan invasions which have desolated Persia since 1730, the tyranny of Nadir Shah and the cruelties and ravages that have marked the accession of every monarch even to the present dynasty of the Kadjars, are certainly sufficient to account for the ruin and retrogression of oriental countries without burdening Islam with an unjust responsibility.

In the chapter on Sufism our author alludes to the use of opium and bang as vehicles of religious sentiment and their influence on philosophical speculation. The Orientals are as fond of physical as they are of moral intoxication. Drunkenness is, indeed, the radical vice of the Asiatics. In spite of sumptuary laws and the positive prohibitions of the Koran, the immoderate indulgence in fermented liquors is universal. Priests as well as princes, the guardians of church and of state, devote their nights to the wassail-bowl. Women, too, of all classes, from the ladies of the palace to the girls of the bazar, have their merry drinking-bouts, which they prolong till after midnight or until the "cold tea," as brandy is euphemistically called, has left them dead drunk on the carpets of the seraglio. It is not because it tickles his palate that the Oriental drinks spirituous liquor; the savor is by no means pleasing to him, and he gulps it down as one would swallow a bitter medicine with grimaces of disgust. It is the bliss of stupefaction that he seeks, and consequently prefers those beverages which produce this effect in the shortest time. There are multitudes of Persian scholars, famous for erudition, eager for knowledge, and with a keen relish for the most refined intellectual pleasures, who, nevertheless, seldom pass a night without intoxication. A very interesting portion of M. de Gobineau's volume is the fifth chapter, in which he gives a serio-comic picture of oriental free-thinkers, a sort of *gens joyeux* who form the "best society" of the large cities and especially of Teheran. Their scepticism, however, is of an extremely intermittent character and alternates with the most abject superstition. They belong to that feeble class of rationalists who fear neither God nor devil, but who live in terrible awe of chance, whose knees smite together at the thought of Friday, and to whom the trials of life would be greatly lessened by erasing Monday from the calendar. The Persian sceptics have an intense admiration for Voltaire (Valater), with whom they have been made acquainted by the Russians. M. de Gobineau gives an amusing account of a conversation with one of these free-thinkers, who described the patriarch of Ferney in the following terms: "Valater was a French writer, but what a man! A real scamp! He used to stroll through the bazars with cap jauntily cocked, shirt unbuttoned, and arms akimbo. He spent his days drinking with the Armenians and his nights elsewhere. He hated worst of all the mollahs and was never weary of tormenting them. They hated him, too, and denounced him to the police; but Valater was as sly as a fox and easily eluded all their snares. In moments of good-humor he composed a quantity of songs which are still read: some are on the unfortunate mollahs whom he cut up cruelly, others praise the wine of the Armenians and the charms of the women whom he was accustomed to visit. Oh! he was a terrible scapegrace." Such is the great poet, philosopher, and *encyclopédiste* of the eighteenth century as he appears to the most intelligent Persians of the present day.

There could be no better illustration of the difficulty of communicating the civilization of the West to the people of the East even when, as in this case, they both belong to the same Aryan stock. The gratuitous distribution of the Bible by the American and British Bible societies at Ispahan is regarded by M. de Gobineau as labor worse than lost. The natives eagerly accept these gifts not from any interest in the text, but solely for the sake of the calfskin covers which they can use to advantage in binding their own books. The translation, too, is so destitute of all elegance and beauty of style as to make the perusal of it almost impossible to an educated Persian, and serves only to render Christianity contemptible. M. de Gobineau's sketch of the prophet Bab and the religion which he founded is the most full and consecutive that we have anywhere seen. It contains all the information necessary to an intelligent appreciation of this important movement concerning which the reader would seek in vain for any knowledge, even in the most recent encyclopedias and theological dictionaries. The rise of a new religion with its attesting miracles and martyrs in the middle of the nineteenth century is an exceedingly curious and instructive phenomenon. Babism is a great historic event and seems destined to exert an influence upon the civilization of the East, and to produce a reformation in Islam analogous to that which Protestantism has effected not only in the Christian church but also in modern culture. Although scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since Mirza Ali Mohammed, surnamed the Bab, began to preach and to prophesy in the streets and mosques of Shiraz, and although he himself suffered martyrdom in 1849, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, his doctrines have been disseminated throughout all Persia and many provinces of India, and are at the present moment accepted and professed by millions of adherents, many of whom belong to the best educated and most influential classes of society. In this connection M. de Gobineau describes the Persian theatre and the relations which it bears not only to art but also to religion. The stage in Persia is the most powerful ally of the pulpit, and is employed by the different sects for the propagation of their peculiar ideas. In this respect the Persian drama resembles the mediæval mysteries and miracle-plays. The prologue and the epilogue of every piece are prayers, so that the scenic representation always begins with an invocation and ends with a benediction.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.*

ONE of Mr. Browning's earlier poems and one of his simplest and least obscure—as standing unconnected with any of his theories of life or religion, and unconnected too with any of the artificial, arbitrary systems of which his single pieces may perhaps often be parts—is a poem with the story of which the world has long been familiar. A generation or two ago, Schiller, making use of an old tale, sang, so far as Schiller could do singing, of "the lion-garden gate"—as Bulwer translates it—of King Francis, of the knight who made love to a lady of the court as she sat in the gallery above the wild beasts, of how in her levity and hard-heartedness she threw her glove into the arena and challenged her suitor to bring it back as a proof of the devotion of which he talked, of how he descended for it and recovered it, and then how, regaining his place beside her, "straight in her face he flung the glove"—his love being changed into contempt by the revelation of his mistress's true character which the wickedness of her act had suddenly made. This same story Mr. Browning takes as a theme, but it is curious to see that when the Englishman reaches the point where the German makes an end he does not stop, but goes on; rather it may be said that it is at that point that the later poet really makes his beginning. The lion—for Browning has but one—is shown us in lines as sinewy as himself, the fluent knight makes his compliments, the glove is picked up and disposed of as in the vulgar version, and the lady, having been insulted, sits silent amid the scorn of all whose vision goes no further than to the outside of the circumstances; then we are made to listen to her justification; we get a subtle, or at all events a subtilizing, piece of psychological analysis and see the unsuspected side of the case.

What he did in this poem of his younger days the poet has been pretty constantly doing since; in this last work not better but more elaborately and at greater length than ever before. Of so voluminous a writer, of so acute, fertile, and powerful an intellect, of a master so learned in the technic of his craft, of a master so really accomplished in artistic style, whose successes in the mere puzzles and difficulties of his art, much as he delights in them, are nothing in comparison with his really artistic successes, there is of course very much to be said—so much that half a dozen

* "The Ring and the Book. By Robert Browning, A.M." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

ordinary critics with their aggregated powers might wisely leave alone the task of exhaustively describing him, as being a greater work than they could well manage. Volumes might be, as volumes have been, written in explication of the hidden meaning of his works, of the religious and philosophic doctrine contained in them, of the author's view of the nature and the uses to mortal and immortal beings of the passion of love, which he has felt and which he seems to have studied enthusiastically and deeply, of the various learning—historical, musical, artistic—with which many of his pieces are stuffed and on which many of them are based, in praise of the vivid truth of his realism, in praise of his passion, and of others of his gifts as a poet. But all these seem to be minor points in the consideration of one who is as a man so fresh and strange. The essential thing about him, what differences him from other poets, seems to be that he is primarily a psychologist, with certain favorite and obtrusive theories as regards religion, life, and love, and with a subtle and intricate mode of expressing himself—we do not speak of the strained prosaicalness, the labored conversationalism, of his surface style—which is perfectly in consonance with the depth of his insight into the intricacies and subtleties of human character which he so naturally and so much loves to study and depict.

If this view of the poet were disputed, one might make it seem evident that it is not far out of the way by calling attention to the fact that all, or very nearly all, his poems are dramatic in the sense of offering for our inspection men and women, *dramatis personæ*—the drama being usually in the person, with Mr. Browning for chorus and scene-shifter—and that none of them—even none of those in which he had in view the actual "boards"—is ever dramatic in any other sense. By the way, for light on this point of the undramatic character of our poet, for his undramaticalness except in so far as a poet is dramatic who goes out of himself and into other men sufficiently to paint the feelings of others, compare Luria the Moor—perhaps Browning's very best personage—with Othello the Moor. To leave out the lesser things—which are rather the playwright's than the dramatist's affair—the dramatist, to be truly a dramatist, must possess the power of making his personages people, of giving them objective existence. The Moor of Venice lives a real life of his own; let him enter to us after an absence and we are ready to believe whatever he may say has happened to him or has happened in him; the Moor of Florence, however, must be careful to talk to us in a certain way about certain things, or he will find himself among strangers who have never met him. It is his too exclusive sympathy with psychological investigations into mental and spiritual states that is the reason, we suppose, why our poet, realistic as he is, has failed so almost entirely as a dramatist. But then, in fact, his realism is that of a man who, for the delight that he takes in his own mental operations, loves as well to shape vivid pictures as to observe the movements of other minds. His is the psychological half of the drama; and, rightly considered, his characters are essentially almost as far from having a genuine, human, independent life of their own as are any of the abstractions—the virtues, vices, and passions with christian and surnames—which constitute the *dramatis personæ* of Joanna Bailie, say, or any other of the dramatic authors, infinitely below Mr. Browning in general power of brain and poetical ability.

As we have already said, Mr. Browning has some favorite theories or beliefs on several of the most important topics which engage human attention. So far as they are religious, they may be perceived with sufficient clearness for the recognition of their existence, if not for the full understanding or acceptance of them, by any one who will read the poems which we may call chiefly religious that lie between "Christmas Eve" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" at the one extreme and "Bishop Blougram's Apology" at the other. So far as they relate to "the master passion," we may refer the reader, who cares to study rather than read, to the "Men and Women" and to scores of the other shorter pieces. So far as they attempt to account for man's nature and limitations and his destiny, they are here and there perceptible, perceptible not without difficulty—perceptible, to speak for ourselves, not without aids not supplied very well by the poems themselves—in many of the longer poems especially, and more or less perceptible throughout the whole body of the author's works. But despite all these theories and systems and guesses with which habitually he pleases himself and the like-minded reader—

("'Tis the taught-already that profits by teaching"—)

he is to be described, if we have not misapprehended him, as primarily an intellectual seer, as a psychological analyst of great penetration, too fond of over-refining and altogether too careless of expression, but of wonderful insight, and with more power of synthesizing the results of his analysis, of putting them realistically before us, clothing them with the flesh of living people, in their habit as they lived, and putting them amid their proper surroundings, than any other poet who has ever devoted himself to the study of moods of mind and shades of character as distinguished from minds and from whole characters—from human nature, in short, as it really lives and moves and has its being.

His skill in reproducing the external life and surroundings of his characters is seen at its very best—so they say who know—when his scenes and personages are Italian or mediæval. Landor used to say that in mediæval matters Browning was sure never to go wrong, never to be out of keeping or to strike a false note. Thinking of "My Last Duchess," and "Holy Thursday," and the "Spanish Cloister," and the "Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," one is ready to agree with the more competent critics that this praise is most thoroughly deserved. In "The Ring and the Book," then, we may say that Mr. Browning is on his chosen ground, the time being centuries ago, and the place being Rome. A murder has happened; a husband, an elderly man, has had his wife assassinated, as he says, because she was unfaithful and fled from him in company with her paramour, a priest; as the priest says, because she was worn out by the husband's cold-blooded tyranny and treachery; as half Rome says, because she deserved death for intriguing with the priest; as the other half Rome says, because her husband was a jealous scoundrel, unworthy of her—and so on. Over and over, and over again, till the crime and the relations of the parties to it, and their own and others' opinions of it, have been looked at from every point of view, Mr. Browning intends, he says, to tell the story. This, it will be seen, is but an expansion of his familiar method. In the volume before us, which contains two volumes of the English edition, the work is but half done, and another volume will follow. Why not three more, there is no very obvious reason. It is indeed the fault of this subtlety that, once begun, there is practically no necessary end to it. When the art is not to perfect a jewel but to cut facets, the artist may work at any length. It is a sort of art that fascinates those who have once formed a taste for it; but if it is likely to call forth exaggerated admiration, and to make the simplicity of really great works seem tame, and, after the first neglect and contempt are weathered, to be estimated at far too high a rate, it is also, when practised by a master, admirable and profitable. As for this particular specimen of it, we feel it will be as well to speak of it when it is completed, and meantime to commend it to all lovers of poetry as the work of a masculine intellect and spirit, and of a trained workman whose methods are worth close study.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Bickmore (Prof. A. S.), Travels in the Indian Archipelago	(D. Appleton & Co.) $5 00
Dirix (Dr. M. E.), Woman's Complete Guide to Health	(W. A. Townsend & Adams)
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The Week.

THE Senate has been as determined all this week as it was last to do nothing with the Tenure-of-office Act, but the strength of the friends of the repeal must be not very far from equal to that of their opponents. They made bold to call a caucus of senators, evidently in good hope of its action being in their favor, but they were defeated; the caucus decided to leave it untouched until after the 5th of March. What some of the reluctant senators are thinking of is well enough understood, and if it were not, it might be gathered from the remark attributed the other day to one of them, to the effect that "Grant would find himself mistaken if he imagined he could get along without him"—the speaker. On Wednesday week the Senate had up the proposed Constitutional Amendment. It would not have a conference with the House, and stood out for the form of words reported by its own Judiciary Committee; but the fact is, we suppose, that there is much lukewarmness as regards the matter both in Senate and House. Last Tuesday, however, it was brought up again by Mr. Stewart, who succeeded in getting the committee appointed; and as Constitutional Amendments do not require reference to the President, and are not susceptible of being vetoed or "pocketed," there is still time for the passage of this one and its submission to the States. The Kansas Senate, by the way, has just defeated a proposition to strike the word "white" out of the State constitution, a vote significant of what would be the fate of the Amendment in that body. On Thursday, by a majority of 2, the bill to abolish or effectively to modify the franking privilege was defeated as usual, and "every man still may rob as he please," as the song says, provided only he himself writes his name on the wrapper of whatever article he sends by mail, and does not use a stamping-machine. On Friday, Mr. Trumbull made a vain attempt—one of many—to get the bill reorganizing the Supreme Court up for consideration. There is now a denial of justice in each circuit court of this court on account of the judges, too few in number, having to do too much business in the district courts, and thus being compelled to leave undone for three or four years work that should be done in one. On Tuesday the bill came up again and was passed. It appoints nine new judges, one for each circuit, resident in the circuit; but it does not prohibit the other judges from doing circuit court work. On Saturday there came up one of those cases in which a ship-owner sues for an American register for a vessel which, during the late war, was put under British colors. As we remarked when the last application of this kind was made, enough has already been done for "patriotism" in this matter, and it is time that it should be looked at sensibly. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Conkling favored giving leave, but, as the American Eagle owns no shipping, and as Mr. Nye's constituents have none either, Mr. Nye all in a minute was in a light blaze of patriotism at the proposal. On Monday the Currency Bill, as it came from the House, occupied the day in the Senate.

Appropriations have been the order of the day in the House for the past week, and of appropriations that for the army got most attention. Several schemes were before the House, but the chief were Mr. Butler's, Mr. Dodge's, and Mr. Blaine's, the two latter being not different in principle, and both being strongly opposed by Mr. Butler, who, however, was defeated by 111 to 64. His plan was peremptorily to discharge men and officers till the estimates should be reduced by a certain amount. By the plan adopted no new commissions are to be given nor new enlistments made, and consolidation is to be done to such extent as may seem best to the General of the army until such time as the forces are reduced to twenty regiments of infantry and five of artillery and cavalry; and meantime no promotions shall be made, nor any new appointments, in the various departments. This number of organizations may very likely contain 25,000 men; what we have now contain, say, 38,000 men, and their expense for the coming year is estimated at something like $34,000,000, which is surely not a great sum when we think of the South and the Plains. It is less, proportionally—the statement was made in debate—than the expenses of the army in the happy days of Mr. Buchanan. On Wednesday the House received a report from the Committee on Elections that none of the three claimants of the seat in Congress for the Second Louisiana district (Mr. Menard's) is entitled to it. On the following day Mr. Boutwell informed the House that he had intended to bring in a bill to establish a provisional government in Mississippi, but that he would not do so, as the gentlemen of the Democratic side of the House had frankly informed him that they would filibuster till the end of the session, and prevent its passage. This statement Mr. Eldridge cheerfully confirmed. Up to Saturday there was intermittent but long discussion of the National Currency Bill, which on that day was passed and sent to the Senate, which body likewise shows an inclination to pass it.

The Senate continues to gain in distinction, though not always of the most enviable kind. The revelation recently made of Mr. Wade's fitness for the post of presiding officer in troublous times sheds some curious light on the capacity of the body as a judge of character. Since then it has repudiated the Reconstruction Acts *in toto*, and shut out the Georgia senators on general grounds, just as if the acts did not exist. More recently it "amended" the House amendment to the Constitution in such reckless fashion that Wendell Phillips in last week's *Anti-Slavery Standard* actually denounced it for its "radicalism," and advised it to consider not Eternal Justice but the possibilities of the occasion. In this amendment it sought to prohibit the exaction of educational qualifications even for office—a proposition the like of which was probably never before made in a civilized country, and the adoption of which would not only have put an end to all hope of reform in the civil service of the United States, but have prevented any State from attempting any reform in its own civil service, let it be ever so much convinced of its necessity. The most charitable construction, and we have no doubt the correct construction, of Mr. Wilson's course in introducing it is that he had not fairly thought the measure out to

its general results, and had his mind concentrated on various devices to which the South might resort for keeping the negroes from the polls or out of office. But then, as we have said more than once, the best mode of getting the negro fully and fairly into the body politic is only one-half of the question of reconstruction; the other half is the kind of body politic you get him into. It is well to make him free of the city, but it is not well and not necessary to bring him in through a hole in the walls, and prepare for him by undermining the houses, tearing up the pavements, and spreading general confusion. He is even more interested than white men, because he is weaker than white men, in the preservation of all existing guaranties for good government, including pure and efficient administration of the finances and the laws.

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate have just made a report which for clearness and brevity is a model of what a report should be. As for the conclusiveness of the argument, it may be as well to wait for the Supreme Court to pronounce on the question involved, and that it will have to do sooner or later, and probably before very long. The report relates to the recent proclamation of amnesty put forth by Mr. Johnson, with whom pardoning has become a mania, and of whom it is said that during these last few days of his power he is undergoing the punishment of being perfectly beset by the friends and business agents of scores of revenue thieves, counterfeiters, forgers, and the like. In his late proclamation he undertook to give full pardon and amnesty to all rebels—to speak briefly—and to do this in virtue of a power conferred on him by a certain provision of the Constitution. The present generation, thinking of amnesty, will perhaps be most apt to think of the proclamation made by Mr. Lincoln in the end of 1863, in which he also offered full pardon and amnesty; but he made the offer in virtue not only of his constitutional power "to grant reprieves and pardons"—which is the clause in which Mr. Johnson seeks his justification—but also expressly in virtue of acts of Congress—since modified or repealed—authorizing the President to offer and grant full amnesty. The committee begin by defining "reprieve" and "pardon"—legal words with a well-fixed meaning. They then show that "amnesty" also is a legal term, which also has a perfectly well-defined meaning, and of which it is enough for us to say here, that while "pardon," as known to English law and to ours, took a specified man and remitted that part of his punishment which he had not undergone, "amnesty," for its part, was an act of oblivion, looked backwards as well as forwards, and left the man amnestied as he was before his offence was committed, as if there had been no offence. For example, in England amnesty purified blood corrupted by attainder, pardon did not. Thus, too, in some of our States, the governor's pardon, if received by a man condemned to the State prison for a certain time, would not disannul the divorce from his wife which his sentence had inflicted. But amnesty is the act of the sovereign power—which in this country is the President with Congress—and its effect is to wipe out the very crime, not merely to make some remission of punishment to a criminal. It is not to be supposed, the committee argue, that the men who framed the much-discussed Constitution—men, many of them, of sound legal knowledge, and men, too, disposed to bridle rather than extend the power of the officer who was among us to represent, more or less well, the kings of other countries—it is not reasonable to suppose that they did not use the terms "pardons and reprieves" with a full sense of their exact meaning, and had not, too, a clear intention in omitting as they did the wider term "amnesty." The committee, therefore, have reported a resolution which declares the Christmas Day proclamation to be, in the Senate's opinion, of no force. But of course it must be the courts that settle the matter.

The President's veto of the Copper Tax Bill is comparatively short, and is one of the few documents of the kind which have come from him that will repay the reading. We referred a month ago to the contest between the miners of Lake Superior and the Atlantic smelters—the former demanding protection on the ground that they were starving, and the latter as strenuously opposing any increase of duties on copper and copper ores, on the ground that then *they* would be in danger of starving. That is to say, Congress was asked to bolster up the less important industry of the two, judged by its productiveness, by paralyzing the more important; and what it was asked to do it did, for no other reason, apparently, than that whatever appeals for protection creates a presumption in its favor. Mr. Johnson not only sets forth this conflict of interests, and the loss which the country would immediately sustain by the diminished production of copper and the consequent enhancement in its price, along with the falling off in the customs receipts because of the nearly prohibitory duty, but he dds, what he probably knows for a fact, that the effect of the law if enacted would be to enhance the cost of blue vitriol 70 per cent., and thus interfere most seriously with such great industries as the dyeing and printing of colored cloths. We should then have created new claimants for protection against foreign competition, that would be satisfied only by another increase of duties, entailing fresh embarrassments on other industries, and so on indefinitely. The *Tribune* says that "this veto will delight the organs of the free-traders," but it does not undertake to show why, without reference to any general theories, it should not meet the approval of everybody capable of taking in the facts of this particular case. To pretend that protection, abstractly, under all conceivable circumstances, is advantageous, is to assert that if the smelters had got the start in asking for some discrimination against the miners, they ought to have received it—a self-evident absurdity. The House on Tuesday barely passed the bill anew over the veto.

Since the failure of the Congressional Committee to discover what Judge Field said at Jeremiah Black's dinner-party, we have never felt much confidence in the efforts of these committees to find out what is said at *any* dinner-party. The attempt made by Chief-Justice Chase, for instance, at *his* dinner-party to bribe the bad senators to acquit Andrew Johnson is still surrounded with mystery in spite of even Butler's great investigation, and though it is well known that most of the villanies of Copperheads and Conservatives are concocted around the social board—falsely so-called—the nation is left just as much in the dark as ever about the particulars of these scenes of wickedness and debauchery. It now appears that Mr. Corcoran, the Washington banker and a prominent Copperhead, openly announced, during the war, at his dinner-table, that "he would give $100,000 to have Mr. Lincoln put out of the way." One of the waiters heard him, and that waiter is now the steward of the Russian minister; but being summoned before the Congressional Committee now sitting on Corcoran's application to have his house in Washington restored to him, the man absolutely refuses to say what he heard at the dinner in question, and thus we are left just as ignorant as ever of what Corcoran says at his meals and what his servants manage to pick up. The matter will rest here, no doubt; but ought it? Why not take a look into Corcoran's private check-book and see what payments he has made since the commencement of the enquiry?

A man was sentenced in the Recorder's Court in this city last week to twenty years' imprisonment for an outrage of extraordinary brutality on a young girl of seventeen. She begged, naturally enough, after he had been convicted that he might be compelled to marry her, and the Recorder very properly insisted on his doing so, and the ruffian very cheerfully complied. But in consideration of his doing so sentence was suspended, and the couple left the court-room with the understanding that if the "husband" failed to support the wife and treat her well the sentence was to be carried out. It is difficult to see on what theory of the nature and objects of judicial punishment the court allowed this arrangement to be made. The sentence of twenty years' imprisonment was surely not pronounced by way of vengeance, or by way of compensation to the girl, and yet it is only on the supposition that it was, that the remission of the whole penalty in consideration of the marriage could possibly be justified. If, on the other hand, the man's fate was intended to prove a warning to others, the Recorder must have somewhat singular notions about marriage, as well as about the moral and mental condition of New York roughs. Of course there

is not one of the class to which the criminal in this case belonged who would not marry twenty girls in a day in order to escape even a month's imprisonment, and a worse fate than to have one of them for a husband no girl could encounter. The Recorder's expectation that a man of this kind, who marries a woman in order to escape sentence for a criminal assault, will live with his wife longer than suits him, or will ever work for her at all, or will do anything but leave her to support herself and one or two of his children, seems to indicate much more youthful and innocent views of life than are usually met with on the bench of a criminal court. A more deliberate and atrocious crime is not often committed in the streets of the city than the one which in this instance has been atoned for by going through the marriage ceremony, and there can hardly be a doubt that the result will be to make the streets more unsafe for women than ever. The threat that the sentence might yet be carried out was of course an empty one.

The occurrence is worth the attention of those who are occupied with the woman's rights question, as an illustration of the disturbing influence which sex after all exerts on the merely economical part of the problem. Here is a respectable young girl who comes to the city, as hundreds of young men do every day, in search of employment. She arrives late, has difficulty in finding a lodging, and while looking for one falls in with a well-dressed ruffian who decoys her into a public house, and outrages her within hearing of the police. All young women who leave home to seek their fortunes are exposed to just this risk, and have to be guarded against it by extraordinary and necessarily expensive precautions on the part of friends or benevolent persons. Even when they come to the city to seek an education—professional or other—they have to take extra care of themselves, keep within doors at certain hours, avoid certain localities, and go about their business at all times burdened with peculiar anxiety; and this not because they are physically weak or timid, for plenty of men are weak or timid, *but because they are women*. One consequence of the simple fact of their sex therefore is, that they enter the labor market to compete with men on unequal terms. They are weighted—so to speak—in the race of life by their sex, even though their mental and moral qualities may be, as some maintain they are, the same as those of men. It may, of course, seem convenient to say in reply to this that this would not be the case if men had reached a higher stage of mental and moral culture, but this is a mere cloaking of the point. The *actual* moral or mental condition of men is one of the elements in the problem, how woman's condition is to be improved. In other words, the question has to be considered with reference not simply to women's capacity, but to the actual condition of society. We mention the matter as one of the things to which we should like to see platform agitators turn their attention, but which they carefully avoid. When you mention men's passions as one of the difficulties of the case, they are apt to reply scornfully that men ought not to have passions—a proposition which may be true, but is singularly irrelevant, and leaves us just where we were.

The death of Mr. James T. Brady, which occurred too late last week to allow of our doing more than make mention of it, and is now so long gone by that anything we can say about it will seem flat and stale, was nevertheless too great a loss to the bar of this city and to the whole community to permit of our passing it over without any notice at all. To his many great qualities, both personal and professional, his brethren have perhaps done justice; but we doubt if enough has been said, and it is hard to expect that enough should be said, of the extent of the calamity, in the existing condition of the bench and bar in this city, involved in the loss of even one of those members of the profession who still keep alive in their own walk and conversation the traditions of an earlier and better time. Mr. Brady was something more than a successful lawyer. He was the soul of professional honor, and he had that extreme sensitiveness without which professional honor, like female modesty, has never long survived anywhere—which dreads suspicion almost as much as wrong-doing. He was not satisfied with being pure; he did not rest content, as so many knaves do, "with the approving voice of his own conscience." He desired that men should never have reason to dream of his being anything else than pure, and governed his practice accordingly. To a man of whom this may be said at a time when the general tendency is to treat reputation as a thing of only trifling consequence, many more and worse faults than Mr. Brady had might be freely forgiven.

The news by the Cable has been of no great importance. Parliament was opened on Tuesday week, but the Irish Church debate is yet to begin. In Spain the Provisional Government has resigned, and the Cortes have made Marshal Serrano temporary executive. In France, M. Forçade has enforced his previously announced intention to repress public gatherings in abuse of the law permitting them. The Paris Conference has decently laid the ghost of the Eastern difficulty and held its last session; Turkey has reopened its ports to Greek shipping, and a new election for members of the Greek Chambers, in place of those just dissolved, has been ordered. Athens—and, through Athens, Greece—now boasts of a railroad, connecting the city with its port, Piræus. The opening took place on New Year's day, by the Greek calendar, and was an event which we hope will justify all the flag-flying it gave rise to. Together with the reviving importance of Brundusium as a railway and steamer station, and the restoration of the Suez Canal, it marks a curious infusion of modern life into the antique frame.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* makes some comments, which seem just, on the recent conversion of two notable personages—the political conversion of M. Sainte-Beuve, and the religious conversion of the enormously wealthy young Marquis of Bute—which we reproduce on account of their intrinsic interest, and because they serve to illustrate the remarks of our English correspondent in another column; because, too, what it says on the subject gets further illustration from the religious proceedings—to call them so—which have recently been taking place at Auburn, in this State. The points the *Gazette* makes are these: that now, for the first time in what may be called modern history, or even in the history of Christianity, the issues between the natural and the ecclesiastical ways of looking at the universe are being raised with very great sharpness and neatness; at every other period these issues were confused, often confused by great violence, often by being inextricably bound up with political interests of the most obvious and important kind; but in our age, and more and more so every day, it is not so very hard for a man, throwing aside political and social considerations, to avow and act upon his real convictions as regards the proper way of looking at the world. Then there is at once a chance for the forces to be drawn off into two camps and to join battle, with such results as may be. This is not saying that politics and religion will ever be entirely disentangled; on the contrary, the case of the Marquis of Bute turning Catholic, the fact that the Roman Catholic Church seems to gain in favor with the wealthier, more fashionable, less intellectual, more distinctively "upper class" part of English society, might almost embolden one to generalize and say that the natural Tory—which is what in politics the distinctively "upper class" person is—would naturally be a Catholic in religion. On the other hand, the natural English Liberal should be a natural Protestant, and it would not be hard at all to find the reasons why this should be so. Few Catholics in this country, whether rich or poor, are Republicans, and few "advanced" Protestants are ever Democrats. In the case of the Auburn troubles between Bishop McQuaid and the refractory congregation, we see what is not now seen for the first time in the history of Irish Catholicism: the certain degree of liberalism, of practical political protestantism, which has been acquired by the men who turned Father Kavanagh out of the church and "persuaded the Bishop to retire," after informing him that they were determined to have a priest of their own choosing, and "to submit no longer to the one-man power," is assuredly making bad Catholics of them. So, too, of the freedom of thinking, such as it was, that the Fenian movement induced; the politician repudiated the priest.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION AND THE FREEDMEN.

It is natural enough that those who have been laboring during the last four years to secure the deliverance of the freedmen from all legal disabilities resulting from their color or previous condition should form in their own minds, and should communicate to the minds of others, an exaggerated notion of the immediate value of what they have been seeking to accomplish. When the Reconstruction Acts were under debate, it was the custom of Messrs. Stevens, Boutwell, and others to treat as sacred not simply their great object, but also the particular means they fixed on for its accomplishment; that is, they put a person who was opposed to the elevation of the negro altogether in the same category with the person who was opposed to their mode of seeking his elevation. It was, therefore, with the greatest reluctance they allowed anybody to debate their various bills. Out of pure "courtesy" they used occasionally to give their opponents five minutes, or fifteen minutes, or, though very rarely, an hour, in which to comment on their measures; but they always made the concession with the angry and contemptuous air of persons whose opinions it was folly and presumption for any of their fellow-creatures to try to change, and who were condemned by the silly usages of a corrupt age to listen to wicked men twaddling against the most valuable and effective reform human wits had ever devised. It was, of course, impossible to hope for efficient legislation from men in this state of mind. He is no statesman who does not want to hear his measure criticised by his opponents, because he is no statesman who is not more concerned with the question of making his measure work than with the question of getting it enacted; and there is no way in which the obstacles to its working can be got at so readily as by hearing what its enemies have to say against it. Let them be ever so factious, they are seldom so discreet as not to draw attention to its weak points, and betray the devices by which they hope to defeat its practical operation; but the *working* of the Reconstruction measures, provided they could get the House and Senate to give them three readings and a two-thirds majority to pass them over the President's veto, seemed to give their promoters no more trouble than if they had received them directly from the hands of the Almighty.

In this way of looking at them, too, they received, unhappily, plenty of support from a portion of the press. There was not one of their foolish predictions and wild threats and expectations which the New York *Tribune* did not hail as pure wisdom. The immediate "regeneration" of the South under the operation of the Reconstruction Acts was talked of as if it were an accomplished fact. Anybody who was not convinced by Thaddeus Stevens's reasoning, and was not warmed by Mr. Boutwell's rhetoric, was set down as a man in sympathy with Copperheads and eaten up with "the sin of caste." It was, in short, impossible that legislation undertaken in such a spirit should be wisely executed, however sound its fundamental principles might be, and impossible, too, that utterly unreasonable and extravagant expectations should not be formed by the public with regard to its probable results. Of course these expectations have been moderated under the stern teaching of events. The *Tribune* and *Independent* do not venture now to sing a double-leaded pæan over the "regeneration" of another State every time the news comes that a new constitution abolishing discriminations based on color has been adopted by a "State lately in rebellion." After all that has happened in Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, and Virginia, people are less hopeful and credulous. They see that the regeneration of States as well as of men comes slowly, and that it is only in poetry that "old forms of vice and crime" can be rung out, like the dying year, by a peal of bells; and that, no matter how noble the theories you may have got hold of, their application to the practical regulation of human conduct is one of the most intricate and difficult problems to which the human mind can address itself. Nothing is easier than to clothe them in bills and resolutions; nothing harder than to make whole communities really respect and obey them in their daily transactions.

What made it all the more desirable that great care and deliberation should be exercised in the framing of the Reconstruction measures was that any mistakes made in the work were sure to be irreparable. It was useless to hope for the long continuance at the North of the temper towards the South, whether black or white, which carried the elections of 1866. It was useless to hope or believe that the extreme radical men would retain the hold on public confidence which the war had given them. Nobody needed to be a prophet, or even a very close observer of revolutions or of human nature, to foresee that when quiet times came they would lose their influence, and that those who came after them would hardly be disposed to supplement or amend their work, and that if the Reconstruction Acts did not work well, there would be the end of them. It would be useless to go over this ground now or to recall the failures or shortcomings of men who at least meant to do well—and who, if they did not accomplish all they sought, undoubtedly accomplished a great deal—if it were not now more than ever necessary to remind the public that the failure of the Reconstruction policy to do all that was predicted for it by no means releases either its opponents or its supporters from their responsibility to the South. The Government owed the negroes all the legal protection it could give them. It owed them perfect equality before the law; it owed them the same means of calling officials to account and of protecting themselves against class legislation which other men and other classes enjoyed; and these things it has given, and they can, in our opinion, never be taken away. Of this great glory the Reconstruction policy can never be deprived. But there is an evident disposition in every direction now to let Reconstruction alone; to let the acts and the Constitutional Amendment which we trust before long will be adopted, work as well as they can—or, in other words, to leave the negroes themselves to work as best they can the legal machinery provided for their use. One sees this tendency in the increasing concentration of the public mind upon questions, such as the finances and municipal and administrative reform, which only affect the freedmen as they affect all other members of the community. It was worthy of remark that, although nobody doubts Grant's determination to enforce order wherever the law permits him to interfere for its enforcement, he made no mention of Reconstruction, or of what some people call "the main question," in his reply to the deputation which informed him of his election. He enumerated the leading objects of his administration, but they were all questions of revenue and of financial administration. He is going to try to have the Government economically and efficiently served and the public obligations honorably met; but he is not going to assist any man or body of men in taking care of themselves. In other words, he is going to follow the good American plan of leaving everybody to work out his own salvation under the protection of the Constitution and the laws. Even Wendell Phillips admits at last that he looks for nothing more than the ratification of the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment, and declares that with this he will be content. So that the negro must clearly make up his mind to share the common lot and submit to the common discipline. There is no doubt that for a time he will be dealt with unfairly. As we pointed out last week, neither the Amendment any more than the Reconstruction Acts can, under all the circumstances, prevent him from being frequently wronged and oppressed, because there is no political machinery to protect ignorance and inexperience completely against skill, vigor, and unscrupulousness, and the Southern whites can boast the possession of all three.

But it has now to be borne in mind that there is nobody so much interested in the success of all the reforms now under discussion as the negro. Anybody who has entertained extravagant expectations as to the results of the Reconstruction Acts or of the Constitutional Amendment, and is now suffering from disappointment, has the consolation of knowing that there is no class of the community which will derive so much benefit from a reform in the civil service, from an improved system of taxation, from the more honest and faithful collection of the revenue, from improvements in the administration of justice, from the purification of the ballot-box, and from economy in all branches of the Government, as the weakest and most despised class, whatever that may be. It is not the rich or the dextrous or shrewd who are most interested in good government. These generally manage to take care of themselves under any government, or even under no government at all. The people who go to the wall when legislators are ignorant and reckless, judges unlearned and corrupt, and tax-gatherers thievish and lazy, are the very poor and very weak, no matter

what may be their color, and the thorough remedies for the evils of poverty and weakness are found not in specifics but in general tonics. To make any part of the community permanently better in our day, you have to make it all better. To diminish the number of victims of oppression, you have to begin by diminishing the number of oppressors. In other words, you have to elevate the whole of society.

The devotion of the best portion of this community through a whole generation to the task, first, of preventing the spread of slavery, and then of destroying it, has permitted the growth of an enormous crop of abuses, which undoubtedly have weakened all the usual guaranties possessed by either poor blacks or poor whites for the enjoyment of their rights, so that the citizenship we now offer to the negro is undoubtedly worth considerably less than the citizenship we could have offered him twenty years ago. He is poor, and poor men count for less in politics than they did then, because the power of wealth, and especially of wealthy corporations, over legislation has enormously increased, and because the choice of officers for nearly every position in the Government has passed into fewer and less reputable hands; because the bar and judiciary have declined in learning and independence, and because the weight of taxation has increased without any increase of skill in the distribution of its burdens; because the number of officials has increased without any improvement in their organization or discipline; because crimes have increased, if not in number at least in variety and ingenuity, without any increase in the certainty or efficiency of the machinery of punishment or repression.

We look now for the rapid and successful application of the reformatory energy of the country to the extirpation of these new abuses, and anybody whose history or sympathies render him more interested in the lot of the negroes than in that of any other class of poor men—and this many good and able men may confess of themselves—may feel assured that whatever he does for the reform of the civil service, for the independence and learning of the judicial bench, and for the bringing of brawling, ignorant, and corrupt politicians into disrepute, he does for the freedmen. The next best service he can render them is to assist in their education. To educate a black man is to make him literally, in spite of the unpleasant state of things on the coast of Guinea, "an heir of all the ages," and to give him a weapon of offence and defence worth all the constitutional amendments ever passed. Men who know their rights have never yet been utterly confounded or brought to naught. No tyrants have ever yet long tyrannized over men who knew how to argue, and how to save money and wait, though many tyrants have tyrannized long in spite of statutes and constitutions.

THE LEGAL TENDER DECISIONS.

The probable results of the action of the Supreme Court in all the legal tender cases now or lately before it will be, as we ventured to suggest last summer, that persons who made contracts in which they specifically agreed to pay money in coin, will have to pay it in coin; and persons who agreed to pay money, understanding that they would have to pay it in coin, and not anticipating the existence of any other kind of money, will have to pay it in coin; and persons of whom it may be fairly presumed that when they made contracts they anticipated that the payment to be made under them would be made in greenbacks, will have to receive payment in greenbacks. This, of course, is simply a roundabout way of saying that the Legal Tender Act will be treated as unconstitutional in so far as it impairs the obligation of contracts. In so far as it did this it was, as the *Times* said, a grievous wrong, no matter what may be said or thought about the constitutional power of Congress to issue paper money, or to make it a legal tender in payment of debts, and no matter what may be thought of the war power as a source of right. The horror which was excited in the breasts of some of our contemporaries when we made bold to predict the course of the Supreme Court on this subject, and expressed our satisfaction at the prospect, is rapidly giving way to a more just and sensible view of the subject. That horror, which was in itself an eminently respectable feeling, and closely allied to the feeling of disapprobation excited by the sight of any species of vice or immorality, was a remnant of the very useful but somewhat unreasoning enthusiasm by which so many doubtful, but perhaps excusable, things were "put through" during the war.

The passage of the Legal Tender Act was in reality the levying of a forced loan under cover of the money-making power given to Congress by the Constitution, and the money-making power was used successfully to disguise the real nature of the transaction. All levying of forced loans is, however, a clumsy and wasteful operation. The sum a government derives from them, no matter how perfect its machinery or how great the confidence and support of the people, is very trifling in comparison to the amount lost by individuals through the shock given to industry and the stimulus given to fraud. Every issue of irredeemable paper, with a forced currency, brings but little in to the treasury compared to the loss it inflicts on creditors and dealers whose transactions extend over long periods of time. The only plea that can be made to cover it successfully is the plea of necessity. The thing is done, its defenders must say, because we cannot help it. We have to choose between this and a greater evil. This is the only plea which can be made successfully to cover military operations—the killing and devastation and lying which inevitably attend them. Attempts like De Maistre's, to elevate slaughter on the battlefield into a thing in itself holy, must always fail, because to be successful they would require a total recasting of men's moral organization. The release of whole communities from the usual restraints of the moral law, which war involves, may be restrained and regulated by what publicists call "the laws of war," but to the moral man, in quiet times, it can never seem other than detestable. It was, therefore, a mistake for anybody to keep on preaching after the war was over, and its necessities and anxieties had ceased, that the issue of the legal tenders, and the interference with contracts which it involved, was a good, legitimate, and normal exercise of the powers of government. It was like arguing for the perpetuation of martial law, the substitution of special orders for writs, and the introduction of ambuscades and spies into civil life. Any act of government which makes plighted faith a mockery, and enables a knave to evade the fulfilment of his obligations, can never be defended one minute after it has ceased to be necessary to prevent some greater evil; and nobody has attempted to show since 1865 what greater evil was prevented by continuing to give fraudulent debtors the right to pay off their debts in depreciated currency. No evil in time of peace is so great as the spectacle of legalized fraud.

Persistence in this preaching at last brought its legitimate result in the shape of the proposal to pay off the bondholders in depreciated currency. In the period since 1861 a new generation has come on the scene, which has no practical knowledge of gold and silver coin, or of its use as a regulator of currency and trade. The generation, too, which carried on the war, and saw the Legal Tender Act passed, got so accustomed to maintaining, first, that Congress had the same right to issue paper legal tender as metal legal tender; and, secondly, that the paper was just as good as, and in fact on the whole better than, the gold; and to abusing dealers in gold as "gamblers" and "traitors" who ought to be shut up in jail—that a very large portion of the community rapidly drifted into the belief that on the whole there was something preposterous on the part of the bondholders in expecting to be paid off in coin, and that it was an imposition to which the country ought not to submit. This belief having been diffused, of course there were soon plenty of demagogues found to preach it openly and vehemently, and after it had been preached awhile there appeared "weak-kneed" Republicans, and "managing men," like Senator Sherman, to advise the bondholders to give way, and agree to accept payment in greenbacks, as the best road out of a very disagreeable scrape.

When things had reached this pass, and it still seemed doubtful whether the authors of the proposed greenback swindle would not really succeed in deceiving the majority of the voters, we were delighted to learn that there was a fair chance of the Supreme Court's pointing out in calm judicial language the wide interval which in the forum of law, as well as in the forum of conscience, separates unredeemed promises to pay money from money itself. The confusion of purely moral with purely legal or material considerations which the war had brought about in the public mind, and the coloring which

party feeling gave to every discussion both of financial and legal questions on the stump and in the newspapers, made it very difficult to bring the exact state of the case home to the popular perceptions through any of the ordinary channels. Nearly everybody who has opened his mouth on the legal tender question for three or four years back has been suspected of prejudice or passion or selfishness in all he said about it. The judges of most of the State courts, to whom it has been submitted, being in closer dependence on popular opinion than they have ever been before, have not unnaturally shrunk from what seemed the tremendous responsibility of gainsaying what so many good men had been saying, and the best part of the community believing, for so long on such an exceedingly delicate subject as the value and power of the currency actually in use. Whether even the Supreme Court has weight enough to do it successfully still remains to be seen, but we think it has, and we have for some time hoped it would do it. Its last decision has acted like a bucket of water on a drunken man's head. One or two more in the same direction will completely sober most of the currency madcaps and put the greenbacks before us in their real character—as a makeshift which it was excusable to resort to at the outbreak of the war, but which is the source of incalculable evils, and whose disturbing influence on trade and on private and public morals should, now that the war is over, be kept within the narrowest possible limits till we finally get rid of them. They have already introduced a strong gambling spirit into all commerce and manufactures; they have contributed, in some degree at least, to the withdrawal of labor from production; they have enabled an immense number of rascals to cheat their creditors by paying back considerably less than they received, and they have thrown the popular mind into a state of confusion on the subject of value and good faith and national obligations of which it will take a good while to clear it.

Of course, the only complete remedy for the existing evils of the currency is a return to specie payments, or, to put the idea in what is far more accurate language, the redemption of its promissory notes by the Government. The greatest obstacle to this at present of course lies in the fact that the Government has not the money to redeem with; but another great obstacle will be removed when the public has been fairly brought to recognize the fact that the greenbacks *are* promissory notes and nothing else. In clearing up the fog which on this point envelopes the popular understanding, the judgments of the Supreme Court may prove an important help.

SECRET SESSIONS.

It is a little startling, but it is nevertheless true, that the American public have no more means of knowing the reasons which are about to prevent the Senate from ratifying the *Alabama* Claims Treaty than it has of knowing the reasons which induced the English Government to propose it. That it will be rejected no one for a moment doubts, but whether because, as some of the papers say, we can afford to wait until England admits her fault and agrees that the only question for arbitration is at what figure to set the amount of damages caused by it, or because no separate arbitration is provided for the *Alabama* matter, or because it is natural to reject a treaty negotiated by a minister who has made most of us angry with him by reason of certain social follies in which he has indulged himself, or for any other reason, the public will remain ignorant; the Senate sits with closed doors, and promulgates only the result. It is not merely that the *chauvinisme* of Mr. Chandler or the appeals to "God and humanity" of Mr. Yates fail to reach us, but Sumner and Trumbull and Fessenden and Conkling and Edmunds are also unheard. If the affair were a San-Juan protocol it might seem to make little difference whether the Senate opened its doors or shut them during the final debate; but the matter under discussion at present is one of the gravest international questions that has arisen in modern history—one which has already threatened the peace of two great nations, and which, as long as it is unsettled, endangers the commerce of the entire civilized world. During five years the hottest discussion has raged about it in both countries, and now, at the climax of the controversy, when the most interesting moment of debate arrives, when at length the subject is approached by men trained to the consideration of points of international law, and endued at the same time with the responsibility of decision, the galleries are cleared, the reporters must take themselves off, and secrecy begins.

We cannot see any good reason why this should be so, and there are certainly many reasons for publicity. In the first place, one of the greatest evils arising from the system of secret sessions is that a public which is of course very ignorant of international law finds no means of enlightening itself, while it is able, notwithstanding, to exert the most powerful pressure on our foreign relations. In a country in which it is a truism that all power comes from the people, a principle is introduced which seems founded on the belief that the people are of no consequence whatever. No sound progress in Democracy is possible at all unless all make progress together; whatever is done by the leaders must at least be understood by the rank and file, for if this rule be neglected the rank and file, knowing they have the ultimate power, will nullify in some way or other the acts of the leaders. Now, we cultivate in the Senate a body of picked men, the most able representative body in the country, but on some of the most important topics that come before them we prevent their debates from having the slightest public effect. The result is natural; on these topics the public become more and more ignorant. Fifty years ago the foreign relations of America were more equitably adjusted than those of any other nation in the world; to-day they are assuredly not in a good way. It was only the other day that a number of discontented Irishmen planned, under the protection of our flag, the invasion of a country with which we were at profound peace. They organized, equipped, and despatched an army across the Canadian frontier. It seemed as if we were returning to a state of nature when a nation pretending to be civilized could permit such practices. Many of our newspapers and orators applauded, and when President Johnson, prompted by the simplest dictates of duty, doing what he absolutely had to do, arrested the movement, and performed the one act which entitles him to the respect of the country, abuse was showered upon him from every side, and the affair was spoken of in many quarters as if one of the inalienable rights of man was to take advantage of neutral territory to organize thieving, murdering attacks upon his neighbors. Again, a little later some of these same invaders, being captured, were held for trial. The law was simple enough; they were on the same footing with pirates. But a cry was raised that their being American citizens made a difference, and the trial was spoken of as an insult to this country and the invasion of American rights. The administration was requested to expostulate, and, although nothing had been done except to treat a crime as a crime, we seemed for a while to be really nearing war.

Now some, at all events, of such humiliations as these might be avoided if the public had any means of educating itself in international law. If the debates of the Senate on foreign affairs were public, we should know what reasons influence the most intelligent and cultivated body in the country in their decision of the important questions which are remitted to them for debate, and we should not be thrown back on the House of Representatives as the great school of instruction in the code which prescribes the relations of nations to one another. At present, although the Senate is the body which ratifies treaties, the House is the great forum of debate on foreign relations. What Mr. Fessenden or Mr. Sumner thinks of the *Alabama* treaty may never be known, but what Mr. Banks and Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, think of our proper attitude on the naturalization question, and what Mr. Orth thinks we ought to do with San Domingo, is telegraphed all over the world. This would not be so bad if the House took pains to inform itself of the matters which it discusses; but not having any responsibility, it feels free to advise in all directions, and is a full fountain-head of false doctrine. It has become part of the regular business of every session to refer some prominent topic of foreign affairs to Mr. Banks's committee, not for the purpose of obtaining light on the subject, but that a vote-catching report may be made, pandering to the prejudices of some particular class. The latest method is for the committee not to sanction, but to permit the introduction of a resolution—a plan which relieves them of all responsibility, and at the same time furnishes as ample an opportunity for speech-making as could be desired. This was the way in which Mr. Orth's resolution was brought in, requiring the administration to send a fleet to Dominican waters

for the purpose of reading homilies to the natives on the necessity of calmness and moderation in political affairs, and with orders to report progress at proper intervals.

The result, then, of the secrecy of the Senate's debates, and the publicity of those of the House, is this, that we fail to hear good reasons given, and have our minds perpetually confused by hearing bad ones. The newspapers can hardly afford a remedy, for they speak at best without authority or responsibility. The people are thus becoming more and more like a mob whenever the discussion of points of international law is involved. It is clear that if the Senate's debates were reproduced and criticised in every quarter as those of the House are now, part of the danger would be removed, for part of the ignorance would be dispelled. Is there any reason why they should not?

The theory on which the practice rests is the very old one that diplomacy is such a very delicate business that exposure to the light kills it. The old-fashioned way of carrying on diplomatic negotiations—and it is not so very old-fashioned that it does not exist to-day—was of assuming to begin with, as the major premise, that all diplomacy was villany; and starting from that point it is not surprising that the conclusion was adopted that the more secret the operations were the better. The theory was invented to supply the place of a still older one, which made each nation the natural enemy of every other, and a state of war the normal international condition. The earliest diplomats were statesmen whose habit it was in the early morning to send their neighbor an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary with offerings of peace and good-will, following him up in the early afternoon with a strong military force, thus getting for their army of invasion the benefit of the feeling of repose produced in the enemy's mind by the herald of amity. That method answered the purpose admirably so long as international law was not recognized as binding, or hardly as existing; but when rules of action began to be applied to the conduct of nations in their relations with each other, it became evident that the simple methods of a simple age must give way to a more complete system. Then diplomacy proper was invented. Diplomacy is the art of so dealing with foreigners that you give to your acts the appearance of justice, and at the same time reap all the advantages of villany—the art of cheating on a grand scale under the pretence of the grandest equity. Diplomacy is the homage which international vice pays to international virtue. Let us illustrate our position.

Diplomacy wishes to acquire territory. Under the old system, a state filled with this desire of aggrandizement seized the territory it wished, sold the inhabitants as slaves, and filled it with new citizens. Not so to-day; diplomacy has different methods. In the diplomatic age, to begin with, a secretary of state offers to buy, and not having the power, as he well knows, to conclude the treaty of sale himself, he persuades the other contracting party that the body which has the power will ratify, reserving to himself, in case of error on this point, the right to doubt his own assertion. The other Government, not unaware of the habits of diplomacy, in order to make sure that all is right, sends a secret agent to talk the matter over with the ratifying body, and to discover whether its disposition is as reported by the secretary of state. The ratifying body, not liking the responsibility of deciding what its feeling may be, refers the agent to the committee of foreign affairs, reserving the right, without saying so, to differ in opinion from the committee; and the foreign affairs committee intimates an opinion that the secretary is quite correct in his representations, and that there are no objections to the proposed sale, making always the mental reservation that as they are not a responsible body, the treaty-making power cannot be concluded by what they may do. All this takes place in secret, and the result is that the agent is persuaded that a sale can be effected. He so informs his government, a protocol is drawn up and sent to the buying government for ratification. But it turns out that the buyers have not the money to buy with, and the secretary of state gravely informs the selling government that he had no authority to make any arrangement, while the committee tells him he was foolish to trust to a body which, as he must have known from his general reading and reflection, had no power which went farther than that of conversation, and the ratifying body laughs in his face, and suggests that if he had been a little clever-er he would have managed differently.

If treaties had to be debated in the eye of the public no Senate would dare to countenance such proceedings, as we may see from the feeling of shame which even a semi-official exposure of the St. Thomas affair has elicited.

SNOW-DROPS IN ITALY.

Oh! loyal vestals in this land of sun,
Your white cheeks flush not, and your virgin eyes
Vouchsafe no lifted look. In vain the skies
Are red and pale with passion; swift clouds run
And beckon; warm winds call; long days are done,
And nights are spent, and still by no surprise
Your snows are changed to blushes.

Oh! where lies
The spell by which your gentleness can shun
These heats? Is it your hidden zone of gold?
Or in the emerald whose glimmers show,
Scarce show, beneath your white robes' inner fold?
Vain question! Still your calm bright peace ye hold;
And yet ye put my pulses all aglow,
With loyalty like yours to lands of snow. H. H.

Rome, Jan. 14, 1869.

ANOTHER VIEW OF TOWN NOMENCLATURE.

If we name towns and cities badly, who has ever done better? and in the end will it make much difference? It is said our names are often full of awkward pedantry, or commonplace or unpleasant suggestion; that our invention is so poor we have to borrow constantly from our old homes.

Let any one study the matter, and he will feel that our pioneers, who mainly give the names, do on the whole quite well. In the main they are walking almost precisely in the footsteps of pioneers of other nations. There is a subtle law which the rough fellows obey unconsciously, making what is done now almost a repetition of what has been. Here are half a dozen names of towns and hamlets in Southern Ohio within a short ride of each other, taken almost at random: Xenia, Camp Dennison, Powder-Mill, Goe's Station, Springfield, Kill-Pig. If this list is not a fair sample of American town names, at any rate the specimens are not over-favorable. Xenia we have heard criticised. It would be set down as coming from the pedantry for which we are blamed. This pedantry we own has left more traces in our land than elsewhere. Admit Xenia to be objectionable on this account, yet, after all, such names are far from discreditable. A race would not adopt them unless a pretty competent schoolmaster were abroad in it. But granting that the stock is poor, Xenia is really a beautiful flower from it. Its initial sound is the softest of English consonantal sounds, suggesting the home of happy bees, "the mellow breezy bass" in the summer harmony. There is no sound following that is not soft and sweet. But it is more than melodious—its signification, friendly hospitality, is fine. The old pioneer who fifty years ago baptized the cluster of new cabins high up on the little Miami, showed by his choice, perhaps, that he liked to have people know he had seen the inside of a Greek dictionary; still, he had an ear for music and a gentle heart for his kind.

We are too near the time of the great war to have the name Camp seem other than prosaic. The oaths and the monotony, the grease of the cooking-booths, the canvas dirty with rough handling, the blue crowd in the tent trampling into the mire the scanty allowance of straw—the soldier and the soldier's visitor remember all these too well. But let the years fairly begin to roll in between the world and that tremendous time, giving a softness to outlines, as intervening atmosphere gives it to a hill, then Camp Dennison will become one of the most poetic of names. So far as we know, it is the only point in Ohio whose name commemorates the time of the great rebellion. To this generation its suggestions may be somewhat rude, but the whole surface of England is dotted with names of precisely similar character, instinct with charming poetry. The terminations caster, chester, cester, it is hardly necessary to say, are the Latin castra, and all towns so named were once the camps of Roman legions. At Exeter, Lancaster, Doncaster, Uttoxeter, and a score more, the soldiers of Cæsar and Agricola, unbinding their sandals, have bathed their feet blistered with marches, and ground up the short swords dulled in campaigns against Picts and Iceni. The coarse blue coat is to be as poetic as the legionary's buckler. The spot where the rifle drill was learned before Atlanta and

Shiloh, and whose name recalls the measured foot-beat and the rattle of arms, will be hallowed ground.

Surely, one may say, a name derived from a prosaic manufacture like Powder-Mill will not last. If it does not, it will be an exception to a general rule in operation the world over. A mischievous proprietor in Canada once named two townships after his wife's lap-dogs, Flos and Tiny. It was like a boy throwing burrs in sport. They stuck where they were flung, and it was made a subject of complaint to the House of Commons that they adhered so close to the skirts of the Canadian territory. A thousand years hence, if your ghost should take the fancy to ride northward on the train from Cincinnati, more likely than not it will hear the brakeman of the period shout Powder-Mill, just as the spot is past. Nor need one smile at Goe's Station. Through phonetic decay its form no doubt will undergo change. Station in time will, very likely, become obsolete—associations may gather about it and adorn it, as lichens lend grace to the roughness of a stone. If this is the result, it will only be a repetition of what has taken place in the Old World. The termination *by*, so common in England, and often transplanted to America, is well known to be Danish, and to have very nearly this meaning of station. Derby is the station for Der, and Whitby White station; Rollesby, Ormsby, Grimsby, Swainsby, are simple stations of Rolf, Orm, Grim, and Swain, Danish freebooters, the rank and file of a horde of pirates, in comparison with whom the worthy Goe, whoever he may be, in the shadow of the great white water-tank, which is about all one sees at "Goe's Station," is without doubt a gentleman and a scholar of immeasurable dimensions. *Ham*, too, is Saxon for dwelling, and *ton* for farm. *Ing* has a similar meaning. Denham, Higham, Basing, Epping, Leighton, and a hundred others, lending surnames to families that have become famous—saturated with the smell of hay-fields and daisy-bearing meadows to which they have been so long attached—these often are but the softened names of the old leather-clad swineherds, coupled with a word denoting their huts. It shows poverty of invention, perhaps, to name a town Springfield, rather than something new; but how natural that a settler who has left his heart in his early home behind him should give the name of that early home to his new village. Nothing is more natural, and few human customs are older. New England, throughout its whole extent, remembers the old home in its town names; and so, according to Livy, Æneas and Antenor, leading separate parties of exiles, both gave the name Troy to their respective colonies. "In quem primum egressi sunt locum, Troja vocatur; pagoque Trojano inde nomen est." And so, long before Troy even, the Aryan colonizers of Greece gave to their new seats familiar names from further East.

But now poor *Kill-pig!* Can the absurdity of the name be paralleled? Can it ever become dignified and agreeable? Why not? We have seen a proper whistle made out of a little pig's tail; and heard from the showman that his mother's ears had been made into silk purses. Just so, it is quite possible that things charming may come out of Kill-pig and names nearly as bad. The termination *y*, anciently *ea*, meant island. In England there is the stately city of Ely, high above whose venerable homes towers one of the earliest of English cathedrals. In the ninth century King Canute, from his barge in the stream near at hand, heard the chants of the monks from their cloisters and laid down his sceptre to set forth his emotion in a poem that is still extant. Ever since, the name has continued to appear, attended with the most dignified circumstance in a hundred splendid events in the history of a great empire. Yet at first it meant only the island where eels were caught. Netley, a name which more than any other name of England suggests arches and ivy and clustered columns, the song of the nightingale from the ruined buttress, is simply nettle-patch. So Naseby is said to be only nose-town. Versailles is from *verser*, and got its name in the time when the lumbering coaches of the old régime were overturned in the mire in the neighborhood. Stuttgart, Würtemberg's elegant capital, is primarily Horse-pen; and why should not classic Bannockburn suggest the same idea to Scotchmen that we should get from a name like Flapjack Creek? But if designations like these seem less intolerable in their primary meaning than Kill-pig, there is one still nearer. In the north of Dorset, close under the low hills that form the boundary of Somerset, lies a certain pleasant little parish. It is in the part of England where the grass is greenest and the air softest—a spot where the orange might almost mature as it does among the Canaries. Its name is amongst the most sonorous of English names and probably quite venerable, *Toller Porcorum*. Hearing the word pronounced, without analyzing it, one might wonder what Roman consul it was who here laid away his fasces when his time came to die, or what other event it was of moment to Rome that is commemorated in the sounding Latin genitive? Now, "toll" plainly is Saxon, and is given by Bosworth as meaning toll or *tax*, while Porcorum is "*of pigs*." Candid reader, where would you rather live—in *Tax-pig* or *Kill-pig?* Which is the more agreeably suggestive? In Tax-pig you have the tithing-man on his way to the pound with a refractory and loudly complaining captive; but Kill-pig hints at the rasher and well-browned spareribs. But think of the Kill-pig of the future! In a thousand years, quite probably, the present meaning of the two words will have entirely vanished, as the meaning has vanished from *wich* and *caster* and *by*. Already it would be out of the question for our refined pen to write the three-lettered monosyllable beginning with *h* which designates the full-sized porcine animal; and even for a pig the polite prefer to say a swine, if they are forced to allude to him at all. Some time the words will have dropped out of use and lost their meaning entirely. A word, too, is much like a whip-lash. Cracked out by one of its Irish inhabitants, Kill-pig cuts the ear harshly enough. But *ig*, the hard snapper at the end, is almost certain to fray away into the softer *ich* or *ir* or *y*, or perhaps be snapped off entirely; while the sharp consonants *k* and *p*, hard edges along the thongs, becoming suppled, will fringe out into softer sounds. Then let it be associated a few generations with man. Now it is a name of yesterday, applied to what is hardly a hamlet. The landscape shows at present a straight track of railroad running north and south, with a pair of mud holes hung on either side, after the manner of saddle-bags, whose contents are shanties and styes. But let the grandson of old Ryan, the Kill-pig patriarch, grow up to be President; or in some future struggle let the spot be the scene of a great battle—there is no etching like the touch of blood to make gold out of the commonplace; or let it become profitable some time to work the iron ore in the vicinity; in the city that may spring up let Kill-pig become an agreeable suburb; let the cottage of a poet stand at last in what is now swamp, and a painter's studio in the clearing; let homes of taste stand behind trim hedges, and a picturesque ruin arise, draped in vines, and suitably provided with a ghost—it will not be strange if in time to come even Kill-pig becomes as pleasant in sound and suggestion as many an English name that had no better origin, but has become warm and beautiful and venerable through long contact with human interests. No let any one look at the matter and he will see we have no reason to reproach ourselves with exceptional want of taste. Our hap-hazard way of giving names is the fashion that has always prevailed when new men have occupied a country. No country is likely to have a different way. The backwoodsman takes the aboriginal name he finds, or whatever his convenience or rude taste suggests; and in the end too it makes little difference, though for a time the fastidious may suffer. Harsh syllables in three or four hundred years are very likely to grow melodious. Disagreeable meanings will fade out. Association with man will dignify and endear what primarily is trivial or low.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, February 5, 1869.

As Parliament does not meet for the next ten days, the ordinary period of Christmas dulness is protracted for a fortnight beyond the usual time. The papers fill their columns by various expedients, such as dissertations on spots on the sun and long accounts of episcopal installations. I think I should be almost justified in resorting to the Englishman's proverbial refuge, and discussing the weather. Indeed, I cannot avoid remarking that I am sitting by an open window without a fire, with a bright sun (bright, that is, for London) shining, and with an air as mild as that of the proverbial spring. We have read in the papers that the Seine is nearly frozen and that there has been skating in Florence. In England, we have not yet had even a glimpse of a frost. If American travellers would occasionally do us the favor to stay with us a little longer on their way to the Continent, they would discover that amongst the various blessings of a constitutional monarchy not the least is a happy freedom from the extremes of weather as of politics.

We are beginning, though languidly at present, the controversy about the Irish Church, which is to waste so much valuable time next session. Without prematurely opening that topic, your readers will, I believe, thank me for drawing their attention to one of the liveliest descriptions of Irish life that has appeared for a long time, which has been published in anticipation of this and other coming agitations. Mr. Trench, a land-agent of great experience, is the author. The title is *Realities of Irish Life*. Mr. Trench managed some large estates at the time of the famine, and sent several thousand of the tenantry to America by way of unburdening the property. In the course of this and other operations he incurred the enmity of the Ribbon-men. He was tried at one of their secret tribunals and

condemned to death, having, however, a reprieve of two days, because he had promised a pair of iron gates to one of his judges, who was therefore anxious that he should live long enough to keep his word. Meanwhile some well-wisher informed Mr. Trench of the plot, and for twelve months he never left his house, even to cross the street, without being armed to the teeth and accompanied by two other armed men. At length the murder of one of his neighbors, who was shot in the presence of a large number of the peasantry without a hand being raised in his defence, led to a discovery of the plot. One of the men arrested turned informer, and gave Mr. Trench a full account of the various ramifications of the scheme, of the means by which the assassins had endeavored to execute the sentence passed, and of the various hairbreadth escapes by which he had avoided them. The whole story is curious in the highest degree, and illustrates the social condition of Ireland, and some of the good and bad qualities of the peasantry, better than any novel I have read. The book contains many other vivid illustrations of different phases of Irish life, and is well worth reading, with two qualifications. The first is, that Mr. Trench, though refraining from drawing any general conclusions, is obviously a strong partisan of the Protestant landlord's view of the situation; the other, that it is difficult to suppose that he has not, to use the most delicate expression I can remember, "embroidered" his anecdotes a little. But a perfectly candid, accurate, and impartial account of Ireland remains to be written.

We are still engaged in studying the phenomena attendant upon an English election. There is a strong family likeness between the different cases, which makes it troublesome to wade through the reports of the trials. The way in which things are managed in a borough of weak virtue appears to be this: In the first place, the candidate pays a large sum of money into the bank, which somehow disappears in the course of the election. He knows as little as may be of the various channels by which the sum disperses itself amongst the constituents. He has to appoint an agent, through whose hands all the money must pass, and who has to make afterwards an official statement of the expenses. The task of the agent is to discover means by which the money may be spent so as to influence votes, whilst the items entered in the accounts may not have a suspicious appearance. One mode is to open committee-rooms in public-houses, and there to treat all right-minded persons to unlimited beer. The number of public-houses thus employed at Bradford was one hundred and sixty-four; but the extent to which treating had been allowed was difficult to determine, and there was always a certain haziness in the innkeeper's mind as to who had paid for the liquids consumed. Another plan is to hire a number of men as messengers or watchers. They are supposed partly to carry messages and partly to act as amateur detectives, keeping an eye upon the iniquitous practices of the other party. It is now illegal to employ in these capacities any one who is qualified as a voter at the election; but it is easy to find persons whose employment has an indirect effect upon the voters. A third plan is to cover miles of blank wall with placards, and to pay people handsomely for permission to exhibit them. The bare administration of hard cash seems to be comparatively rare, as it is evidently dangerous; but on one or two occasions a man in a mask has made his appearance distributing shillings and half-crowns with singular liberality. The other old-fashioned modes of bribery have been rendered illegal; but that which it is of course impossible to suppress is the indirect influence of wealth, the popularity which a man secures by spending money freely, and the intimidation exercised on tenants and dependants.

A good deal is being said as to the expediency of introducing the ballot with a view of making intimidation more difficult. It was tried the other day at Manchester by the Liberal party. They held a ballot, in view of the probable unseating of one of the lately elected members, to determine whether Mr. Milner Gibson or Mr. Ernest Jones should be the Liberal candidate. Poor Mr. Ernest Jones, a well-known radical and a Chartist who, in 1848, had the rare distinction of being imprisoned for seditious practices, was elected; within two or three days afterwards he died suddenly. The object of the experiment was to show, what I imagine is pretty plain, that with due precautions it is possible to secure secrecy and avoid fraud. It seems to have been successful, and will doubtless be quoted during the session by the advocates of the ballot. The measure seems not unlikely to pass the House of Commons, though the Lords may perhaps venture to reject it for the present. The usual arguments continue to be urged, but the real motive is the belief that a great and unfair pressure, which it is almost impossible to detect in a court of law, is exercised by landlords over tenants and by employers over workmen. How far this evil is prevalent it is, of course, impossible to decide; the influence is exercised by means as intangible as the contagion of the cholera. I have myself known cases in which men have voted from a traditional fear of their employers, when the employers were perfectly ignorant or indifferent; and, on the other hand, I have known cases of cruel pressure, of which it would be impossible to bring distinct proofs. My belief is that the tendency is to exaggerate the evil, though in particular districts it is doubtless very prevalent.

Another legal proceeding is amusing us just now. A young Irish lady became a nun in a Roman Catholic convent in Yorkshire. There, for some reason which has not yet appeared, the mother superior became prejudiced against her, and resorted to a system of petty female persecution. She intercepted her letters to her family and kept from her news of the death of a brother. She made her eat nothing but mutton and mouldy bread, when the rest of the nuns were allowed a change of diet and good bread. She made her scrub floors when her hands were chapped, and ordered her to rub off the candle-grease with which the poor nun had ventured to anoint them. Finally she was turned out of the convent and an account of her behavior sent to the Catholic bishop, of which she complains as libellous. This story with its various details occupied several hours yesterday before Chief-Justice Cockburn, and the whole history will take some days more. If the plaintiff speaks truth, it is a curious illustration of the small spite and ill-nature sometimes generated by shutting up two or three ladies in a small house and giving one of them spiritual authority over the others; but perhaps the British Protestant will be relieved at finding that the evils of a convent are after all on so much pettier a scale than those which his imagination delights to paint. There are no nuns walled up alive in cells, but already they seem to be adepts in the art of sticking pins in each other.

Convents have become so common in England within the last few years that their management is a matter of some importance. We are growing accustomed to the sight of Sisters of Mercy and priests perambulating the streets of London; and it seems to be rather the policy of Catholics to make a display of their numbers and growing importance. How far their importance really increases would be a difficult question. A great fuss has been made about a young gentleman who happens to be Marquis of Bute and to possess £300,000 a year having lately joined their Church. Indeed, it is said that he intends to become a priest. The good people of Cardiff, to which town Lord Bute and his ancestors have been useful landlords, almost went out of their senses when he obtained his majority last year. They composed—though I believe they did not actually sing—a kind of hymn altered from our national air to "God save Lord Bute." Of course, the conversion of such a demigod makes a certain sensation, though an ordinary youth of twenty-one might not be supposed to be a very weighty judge of the matters in dispute. The fact is, however, that there is certainly a tendency on the part of the aristocratic and fashionable classes to drift Romewards, if not actually across the boundary—omitting, of course, the large number who drift the opposite way. Protestantism may be true or false, but it is a religion for tradesmen, whereas Catholicism, false or true, is a gentlemanlike religion. That I take to be the opinion of the Butites, including in that name the large number of people who indulge more or less in Butolatry. There are, as I need not say, many reasons of much greater potency which may swell the ranks of Catholicism; but the supposed vulgarity of Protestantism, especially in its Dissenting forms, is one minor cause, which falls in with the general demand for a religion more satisfying in an æsthetic point of view than that to which we are accustomed. Meanwhile the intellectual part of the country alienates itself more decidedly from all traditional forms; as is curiously illustrated in a recent controversy between the *Tablet*—the ultramontane organ—and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Tablet* complains that the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Saturday Review* always speak of Catholicism with a certain quiet contempt as an exploded system of belief which no reasonable man could seriously entertain, though he might respect it historically. It proceeded to accuse those papers of semi-concealed atheism, and in a series of four bitter articles denounced the *Pall Mall Gazette* with special unction. The *Pall Mall Gazette* made a short and contemptuous reply. It acknowledged and defended the views imputed to it in regard to Catholicism; but emphatically asserted its utter repudiation of *atheism*. The *Pall Mall Gazette* always speaks on such matters with an earnestness and obvious sincerity which deserve respect, and in its remarks on Catholicism it speaks the mind of the most educated classes. The charge about atheism is vague. Neither of the papers attacked can be fairly accused of atheism in the true meaning, but it is plain enough that many contributors to both hold a form of creed which would be generally called infidel, and which a Catholic would possibly think as bad as atheism. They throw a decent veil over it, it is true, but it is not the less obvious to any one who will read "between the lines." In the *Saturday Review* it is curiously mingled with an occasional High Church article, due to the influence of the proprietor. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* the chief writers are sincere though liberal

believers in some form of religion, but both papers are substantially in favor of some form of free-thinking.

Correspondence.

WEATHER REPORTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The observations of the weather are now reduced to such a system in Great Britain that not only the interests of science but those of commerce and navigation are greatly promoted by them. A similar system in our own country would be of increased interest and value in proportion to the greater extent of country that would be covered by it. By means of the telegraph simultaneous observations of the weather might be reported in our daily papers from every quarter of the United States; and with the extension of the telegraph the system might easily be made to embrace the whole world.

As a practical illustration of the value of such a system to navigation, I may mention the suggestion made by one of our daily papers some years ago, that the telegraph should report the approach of our autumnal N. E. storms as a warning to vessels about to leave port. As these storms usually commence in the south and progress to the northward, as if the atmosphere were caving in from that direction, it is an easy matter for an observer at Charleston, S. C., to forwarn the ports to the northward of their approach. And to such perfection has our telegraphic system been carried that we might now have daily reports of the condition of the atmosphere, not alone from the chief points along all our immense sea-coast, but also from our inland seas—the lakes—and from our mountains and prairies. The daily papers might have a corner devoted to such reports, which would possess something of the interest of the almanac for everybody, and which would be much more valuable to scientific and commercial men, if not indeed to the community at large, than much of the political stuff which is now furnished to us by telegraph.

In order to commence a system of such reports it would be necessary to have the points of observation judiciously selected by practised meteorologists, such as Professors Henry and Loomis, the hours decided upon, and the proper instruments furnished. These instruments ought to consist of, 1st, the anemometer; 2d, the barometer; 3d, the thermometer; and 4th, the psychrometer.

I do not know what objections the newspapers might present against furnishing these reports for the information of their readers and the advancement of science, nor do I know what inducements they might require to undertake it; but an inducement to it which meteorologists might offer would be to subscribe to such papers as published weather reports in preference to any others. Not doubting that there are many others of a similar disposition, I extend to them the right hand of fellowship from

A Meteorologist.

February 15, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. announce for early publication another collection to match "If, Yes, and Perhaps," of Mr. Hale's magazine stories. "The Ingham Papers" will be the title of the new volume. The same house announce the speedy appearance of the second and last volume of "The Ring and the Book;" a new novel by Mrs. Stowe, entitled "Oldtown Folks;" a volume of Mr. Stedman's poetry, with the title "The Blameless Prince and Other Poems;" "Our New Way Round the World," by Mr. C. C. Coffin (Carleton); "On the Wing," a book of advice and instruction to young sportsmen, by Mr. John Bumstead; and "The Brawnville Papers," by Professor M. C. Taylor, which originally appeared in the *Herald of Health*, and relate to physical culture. Besides these new works Messrs. Fields & Osgood have in press new editions of several old ones. Mr. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," which bids fair to be an immortal "boy's book," is to come out again with additional matter, consisting in part of the author's account of a second visit to the scenes of his narrative. The Pacific coast being a place very different from what it was twenty-five years ago, this addition will no doubt have much interest; but whether it will not have an interest too much its own to be of advantage to a book that we believe we, for our own part, would a little rather see unchanged, may be questioned. Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar" goes into a xth edition.——Mr. Dion Thomas, of this city, will publish for subscribers a book by a number of gentlemen, at the head of whom is Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, whose name most of our readers have heard, and which was more familiar to American readers of fifteen years ago than to those of to-day. The title of the work, which has long been in preparation, is as follows: "The Basic Outline of Universology: An Introduction to the Newly-discovered Science of the Universe; its Elementary Principles, and the Stages of their Development in the Special Sciences; together with Preliminary Notices of Alwato, the Newly-discovered Scientific Universal Language, resulting from the Principles of Universology, by Stephen Pearl Andrews." In further description of the work it is said to be "Revelation through Science;" or the "Philosophy of Integralism;" or the "Advent of the Reconciliative Harmony of Ideas;" and it is promised that there shall be "Eighty Illustrative Diagrams."——Messrs. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. announce for the first of March the second volume of their "Library of Education," a 32mo series, patterned closely in style after the Paris "Bibliothèque nationale," and, like that, cheap and handy for the pocket. Volume I. has already appeared and contains the greater part of Locke's "Thoughts concerning Education." The remainder of this work and a treatise by Milton, with lives of both authors, will form Volume II. The third volume will contain one of the famous "Reports" by Horace Mann, and there will be, if the series meets with favor, a monthly issue in the same line of subjects, though with a very wide range of selection. The volumes are bound in paper, making from 150 to 200 pages, and are sold at 15 cents in this city, or 20 cents when ordered through the mail.——Mr. Henry Carey Baird announces a number of technical works—on the making of liquors, vinegar, ropes, cement, soaps of all sorts, saws, etc.—to but one of which need we call the attention of the general reader, namely, "A Book of Designs for Headstones and Mural and other Monuments."——Mr. Mansfield T. Walworth is the author of "Stormcliff" and one or two other novels which have met with more or less acceptance, and which, though they may be described as rather heavy reading, are not on the very lowest range of novel-writing; he will now publish, through Mr. G. W. Carleton, a new story with the title of "Warwick, or the Lost Nationalities of America."——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have in press "The Life and Journals of John James Audubon." The naturalist's widow is the editor.——Mr. Patrick Donahoe announces several novels of William Carleton's, who, by the way, is now dead indeed; when we announced his death a few weeks ago he was still living, and in fact was threatening to bring a libel suit against an editor who in an obituary notice of him had spoken of him as intemperate. The titles of the books announced are: "Willy Reilly and his Dear Colleen Bawn;" "Evil Eye;" "Parra Gastha, or the History of Paddy Go-easy;" "The Black Baronet;" and "Redmond, Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee."

—The American Social Science Association has just been holding a session at Albany, evidently very much to its own satisfaction—for the Albanians, with General J. Meredith Read at the head of them, dispensed old-fashioned hospitality—and also a good deal to the satisfaction of those who heard the papers read or have seen a good report of them. A very good report we have not seen in any journal, though most of the important ones seem to have had a reporter there. But the fact is, we suppose, that the average reporter, accustomed to the whirl of nervous excitement which the political convention and mass-meeting furnish, is so far demoralized by his dissipations that his attention cannot but wander when the sober proceedings of a serious gathering are all there is to occupy it. The proceedings of this particular meeting were, however, interesting and very well worth attention. It is a reproach brought in England against such convocations that their papers all have an air of being rejected contributions to the popularized-science magazines, or attempts at padding for the heavier reviews. They are sciolistic without being at all light reading, and are profoundly dry without having a vestige of any other profundity than that of their dryness. It is not always that our American Association has been free from the suspicion of similar shortcomings. But of this particular meeting it is noticeably true to say that there was hardly one of the persons who undertook to instruct it who was not a specialist, hardly one, indeed, who may not be called an expert, as regards the matter of which he talked. Mr. Goldwin Smith knows "University Education;" Doctor Samuel Eliot knows "The Value of the Higher Education;" Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the long-time secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Charities, is certainly very well informed as regards "Public Charities;" Mr. C. L. Brace, who has been for years practically engaged in the investigation and in the amelioration of the condition of the poor of New York, understands the nature of "Model Lodging-Houses," and something of the same kind may be said of Dr. Griscom and "Ventilation," Mr. Charles Francis Adams the younger and "The Protection of the Ballot," and Mr. J. S. Gould and "The Cattle Disease." Mr.

Greeley, too, understands very well the subject of "Corruption in Public Offices," on which he was announced to speak; but rather unfortunately he devoted himself to urging on the attention of his auditors the advisability of a scheme he has of circulating small tracts, of the probable value of ten cents at retail, among people intending to build houses, and of giving to a series of such tracts the Association's guarantee. Each tract he would have filled with good advice as to choice of materials or of situation and so on. The Association adjourned without taking any action on this proposition. No doubt the general public will hereafter have an opportunity to read in some of the reviews the more valuable of thsee essays.

—That was not an omission in the Constitution which our Senators undertook to repair when they voted to prohibit educational tests for suffrage and office-holding; but a part of the unwritten Constitution which existed before the Union not less than did the principles of equal rights and of self-government. The common-school system which New England has bequeathed to the whole country has no other philosophy than that general intelligence—and the higher the better—is necessary to produce good citizens, good legislators, and good rulers. Of the North, at least, this may be called a fundamental law, and it was this which Senator Wilson outraged—unintentionally, we are sure, and without due reflection—when he moved and carried his fortunately ill-fated amendment. It is impossible not to infer from this attempt some weakening of the popular belief in education, and that we do not owe this to the vast foreign immigration of late years is apparent to any one who compares the educational condition of the West with that of the East. The last testimony on this point which we have seen is the first annual report of the present Superintendent of Common Schools in Maine, Mr. Warren Johnson, which we can praise as one of the most intelligent and readable documents of the kind we have ever examined. Maine makes a poor show for a New England State, being second even to Connecticut. A comparison of the years 1867–1868 with 1857–1858 shows the whole number of scholars (children of school age) between 4 and 21 to have fallen off fifteen thousand in the last decade; the whole number of registered scholars from twenty to thirty thousand; and, as we remarked last fall, when commenting on the September election, in spite of the unprecedented size of the vote then cast, the population of Maine is evidently not increasing. The superintendent enumerates the indications, not peculiar to his State, of a decline or, which is the same thing, stagnation in the public interest in the schools, and of the inability of the country to keep up with the cities and large towns in progressive improvement. As yet the normal schools have failed to make much impression on the rural districts, their missionary field *par excellence*.

—We spoke some little time since of *Sabin and Sons' American Bibliopolist*, and refer to it again for a special and for general reasons. In this second number is begun the republication of all those portions of the English *Notes and Queries* which relate in any way to American subjects. This the publishers do partly because of the intrinsic interest of the articles—there is, for example, a full and learned discussion of Madoc's more or less mythic voyage to America, and of the probability of there being or having been Welsh Indians—and partly with a view of getting additional information on the topics that are treated of in *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Sabin himself, in the number before us, makes a valuable bibliographical note in reply to a querist who desired to know something of a book with the following title: "Evangelium Regni: A Joyful Message of the Kingdom published by the Holie Spirit of the love of Jesu Christ." Besides this new feature, the lover of books, and the book-buyer, and the beginner in bibliographical learning will find in the *Bibliopolist* much that is instructive and very useful as well as entertaining. For example, we have here among us in the United States some sharp book-buyers who know what they are doing and are never made the victims of booksellers; but we have, too, a good many collectors of libraries—more perhaps than any other country—who have more willingness to buy than knowledge of the worth of what is bought. This latter class will find Mr. Sabin's work valuable as a corrective of catalogues—upon which he now and again discourses with the sort of subacidity which is commoner among persons of extremely minute and exact knowledge than among other men in presence of ignorance, and commonest, perhaps, among persons whose exact knowledge is of some branch of learning of the kinds that the stupid world looks on as worthless. It generally is a "pleasant sour," however, and in this case it is not at all disagreeable. The publisher's general design is to give hints in regard to the best editions and to keep his readers well informed of new publications, English and American; to tell prices got at sales; to print a list of books wanted, and to discuss all matters pertaining to books. It seems desirable that as many book-buyers and readers as possible should send in their subscriptions—a dollar a year—to keep this work on foot.

—We have received from a correspondent in Berlin a letter concerning the Vermont pond which was christened Lana Water in honor of General Wool. "Lama" Water, by the way, instead of Lana Water, is what we called it in the article on "Town Nomenclature" which we published in the *Nation* of the 17th of December. General Wool, at a date not mentioned, was visiting the Green Mountains, and a number of friends and acquaintances of his, among whom was our correspondent, invited him to "make a day of it" with them. It appears that in Vermont this is done in retired places. It was, at all events, on this occasion; the party went into the hills, and after boating across what was then known as Sucker Pond, they reached a high shoulder where was a beautiful basin into and out of which poured a pure cold stream. It was resolved, if we make out our correspondent's meaning, to christen or rechristen the pond to which this stream with its basin is tributary; "the baptismal *eau-de-vie* was therefore made ready," and it remained only to find a name. "Woolly Lake" would not do, evidently. Our correspondent bethought himself to ask the general how it was that the Mexicans named him at Saltillo. They translated his name it seems, and called him "El General Lana," so "Lana Water" became the formal name of the lake—which we fear the neighboring "liberal shepherds give the grosser name" by which their fathers knew it. "Sucker," by the way, is the name given in New England to a sort of fish (of the genus *catastomus?*) which the boys kill with sticks as they ascend the shallow streams, and which are afterwards given to pigs. In other parts of the United States they are used as food for man, but are tasteless and nearly worthless, and of repulsive appearance.

—An exchange newspaper suggests that we were perhaps lately in error in printing the Spanish name for the declaration that commonly precedes Spanish or Spanish-American revolutions—*pronunciamiento*—without the second *i*. We may explain that we did so not in ignorance of the original orthography, nor merely in accordance with newspaper practice, but because Worcester, whose spelling we prefer to Webster's, gives only "pronunciamento," and regards it as no longer foreign, but fairly naturalized. There are also many good reasons why the *i* may be dropped: one is, that the Spaniards themselves drop it in certain cases, and say, for example, either *partimento* or *partimiento*. Though the latter ending is much the more common in Spanish nouns, and has primarily a strongly marked participial sense, it is identical with the former in derivation (Lat. *mentum*), and generally comes at last to mean the same thing. We see this in such words as *atrincheramiento, alistamiento*, when compared with their English equivalents, *entrenchment* and *enlistment;* so likewise in *movimiento* (Lat. *momentum* from *movimentum*). The Anglicized form of *pronunciamiento* would be *pronouncement*, like *announcement*. The Italians, for their part, omit *i* in the word in question, writing *pronunziamento;* just as they write *manifesto*, where the Spaniards use *manifiesto*. In this last instance we follow the Italians, partly because the *i* is peculiar to the euphony of the Spanish language, and partly because we get so much nearer to the parent Latin—the same reasons, by the way, which induce us to reject the French *u* in *favour, labour*, and the like. As regards our using pronunciamento in the sense of a revolt, to which the same paper takes exception, our case is at least equally strong, since we are sustained not only by English but by universal usage, Spanish not excepted. A German writer, for instance, would not hesitate to say: "Barcelona hat pronuncirt"—Barcelona has revolted. There is, of course, nothing extraordinary in this extension of meaning from abstract to concrete, from cause to effect. Almost all nouns in *miento* exhibit it, and that the tendency is a natural one, every language will prove by copious examples. Our word *demonstration* offers a very close analogy to pronunciamento.

—We have received *via* England a circular of peculiar interest to Americans, or, if we may indulge a local metonymy, to Cortlandt Street. It announces an international exhibition at Utrecht, at which it will be our own fault if we do not easily take most of the prizes. The management is in the hands of the Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures and Manufacturing Industry in the Netherlands, which has fixed upon the period from Aug. 15 to Sept. 30 of the present year as the term of the show. Goods will be received for it only in the latter half of July, and the kinds desired are "such articles of household use, furniture, dress, food, work, and instruction of different countries, as at a low price combine usefulness with solidity, so that [the workman] may be enabled by judicious economy to improve his condition." Articles of pure luxury and elegance will be out of place. Seven classes are enumerated: (1) Houses, etc., (2) household necessaries, (3) clothing, (4) food, (5) workmen's and gardeners' tools, (6) means of moral, intellectual, and bodily development, (7) reports, statutes, regulations of different associations for promoting the well-being of the working classes. The first and last of these appear to us the only ones

in which America cannot shine, but to take five-sevenths of the awards would be an advertisement worth investing in. We cannot go into the particulars of shipment, insurance, etc., which are regulated in the circular before us with a good deal of strictness, except to quote Article 5, which runs as follows:

"The committee of management has the right not only to sell the articles exhibited at the price indicated, but also to order others of the same sort at the same price during the exhibition. The exhibitor who does not fulfil such order loses all claim to the medal, honorable mention, etc. The proceeds of articles sold, after deducting charges, will be remitted to the exhibitors at the expense of the latter."

Those who wish further information had best address either Dr. J. Th. Mouton, Secretary and Correspondent, Spuistraat, 28, The Hague, or Mr. J. J. Metelerkamp, 1116 Bregittestraat, Utrecht. The former is of the central committee, the latter of the committee of management.

—An antidote to M. Quinet's extravaganza of science noticed in the *Nation* of January 7 (p. 11) may be found in Dr. Pfaff's sober little book: "Die neuesten Forschungen und Theorien auf dem Gebiete der Schöpfungsgeschichte," published by Heyder & Zimmer at Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is divided into three chapters, of which the first shows the result of spectral analysis in determining the constitution of the sun, the fixed stars, and the planetary bodies in general, argues against the theory that the sun is a dark, cold body surrounded by a photosphere, and adopts the hypothesis of Kirchhoff that it is in a glowing state and that the spots are heavy masses of clouds. In this connection Professor Pfaff refers to the photometric researches of Seidel and Zöllner, who distinguish five phases of cosmogonal evolution: 1, a glowing gaseous state like that of planetary nebulæ; 2, a glowing, fluid state like that of the fixed stars; 3, a slaggy state like that of many red stars; 4, an eruptive state like that of flashing or twinkling stars; 5, a completely cool and solidified state like that of the earth. The author concludes this section of his work with a discussion of the various theories that have been advanced concerning nebulæ, comets, meteors, and shooting-stars (*Sternschnuppen*). Chapter ii. considers the question of the age of the human race, fixing it at "not over 7,000 years"—a conclusion which, we think, will not be endorsed by the majority of scientific men at the present day. Even Lyell, who is by no means prone to rash speculations or random assertions on such subjects, suggests 224,000 years as the probable age of the human family. Chapter iii. endeavors to show what race of men first inhabited Europe, or rather states that there are no data sufficient to determine it, although craniology proves them to have been of the Caucasian race. Dr. Pfaff has no sympathy with the ethnologists who regard the primitive man as more nearly allied to the ape than to the developed man of to-day. His polemic against Darwin, Huxley, and Vogt is especially earnest, and, although not conclusive as a refutation, may serve as a salutary check on the enthusiasm and frequent fantasticism of the new school of scientific observers and theorizers. The work is illustrated with woodcuts.

—The question of the kinship of man with the monkey, which Dr. Pfaff merely touches upon in the concluding chapter of his "Researches," is fully treated by Dr. Bischoff in his recent volume, "Die Grosshirnwindungen der Menschen." This study of the brains of men and apes in all stages of cerebral growth from the fœtus to the fully developed being is exceedingly thorough. Two circumstances, however, one affecting the author's mind and the other affecting his materials, tend to vitiate the results of his investigations: 1, He is haunted by the spectre of Darwinism, and seems resolved to lay his spirit at all hazards; consequently, he emphasizes the points of difference between brains of men and those of apes, but fails to note the points of resemblance, so that what should be a strictly scientific argument degenerates into a special plea. 2, The specimens of brains which he examined were preserved some in chloride of zinc, others in alcohol, whilst others were studied in wax impressions or plaster casts. The danger of false deductions from such heterogeneous data is evident, however great care may have been taken to avoid incorrect conclusions, since the source of error lies beyond the author's control. Dr. Bischoff discovered the nearest resemblance between the cerebral convolutions of the adult orang-outang and those of the eight months' fœtus. He does not appear to have compared the brains of young apes with those of children, where the similarity is said to be much greater than between grown apes and men. Indeed, the rotund cranial development and frontal elevation of the orang-outang in early youth indicate a mental power very little inferior to that of the human infant. These marks of intellectuality in the brute animal disappear with advancing age. Dr. Bischoff's book is rendered additionally attractive by a series of plates.

—A valuable contribution to our knowledge of Grecian culture and the influence of Grecian ideas since the revival of letters, comes to us from the press of Constantinople under the title of "A Sketch (Σχεδίασμα) of the condition of literature among the Greek people from the fall of Constantinople (1453) to the beginning of the present century." The author (M.K. Paranikas) is professor in a theological school situated at Chalki, one of the largest of the Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmora. The word γράμματα (which we have translated literature) he uses not in the restricted meaning of *belles-lettres*, but in the broader signification (sometimes given to it by Plato) of learning, and thus includes in his "Sketch" an account of educational institutions, distinguished teachers and other men of taste and culture, laity and clergy, libraries, printing-presses, and all the appliances that have aided in disseminating Greek thought and in building up Greek civilization. We have full descriptions of the Greek schools in Constantinople, Turkey in Europe and Asia, Egypt, the Isles of Greece, the Greek colonies of the West, Russia and the Danubian Principalities; nor are the calligraphers (καλλιγράφοι) forgotten who lived in Rome and the other cities of Italy, and put posterity under a debt of eternal gratitude by their beautiful and accurate transcriptions of ancient manuscripts. The zeal of the Greek clergy in promoting classic as well as ecclesiastic erudition, as portrayed by our author, leaves upon the reader's mind a far more favorable impression of them than is generally current among scholars.

MR. C. W. DILKE ON AMERICA.*

Some three or four years ago Mr. Tuckerman compiled a book called "America and her Commentators," which gave but a melancholy picture of the foreign tourist in this country. Quite a number of the traits of character which degrade humanity to the level of the brutes he seemed to have possessed in full measure; falsehood, it appeared, was his natural way of speech; he was insolent to a degree; he rabidly hated free institutions; he would have overthrown this Government if he could, and so far as shameless perversions of the truth could injure the Government or the people, it was shown to have been his delight to invent and disseminate such perversions. We are mistaken if the public much enjoyed this compilation. The whole subject had a look of unprofitableness and seemed to belong to a past generation. However that may be, should anybody undertake to prepare a sequel to it the portrait of our new traveller would not be of so shocking a kind; it would, in fact, be rather an engaging picture. Since 1863 or 1864, or thereabouts, we have been visited by a good many people from abroad, and it is quite remarkable what a contrast, as respects its general tone, there is between the tourist literature on the far side of a line drawn, say, at 1863 and that which is on this side of such a boundary. Most of the late books of travel are as rosy and kind as the earlier ones were spiteful and full of the gloomiest forebodings. Mr. Kennaway, Lord Hartington, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Fraser, Miss Jex Blake, M. Laugel, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Newman Hall, Mr. Zincke, Mr. Dilke, and Mr. Rose have all taken a run through the States lately, and written about us, and we have had remarks, too, from Mr. Dickens and Professor Pearson, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Louis Jennings; and except Mr. Rose—who had a very discouraging "time," as we say, with his humorous entertainment—we believe they all have said a great deal more good than harm about us. Of course account is to be taken of the natural differences of opinion as to North and South which have prompted these English people to more or less sharp speaking in behalf of the one or the other side; it is speaking in strict accordance with the truth to say that they as naturally took sides as we; the way in which England fought for and against the United States Government is a better proof of the real unity of the two peoples than the "Shakespeare and Milton" and "common language" proof which is mentioned sometimes at "banquets." But though there is, for example, some anti-Northern talk in what Mr. Trollope has lately been saying about us, and some anti-Southern talk in what Mr. Smith has said, that is a very different affair from the real old anti-American talk that we used to hear in the days of Mr. Tuckerman's wicked and unreliable tourist. Though, for that matter, we are all agreed, too, that he was not in all respects so entirely unreliable as he might have been and as we used to swear bitterly that he was. There *was* a Mrs. Hominy and there was a Mr. Pogram—or, at any rate, dreadful shapes not so very distantly resembling them—we may as well confess; and there was not much need, after all, of Mr. Dickens's apology for depicting them. It is not merely to our war, or rather it is not merely to the fortunate result of our war, that we are to attribute the increased civility of English critics of America. The

* "Greater Britain: A Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during 1866-7. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. With maps and illustrations." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

war elevated the national character, proved true our former estimate of ourselves—which of course we had no right to ask other people to accept until the proof of its correctness was made—and thus, in a way more honorable to them than if our mere success had dazzled them, the war is a cause of the truer views and judgments of America now obtaining among the English. Besides this, the English are in the beginning of troubles, political and social, which make the Englishman of to-day, more especially the contemporary Englishman in the presence of American democratic institutions, quite a different gentleman from him who in the Waterloo period walked about the world as if he owned it, and simply laughed if told that England, social and political, was not fixed for ever. Then of course, besides a real change that has taken place in us, and a real change in the direction of humility that has taken place in him, and a fear of change that tends to keep him humble, there *is*, no doubt, a good deal in him of the mean respect for mere strength; only it is not to this last fact that we should wholly attribute the alteration in his attitude.

Of the good-nature and respectfulness of the latest contribution to foreign criticism of America, Mr. Charles Dilke's "Greater Britain," there is certainly no reason why any American should complain. Not that Yankees need make special acknowledgments to him for the complimentary title of his book. He set out to follow the English-speaking race around the world, and of the Britain greater than Great Britain, which he found after he had left London, he found a part in Australia, a part in India, a part in New Zealand, a part in the Canadas, and only a part in the United States. Still, the most ardent of that class of lovers of our country who may be called superficial patriots, or superficial-area patriots, who love their country the more there is of her to love, need not quarrel with him for not bestowing on us alone the whole of the larger name. He expresses a very full and satisfactory belief in the future immense strength, power, and grandeur of the people which now owns, and hereafter is to occupy, the Mississippi Valley and the boundless West; he sees that it is understood that—at a time not as yet fixed, to be sure—it is intended to absorb Mexico; he practically counsels England, as Mr. Medill, of Chicago, has counselled her, to "back out" and leave the Canadas to obey the law of political gravitation which eventually will make them so many States in the Union. In speaking of the Provinces, Mr. Dilke says a good deal that may properly be heeded by persons in authority on the other side of the water. They are, after all, most interested; and a hope that what he says may be heeded by persons in authority in the Provinces, is one that will not be entertained by anybody who is at all acquainted with what are called the upper classes of Provincial society. We may remark that, though Mr. Dilke evidently has his own opinion as to the political wisdom of the colonial governments, he seems to be not fully aware of the fact—as we take it to be—that the people of the Provinces—the great mass of the population as distinguished from that portion of it which is "a bad caricature of the worst features of English gentility"—are at bottom far from being unfavorably affected toward the United States, and far from being hopelessly in love with their present rulers. For a variety of reasons not many English visitors to the Provinces are able to note this. Americans, however, who know with what inevitableness we drain the Canadas of their immigrants and the maritime Provinces of their young men, who listen not so much for what is said by officials as for the opinions of the average Nova Scotian or New Brunswicker, have latterly been able easily to exercise patience as regards that "annexation of Canada" for the sake of which our fathers used sometimes to talk of going to war; and now, whatever might happen after war was once begun, it is only a Fenian, and here and there one American, who would think of beginning a war for the purpose of getting British America.

Of those chapters of Mr. Dilke's book in which he treats of India, New Zealand, and Australia we feel neither competency nor inclination to speak. They may be read, we should say, with this much of satisfaction: we may be fully sure that we are getting from them the views and opinions of one of the Advanced Liberals in regard to the proper policy for England to pursue in India and the colonies, in regard to the prospects and deserts of democracy in Australia, and in regard to several other similar subjects. But after reading what our author has written about matters of which we know something ourselves, we care but little, we find, for what he has to say about other things, and we are afraid to advise any one to put much reliance on what he offers as facts concerning any of the countries or peoples he has seen. Turn to the seventh page of the volume and we come on this bit of statement and accompanying philosophy. The author is in Virginia: "Where slavery exists, the 'poor trash' class must inevitably be both large and wretched; primogeniture is necessary to keep the plantations sufficiently great to allow for the payment of overseers and the supporting in luxury of the planter's family; and younger sons and their descendants are not only left destitute, but debarred from earning their bread by honest industry." This sounds very much like the slapdash talk of a traveller more desirous of appearing to know something of the country he has been in than solicitous to learn the truth. It must have been an exceptionally humorous member of the "'poor trash' class" who ever informed Mr. Dilke that his "low down" condition was due to any law or custom of primogeniture that ever prevailed in any part of the South. Again, payment of overseers—unless what some of them stole is counted as a part of their wages—was never a considerable item in the expenditure of any plantation. An "overlooker" was sometimes a gentleman, as gentlemen go in the South, and got a respectable income for his services in keeping an eye on perhaps two or three or half a dozen plantations, each of which individually was under the closer supervision or the immediate management of a white overseer on wages of a few hundreds of dollars a year, or of a colored "driver" at nothing a year; but the true "overseer" was a person whose charges never assisted in making his employer's family "poor trash." Almost always he was as really a servant in the matter of wages as an inferior in the matter of estimation. On this same seventh page at which we have chanced to set the book open we find this passage, which it will be seen is put forth with every appearance on the author's part of being well informed; and yet there is nobody who knows the South at all who says such things as some of these: "The Southern planters were gentlemen possessed of many aristocratic virtues along with every aristocratic vice; but to each planter there were nine 'mean whites' who, though grossly ignorant, full of insolence, given to the use of the knife and the pistol upon the slightest provocation, were until the election of Lincoln as completely the rulers of America as they were afterwards the leaders of the rebellion." They may have been as much, but certainly the mean whites were not any more "the rulers of America" before Lincoln's time than they were afterwards "the leaders of the rebellion." Louis Napoleon's secret police are the Emperor and Empress of the French and the founders of the Second Empire in the same sense in which the lower classes of the Southern people were ever "the South" of our older politics or "the Confederacy" of our politics of five years ago. We should not comment on these examples of wildness of assertion if they were of rare occurrence, but they are so frequent that hardly half a dozen pages together are to be found in any part of the American chapters without more than one of them, and they make it difficult to give any credit to any part of the work. How, for instance, does a man riding by rail between Richmond and Petersburg see "from the windows of the car that in the country there were left no mules, no horses, no roads, no men?" It was a fact, as Mr. Dilke probably heard before leaving home, that the war had made mules and horses scarce in Virginia; but it is not a fact that one could very well learn by looking from the windows of a railroad car, and it was not so, we make bold to say, that Mr. Dilke learned it. This may be but a small thing; but no traveller has a right to ask for our confidence, and none can get it, who shows himself willing to write down as true, things that have no existence. Why may not any Harvard man hold himself excused from troubling himself about Mr. Dilke's remarks in general when he finds him saying this of the University—where, by the way, he had ample leisure for making the acquaintance of the things about which he had decided to talk: "Her conservatism is shown in many trivial things—in the dress of her janitors and porters, in the cut of the grass plots and college gates," etc., etc. We were going to say that her porters and janitors are not dressed at all, and that she has no gates, but affects breaks-in-the-fence with posts in them. There is, however, one gate, we believe—an iron one which may perhaps be as ancient as 1845, or 1855. As for the porters and janitors—if indeed there is any porter, and if there are more janitors than one—they wear as many, or as few, and what garments they please, unmolested by any of the college authorities, so far as we have ever heard.

As we have said, the reader may get from this volume the opinions on several topics of an Advanced Liberal—or probably we should do better to say "of the Advanced Liberals," Mr. Dilke's opinions being perhaps, first, the opinions of the set to which he belongs, and then, secondly, his own; being, at all events, more important as the opinions of a certain school in English politics than as any single person's notions. Furthermore, whoever is interested in hearing the latest word of news from the Australasian and Asiatic Anglo-Saxon communities may read the book with some pleasure. But on the whole it seems to us one of those books which, like an ill-prepared dictionary, contains a deal that is good, but is to be looked at with decided distrust, and is only to be used by persons able to correct its blunders.

THE LATE GERMAN WAR IN LITERATURE.*

No series of public events ever produced in so short a time such a rich and voluminous literature as the German war of 1866. As early as July 1, 1867, Mühlbrecht's special catalogue, issued at Prague, contained the titles of fifteen hundred works, comprising poems, romances, pamphlets, addresses, orations, sermons, essays, diaries, histories, biographies, strategic treatises, maps, charts, photographic and lithographic collections, etc., each designed to illustrate some particular phase of the subject. Within less than a year after the armistice of Nikolsburg, there appeared sixteen biographies of King William and fifteen of Count Bismarck, besides several quite elaborate sketches of less prominent soldiers and diplomatists, one hundred and thirty-five histories of Prussia, one hundred and twenty-nine of Italy, seventy-four of Austria, forty-one of France, twenty-three of Schleswig-Holstein, eighteen of Venice, fifteen of South Germany, of Holland the same number, of Luxembourg twelve, of Hungary, Frankfort, Denmark, and the German Confederacy nine each, of Mecklenburg seven, and from one to five of such minor states and municipalities as Würtemberg, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Hamburg, Belgium, Tyrol, Switzerland, Hesse-Darmstadt, Lübeck, and Coburg; and in addition to these books of biography and history, about forty volumes of military maps, topographical charts, and engravings, all of which were elicited by the war and designed to elucidate it. Since the publication of the above-mentioned catalogue, the press of Germany has been pouring forth works of this class in a steady, though diminished stream, so that their number at the present time probably exceeds three thousand. Out of such a mass of literary material, much of which has a merely ephemeral interest, it is always difficult for the American reader to select, even with the aid of an ordinary *catalogue raisonné*, the few books which would possess for him an intrinsic and permanent value; and it is with the desire of helping him in this task that we call his attention to two recent works whose titles stand at the head of the present article.

The substance of Herr Blankenburg's volume appeared originally in "Unsere Zeit," a sort of serial dictionary or lexicographical review of contemporary events, published by Brockhaus at Leipzig. It is not, however, a mere reprint of those essays, inasmuch as the author has subjected them to a thorough revision and an artistic recasting into book-form, adding at the same time new matter of considerable importance. In the introduction he discusses the philosophy of war in general, which he considers as inevitable and beneficial in the economy of states as tempests and earthquakes are in the economy of nature. Here, however, he makes a distinction between *Cabinetskriege* and *Volkskriege;* the former depending upon the caprice of diplomacy and having only individual or dynastic ends in view, whilst the latter are waged in defence of great national interests and spring from profound moral causes. People and states which are conscious of their mission as civilizing forces in the world are not only permitted but also impelled, according to Blankenburg, to use war as one of the "positive means" in fulfilling their historic destiny; it is a crucial test of their right to political existence and of the validity of the claims which they make on the future; he has no sympathy with "the doctrine of the weak-hearted philanthropists of our day who justify war only for defensive purposes." It is also characteristic of a "people's war" that it never stops short of the end for which it was begun, whereas a "cabinet's war" usually contents itself with partial success and terminates in a compromise. In this connection our author lays down the principle that no government has a moral right to go to war, except with the determination to "fight it out completely;" and that the victorious army which rests satisfied with anything less than the "entire subjection of the enemy" is guilty of a crime against humanity. The decisive battle of Waterloo, which gave to Europe half a century of peace, and the unconditional surrender of Lee at Richmond, which settled for ever the question of State-rights and the political theory of secession in our own country, are cited as examples of *Normalschlachten*. The Crimean war and the Italian war of 1859, on the contrary, are declared to have been a useless waste of blood and treasure, inasmuch as they were not carried out to a logical conclusion, but were arrested by premature treaties of peace involving "the necessity of new conflicts for the decision of the pending controversies." The more energetically a war is conducted, the less danger there is of foreign intervention. "*Je ne veux pas m'allier avec un cadavre,*" is said to have been the reply of Napoleon III., when advised to form an alliance with Austria after the crushing defeat of the latter at Königgrätz. No government voluntarily practises upon itself as a political policy the *genus tormenti* which Virgil represents the tyrant Mezentius as inflicting penally upon his subjects.

After this ingenious and suggestive but not altogether satisfactory justification of war, we have more than a hundred and thirty pages devoted to a history of the causes which led to the events of 1866. The first chapter treats of the religious and political differences between Austria and Prussia, their rivalry and mutual hostility from the time of Frederic the Great to the convention of Gastein, including an account of the Danish war of 1864 and the manner in which it affected the European position of each of the allied powers. The second chapter traces the origin and final solution of the Schleswig-Holstein question and its bearings upon the affairs of Germany, the foreign and domestic politics of Count Bismarck, his defiant attitude and arbitrary measures towards the opposition in the Berlin chamber of deputies, his despatches and diplomatic passage at arms with Count Mensdorff concerning the menacing character of Austria's military preparations, the alliance between Prussia and Italy, the proposition of Austria in the Frankfort Diet to mobilize the Federal contingents, and the withdrawal of Prussia from the Confederation in consequence of the adoption of this proposition by a majority of the plenipotentiaries. The third chapter begins with Austria's note of April 18, proposing a simultaneous disarmament, which Bismarck rejected as insincere, and narrates the history of the negotiations and conferences in Germany and the other European states till the formal declaration of hostilities towards the latter part of June.

In the "Second Section" of his volume the author gives a concise but sufficiently comprehensive statement of the forces engaged in the conflict, the financial condition, wealth and natural resources, state of culture, military organization and discipline, and physical configuration of each country, everything, in short, that contributed to the relative strength or weakness of the two nations; he then describes in detail the several engagements and series of operations of the different armies till the armistice of Nikolsburg and the peace of Prague, illustrating the text by excellent maps of the various theatres of the war in Bohemia, Moravia, Lower Austria, Middle and West Germany, and on the Tauber and the Main, besides eight plans of battles. In a strategic point of view, Austria's geographical position was extremely favorable to purely defensive warfare, especially with Saxony, Bavaria, and Hanover as her allies. This fact must be taken into account in order to appreciate fully the achievements of Prussia. But neither this vantage-ground of Austria nor the numerical superiority of her army could atone for the demoralization of her troops, particularly the absence in the newly-recruited infantry of that *esprit du corps* and delicate sense of honor which make the veteran soldier feel a stain on his ensign as keenly as a wound in his own flesh, and the incompetency of her officers of every grade from Field-Marshal Benedek down to the lowest subaltern. Those who imagine that partisan prejudice or national pride may have led the author to exaggerate the deficiencies of the Austrian service in organization, tactics, and generalship, are referred to the anonymous work of "an Austrian Soldier," published at Leipzig in 1866 and entitled "Oesterreichs System als die einzig wahre Ursache seiner Niederlage vom militärischen Standpunkt aus," in which these evils are painted in still darker colors and traced to their real source in the pedantry that sacrifices individual intelligence to automatic precision of drill, and in the fatal system whereby promotions are regulated not by talent or military knowledge but by birth or by wealth. There is no doubt that the rapid and complete success of Prussia was due less to the needle-gun than to the character of the man who stood behind the needle-gun. The elements which contribute to victory in every war are three-fourths moral and only one-fourth material. If the Austrians and the Prussians had exchanged weapons, we have every reason to believe that the results of the conflict would remain the same, unless, indeed, the exchange should in some way affect the *morale* of the combatants. At Magenta and Solferino the Austrians were better armed than the French, but the latter *did not know it, and won the day*. It is moral and intellectual force that conquers; not the talismanic influence of red shirts and breech-loaders, but a clear comprehension of the thing to be done and courageous fidelity in doing it. A very instructive portion of Blankenburg's volume is the *Anhang* of sixty-six pages bearing the title "Prussia in Arms," in which he gives a sketch of the origin and growth of the Prussian military system during the last three centuries, and especially the transformations which it has undergone and the more and more democratic character which it has assumed since the disaster of Jena and the peace of Tilsit.

Of Dragomirow's "Epitome of the Austro-Prussian War" we can say only a few words, by no means commensurate with its worth. The author of this succinct and valuable monograph is colonel in the Russian army

* "Der deutsche Krieg von 1866. Historisch, politisch und kriegswissenschaftlich dargestellt. Von Heinrich Blankenburg." Mit Karten und Plänen. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1868. 8vo, pp. xii., 553.
"Abriss des österreichisch-preussischen Krieges im Jahre 1866. Von M. Dragomirow. Berlin: A. Bath. 1868. 8vo, pp. 274.

and also professor in the Nicholas Military Academy. His book is not only a history but also a thorough and impartial critique, and thus furnishes an admirable supplement to Blankenburg's larger and more strictly narrative work. Its merits in this respect are so obvious that it was translated from the original Russian into German soon after its publication, notwithstanding the multitude of volumes which had already appeared on the same subject. The descriptions of battles are brief, graphic, and easily intelligible even to the civilian, although the entire absence of maps and plans is a serious defect. Unfortunately, too, the "Epitome" has neither table of contents nor index. It is no small advantage to the foreign reader that Professor Dragomirow writes from a non-German stand-point, and therefore notices many interesting peculiarities of both the Austrian and the Prussian tactics which to a German author would not seem sufficiently striking to be worthy of mention, and also draws parallels between them and the instructions of the Russian army, particularly the methods of Suvaroff. His sketches of the principal generals of each army are sharply drawn, and their prominent characteristics stand out in bold relief. Benedek's weakness was the want of preliminary culture and theoretical knowledge, for which no personal energy or bravery or practical experience could compensate. The superficial qualities that made him a brilliant corps commander at Solferino were not adequate to the strategic combinations of a great campaign. The man of "iron will" became under the weight of this responsibility strangely feeble and vacillating. The Prussian chief of staff, General Moltke, showed himself the antithesis of Benedek in all these respects. "Prince Frederic Charles," says our author, "belongs incontestably to the most eminent generals of the present day in Europe." In conclusion, we have several suggestive chapters on the strategic uses of railroads and telegraphs, and a *résumé* of the results of the German war of 1866 on the progress of military science.

World Pictures in Capitals. By E. T. Potter, architect; with a descriptive legend, by Henry Coppée. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Potter is a New York architect who has set a good example to his fellow-artists in publishing, in the book before us, pictures of the carved capitals he has put up in a private house, where, of course, the public cannot see them. The book offers, on eight pages, forty photographs, of which eight represent the eight capitals at perhaps one-fifth of their actual size; and the others, four to a capital, give enlarged details of the ornament. The photographs are well made and show the capitals well; although, of course, it could be wished that one or more were shown in position, by which the relations of capital to shaft and to superincumbent weight could be judged. They are given to us here as if they were mantel ornaments, designed for no place in particular. It is much easier to photograph them so—that is, in the carver's shop, on a handy table and with lights arranged for them—than in their places in the building; but the inadequacy of the representation so obtained is not to be overlooked.

Next to sound, logical, and durable building, the rarest and most desirable thing in modern architecture is ornament designed for its place and expressive of something beyond tasteful selection and skilful adaptation of ancient types. It is probable that little good ornament can be designed—as, for instance, no good capital can be designed—without this selection and adaptation; but the *something beyond* the evidence of fresh and independent thought is what we ask for. We need it more than the people of better times than ours needed it; for our ornamental work, done in the usual way by the workmen who execute such things, is always both coarse and cold, and it needs something more than the avoidance by the designer of the worst vices of design to make his work assert itself as of another world, demanding attention to its meaning as a work of fine art. Simplicity and repose are noble, and without them good art does not exist; but they will not dissipate the cloud of our indifference to all art that addresses the eye. Independent thought may: designs with intellectual meaning in them run a chance of being looked at. Probably the artist may receive permission to address people's sense of the beautiful, if he address at the same time their memory, their power of association, and their traditional respect for external nature.

Therefore it is well imagined by Mr. Potter that his capitals should have stories to tell; each one its story. One capital is of India, the corners framed of clustered palms, the abacus ornamented on the four sides with elephants' heads, and each side showing a carving in relief of an Indian scene, framed, as it were, in the leaves of cotton and palm. Now, it is certainly rare in American art to see so many ideas in the same space. As expressive of a healthy modern spirit of enquiry and restlessness, and as indicative of worthy ambition in the artist, this whole enterprise deserves attention and praise. The way the design is carried out is less admirable. The Corinthian capital is a thing of stone—or rather of marble; just so far as it is followed in these wood carvings, they are bad. But this fault, and the weak, semi-attached volutes, may be passed over in the general objectionableness of capitals made up of a score of pieces, some glued and some nailed, and designed without due reference to the material of which they are composed. It is not in this way that the wood-carvings are made of the artistic times and peoples. The art student of our time must go to Japan or India or the South Sea Islands if he wishes to learn how to carve in wood.

A Book about Dominies. Being the Reflections and Recollections of a Member of the Profession. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.)—On the whole, Mr. Hope's "Book about Dominies" seems to us to be preferred to its successor, the "Book about Boys." The two are so much alike in their style and matter that there is not much to choose between them, and readers who took pleasure in one will be like enough to find the other agreeable reading. The American publishers gave us Mr. Hope's second book first, and it was marked by a certain conceit as of a man who had been a little spoiled by meeting a favorable reception, which is less visible in his first essays. They are all more or less pervaded, however, by a slightly arrogant tone and a partisan fondness for long-held opinions and practices, rather on the ground that they are his own and have been long held than for any intrinsic value they may have. He has no faith, for instance, in the protest which is made against the practice of flogging in schools, and he has, of course, the right of one long accustomed to the ways of boys to state his contrary views and give his reasons therefor. But when he implies that one of the chief uses of "the tawse," or whatever other instrument is employed, is to teach boys to bear pain with fortitude; when he tells us how he loves to see little fellows in the play-ground thrashing each other with leather straps in order to anticipate and get used to their probable fate; when he compares his boys, rubbing their hands with rosin and nerving themselves to take their punishment without flinching or wry faces, to young Spartans, and finds them on the whole rather poor specimens of boys if they have not successfully tried to deserve the lash, he seems to have a not very valuable notion of the nature and ends of punishment. His faults, however, are chiefly faults which belong to him in virtue of his profession. A life-long teacher of boys who should be without arrogance, without conceit, without an impression that in order to make himself understood it is necessary to repeat himself emphatically and often, would present a very cheering example of man's ability to resist the natural influences of his surroundings. Mr. Hope's struggle against the tendencies of his profession has apparently not been very active, but he is, nevertheless, a lively and agreeable writer, who knows his subject and who, though his limitations are evident enough, can yet be read with pleasure and, as enforcing strongly the idea that the giving of instruction is not the only or the chief end of education, with not a little profit also.

Silver Threads. By Harriet B. McKeever, author of "Edith's Ministry," "Heavenward—Earthward," etc. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.)—Serious criticism on a book like this would be thrown away. As literature it has no existence, but for all that its probable destination is the Sunday-school libraries, where it will do its little part in injuring the children's tastes and filling their heads with false notions of life and virtue. Luckily it is not easy to make prodigies of infant pietism out of real flesh and blood, and the little girls who will be incited to uneasy emulation of the fabulous virtues of Daisy Gilbert are not likely to be very many. It is a pity, though, that false models should be set before them.

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"The fruit is large, of good color and quality, and has borne transportation to great distances. The canes, as seen in the neighborhood of Cleveland, appear to have resisted the severity of the previous winter without shelter, and were bearing a full crop of fruit."

We have secured the entire stock of genuine plants for sale, with perhaps the exception of one very small lot. All we do not sell we shall plant on our own grounds, being satisfied that it will pay us better to do so than to sell at any price. We are confident of being able to ship the fruit from our farm to New York, a distance of over four hundred miles, in the best condition.

BLACKBERRIES.

Kittatinny has given more general satisfaction than any other variety.

Our large stock of plants includes **Kittatinny, Wilson's Early, New Rochelle,** and **Newman.**

CURRANTS.

The demand for Currant-bushes last spring and fall was unprecedented, and promises to be even greater the present season. It is well known that it is exceedingly difficult to procure varieties true to name. After many years of expensive and careful effort, we are now able to offer an immense stock of all desirable kinds, which we guarantee to be genuine, and to give satisfaction in all respects.

We offer one and two year-old bushes of **Versaillaise,** the very best; **Fertile d'Angers,** very similar to the above; **Cherry,** best for jelly; **Victoria,** very late and good; **White Crape,** best white; **Black Naples,** best black. For illustrations, descriptions, etc., of these and other varieties, see Catalogue.

GOOSEBERRIES.

The **American Seedling** is entirely free from mildew, a strong grower, and enormous bearer. Fruit very excellent. We have imported a large number of foreign varieties, of the very best kinds, which we offer at reasonable prices.

The new edition of our DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED SMALL-FRUIT CATALOGUE is now issued. No one cultivating Grapes, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Gooseberries, or Currants, even in the smallest quantity, should be without it. It gives information what varieties to plant, how to avoid failures, and to secure success with the above valuable fruits. Though the edition is large, it will likely be exhausted early.

*** Send at once 10 cents for copy.

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UNION PACIFIC

RAILROAD

ARE NOW COMPLETED.

As 500 miles of the western portion of the line, beginning at Sacramento, are also done, but

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To be finished, to open the Grand Through Line to the Pacific. This Opening will certainly take place early this season.

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AT PAR.

By its charter, the Company is permitted to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount as the Government Bonds, *and no more*. These Bonds are a First Mortgage upon the entire road and all its equipments.

THEY HAVE THIRTY YEARS TO RUN AT SIX PER CENT., and both PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD.

The entire amount of the mortgage will be about $30,000,000, and the interest $1,800,000 per annum in gold. The present currency cost of this interest is less than $2,500,000 per annum, while the gross earnings for the year 1868, FROM WAY BUSINESS only, on AN AVERAGE OF LESS THAN 700 MILES OF ROAD IN OPERATION, WERE MORE THAN

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As the supply of these Bonds will soon cease, parties who desire to invest in them will find it for their interest to do so at once. The price for the present is par and accrued interest from January 1, in currency.

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Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,

NEW YORK.

Jan. 20, 1869.

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FIFTY-YEAR, CONVERTIBLE BONDS

OF THE

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PAY THE

PRINCIPAL AND SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST, 1st FEB. and 1st AUG.,

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HENRY CLEWS & CO.,

BANKERS,

32 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

New York Life Insurance Company,

OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1869.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1868..		$8,774,326 01
Amount of Premiums received during 1868	$3,912,130 07	
Amount of Interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, etc.	766,144 13	4,678,280 20
Total		$13,452,606 21

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Losses by Death	$741,043 22	
Paid Annuities and for surrendered and cancelled Policies.	135,863 45	
Paid Dividends to Policy-holders	1,225,865 26	
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses	493,714 72	
Paid Advertising, Physicians' Fees, and Reinsurances	76,978 87	
Paid Salaries, Printing, Office, and Law Expenses.	130,558 64	
Paid Taxes and Internal Revenue Stamps	35,107 60	2,839,131 76
Total		$10,613,474 45

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank and in Trust Company	$397,351 51	
Invested in United States stocks—cost (Market value, $3,154,808 75.)	2,978,907 49	
Invested in New York City Bank stocks (Market value, $47,862.)	41,549 00	
Invested in New York State stocks (Market value, $991,070.)	947,856 42	
Invested in other stocks (Market value, $222,500.)	210,579 60	
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks (Market value of securities, $505,745 50.)	408,100 00	
Real estate (Market value, $1,028,806 59.)	878,806 59	
Bonds and mortgages Secured by real estate, valued at over $5,000,000 (buildings thereon insured for $2,055,700, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security.)	2,389,900 00	
Loans on existing Policies	1,257,735 63	
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869	475,066 07	
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.	60,449 44	
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1869..	2,387 76	
Premiums in hands of agents and in course of transmission.	564,784 85	10,613,474 45
Add excess of market value of investments over costs		387,348 15
Cash assets Jan. 1, 1869		$11,000,822 60

LIABILITIES OF THE COMPANY.

Amount of Adjusted Losses due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869	$92,131 00	
Amount of Reported Losses awaiting proofs, etc.	18,700 00	
Amount reserved for reinsurances on existing Policies: ($86,397,710 10 Participating Insurance at four per cent. Carlisle, net premiums. $1,047,434 65 Non-participating at five per cent. Carlisle, net premiums)	8,473,594 03	
Return Premium 1868, and prior thereto, payable during the year	727,115 40	9,311,540 43

Divisible Surplus - - - $1,689,282 17

DURING THE YEAR **9,105** NEW POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, ENSURING **$30,765,947 67.**

☞ THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HAS DIRECTED the redemption, on and after the first Monday in March next, of the last and only outstanding Scrip Dividend (that of 1867), and from the Undivided Surplus of $1,689,282 17 they have declared a CASH DIVIDEND, available on settlement of next annual premium, to each participating policy proportioned to its "contribution to surplus."

Dividends not used in settlement of premiums will be added to the policy.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

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JOHN L. ROGERS, (late Wyeth, Rogers & Co., Importers,) No. 54 William st.
JOHN MAIRS, (Merchant.) No. 20 South st.
WM. H. APPLETON, (Appleton & Co., Publishers.) No. 92 Grand st.
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WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

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ÆTNA

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD.

INCORPORATED 1819.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $3,000,000

NEW YORK AGENCY:

62 WALL STREET.

Assets January 1, 1869, - - -	$5,150,931 71
Liabilities, - - - - - - - - -	289,553 98

FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Policies Issued PAYABLE IN GOLD when Desired.

JAS. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have had a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine in my family for fifteen years, and have not paid a cent for repairs. All my family sewing has been done with it, and all the furlining generally of my store.

St. Paul, Minn. A. MOOR.

Stem-Winding Waltham Watches.

These watches represent the perfection of American industry. As they excel both in principle and finish, they will be guaranteed to run closer than any watch of foreign manufacture. An examination of our large assortment is respectfully solicited.

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Public Library

The Nation.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 192. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1869. { FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM / TWELVE CENTS PER COPY

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ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.
PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

THE newspaper record of the Senate's proceedings on Thursday would not lead any one to suppose that anything of public interest was done, but the public only need to understand what is called the McGarrahan case to be a good deal interested in it. The bill for Mr. McGarrahan's relief has passed the House, and having reached the Senate was referred to the Committee on Private Land Claims. This committee on Thursday made two reports, one signed by Mr. Williams and Mr. Ferry, and one, which favors the claim, signed by two senators from Southern States, by Mr. Kellogg, of Louisiana, and Mr. Sawyer, of South Carolina. McGarrahan's claim is one which he bought on speculation while it was in court—it has been through all the courts, and over and over again has been thoroughly condemned as based on fraud of all kinds, including the hardest sort of American and Mexican perjury—and there is hardly a shadow of a reason, so far as we can understand, why, having failed to convince the judges of the value of his case against the United States, he should be allowed to get a million or half a million out of the Treasury by means of a "relief bill," and share it among the lobby. The Senate did not act on either of the reports. On Friday the important business was the passage of the Constitutional Amendment. On the same day, being telegraphed to the West, it was ratified by the Legislature of Kansas, which a day or two before had declined to strike the word "white" out of the State constitution. This, however, it did because some of the negative votes, three we believe, were cast on that side from an excess, and not a lack, of Radicalism; some of the senators wanted the word "male" also struck out, and would do nothing for the negro till something could at the same time be done for the women. The Public Credit Bill, as changed by the Senate, was passed on Saturday, but the House having demanded a committee of conference, we cannot, as we go to press, announce the result. The difference between the two Houses is not essential.

In the House on Thursday, as a beginning of work, the clerk was ordered to present to Mr. Seward for promulgation the act which increases the duties on imported copper. It passed, by the skin of its teeth, over the President's veto. On the same day, which was mostly given up to appropriations, the Amendment to the Constitution was passed, as it came from the committee of conference, by yeas 143, nays 43, a majority of a size which we shall not see in the Forty-first Congress, in which the Democrats will, in all probability, number more nearly eighty than fifty. On Saturday the Louisiana contested election cases came up, and Mr. Menard, the colored man who claims a seat, was permitted to address the House, which is what no one of his complexion has ever done before. The House as well as the Senate has felt the influence of the Cuban revolt or revolution, whichever it is, and there are resolutions pending in both for the recognition of the island's independence. The House, with what seems to have been an impulse of good sense, declined to give Mr. Banks, to whose committee the affair was referred, the leave which he desired "to report at any time," which probably would have involved listening on the next day to a full account of several struggles for freedom occurring in various states. But appropriations press, and members are apt to be vigilantly busy in the last days of the session and need all their energies to get some little matter slipped into this or that money bill. On Monday Mr. Logan interfered to kill a plan which had for its purpose to give back to General Lee certain articles removed from his house at Arlington when it was seized. Among them are some relics of Washington. The Democratic members speak of this as a "restoration of stolen property;" but it is to the Secretary of the Interior that it is proposed to apply, so it appears that the removal was not simple thievery, though no doubt we did enough of that during the war—enough, by the way, to make us properly thankful that our rebel kinsmen never got very far into our towns and villages.

Congress has at last done what it ought to have done in 1867, passed a bill solemnly declaring the United States bonds to be payable in coin. Under the influence of its introduction and favorable reception, American securities have gone up above 81 in London, and there is now every prospect that they will rise rapidly at least close to those of England and France, and that a new loan, at a reduced rate of interest, will really become possible, and this not through the fear of our dishonesty, but confidence in our honesty. If anybody still entertains any doubt as to the power of talk in a free country, and of the singular sensitiveness of the American public to the influence of discussion, we recommend him to study the history of this question. It was raised nearly two years ago by a proposition to pay off the bondholders in greenbacks, which "took" immensely with many of the popular politicians. General Butler was of course one of the first to take it up, and preached it with his accustomed brass. Gen. Logan took to it and preached it with his accustomed vehemence. Senator Morton liked it, and ever so many others. Senator Sherman did not exactly say he liked it, but he confessed he believed in it, and confidentially advised the bondholders to compromise in order to avoid robbery; and a wild cry for plenty of greenbacks for the poor man began to come in from various quarters. The discussion then began and has raged for two years, and the result is that, though General Butler votes still for disguised repudiation, General Logan declares that while he leaned once himself in "favor of paying off our bonds with a new indebtedness," he now believes that "the payment of the debt with another would be no payment at all," and he says "it is nonsense to discuss this question any longer." Senator Morton has come over too, and Senator Sherman, on the whole, does not believe that the bondholders need compromise this time. So it appears the nation has a conscience after all. At the risk of seeming ill-natured, we cannot help calling attention to the fact. These men are all political leaders whom many good people think it nearly sacrilege to criticise, and yet

within eighteen months they have gone right about face on one of the most important questions ever submitted to a civilized people, and are now "burning what they once adored;" being apparently ready to stand up for any view of any question of morals or economy which has the biggest battalions on its side, and can recommend a nation to swindle its creditors and pay them off honorably almost in the same breath and with perfectly calm front. We do not impute positive dishonesty in this matter to any of them, but then are not recklessness and thoughtlessness in a legislator very little short of dishonesty?

The House Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads have presented what is in many respects an admirably written and clear report on the three schemes which have been submitted to Congress for the supply of a government telegraph in connection with the post-office. One of them, Mr. Washburne's, asks for $75,000 to construct an experimental line from Washington to New York, to be worked by the post-office, and to be extended to other places if successful. This the committee condemn, on the ground that it could not be worked except at a loss, as it would have to compete with companies which would be enabled, by the profits on other lines, to underbid the Government on this. The two other schemes, Mr. Hubbard's and Mr. Hall's, both of which propose the grant of exclusive privileges to private parties—in Mr. Hall's case for the construction of telegraph lines by him to be afterwards worked by the Government, in Mr. Hubbard's, to be constructed and worked by a company under contract with the Government—the committee condemn also, on the ground that the granting of such charters would be of doubtful constitutionality, that the expediency of it has already been discussed and decided adversely, that Mr. Hubbard's plan could not work well, and that the example of government administration of telegraphs in thickly-peopled countries like Switzerland and Belgium is of little value to a country as thinly peopled as the United States.

The attacks on Mr. Wells for his revenue reports reached the acme of their brutality in an attempt in the House last week, by Mr. Moorhead, to have his salary stopped, observing that the proper way to express the indignation inspired by his views was to withhold his pay. General Butler, to his credit be it said, defeated the trick by refusing to tell in what particular appropriation the salary was to be found. Here we have a scientific man carefully selected to report every year on the condition of the revenue and the industrial resources of the country. He reports, and comes to the conclusion that certain taxes are injurious, and nine-tenths of the intelligent men of the country agree with him, and forthwith people whose interests are likely to be affected by his findings try to stop his salary—with the view, we suppose, of encouraging scientific men to enter the public service, and of promoting frank discussion of economical topics. However, these tactics do not pay, as Mr. Moorhead will find. The view some gentlemen seem to take of Mr. Wells's duties is very like that which "the practical politicians" took of Mr. Fessenden's duty on the impeachment trial; he is to find in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, provided the dictates are on their side and not otherwise, which is in some respects very like the Irishman's notion of perjury—that it is "swearin' agin me." Mr. H. C. Carey is pounding away at Mr. Wells in the *Tribune*, but what with his defects of style and defects of logic, we suspect his readers are few. His notions of reasoning, as we have more than once had the honor to observe, carry one a long way back.

We have commented elsewhere on the attempts of the Pennsylvania politicians, represented by one of the most noted of them, Mr. McClure, or, as he is more familiarly known to the brethren, "Aleck McClure," to impose one of their number on Grant as a Cabinet officer. This is the second attempt of the kind, but the first appears to have been merely a strong reconnoissance, while this last was a regular attack. There was nothing novel about it except the way in which it was received—Mr. McClure presenting "the claims" of Pennsylvania in the usual form, and the usual letters of recommendation in favor of Governor Curtin, General Grant producing the obvious objection that he did not "see why the Pennsylvania politicians should choose his Cabinet for him." Mr. McClure strongly denounced the appointment of Mr. G. H. Stuart, if anything of the kind was in contemplation, on the ground that he had never been an "active worker" for the party. General Grant defended Mr. Stuart, but declined to say whether he had appointed him or not. The fact is that Mr. Stuart was one of the men who made the Republican party respectable and respected, and thus supplied the McClures with their pickings. The conversation was evidently an amusing game on Grant's part, which McClure perceiving, withdrew. This check to the Curtin men has brought Cameron over to Grant's side—an accession of strength which a Philadelphia correspondent likens to "the devil's help," but pronounces "acceptable," as it will strengthen Grant in the approaching fight with the "ring" which everybody seems to expect shortly.

Since the submission to the Senate of the *Alabama* treaty the *Tribune* has published two or three carefully prepared and forcible articles in opposition to its ratification, which read as if immediately "inspired" from Washington. In one of them, published on the 22d of February, the writer asserts that the treaty is "a fitting conclusion to the feeble and faithless policy" in which Mr. Seward has compromised the dignity and rights of the nation while holding his present office; and he cites as a memorable instance the instructions given to Mr. Bigelow, to inform Mr. Drouyn de L'huys that if the French troops were withdrawn from Mexico the United States could at once recognize Maximilian. In a letter published on Tuesday, Mr. Bigelow refutes this assertion both for himself and for the State Department, and shows what probably gave rise to the charge—his representations to the French minister, in the height of Maximilian's prosperity, that the French were without excuse in staying longer in Mexico, and that until their troops were withdrawn no steps could be taken by the United States, first towards determining what government and what ruler were the choice of the Mexican people, and then towards recognizing them. Mr. Bigelow adds that he did not follow up this protest with a liberal display of the American Eagle, and finds in his failure to do so the cause of the odium under which he labors in comparison with some of his colleagues—say, to use an instance of our own, Mr. Tuckerman at Athens. On this point, therefore, Mr. Seward seems easily vindicated; but the *Tribune's* articles foreshadow the overhauling which Mr. Seward's policy is likely to receive after he returns to private life, and somebody gets leisure to make a critical examination of his despatches from the time of his ninety-days peace predictions down to yesterday. Some things the public know, not creditable to his statesmanship or his politics, and the discussion involving Mr. Bigelow reminds us of a charge first brought to light in a German newspaper published in Boston, that through the offices of Mr. Seward the French minister obtained for the use of Marshal Forey the maps and plans used in General Scott's campaign in Mexico. So far as our memory goes this was never officially denied, and of course may have had no foundation except in the brain of some ardent believer in the Monroe doctrine. But if established, it would prove perhaps the most unwarrantable and self-stultifying concession to a foreign power which Mr. Seward, or any previous Secretary of State, ever had an opportunity of making.

It would be curious to know what wheels within wheels are working in the business of the severe sentencing of criminals that is now going on in this city. We have a new judge for some of the worst classes of cases, and a new district attorney, and there might naturally have been expected a little clean sweeping to continue for a greater or less length of time; but the onslaught upon the army of scoundrels is made all along the line, and judges never suspected of over-righteousness award the death penalty and twenty and forty years of imprisonment with a downrightness and promptness as gratifying as it is surprising. Meantime there is a whispering which may be mentioned here, so as to dispose of it, that some of our officials are connected with Tammany, and that Tammany is assailed and threatened just now by another official; who being in intimate relations with thousands on thousands of the voters of the Sixth and Fourth and Seventeenth Wards, has decided on fighting his way to leadership; and that word has been passed among

the faithful, without regard to their personal piety, to strike terror into the acquaintances and friends of the insubordinate official—so these are sent to Sing Sing in droves. One thing is evident, it surprises them and enrages them. They cannot yet believe that Real, who once was a deputy sheriff, we believe, is going to be actually hanged for only shooting a policeman, a probable Republican. It is said that the judge who sentenced him to death is in fear of his life, and has excellent reason for being so, as he is followed in the street by men who apparently would kill him if they could quite believe it of him that he would make unpleasantness for Mr. Real and his friends. What is to become of him if the execution ever takes place nobody knows. But the roughs will probably find in the end that they must obey their masters, and not again take up with entangling political alliances without orders. One odd result of this state of things was the sentence pronounced the other day on Migaldo, the Italian homicide, by Judge Barnard. The man whom he killed was an Irishman, and the counsel for the defence spoke of the feud existing between the Irish and the foreigners in the ward where the murder was done. To this part of the defence the judge referred in the sentence. He had nothing to do with nationalities, he said, but he was unwilling to hear slanders uttered of the inoffensive race without whom this country would have been a desert or very near it; they have dug the canals, and stretched the telegraphs across the continent, and built the railroads that carry civilization into the wilds of the West. This ought to be kindly received in the lower wards.

A San Francisco despatch of February 24th tells of the arrival of 400 Chinese women by a late steamer, and of the frantic efforts made by the resident Chinese to seize some of them, the police, with great difficulty, preventing a general riot. The cause of this excitement, we need not say, is the enormous disproportion of male emigrants to female in all countries which the Chinese have thus far sought to settle in or been forcibly taken to. The number of Chinese on the Pacific coast is estimated at about 50,000, and the women are so rare as to be counted almost at nothing. The social position of the few that are there may be easily guessed, as well as the purposes for which the new-comers were so fiercely pursued. On this side the Chinese problem in California differs widely from the negro problem at the South; and it is not to be solved by subjecting the Chinese to a treatment bordering nearly upon servitude. Such a policy at once takes away every inducement for the Chinese to emigrate in families—the best safeguard for the morals of the state—and reduces the women who happen over, rather than deliberately come over, to the condition of prostitutes if it be not theirs already. It remains to be seen what effect the Burlingame treaty will have upon the character of future emigration from China, and how much of a temptation it offers to become naturalized, to vote—when the Constitutional Amendment shall permit it—and to be buried in this country. The Pacific Railroad, too, may test the willingness of the Chinese to settle permanently away from the seaboard, and should it induce them to do so, we shall undoubtedly see them, coming from the West, meet the long file of German immigrants advancing along the same line in an opposite direction; and for many years to come the Plains will exhibit a most heterogeneous population, as regards either race or color or religion. That the development of this great region will draw off attention from the South can scarcely be doubted, and we may even have negro members of Congress deploring Asiatic intrusiveness, or denouncing it on national, ethnological, and economical principles.

Twice during the debates of the present session of the Prussian Diet Count Bismarck has quite distinctly alluded to the late imminence of a French war against the North German Confederation, the perils of which were averted—as he was understood to say—chiefly by the sudden outbreak of the Spanish revolution. There are, however, indications that the danger of a general European conflagration, such as would result from war between these two powers, may have been only temporarily averted. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, one of the best informed Continental journals and well known for its constant advocacy of peace—almost at any price—as well as for its consistent avoidance of sensational reports, does not hesitate to spread the news, received "from a trustworthy source," that France, Austria, and Italy are concocting a defensive and offensive alliance against Prussia and Russia, looking, among other ends, to the cession by Austria to Italy of the Italian portions of Tyrol, the aggrandizement of France and Austria at the expense of Prussia, and the restoration of Poland. The defiant way, too, in which the ex-King of Hanover and the ex-Elector of Hesse lately provoked the but too effective resentment of the Prussian Government distinctly shows that aid from abroad is still counted upon by the "dispossessed." The *Kölnische Zeitung* indulges the belief that Count Beust is a stranger to the secret negotiations of Paris, which, we must add, are almost universally discredited.

The danger to Prussia from the side of Roumania was also referred to by Bismarck as having been fortunately repressed by a peremptory word from the former. But this has not quelled the violent agitation against Turks and Magyars, which continues to rage, though with much diminished means and effect, since the dismissal of the fire-eating ministry of Bratiano. Prince Charles, too, having taken Bismarck's warning to heart, no longer seems "spilin' for a fight," but has set to work to reorganize his army according to the Prussian model. The attempt, however, to do this through a Prussian military commission, and the reappointment of an unpopular general, have led to violent debates in the Chambers, to a vote against the ministry, and, at last accounts, to the dissolution of the Assembly.

The statistics for 1868 of the chief European ports of emigration show that from Liverpool there went out during the year 120,000 emigrants, from Bremen 66,500, from Hamburg 44,000, from Antwerp only 1,500, from Havre not over 30,000. These figures represent final departures from the Old World, those who passed through Bremen, for example, for Liverpool, being credited to the latter port alone. From the United Kingdom the native emigration was at the rate of 391 souls every day, or 142,000 per annum. As regards that from the Continent, it is curious to observe that it still continues vigorous, although the political oppression and religious persecution which caused it originally have ceased altogether—or almost ceased. The Mennonites can hardly be called oppressed or persecuted for being subjected to military service contrary to their Quaker tenets. Since 1850 the condition of the German people has been steadily improving, and the grand consummation of 1866 put an end to some of the most tyrannical governments; nevertheless the outflow goes on. The authorities, to be sure, no longer place restrictions on emigration, or obstruct it from unfriendly motives; and they are even ready to treat with the United States for the protection of passengers, at either end of the route and on the ocean, from fraud and ill-usage. But this change from hostility to friendly supervision without hinderance has not what would be a natural effect of checking emigration and quenching the desire to leave the fatherland. The explanation undoubtedly is that those who now emigrate do so because of the friends and relatives who have come here before them, and whose representations both of the advantages of living and the ease of transit suffice to draw them away from home. It is on this very account that some of the German papers are urging a colder attitude on the part of their government, and a refusal to make the passage to America any more agreeable than it would naturally be if things were pretty much left to themselves. They do not advise a return to open opposition, but they protest against anything like favor of a movement which implies that Germany is a most undesirable country to be born in. Any retrenchment, however, of the present freedom to emigrate could not help exciting discontent and aiding the efforts of the Southern and Western States whose agents are busily engaged in recruiting all over Germany. With the mass of the population, now that their brothers have settled by the hundreds of thousands in North and South America, economical considerations will always prevail as long as such considerations exist; and even good government cannot wholly counterbalance them.

"THE MEN INSIDE POLITICS."

The past week has been a dolorous one for "the men inside politics." The experiment which Grant has been making at Washington, in selecting a Cabinet without their aid, and in steadily but civilly repulsing all their attempts at interference, is one which had to be made sooner or later, as an indispensable preliminary of all reform, and on the final success of which the future of the Government will largely depend. What he was really fighting against in his interview with the Pennsylvania politicians was class government; for that is really the kind of government these worthies and their fellows have established and are trying to perpetuate. What Grant is trying to do is to remodel the administrative machine on the popular ideal, and make it really democratic. Government has, the world over, been hitherto class government in the strict sense of the word; that is, the work of shaping and executing its policy, by selecting its officers and prescribing rules for their guidance, has been monopolized by a particular set or order of men, sometimes men of certain families, sometimes men of wealth. The democratic movement which culminated in this country in 1846 was in reality an attempt to put an end to this state of things, and substitute for it "government of the people, by the people, for the people." We believe we are not misrepresenting the general conclusion, when we say that the attempt has in one direction failed. The multiplication of elective offices, which was one of the most prominent features of the new system, not only, as we have more than once endeavored to point out, destroyed all real "responsibility to the people," but it so complicated the machinery of government, made necessary so much constant attention to details, that the task of working it has had to be committed to another class, as corrupt and immoral, and ignorant and unskilful, as ever took such business in hand, and the entrance to which for honest men is just as difficult as the entrance to any aristocracy, and success in which is harder, and has to be achieved by as base acts as ever were practised at any modern court. The work of shaping great lines of policy, or, in other words, of conceiving the ideas which the Government was to carry out, has of course been left to the people, but only because it could not be taken away from them. But the whole work of embodying the ideas in legislation, and arranging the government offices so as to give these ideas their full force and effect, has fallen into the hands of a body largely composed of unprincipled adventurers, jobbers, and speculators, who literally divide all the honors and rewards of public life between them, and have introduced the foulest conspirators into every department of the public service.

For awhile they allowed themselves, under the influence of a tradition of the earlier time, to be led by lawyers, whose professional training had made them somewhat conservative and fastidious, and given them more or less reverence for precedents; but of late years, lawyers, at least respectable lawyers, have been losing credit amongst them. Their foremost ranks are now filled by unscrupulous speculators of great wealth and greater desire for wealth, who buy up the State Legislatures, return the senators, and organize "rings" for the exploitation of the House of Representatives, arrange the party caucuses to secure the nomination of their own creatures, and always have half a dozen money-making "schemes" on foot in which they employ these creatures. Under them, in every State, city, and village, is a vast swarm of their "men," who work for them at primary meetings, in the newspapers, and in management generally, and whom they reward with the smaller offices. The higher ones they reserve for themselves or their confederates. The enormous addition made to the federal patronage by the war has of course immensely increased for this class the importance of the presidency and its powers. What they would like to do would be to return to the old plan of selecting for the office one of their own number, trained by themselves and known to be pliant, and then surround him with agents and counsellors of their choosing, under pretence of satisfying "the claims of parties."

To justify their monopoly of the working of government, of course they have had to provide a theory of some kind, and their theory has been that the art of keeping a political party together, and bringing all its force to bear at the polls, is an art of uncommon difficulty and mystery, which none but men of very peculiar powers and great experience can master, and which they only have mastered, and to the successful prosecution of which the most rigid discipline and the strictest silence in the ranks is absolutely necessary. The tremendous absorption of the popular mind in the struggle with slavery of course favored their pretensions; it made the people unable or unwilling to break loose from their yoke, and gave compliance with their demands the air of a sacrifice to principle. But the state of things which we now witness in the public service, as the result of twenty years of their rule, has at last done something to expose their bad character. A parcel of shallower and more impudent pretenders probably never afflicted a great country. Of the art of government, in any good sense of the word, they have shown that they know absolutely nothing. Their knowledge includes simply the smaller trickery of electioneering, the best mode of bamboozling the more ignorant voters, though even this is done clumsily, and the filling of the offices—a process for which they claim special qualifications, but which, as they conduct it, really requires no more skill or judgment than the division of booty in a bandit's cave. The license they have so long enjoyed has reduced the administrative machinery of the Government to the lowest stage of inefficiency and made its service a disgrace in the eyes of the best portion of the community. That it has not ruined it is due to two events, which almost wear the appearance of special interpositions of Providence. One was the accidental accession of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, and the other the imposition of Grant upon them for the same office by the events of the war.

Mr. Lincoln was, during the earlier period of his administration entirely under their influence, or, in fact, he never wholly extricated himself from it. They succeeded in choosing his first Cabinet for him, and fought over the appointments like dogs over a bone. They accepted Grant as a horrible necessity, but never despaired wholly of using him to perpetuate their power of dividing his Cabinet offices amongst them as part of their spoils. By way of guarding him against independent action, or, in other words, against selecting for himself the men who are to advise him on his most important official steps, they began to give out three months ago that the choice of a Cabinet was a task for the right performance of which great experience was required, and experience of a kind which unfamiliarity with men or direction of great affairs, such as Grant has enjoyed, could not supply, and which they only possessed. At first they talked as if their selections for office had always been of the happiest kind, or as if their secret was worth any money to a Christian ruler. His refusal to tell beforehand what he was going to do was the first intimation they received that he had taken their measure, and was of opinion that this Government could be carried on without their aid. But they were far from giving up the game in despair, and after a long consultation a formal attack was opened on him last week, as was fit and proper, by a deputation composed of the most corrupt of the whole fraternity, and from the most corrupt State in the Union—Pennsylvania. It is no exaggeration to say that the Republican party and its machine shop, the Legislature, in that State, is literally *owned* by the best organized and most thoroughly unscrupulous of the great "rings" which are now eating the vitals out of the Government. The deputation was headed by a Master Politician—Mr. McClure, and the object was to let Grant know that they wanted to have one of their "men" in the Cabinet, partly to advise him, of course, and partly to let them know how things were going on; and the extraordinary skill and coolness with which the attempt was foiled, and the great satisfaction with which its failure has been received in all parts of the country, are decidedly among the most hopeful signs which have been witnessed in politics for many years.

They have revealed two things of considerable importance. One is that the fears entertained by many of Grant's warmest supporters that, successful though he had been in the field, and good judge of character though he had shown himself, he might prove unequal to a work so novel, and in many ways so difficult, as a personal contest with the party "managers," and that even if he resisted their onslaughts, he would do so unskilfully and awkwardly, so as to give them the honors of the fray in the eyes of the public, were entirely groundless. In the new field he has shown the same imperturbable serenity, the same dogged resolution, and the same fertility of resource, which on

so many famous days "gave the battle to his hands." Of Mr. McClure he made no more account than if he had been dealing with a troublesome begging impostor, and for the whole science of which the McClure tribe make a profession, he showed no more respect than for the "black art" or cup-tossing.

The other thing is that the attempts he is now making to create in the Government something like real responsibility to the people is appreciated and will be heartily supported by the people. He is trying, as far as he can, to put himself in a position in which errors and shortcomings in the administrative machinery can be brought home to him, and in which he can be made accountable for them, the total absence of such accountability, on the part of any individual, being one great cause of the existing corruption and disorder. As long as the leading party politicians in the various States are allowed to choose the President's Cabinets for him, the members of Congress to pick out the persons who shall fill the subordinate offices, and the Senate to decide whether a functionary may be dismissed for malfeasance, of course the responsibility of the public service practically rests on nobody, and it will be as difficult to say who is to blame for this job or that swindle, for this drunkard or that knave, as to say under which thimble the "little joker" is to be found. We are in hopes that we have in Grant a man who will break up the present system, and in breaking it up reveal to the country the possibility of being both great and prosperous without the aid of the party charlatans. People have for many a day had a vague notion that they were impostors, but a practical demonstration of the fact was still needed.

THE NEW YORK FRAUDS.

The majority and minority reports of the committee appointed to investigate the naturalization frauds of last fall are at length published. The majority find that five kinds of frauds were perpetrated: the use of fraudulent certificates by aliens, the issue and use of certificates in the names of fictitious persons, frauds in canvassing the poll, criminal negligence in the courts, and "repeating." They show that prior to the year 1868 the only State naturalization courts in this city were the Superior Court and Common Pleas. The latter, numbering among its judges Daly, Barrett, and Brady, is honest; what the other is may be inferred from one or two facts stated by the committee. The average annual number of citizens naturalized by the two courts above named from 1856 to 1867 inclusive was, for the Superior Court, about 4,000; for the Common Pleas, 5,000; making a total average of 9,000. Now, on the 6th of October, 1868, the Supreme Court came into the field, and began to make citizens. The result for 1868 is as follows: The Common Pleas naturalized 3,145, the Superior Court, 27,897, and the Supreme Court, 10,070. These figures, it seems to us, are full of suggestion, for we have in them what is so difficult generally to obtain, a means of comparing the work done by two judicial bodies, all differences being eliminated save those brought about by fraud. Generally, when any one cites instances of judicial corruption, he is met, and quite rightly too, by the argument that it is impossible for him, knowing nothing either of legal form or substance, to say what a judge ought to have decided; but here everybody in New York knows that there is nothing which distinguishes the Common Pleas from the other two courts we have named, except honesty and capacity—that is, absence of corruption and absence of opportunity of corruption. The Common Pleas, in 1868, naturalizes two thousand fewer persons than its average number; the Superior Court naturalizes twenty-three thousand more. The decrease in the Common Pleas shows clearly enough that there was no natural pressure from immigration which told on all courts alike; and even if there had been, 10,070 citizens from the Supreme Court would have seemed to be sufficient to cover that cause. The committee very truly say that there could not have been any such number of legal applications as 41,000. We are not speaking of probabilities now: there is absolute certainty about this.

The committee find that out of 10,070 naturalizations in the Supreme Court, 9,711 profess to be "minor applications;" that is, applications coming from aliens who have resided in the United States three years before coming of age. These minors may dispense with the usual declaration of intention; or, in other words, there is one precaution against fraud less in their case. It seems from an estimate made by the clerk of the Common Pleas that 50 per cent. of naturalizations is a fair proportion for minors, which would give 5,035 for the Supreme Court, instead of 9,711, showing 4,676 to be "queer." In the same manner, an examination of 17,572 applications in the Superior Court shows that 13,541 were "minors;" but if the 50 per cent. rule is correct, and it cannot be far wrong, there should only have been 8,786, which gives a queer look to 4,755 Superior Court minors.

The Committee find that, although before 1868 the average annual number of naturalizations was 9,000, yet in 1868 the clerks of the Supreme and Superior Courts ordered from the New York Printing Company, between September 16 and October 23, 105,000 blank applications, and 69,000 certificates; that, although the length of time required to naturalize an applicant is, according to Judge Brady, at least three to five minutes, Judge McCunn was of opinion that he could examine a witness in thirty seconds, and the number naturalized in the Supreme Court for several days was as follows: 2,109, 1,868, 1,856, 1,842; that, although Congressional committees have power to compel the production of papers, the Supreme Court, on being required to bring before this one its records relating to naturalization, temporized for a long time, and finally sent their clerk to Washington, arming him with an opinion to the effect that it was not lawful to remove the records from the jurisdiction; that, of 39,000 blank certificates printed for the Supreme Court, 27,068 were, on the 17th of February, unaccounted for.

As to "repeating," the majority say that it can be shown to have been practised, by a comparison between the actual number of residents in various houses marked on the lists and the number of votes thrown; by comparing also the registered and the actual vote in certain districts; and further, by comparing the vote of 1868 with the population and with the vote of previous years. For the purpose of the first comparison, it is worth while to see part of a table prepared by the committee:

Street and number of house.	*Owner or lessee.*	*Politics.*	*Number registered.*	*Number voted.*	*No. actual residents.*
Cor. 3d Ave. and 24th St.	Scannell & Fagin.	Dem.	152	94	..
449 4th Avenue.	Michael Sharkey.	Dem.	20	18	..
120 East 32d Street.	——— ———	Dem.	6	6	2
288 Hudson Street.	George Thompson.	Dem.	35	23	1
69 East Houston Street.	Peter Burns.	Dem.	13	10	..

With regard to the difference between the registered and the actual vote, an excess of 167 in seven districts is shown; this seems a small number, but the committee very truly consider it startling; because this is one of the frauds least likely, from the facility with which it may be exposed, to recommend itself to politicians. As to the rest, according to an estimate of the average rate of increase of voters, the vote of 1868 should have been 131,000, whereas 156,000 votes were cast. Again, an estimate is made of the average increase of ballots cast, and this rate is 4 per cent.; but the vote of 1868 was 40 per cent. larger than that of 1867; lastly, a table showing the ratio of votes, both for City and State, to population at each of the last five Presidential elections, has been prepared, and this ratio averages 1 to 8.44; but in 1868 it was, for the City, 1 to 4.65, and for the State, 1 to 4.47.

We have given above pretty nearly all of the majority's evidence that will bear sifting; their summing-up is one of the most singular pieces of extravagance we have seen since the famous report of the committee appointed to investigate the conduct of senators during the impeachment trial, summed up by the chairman's saying that the chief proof of the villany of the "guilty seven" was the suspicious circumstance that no evidence had been discovered against them. The only fair conclusion from the facts we have given, and others referred to by the majority, would be that enormous frauds were perpetrated, and that their number could not be ascertained. But what they apparently wanted to do was to show that if the *Democratic party had not committed frauds last fall New York would have gone for Grant.* To prove this they need all the figures they can get, because of the very great natural strength of the Democrats in the City. So they make an estimate of a total fraudulent vote of 68,000 for the State, two items of which are as follows: "In the counties of Ulster, Monroe, Westchester, Rensselaer, Putnam, Green, and Orange, estimating what is probable from what is proved . . . 5000." "As the evidence shows a wide-spread conspiracy, it is safe to estimate for other portions of the State . . . 5000."

On the other hand, the Democratic minority find that all the facts cited by the majority are a stock of stale slanders; that frauds have been common in all ages and countries; that the very constitution of man inclines him, be he Republican or Democrat, to villainous devices of all kinds to advance his selfish interests; that the fraudulent vote of last fall did not exceed 1500 or 2000; that of that number there were just as many Republican fraudulent votes as there were Democratic; that the character of the witnesses on whose statements the majority rely is beneath contempt, many, if not most, of them being notorious swindlers, liars, and thieves; that the majority know this as well as any one; that the whole investigation is a shameful effort to convict the Democracy of crimes which are really the result of the long-continued misgovernment of the Republican party, the war which the Republican party brought about, and the low tone of political morality which that party notoriously cultivates. In short, we have on one side an argument which reads like an address to the jury by the counsel for the prosecution; on the other we have the reply by the counsel for the defence. Now, it is just this character which almost every Congressional report which has lately been made has assumed in the eyes of the public. The theory is that an investigation of this sort is a judicial proceeding, and accordingly each party is represented in the committee. The practice is for the majority to report such evidence as tallies with the convictions of their party, and the minority, of course, do the same, in self-defence if for no better reason. The result is that no human being cares anything about the reports, no one believes in the conclusions reported, no one even reads them, except those who by their occupation are doomed to the task. We have referred already to the Senatorial Corruption Committee. That was an extreme case, and unlikely to occur twice in any country which was not in a chronic state of revolution. But, so far as public confidence is concerned, that report obtained as much of it as any do. The reports of the committees on elections furnish the most common instances. These frequently involve very important questions of bribery, or constitutional right; yet the known character of the investigations prevents any one from heeding the conclusions at which the committee may arrive. It is understood beforehand that if by any means the Republican candidate can be shown to have a claim to the seat, a Republican majority will so report, and *vice versa;* the committee do not examine their witnesses to see who is entitled by law, but to see whether they can, without public scandal, gain a vote for their party. The committee directed to report upon the claims of the Georgia senators, the committee which had in charge the New Orleans riots in 1866, this last Naturalization Frauds Committee, have all had matters of the gravest consequence to the whole country. But the reports appear, are published, and disappear without the slightest effect. The people and Congress make up their minds long before, from the reports in the newspapers and from private sources; the report is used as an oratorical weapon in debate, and that by both sides, with equal advantage to each. So far as the public are concerned, such a meeting as that held in this city the other day by a union of Republican and Democratic Germans has much more effect.

As we have already said, we think the general fact of fraudulent voting last fall is amply proved by the facts adduced by the report, and we have no doubt, either, that the illegal votes were mainly thrown for the Democratic candidates. Such an assertion is, of course, impossible to prove in detail, but every one knows that the courts where most of the naturalization was done were held by Democratic judges, and that one of the most successful manufacturers of citizens was Judge McCunn; that the Republicans had far less opportunity at the polls than the Democrats; and that there was no suspicious increase of the Republican vote. But that is not the important point; we have no reason to believe that the Republican party, did it control the city, would not become quite as adept in "repeating" and "stuffing" as the Democrats now are. Lawlessness is the parent of fraud, and the Republican party is every year becoming more lawless. A party which to-day "gerrymanders" a State, may be expected to-morrow to close its eyes to practices not worse, although more scandalous. A party which admits a State into the Union to-day with the understanding that the arrangement is final, and throws it out the day after because the population is not of a promising character—a fact which was perfectly well known from the start—ought not to express too great horror at the fact that the opposing party permit practices of a more corrupt but not of a more fraudulent kind. A party which elects a legislature like that now sitting at Albany ought not to plume itself too much on political morality. Indeed, Republicans ought not to express surprise if Democrats resort to one form of lawlessness to offset the other forms engaged in by them. They take to fraudulent voting just as naturally in New York as Congress takes to high-handed nullification of its own laws. In fact, it is their only way of defending themselves; they will continue to do it until they are prevented, and they will not be ashamed of it until some better means is devised to that end than a majority report of a Congressional committee.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

Now that people are beginning to have time and attention to spare for the work of general reform, and that crimes and criminals seem to be multiplying all over the country to an extent that renders the ordinary courts unable to cope with them, we shall probably before long have a vigorous overhauling of the whole system of criminal judicature. In this the question of capital punishment of course occupies a prominent place, and is just now becoming a subject of anxious discussion. Our remarks on it some weeks ago have drawn forth a number of replies, containing objections to our views of it, some of which are worth notice.

It is said, in the first place, that statistics show that in Belgium, for instance, in provinces in which there have been fewest executions the number of murders has steadily diminished; but this proves nothing either one way or the other. The advocates of capital punishment—or at least the sensible ones—have never said that hanging was the only preventive of murder. The causes which produce murder, like the causes of all other social phenomena, are various, and so are the causes which diminish the number of murders. Anything which increases the average moral culture and material well-being of the mass of the people undoubtedly tends to diminish the number of crimes, and especially crimes of violence. No intelligent advocate of the death penalty has ever opposed education, or wise financial or sanitary legislation, or has ever said that you ought to rely on the gallows alone for the safety of either life or property. Therefore, it is idle work to tell him that in any particular country or district the rarity of executions was followed or accompanied by a decrease in the number of capital offences. You have also to show, in order to drive him from his position, the nature, amount, and progress of all the other preventive agencies actually in operation. You might hang ever so much in Montana, and crime go on increasing; you might hang ever so little in Massachusetts, and crime go on diminishing; but from these two facts alone you could draw no conclusions of any value as to the deterring force of the death penalty.

Little of what is said about the effects of the abolition of capital punishment in England for crimes against property touches the question of its efficacy as a punishment for taking away life. When men were hanged for petty theft, of course, if the law was faithfully carried out, the number of executions in a population largely made up of poor and very ignorant persons was sure to be so great as to beget recklessness and indifference. If it was not faithfully executed, of course it lost much of its force as a deterrent. Says one of our correspondents:

"The English lawyers, who, after the execution of Fauntleroy, petitioned in great numbers for the abolition of death punishment for forgery, made a correct calculation; their anticipation was fully justified by the results. The crime of forging bank-notes diminished when no longer capitally punished. That the fear of death does not prevent murders is illustrated by the fact that in Rhode Island the prison chaplain testified that the murderers confined in the jails did not know that capital punishment had been abolished in the State. Murderers know that the execution of the death sentence is often avoided. In England during the year 1848 there were 23 criminals convicted of murder, of whom only 12 were executed; this is one item out of the long list from the murder statistics of England and Wales. A punishment that will surely be inflicted is more apt to prevent crime than one from which escape is possible, even probable. Moreover, those who commit crime do not generally think of the legal menace; or if they do, their minds are so preoccupied with their desire and

intention that the recollection of legal danger loses its preventive influence."

It is quite true that the crime of forging notes diminished when the death punishment for forgery was abolished, but our correspondent does not seem to know why. The objection of the best lawyers to such a penalty for such an offence was, that the feelings of jurors deprived it of what gives any penalty whatever any value, and that is *certainty*. Hanging which in eight cases out of ten is not inflicted is no better for any offence than any other punishment. Moreover, the prohibition of the circulation of one-pound notes by the Bank of England is universally acknowledged to have played a large part in diminishing the crime of forgery, because it made forgery unprofitable. When forgers had only to deceive the poor and illiterate, the temptation to forge was very powerful. But when five-pound notes became the only paper money in use in London and its vicinity, of course it became necessary to deceive the shrewd and well-educated, which was no easy matter. Therefore, what with certainty in the punishment and increased difficulty in the crime, forgers naturally went into some other line of business. English statistics showing the proportion borne by the number of "murders" committed to the number of sentences of death passed or executed are of very little value, because in England there is no scientific classification of crimes, and the death sentence is passed in cases of what would be called, in this State, "murder in the second degree," and is then commuted as a matter of course.

The argument that the fear of hanging does nothing to prevent murder, inasmuch as "those who commit crime do not think of the legal menace, their minds are so preoccupied with the desire and intention," is, when closely examined, almost comical in its absurdity, and yet it does constant service in the mouths of many very sensible reformers. It is, in reality, an argument against all punishment whatever for any crime; for if the criminal does not think of the punishment when he is committing the crime, what is the use of courts and jailers, and why imprison a man for murder any more than hang him? But all we can possibly know of the criminal's state of mind when he commits his offence we learn from the criminal himself, who naturally enough tells the jail chaplain, and everybody else, that when he did the deed he was under the domination of a wild and irresistible impulse. It is excusable in him to tell this story, but what are we to say of social reformers who gravely ask a community to base its penal legislation on it? The best refutation of it is to be found in the fact that murders and robberies are hardly ever committed in daylight, or in the presence of witnesses; that in well-governed countries criminals usually take elaborate precautions against discovery, both before and after the offence, thus showing that they are terribly afraid of *something*. What it is we cannot know for certain; but it is fair to conclude that it is not the disapproval of their own consciences, or the moral reprobation of society, but rather the jail and the gallows. Anybody, however, who is in search of a psychological foundation for his criminal jurisprudence, would do well, instead of interrogating convicted prisoners as to their reasons for committing their crime, to follow the example of the metaphysicians, and interrogate himself as to his reasons for *not* committing crimes. All but the best and purest of us, subjected to this test, would have to answer that the fear of the jail and scaffold had *something* to do with keeping us from committing robbery or murder. The "revoltingness" of capital punishment, on which many reformers dwell a good deal, is a purely sentimental consideration, which it is difficult to argue about. All punishment is "revolting." The spectacle of a man shut up in a cell like a wild animal, and kept on low diet and hard labor for years, is inexpressibly repulsive. But then all punishment is the result of a choice between two evils. The question is, whether the sight of an honest man with his throat cut in his own house is or is not more revolting than the hanging of a hardened ruffian, for whom all minor penalties have lost their terrors?

Our own position is simple enough. The first duty of society is to its good members. If it cannot furnish them with peace and security otherwise than by killing rascals, rascals it must kill. As regards the punishment of murder, we believe that no community can retain a proper sense of the sanctity of human life in which a man who has deliberately slain a fellow-creature is not removed for ever from the sight of his fellows. We do not care how this is done, provided it *be* done. No boy can continue to look on murder as a very dreadful offence if, as he grows up, he sees murderers walking about in the streets as free, and apparently as happy, as other people; and no criminal can hesitate much about shooting a man after robbing him, or blowing a policeman's brains out, as Real did here the other day, if he every day meets friends and acquaintances who have done the same thing, and expiated it by a few years' imprisonment. Now, those who advocate the abolition of the death penalty do not even attempt to offer any equally efficient means of removing murderers out of our sight. They know perfectly well that in the present state of American society and politics the penalty they offer as a substitute is simply seven years' imprisonment, or less, and that what they propose is in reality to place the taking of a man's life on the same level, in the eye of the law, as taking his watch or forging his name; and yet they accuse the advocates of the death penalty of helping to lower the popular appreciation of the sanctity of life.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

An attempt was made last week to raise the salaries of the Justices of the Supreme Court to $10,000, and that of the Chief-Justice to $10,500. It was defeated, and we doubt if any proposition to raise the salaries of any officials, except those of members of legislatures and of Congress, will meet with any better fate for a long while to come. In other words, those public servants who have it in their power to increase their own pay will not, on the whole, allow their salaries to fall much below the market rate of remuneration. Indeed, there are at this moment only few members of Congress or members of State legislatures who are not receiving considerably more than the market rate—that is, considerably more than they could obtain in any field of employment in which wages depend on the proportion borne by supply to demand. Whenever a suggestion is made that the administrative or judicial officers of the Government should have their pay raised, one of the commonest arguments used by legislators against the change is that plenty of men can be obtained to accept the places for the salaries now paid, and hence it is inferred that an increase is inadvisable. There is, of course, no limit to the application of this rule. If the lowest bidder is to be considered the best man for a public office, there is no officer who is not now ridiculously overpaid. There would be no difficulty in getting the Chief-Justiceship of the United States, for instance, filled by a fair lawyer at five hundred dollars a year, and the Associate Justiceships at a dollar a day. Of course the incumbents of such offices could not live a respectable or worthy life on such salaries, but then they would live somehow and even thrive. If the ordinary economical tests were applied to the salaries of legislators, it would be found that as a class they were ridiculously overpaid. The supply of such capacity as they bring to their work is practically unlimited, and could, if sought in open market, be had for a mere trifle, while a majority of the present law-makers, if compelled to give up law-making and seek a livelihood in free competition, would fare miserably.

The arguments used by the legislators against increasing salaries are, however, not often the arguments which have most weight with themselves, but rather those which are likely to have most weight with their constituents. All the higher and more responsible offices in the public service, except those, such as the Presidency and the foreign embassies, which are attended with extraordinary social advantages, are suffering seriously, as everybody who has considered the subject sees and knows, from the lowness of the pay. The judicial bench in all the great centres of commerce and population, or, in other words, in the very places in which causes are most numerous, weighty, and intricate, is every year losing its best men, and is every year more and more carefully avoided by the ablest lawyers, simply because the salaries are vastly inferior to what those who are fit to sit on it can earn in other ways; and the growing disproportion between these salaries and the cost of living suitably, and the amounts which lawyers can earn at the bar, is not compensated for by any increase in the social consideration accorded to the office.

In like manner, for the proper discharge of the functions of the Secretary of the Treasury, of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, of the district assessors, and the assistant treasurers and collectors of the great ports, men

are needed of a class who find little difficulty in making from $20,000 to $50,000 a year if they engage in trade or manufactures on their own account or in obtaining from $10,000 to $25,000 a year if they choose to accept the presidency of banks or insurance companies or railroads; in the government service they get from $4,000 to $6,000 a year. There are, of course, honorable and able men found now and then to take responsible government positions on these terms, and perform their duties faithfully for a time under the influence of a love of the bustle and distinction of public life or from patriotic devotion; but then they inevitably soon get tired of it, unless they are men of large private fortunes, which they seldom are. Hard work for small pay and plain living soon ceases to be attractive, particularly when performed in full view of the companions of one's youth who are living luxuriously and accumulating rapidly. The result is the steady withdrawal or abstinence from public service of the able and scrupulous men, and the steady flow into it of able and unscrupulous men who make up by the pickings for the lowness of the regular salaries. There is hardly anybody who has seen much of the public service who has not striking stories to tell on this point, of really valuable men who find it impossible to remain in it with a due regard to their own comfort and peace of mind and the future of their families. Of course the reorganization of the civil service in the manner proposed by Mr. Jenckes would be equivalent in all the subordinate branches to a considerable increase of salary, inasmuch as it would give certainty and respectability to what is now a precarious and slightly disreputable position; but nothing that can be done in this way for the higher offices which the Civil Service Bill will not affect, or in which certainty and respectability are already secured, will compensate for the lowness of the salaries.

The causes which operate most to prevent a rational readjustment of the salaries of public officers with a proper regard to the great change in the value of money and the standard of living which, altogether apart from the disordered condition of the currency, has taken place within the last twenty years, are three in number. One is the reasonable fear, which pervades the whole community, that as long as public officers are chosen as they are at present, to increase their pecuniary value would be to increase the eagerness of the scamps who now scramble for them, and still further degrade and corrupt the whole nominating system, and cover the party "slates" still more thickly than at present with the devil's equations. Another is the wide diffusion of the theory that there is a necessary connection between republicanism and "simplicity" of living, and that there is something improper in the spectacle of luxurious living on the part of republican officials; and more extraordinary still, that the American community is pervaded by a love of plainness in food, attire, and houses. The third is, that in the United States, for the first time in the history of the world, political power is now lodged in the hands of small farmers, who are thus enabled to impose their standards of fitness, in the matter of material wants, on all persons in the public service.

The amount of pay public servants should receive has always hitherto, in countries in a high state of civilization, been regulated by the notions entertained by city people of what is necessary for a man's comfort or for the dignity of his office; and on this class of subjects the opinions of city and country people differ widely. The cities are the seats of wealth and elegance and splendor; money is plenty in them, and comparatively easily earned, and the rich merchants and bankers are apt to fix the scale as to houses, dress, furniture, and amusements. They do not think $25,000 a year at all too much to pay a man competent to manage the national finances; or $100,000 too much to pay a man competent to fill the Presidential chair; or $10,000 too much to pay a man able to fill a large church once a week with attentive and paying auditors. But there are few farmers who have any sympathy with city wants and aspirations, or who are willing to pay anybody in the public service more than they themselves would think sufficient for a decent livelihood. The old Connecticut deacon who agreed reluctantly to raise the minister's salary to six hundred dollars, but said "he *knew* no man could spend six hundred a year," expressed very well the feeling of the rural districts on this whole question of the amount which ought to be paid to the people for services which do not plainly and directly bring in money to those to whom they are rendered.

The theory that republicans are or ought to be simple in their manners and frugal in their mode of living is a tradition of antiquity—a tradition, too, of that period of antiquity when wealth was unknown in republican communities. The Romans were simple and unostentatious in the days of Cincinnatus because labor and money were both scarce amongst them. Cincinnatus himself returned to the plough chiefly because he had no place else to go to. The dread of luxury as a relaxer of the moral fibre is a relic of the same period. The origin and history of this fallacy is a subject much too extensive to be touched on here. The feeling still survives, and is constantly met with in the pulpit, in literature, and in legislation, and has much to do with the prevailing theory that men who serve the state, especially in a republic, ought to serve it for a smaller sum than the same kind and amount of labor will bring elsewhere. That duty of plain living to which the community at large attributes so much importance, and which all private citizens who can carefully avoid, it imposes with great solemnity on the only class it has in its power. There is probably no community in the world in which the virtues of frugality and simplicity of living are held in less real esteem than they are in this. The popular horror of ostentation, of fine clothes, of fine houses, and rich food is theoretical mainly. In practice, every man gets as much of them as he can. Nearly everybody is, in fact, engaged in the eager pursuit of them, and the attainment of them is recognized universally as the great mark of success in life. We see proof every day, too, that luxury in modern times, being usually the result of scientific discovery and peaceful industry, and being kept reasonably under the control of moral and religious culture, does not produce the doleful effects on mind and body ascribed to the luxury of antiquity, which was mostly the result of conquest and rapine. The prolonged existence, under these circumstances, of the doctrine that republicans are not or ought not to be luxurious in their habits, and that the officers of republics ought to be extremely simple in their mode of life, and practise daily self-denial, no matter how rich the government they serve may be and what style their neighbors live in, is one of the most striking illustrations within our knowledge of the strong hold of classical ideas on the modern mind. It is all the more striking in view of the fact that those who maintain most strenuously that there is something discreditable in a man's receiving as large a salary from the government as a private individual would pay him, and who would hold even a superannuated government pensioner in contempt, do not by any means place the offence of cheating the government—by smuggling, for instance, or an undervaluation of property—in the same category with the cheating of an individual. In other words, they have one code of ethics for the honest servants of the government, and another for those who swindle it. As an employer, they talk of it as a poor devil who can ill afford to pay for anything; as a creditor, they treat it as a bloated corporation from whom it is somewhat excusable for anybody to keep back all he can.

The fact is, that the manners of republics, and the amount they ought to pay for honest service, depend, as under all other forms of government, on the wealth of the community. People in a great commercial republic like the United States, where capital pays twenty per cent., and is actively employed, will not and cannot be got to live like Spartans or Uri cowherds. Men live in all ages, and under all governments, in accordance with their gains and expectations, and treat themselves to such means of material enjoyment as are within their reach. We cannot prevent this, and we ought to give up pretending that we can or do. Moreover, instead of organizing our civil service on theories which might be true in Uri or Zug, we must, to reform it, frame it in accordance with the facts of American life. No government can be honestly or economically administered which wilfully ignores, in fixing the pay of its servants, the agents by which human conduct is most strongly influenced in the society of which it has charge. Our Government goes into the labor market deliberately, to seek employees, on two theories, for which there is not a particle of foundation. The first is, that average Americans of ability and character do not care what their income is or how they live; the second is, that the demand for labor is so slight that plenty of men of the right kind can be found for all judicial, executive, and deliberative functions, for salaries fixed by reference to an ideal standard of republican pay, and without any reference at all to the actual market rate. Places at $4000 a year, for instance, are gravely offered to men to whom banks and railroads are willing to pay $10,000, and they are expected to serve the government, and not the corporation, under the influence of a lofty contempt for money which nobody else feels or affects, and in obedience to an ideal of how a man ought to feel towards a republic, concocted by the legislature or the authors of popular school-books. Inasmuch as no honor or social prestige is offered in the government service in lieu of salary, the fact is that people expect to have justice well administered, taxes honestly collected, finances wisely managed, by a system of selection and payment of employees, in which nearly as little count is taken of human nature and of the facts of actual life as in Plato's Republic. But human nature is not to be suppressed or overlooked in that way; and it is accordingly asserting itself vigorously all over the country, by putting third-rate lawyers on the judicial bench, knaves in nearly every office of the government in which money is to be handled or favors sold, and thus making our talk of the "simplicity" of the republican régime one of the great political jokes of the age.

VIRGINIA REVISITED.

I HAVE just returned from a visit of a week in Virginia. Business took me to the gold mines in Spottsylvania county, about twenty-five miles from Fredericksburg. The Wilderness is as wild and wasted as ever, and the inroads made by Northern men in the way of large outlays for gold-mining are not likely to be successful enough to invite repetition. Others who buy farms which they mean to work, at the same time that they get gold by simple and inexpensive processes, are more likely to succeed. There is certainly a great and dangerous fascination in a day spent in wandering about a great estate, where the sand and dirt can be washed in the nearest stream and furnish a nugget of gold and "fine gold" in sandy particles, worth anywhere from twenty-five cents up. The tremendous earnestness of all the people engaged in the business, the careful recital of stories of great wealth got out years ago, the legends of hidden "pockets" and concealed "chimneys," and the neglected, barren, wasted country, all tell the story of the ruin that the search for gold has brought on this country. The negroes, no doubt, get gold enough by covert "panning" to make them almost as lazy, worthless, and good-for-nothing as the poor whites. Their old masters have gone away as far and as fast as they could. The new men coming in from the North find that the opportunity to improve their cheap land is made difficult by the presence of some, and the promise of more Northern mining companies, with their improvident and spendthrift agents, their confident stockholders, and their trusting officers, who spend large sums in useless machinery and buildings and then end in insolvency and indebtedness all around, making negroes and whites alike suspicious of Northern promises and enterprise—with this difference, that the white neighbors generally contrive to get money enough out of the concern in its palmy days to console them for their losses and to induce them to try again.

The old battle-fields of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness show plentiful traces of our fighting there. Many of the earthworks are substantial enough to outlive the energies of the land-owners, and the ruins of the Chancellor House and of some other pretty well-known memorials brought back with more freshness than I had expected the memorable days and nights of my last visit to these parts. Near Fredericksburg almost every sign of war has disappeared. The old Southern homes—the great house with its big brick chimneys wasting their heat on the outside, the unpainted woodwork, the negro quarters—are disappearing, and I found that some new, Yankee-looking houses belonged to old residents who had exchanged some of their land for hard cash, and their old homesteads for more modern, convenient, and suitable houses. A good many Northern men bought the old places because they wanted a house ready to hand, and they were without that Virginia peculiarity which would rather build than repair.

In Fredericksburg itself there was little change; the old shot-holes were repaired, the houses looked brighter, the churches and the court-house had been mended and painted; the stores had their good old Virginia names in big letters, but did little business, and that little not very wisely done. We bought at the leading "wholesale" grocer's all his stock of sugar, about a dozen pounds, at sixteen cents; the price had gone up in the Eastern cities a week before to twenty, and although that fact was mentioned, it did not seem to be any reason for a change in the asking price; the same rule seemed to hold good as to everything but land. There are a great many Northern men, for the most part farmers from Pennsylvania and New York, who are looking for land for grazing or trucking. If such a man find a tract of a couple of hundred acres offered at ten dollars (and there is plenty of it within five miles of Fredericksburg), and go home for a week, he is sure to find on his return that they ask five dollars an acre more, and want him to take a few acres less. Some of the great land-owners won't sell at all, and a few of these are not only waiting for the rise, but they are working the land. There used to be a fine old Colonial house below Fredericksburg, near Deep Run, where my division crossed and went into the first attack—on the extreme left of our line—with a thousand acres stretching up almost to the town. I drove down to see the old place; it was in ruins—burned, I remember the story ran in our lines, by the owner, because the "Yankees" made it their headquarters (poor Bayard was killed in front of it by a shell); nearly all the fences were up, the ditches cleaned, and the place under cultivation—ploughing in February. There were little tenement-houses, just such as one might see at home, for farm hands, and some of the best of the old slaves had taken each a hundred acres or so, and were farming it on shares—the owner supplying the stock and working his own large proportion. His ploughing was done with mules, and they looked well and strong; but in every instance, except the rough clearings in the Wilderness, I saw only negroes in the field. In the little places where there was a white man there were also negro men and women, unless the thing was done in a very poverty stricken manner—as in one instance with a cow and a mule. The horses are used mostly for riding, and the owner always does the fetch-and-carrying which we should commit to the smallest boy about the place.

I went to Richmond, and saw there very little of the Virginians, but enough to show me that their men, even the best of them, are still waiting for help; they think it a hardship that the North does not come there with more capital, although Northern capital has rebuilt the main street in a much better way than before the war, and much too well for the business of the place. The bookstores have nothing new of their own, except Maury's pamphlet to prove that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, formerly the Virginia Central, only wants 200 miles built, from Covington to the Kanawha, to make it rival all the great Northern through lines. The men are anxious and willing to meet and do business with Northern men, and receive them with their old heartiness and a characteristic promise of help. It is said that the women are only held back by fear of one another, enforced by a sort of social league which cannot last much longer. Still, one hears characteristic stories of them. A lady came from the North and opened an industrial school; she spent her own money and gave her own time, and offered both alike to white and black. The blacks came of course in large numbers, and she is idolized by them; not a white person ever appeared, and when once the wife of the commanding general introduced her to a lady whose husband attended to the business matters of the Northern woman, the "Southron" matron deliberately turned her back on her.

A friend of mine in an important place near the general in command, and with an independent office over freedmen's affairs, has been fired by the opposition of the people into a sturdy zeal for the interests entrusted to him. He characterizes the Virginians as the Chinese of America; their notion is that the Virginia of a hundred years ago was a realized Utopia, and every change since then, the Revolution as well as the Rebellion, was only a change for the worse, and a thing not to be encouraged. He made a vigorous effort to get a common-school system made part of the constitution, and its rejection is largely due to the clause which prescribed free schools. The example of the success of the freedmen's schools, and the wonderful results of the education of the negroes, are all looked upon as enormities, or abnormalities, to coin a word, that will soon come to an end. The last duty of the Bureau—that extraordinary power with a history that ought to be written, and an influence that can never end, that of education—terminates in July of this year. Some effort has been made to extend at least this part of the system; but Congress can hardly do anything for the country until it has done something for itself, and the parcelling out of offices under Grant's administration is much more important than the preparation of that which is, if not the greatest, at least the most living result of the war, the education of the negroes of the South.

The houses in Richmond—the old ones, I mean—look a little the worse for six or eight years of usage a little harder than that of old times. Virginia woodwork never was painted—now it is not mended. Houses, even the biggest and finest, had no conveniences within themselves, and have still the little detached outhouses for servants. The servants gone, of course the neglect and dilapidation have not stopped at their old quarters, but spread to the main house. Many fine houses are evidently well supplied with fine furniture—in front; people say, in a sympathetic tone, that the furniture of the other rooms has been sold, one piece after the other, to supply means of living; and in the extremest case that I heard of, the impoverished owner had spent the money thus got, in printing and publishing a work on the history of the late Confederacy and the part taken by Virginia in the achievements of that period. Richmond has two subjects of discussion—it can hardly be called excitement, for excitement there is none in the place—the project of the committee of nine for readmission to the Union, and the trial of Grant for the murder of Pollard. People really talk about Grant's case with interest; very few think the manner of the killing slightly out of the regular routine, and nobody believes or fears that it will be followed by any punishment. As to reconstruction, that is a matter of very little moment, for, in or out, Virginia is the martyr of the war, and her sons and daughters are true only to her.

I came North by way of Gordonsville, and spent an hour there waiting for the train. Even the railroads are managed *more suorum*, for the train from Richmond and that from Washington meet and then follow one another for fourteen miles until they diverge again, one for Lynchburg and the other for Covington. The trains South and East are managed

with the same economy of time and motive power. I walked through Gordonsville—a long straggling street with shops, stores, churches, a few decent dwelling-places, and the invariable gathering of a dozen or twenty horses fastened to a fence, with some of the owners talking horse at the station, some at worse places—all come in to talk over the affairs of the day; to see one set of trains in and wait for the other out; ready to discuss anything with anybody, and friendly and hearty and delighted to find some one who listens to their ingenuous account of how they live, and shows by his wondering gaze that he finds an interest in the story of their ways. Of course the listless Virginian thinks it is admiration, but the more acute understands and talks of it as drunkards talk of their bad habits; and the more they talk the less they change them.

A New York "gentleman farmer" was on the train, and I asked him to walk with me to the hitching-corner; as we walked we saw the Freedmen's School, the only neat building in sight, and the colored children playing around it. My New-Yorker waxed wroth at the sight, and wanted to know why New-York should be taxed to educate niggers, make them lazy and dishonest, and much more to the same effect, which I answered as best I could. We walked on and met some Virginians, who talked freely of horses and crops; they seemed to be men who before the war were overseers, and since the war had leased parts of the estates on which they lived for one-third the crops. The most intelligent man said frankly that in old times he was n't able to get land, and he could n't get work either, except as an overseer. He pointed with no little pride to white mechanics building a house, and showed us two or three other houses which they had built in the long, straggling, twisted line of the main (and only) street of Gordonsville. Just then a great farm-wagon came along, drawn by three mules, with the negro driver sitting on the near-wheeler; my New-York farmer asked indignantly why the man did not walk or sit on the shaft or in the wagon, and where was his master that he did not look after him? As the wagon passed by, our Virginia farmer pointed out the owner sitting in the tail of the wagon, smoking at his ease, and the contents of the wagon—besides the owner—were two barrels. This roused my New Yorker's rage and he hurried back to the station, where I found him afterwards laughing over an encounter between the ladies of his party and a couple of Virginia ladies, who were abusing the Yankees. During the rest of our journey we went over the plains of Manassas and Bull Run, and I was delighted to be able to point out the improvements made since my last visits there.

Of course even a Virginia journey must have its own finish, and I was not a little amused at ours. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad has until lately crossed the Long Bridge and landed its passengers at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot. We were told that the Long Bridge was impassable and unsafe, and therefore the train stopped at Alexandria and we had a lovely moonlight sail up the river, with the Capitol all aglow. Landed at Washington, we had a long drive by passenger-car to our depot, and as my train did not go for an hour, and the conductor of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad was in the supper-room, I tried the effect of a polite question; my faith in the Long Bridge had stood too many tests in old times to allow me to believe that it was unsafe now. I found that it was only the Virginia railroad way of settling a dispute with the contractors who made the last repairs on the bridge. Rather than pay them or settle by due process of law, the railroad company submitted to a prodigious increase of expense, and exposed its passengers to delay, annoyance, risk, and discomfort. Satisfied with my hasty look at old familiar places, and finding much to be pleased with and much to reflect on in the experiences of my "Virginia Revisited," I commend an early visit to all who still feel an interest in the South. A week from any of the leading cities of the East will give time for a pretty general survey of the points of most interest in the Old Dominion; and, besides the places, every traveller will find in the people he meets, in what he sees them do and hears them say, in the questions they ask and the answers they give, very much to set him a-thinking, and to show that Northern notions and Northern men cannot get the South reconstructed by staying at home. They must examine the question on the ground, and answer it, if they can.

ENGLAND.—THE FISHMONGERS' DINNER.

FROM AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, February 12th.

MOST Americans, on first hearing of a dinner given by a company of Fishmongers, would hardly conceive of an entertainment remarkable for its assemblage of noteworthy men and for its external splendor; but when hey learned that the Fishmongers are one of the twelve old, great Companies or Guilds of London, possessed of the power and wealth that belong to great and ancient corporations, it would easily be believed that a dinner such as they gave last night to her Majesty's Ministers would be both interesting and magnificent.

The Fishmongers are a Liberal body—the only Liberal Guild, I believe, in London; and this dinner to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, as others in former years to distinguished Liberal statesmen, was intended, not as a mere compliment, but to afford them the opportunity of seeing and being seen by the representatives of a large class of business men, and of expressing in a pseudo-private way feelings and opinions which would be made known to the public the next morning through the papers.

The Fishmongers' Hall is in the city, at the foot of London Bridge, so that it was after something of a drive, but not an uninteresting one, that we arrived about seven o'clock at the broad flight of steps which leads up to its entrance. The dinner had begun an hour earlier, but the gallery would not be opened until an hour later. Private tickets were the *open sesame* that admitted us into a large and handsome entrance hall, on one side of which stood, ranged in their scarlet costume, the "Coat and Badge men" as they are called, who row a race every summer from London Bridge to Battersea, because of some dusty old reason and the will of some dead old Fishmonger. There were several attendants in the hall in the quaint livery of the Company, a sort of maroon colored gown, covered with black braid and tassels, and a few gentlemen were moving about superintending the arrangements.

We passed on through a very elegant cloak-room and dressing-room into a corridor filled with lovely flowers, exquisite ferns and orchids, to a reception-room, where some thirty or forty ladies were collected. A moment after our party entered the room, a gentleman in black robes standing at the door came forward and said: "Mrs. ——, you are the senior lady in the room whom I know, will you please lead the way to the supper room." So we went out into the corridor again and up a broad double stairway, and through one or two richly furnished ante-chambers, seeing on every side more and more beautiful flowers, arranged with great taste, and found ourselves at length seated in a large room at a nicely laid table, where refreshments were served to us off china decorated with the company's arms, which met the eye everywhere, and which one unlearned may describe as two mermaids rampant—very rampant, with the motto: *All worship be to God only*—an odd enough mingling of associations. From the supper room we passed into the adjoining drawing-room, a spacious apartment magnificent with mirrors, brilliant chandeliers, blue damask, white marble and scagliola, a Persian carpet and Chinese vases, fine bronzes, and ever the same Arabian Nights-like wealth of flowers. Here was to be seen the dagger with which Sir William Walworth killed Wat Tyler, and which he, a Prime Warden of the Fishmongers, bequeathed to the Company. And here we waited, looking at this strangely incongruous, suggestive old relic, and listening to pleasant music from a band, whiling away the time as might be, till the order came for us to go again into the corridor; there, as we stood all together, an usher called in turn the names of the gentlemen whose friends held tickets, and each party was led forward by itself, with no crowding or confusion, with a most agreeable quietness and decorum, to the stairs leading to the gallery. Seated there we looked down on three tables running the length of the handsome and brilliantly lighted hall—tables covered with gold and silver plate and flowers, and saw the line of Ministers, broken only by the great chair and rather small figure of the Prime Warden, at the horse-shoe shaped table which united the two other ones.

Mr. Gladstone's well-known face is instantly recognized. He was, of course, at the right hand of the Prime Warden. Then came two or three lords—Lord De Grey and the handsome young Marquis of Lorne, and Lord Cork, noticeable chiefly for his broad blue ribbon of St. Patrick, and half a dozen more whom one's eye quickly passed over to rest on the face most Americans would rather see than that of any other Englishman—need I say, of John Bright? It is idle to describe faces which have been a thousand times photographed, but at a distance one receives much less impression from Mr. Bright's look and movements of *ponderosity* than is conveyed by the common portraits. Force rather than weight characterizes his appearance.

On the left of the Prime Warden was the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, a slight, gray-haired, narrow-headed man, with a face suggestive of the moral intentness and enthusiasm that shows itself in what he says and does. Next but one to him was Lord Granville, round and rosy, and genial and shrewd. Then Tom, Dick, and Harry, as we might say of less high-born individuals, till the commonplace faces and lords were marked off as it were by Mr. Lowe's massive form and great white head—white,

not with age, but because he is an Albino. His face, with the half smile it usually wears, might be read one way or another till he speaks, partly because his eyes are for the most part almost or quite closed, from their evident painful sensitiveness to light.

Among the other guests in the room were several men of note; but many of the audience, I take it, were men of a similar standing to that of the Prime Warden himself, who, now a man of immense fortune and living in one of the superb houses in Kensington Palace Gardens, is the son of a Cumberland "statesman"—that is, of a man belonging to the upper portion of the yeomanry, a class which, to England's infinite loss, has almost disappeared.

The after-dinner ceremonies began by the passing round of the Loving Cup, and the singing of a grace and the national anthem by a choir of unaccompanied men's and boy's voices, and the formal toasts, not received with much enthusiasm, to the Queen and the Royal family. But even these were entertaining to a foreigner from the peculiar form in which they were given. The toast-master in a loud voice chanted, in a tone midway between that of a town-crier and an English priest, "My lords and gentlemen, please to charge your glasses; a bumper, if you please." After a moment's pause he cried again, "My lords and gentlemen, praise waiteth for the Prime Warden." Then the Prime Warden rose, read a little speech on the subject of the toast, and coupled it with a name. Then the toast-master proclaimed the toast and the respondent, and then shouted "Praise waiteth for the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," or whoever it might be.

Mr. Gladstone's speech was the first of any interest, though Mr. Cardwell had answered previously for the army and Mr. Childers for the navy, and some one less well known for the volunteers. Mr. Gladstone's health was drunk with the honors, and he was received on rising with what is called the greatest enthusiasm. He was listened to with the most respectful attention, and with constant expressions of sympathy and admiration.

His voice is sweet and powerful, without having the precise quality of richness, and reminded me strongly of Mr. Emerson's, or of what Mr. Emerson's might be after years of parliamentary speaking. His enunciation was faultlessly clear and simple, but the tone, the emphasis, was not quite so simple and conversational as my idea of parliamentary eloquence had led me to expect; there was just a little, and for the best effect, a little too much, of pulpit emphasis. There were certainly sentences that in their sound belonged rather to a sermon than to an after-dinner speech. His gestures were very quiet, none, indeed, of an illustrative kind.

His speech was entirely non-committal; more so than, I judge, had been hoped would be the case by the audience, who thought that since, as he himself said to them, "the policy and measures of the Session must in a few days be communicated to Parliament and the world," they might anticipate from him some well-defined sketch of it. Instead, he only went over for half an hour the old ground, with the same expression of strong moral purpose which he never fails to show, and which gains even greater force when you hear his voice and see his face. I cannot doubt that he has the most sincere and a very intense desire to do what is right. Whether he sees the highest right is another point.

One could not but watch Mr. Lowe somewhat closely while Mr. Gladstone was speaking, for the differences between them are deeper than mere differences of opinion, and imply a difference of temperament which must make the stand-point of one an object not easily seen by the other. And Mr. Lowe's face, one could at least fancy, betrayed this, as it grew more and more, perhaps superciliously, calm, while listening to Mr. Gladstone's earnest *preachment*, with what seemed like cold amusement playing over it as he took up his lorgnette to study "the enthusiast," as his well-trained brain may sometimes be inclined to call his leader. It was pleasanter to forget Mr. Lowe and think of Mrs. Gladstone, who was sitting so near us that we could perfectly see the honest changing expressions of her agreeable face, and many little indications of her lively, simple interest in her husband's success.

After Mr. Gladstone's speech, came the handing round of ices and fruits, and these refreshments were conveyed in the most courteous abundance, under inconvenient circumstances, to us ladies in the gallery.

Then the House of Lords was toasted, coupled with the name of Earl Granville, and we had an easy, rather jaunty, very Granvillian ten minutes' talk from the pleasant lord, who began with a joke: "I am bound to admit, if there is anything weakly in the constitution of the House of Lords, it is not owing to the want of its health being drunk," and went on with a smiling face to refer to the various projects for changing the character of the Upper House, prefacing these remarks with a few characteristic sentences to this effect: "There is always this substratum to our after-dinner speeches on this subject; we Englishmen think that the representative form of government is the best; we believe that the best form of representative government is to have two assemblies, and we pride ourselves that other nations have not been able to surpass or equal that which has grown up or been created by time and circumstances in this country. This argument is so complete that it makes quite a bed of roses for us Sybarites in the Upper Chamber to repose on, and it is sad to think that some of these rose-leaves at different times are crumpled by censure." He professed a belief, which the reporters left out of his speech as printed, and of which, I see, the *Daily News* doubts the seriousness, in the utility of the creation of Life Peers—an opinion very warmly received by his hearers.

He was followed by the Lord Chancellor—Lord Hatherley, who had an air of shyness suggesting rather a secluded and scholarly life than that of a judge. His face seemed to be even more delicate and less vigorous when speaking than when silent, and when he hastily glanced at the audience with his somewhat piercing and dark eyes, which were mostly cast down, I could not but fancy that I saw the same youth in them which kindled the fires of Abolitionism or of Wesleyanism. The two most marked points of his speech were the announcement that the Court of Chancery was now but a score of cases in arrears, and his closing very fervent and almost graceful expression of devotion to Mr. Gladstone, and to the principles profoundly dear to both of them.

Then came Mr. Lowe, called up to represent the House of Commons. And what a contrast! Perfectly self-possessed, with an agreeable voice and ready manner, he threw back by the coldness of his look and words any warmth of sympathy, as an iceberg does sunlight. The humor which at times lighted up his face, so that it became almost attractive, was changed in utterance into a clever sarcasm or a somewhat insolent ridicule of things highly prized by others. He made a great laugh through the room by saying, in reference to the unpopularity of some recent rather petty official reforms: "Every man mends his own pens when he wants to write any more, but it is considered intolerable that a government clerk should be asked to mend his." And yet one had not exactly the impression that he was supporting the Government in this matter—rather that he was sneering both at the proposed reform and at the public's criticism of it.

Then came a speech which nobody listened to, and then we knew from the Prime Warden that we were to hear Mr. Bright; and from him we heard words—and the only words uttered through the evening—which conveyed half-unintentional meanings, and were full of a deeper interest than their carelessly perceived sense. He was welcomed even more warmly than Mr. Gladstone, but one's pleasure in the applause diminished as he spoke, and one felt a growing conviction that neither the position he assumed nor the tone of his remarks could be heartily approved. It can scarcely be denied that John Bright, as a Cabinet Minister, ought to feel himself less able to "gang his ain gait" than when unconnected with the Government, and that there is a special impropriety in his claiming applause for himself individually from the public. But the whole tenor of his speech was to the effect: "I am still John Bright, neither more nor less, and I stand as much alone as ever." He not only did not imply any close sympathy or even regard between himself and his colleagues, but strongly suggested the contrary. He defined his position in the Cabinet as the head of a department of counsel, not of action, and with a slightly humorous turn of phrase, which only thinly veiled rather bitter warmth, he charged upon his colleagues the constant disregard of his advice. "My proud friend opposite" (Mr. Lowe), he declared, "says with his absolute air: 'The thing cannot be done.'" And Mr. Bright even went so far as to proclaim that unless he were absolutely silenced by his official position (the word "*gagged*," I think, would have better pleased him), he should take repeated opportunities of bringing his colleagues before the bar of public opinion. Both these passages the report in the *Times* omits.

It would not be surprising if Mr. Gladstone had been made uneasy, and not for the hour only, by this seemingly rash and ill-considered manifesto; and indeed one's conviction, which springs from several reasons, that the present Cabinet is not a very united Government, became last night every moment stronger as one saw more and more clearly such opposite elements of character in its various members as must draw them to different sides of every important question. And the thought could not but present itself that this occasion, which Mr. Gladstone spoke of as "the first time he and his colleagues had presented themselves publicly to any great body of their countrymen," might, perhaps, be also the last opportunity of hearing in the same evening himself, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Lowe.

With Mr. Bright's speech, the dinner, to all intents and purposes, came to an end. And when it was all over, one could not but question, "has one

word been said to-night implying a really statesmanlike recognition of the actual position and dangers of the country, or that gives any ground for hope of its wise guidance? Has there been one expression of thought for the welfare of the people, for the well-being of individuals, beyond the abstract desire to secure justice as the basis of national prosperity? Do these men only think, as they only speak, of the Irish Church and financial reform?"

Mr. Bright had said in the course of his speech, with a light and almost airy manner, that two years ago, when dining in this same hall, he had observed, in reference to the statement that the civilization of a nation is to be judged of by the manner in which it transacts its revolutions, that "we must have attained a very high state of civilization in England, because while we were enjoying the abundant and elegant luxury provided for us, the representatives of the nation were engaged in making a formidable revolution in the House of Commons."

Does he now not see, or does he only appear not to see, the dreadful possibility that unless there is some speedy lightening of the load borne by men who are dumb as beasts of burden, a revolution not quite so civilized may occur, and this abundant and elegant luxury be trampled under foot by representatives of the nation less well-known but not less powerful than those who sit in the House of Commons?

Correspondence.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The *Nation* of February 18 contains an article, under the head of "The Constitutional Amendment," the sentiments of which appear to me very just, in the main; but I would point out one statement in which I cannot wholly agree with you. Our difference of views may serve to illustrate an important point. You state that "There is a feeling implanted in the breasts of people long accustomed as ours have been to self-government which makes military rule odious, and that feeling carried the day and hurried the reconstruction acts upon us before we were prepared for them."

This statement with regard to the odiousness of military rule to a free people is undoubtedly true, but it does not appear to me to sustain the inference drawn from it, namely, that it was that feeling among the people that carried the day and hurried the reconstruction acts upon us. According to my way of viewing matters, the want of a proper management of government affairs during the rebellion was due entirely to the incapacity of the administration, and not to any defect or impracticable quality in the people. Never was there a people who offered themselves and their resources more freely and untiringly for the use of their government, and never was there an administration that derived so little comparative return from the application of such offerings. The fault lay in the administration: the education of its members had been merely *political;* they knew nothing of positive government—of that kind of government which is as necessary to republics as it is to monarchies in times of war. Unused to the exercise of positive power and to the accurate logic of positive ideas, they met the hostile political principle opposed to them in the same way that the real politician must ever meet such opposition, that is, by trying to circumvent it with the practice of low cunning. As an illustration of this fact, they bent their whole energies upon the scheme of intruding upon our sacred *magna charta* a provision for prohibiting slavery, a measure which, considering that the people had already joined issue on that question before the last supreme tribunal to which it could be carried in this world, showed a want of confidence in our cause and of respect for our Constitution and ourselves which appeared like the last degree of fatuity. Their only policy besides this seemed founded upon the belief that all they had to do to ensure peace was to knock the musket out of the hands of the rebellion, and then leave the rebels to their wise reflections. But in fact the greatest danger to the country from the rebels has arisen from the secret opposition of their leaders to their constitutional obligations, before and since the war, and not from their armed assaults upon the Government. These leaders found it easier to manipulate the votes of their ignorant and deluded followers than to direct their armed efforts against a Government that stood as the poor man's best friend.

The idea which I myself had formed as to the timeliness of the reconstruction acts is that, instead of being hurried upon us before being prepared for them, the fault lay in their not having been made the policy of the administration in the conduct of the war. They were rendered necessary, as acts of Congress, only from the fault of the administration. The end proposed by these acts ought to have been secured by the authority of the Executive through the means and appliances of war; but as the administration failed to perform its whole war-duty, the necessity at last came upon Congress of attempting to supply the defect, and in the effort that body was inevitably forced into the unconstitutional measure of assuming executive functions—a step which endangers our republican institutions more than the rebellion itself need to have done, if it had been properly dealt with.

J. W. Phelps.

Brattleboro, Vermont, Feb. 19, 1869.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The sentiments respecting our differences with England expressed in "America's" communication in the *Nation* of February 18 are no doubt shared by many of our countrymen. For this reason it may not be superfluous to point out what seems erroneous in them. "America's" proposal, if I understand it, amounts to this: "Pay the sufferers by the depredations of the *Alabama*; wait till England is at war; then let the citizens of the United States go into the privateering business on a large scale—the Government meanwhile winking at their occupation."

By paying the *Alabama* claims our Government will affirm that England was responsible for their existence. Otherwise the claimants would have no better case than owners of property destroyed by the rebel armies. Admitting the offence therefore on the part of England, America is advised to reject legal compensation and to appeal to lynch law. A mob is not the best defence of public order, at any rate when even inadequate justice is to be had from the courts. Nor is that a good member of the family of nations which refuses the best compensation to be had by fair means, the best which can be decently *asked* (as you have yourself shown), that it may watch its chance for a lawless though perhaps gainful revenge.

Again, shall we not give much ground for the charge that our moral indignation at England's failure in duty was only cant or hypocrisy, if we go deliberately to work to pursue the very same course ourselves?

Nor am I desirous that America should advertise its mercantile marine as a force of piratical mercenaries, to be placed at the disposal of the next King of Dahomey, or more civilized potentate, who may chance to be fighting for some cause, villanous or otherwise, against England—or any one else indeed, for the principle suggested will be apt to be applied in other cases than hers. When we make an alliance let us make it openly.

The state has not to do with the theory of Christianity or the theory of morals. It *has* to do with the practical application of the theory in its own sphere. Such application is not made by preferring revenge to justice, gain to uprightness and fairness of dealing, and perpetual enmity between nations to impartial, independent, and dignified friendship.

"America" himself recognizes this in his illustration from history. Would he have quoted it with the same approval had the English commander ransacked the annals of France to find some unfriendly treatment of England, and made *that* his model? Admiring justice when he sees it, he ought not to advise iniquity as the policy of his country.

Caring most for the true moral uprightness of my country, next for its genuine honor won by such uprightness, and only after and below these for its material prosperity, I earnestly hope that she will not violate

Integrity.

Brunswick, Me., Feb. 24, 1869.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: If your correspondent "America" is a ship-owner who suffered from the depredations of the pirate *Alabama*, his indignation is natural, but the way in which the question as between England and America should be treated is of too serious consequence to be left to feeling or personal interest.

We have all felt bitterly the unsympathizing attitude of England, or rather of certain classes and of many individuals in England, during the war of the rebellion; but perhaps we have not sufficiently considered that, however hard it may be, we cannot claim the sympathy and friendship of others as a *right*. Shall we then, as many have suggested, having let our wrath wait while, during the war, it was unsafe to gratify it, wait further till England is at war and weak, and then strike and take our revenge? Is this *manly*, adopting the standard of chivalry? Is it *wise*, for the sake of recovering a few millions, even if unjustly taken by England, to spend hundreds or thousands of millions, and many lives, not to recover the few millions but to avenge their loss, or perhaps to punish England for unfriendly feelings? Is it wise or *right* to set at war the peo-

ple of this country with the masses of the manufacturing laborers of England, who would be the first and greatest sufferers, though they did so much to prevent hostile *action* against us on the part of the governments of England and France?

And if we adopt a higher standard, is it right so to treat this question as to endanger the peace of two nations which should stand together in the joint effort to advance the civilization of the time; and to bring about such misery as we have all witnessed enough of during the past few years? And, if we profess to be a Christian nation, are we treating this question as we ought to treat it on a Christian standard? Let us not, at all events, imitate the bad English example quoted by your correspondent. There is no doubt that England did us a grievous mischief and wrong, but we may do a greater to ourselves, as well as to the civilization of the world, by our mode of treating the settlement of this question. X.

BOSTON, Feb. 23, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

ALONG with as much, perhaps, of the slight and ephemeral as has been printed in any American city, Philadelphia has produced more than one work which reflects credit on American scholarship, and which recalls the time when that city was, without dispute, the seat of American literature; the place to which authors made pilgrimage from Boston as from Savannah. One such work as we have mentioned is Mr. Austin Allibone's bibliographical and biographical dictionary of English literature, of which, some years ago, we had the first part from Mr. George W. Childs, as publisher. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. now announce that they have in their hands the manuscript of the two volumes which will complete the work. Each of the volumes will be of about the size of the first one—a trifle smaller, possibly—containing nine hundred pages, or thereabouts. The cost of the whole work to persons who now, for the first time, subscribe for it will be eighteen dollars. The same house have in press, besides various technical works, a cheaper edition, revised and abridged, of the *Memoirs of Baron Bunsen*, Mr. William Gilbert's *Life of Lucretia Borgia*, which is based, he says, on new and important documents discovered by him in Italy, and which may probably enough be of a whitewashing character.——Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce the address delivered by President Barnard, at Chicago, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.——Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press English novels, of course, and will reprint, also, Hartwig's *Polar World*, which is well spoken of as a book of travels, and Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, which, as being the work of a naturalist of repute, will have a special value apart from the interest of the general subject.——Mr. Gladstone, who "obeys the voice at eve obeyed at prime," has prepared some further papers on Homer, which he calls *Homeric Studies*. They are at about this time being published by Macmillan, in England, and will be published here by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. The same firm will publish Mrs. Warren's *House and its Furnishing;* Bulwer's translations of Horace; a translation of a book in which Thiers, the veteran French politician, has unexpectedly launched, or is about to launch: it is a *History of the Natural Sciences*. ——Messrs. Gould & Lincoln will have ready, in the course of this week, the volume for 1869 of their well known *Annual of Scientific Discovery*, again from the editorial hands of Doctor Samuel Kneeland.

—It seems that there is not going to be any effective denial of the severe charges which recently have been brought against half a dozen of the English publishing houses. We have waited some time before speaking of the matter to see if some of the English mouthpieces of "the trade" would not, when the news of the accusations got over to them, make some valid defence, but nothing of the kind has come to our notice. It appears, then, that a Mr. Shaw, a bookseller hailing from Canada, went over to England, and letting it be known among the publishers that he had a way of getting goods across the frontier into the United States without paying much of the regular duty, several of them—all men of repute—became his willing accessaries in his fraudulent scheme. So it appears. Some of the men that he solicited refused; we have the name of one gentleman who declined to have anything to do with the business, when Mr. Shaw—as a means of getting credit—frankly said to him that his plan was not to sell the books in Canada, but to take them into the United States—a job for the doing of which "he had facilities." It is not to be supposed that what he said openly to one man he kept concealed from others in a similar relation to him. He had but little money or credit; one of the people who did trust him wrote at the same time to the banker in Montreal, to whom the books were to be consigned, to tell him that Shaw was not at once to have *all* the books, but only those "marked for Milwaukee." Besides throwing a little light on the estimate of his pecuniary responsibility which was held by one of these gentlemen who were trusting him to the extent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars (in gold), this letter is valuable as evidence in regard to another aspect of the affair. The publisher must have known that the books were to be taken to the United States. "But not necessarily," it may be said, "that they were not going to pay any duty, or to pay only a small part of the duty which they should have paid"—(as a matter of fact they were brought in at a valuation of $5,000, which was one-twelfth or one-fifteenth of what they were worth. This story is honorable to some of our American officials, it will be seen, as well as to Mr. Shaw and some of the London booksellers). But even let that be so, that the publisher was ignorant of the proposed fraud and trusted Shaw for some sound business-like reason, the business is not so very much better on that account. He, at least, knew that he was not doing right when he sold to come here large editions of copyright works by American authors; and this he did the fact being shown when the books were seized, indeed the seizure being made because of that fact. This, we should say, is an affair that ought to be borne in mind by Englishmen and Americans both, when next the well-worn theme of the rascality of Yankee publishers comes up in conversation. No one hears of Mr. Fields, or Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., or Messrs. Leypolt & Holt as having been concerned in little affairs like this one which has got Messrs. Bell & Daldy's names into bad odor. It was not for the sake of saying this, however, that we have spoken of the matter, but to call attention to the part borne in its later stages by Mr. Solicitor Jordan. When Shaw came over here he somehow got *all* his packages, not the Milwaukee one alone, from the banker and consignee. This gentleman then, having acted contrary to his consignor's orders, might properly have been required to make good Bell & Daldy's loss when the books, unpaid for, were seized and confiscated. But the firm, or the firm and the banker, bethought themselves that if the books could be got back from the United States Government on the ground that the man in whose possession they were seized had not paid for them, it would be a very good thing—which there is no denying. So they asked this small favor of Mr. Jordan—there is a letter on file in his office which shows Bell & Daldy's complicity so far as it can be shown by the reference to Milwaukee, and there are some invoices on file there in the writing of their clerks, which speak of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other towns to which no English bookseller has a right to send American copyright books—they asked this favor of Mr. Jordan, and he actually accorded it. The other publishers appear to have promptly, as soon as they heard the news, set down the amount of their venture to the account of profit and loss; what they will do another time depends perhaps on who may be the Government's legal advisers.

—Most boys of fourteen and upwards have read in Dumas of the Man of the Iron Mask; and the theory which the novelist adopts as to the birth and station of this mysterious personage is one of the most plausible of the many which have been suggested: the theory, that is, that he was the twin brother of Louis XIV., doomed to live and die unknown for fear of political dissensions if there should be two claimants to the throne. From this, conjecture has ranged to an Armenian patriarch ravished from Constantinople, to a son of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin (or the Duke of Buckingham), to the Duke of Monmouth, to Nicholas Fouquet, to Mattioli di Bologna, minister of the Duke of Mantua, etc., etc., and still the riddle has escaped solution. But a late number of the *Petit Moniteur Universel* states that M. Maurice Topin, a young writer who received a prize of 3,000 francs from the French Academy for his essay on "Europe and the Bourbons under Louis XIV.," has accidently won a much greater distinction. In his researches among the archives he has satisfied himself that he possesses incontestable proofs of the name and rank of the Man of the Iron Mask—in short, what the world has been eager to know for nearly two centuries. But the discoverer is far from taking pity on an anxious, curious, and perhaps a little incredulous public. He has an uncle, M. Mignet, to whom he first communicates his good luck; and M. Mignet, to show himself worthy of so great a confidence, advises his lucky nephew to put down all the facts in a letter, addressing it to the president of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and making him the trusty depositary of his secret until ready to draw it out and astonish mankind. M. Topin does so; so for us there is nothing to do but to wait.

—Since, as we remarked the other day, we are not likely to return to apprenticeships, in printing or in any other handicraft, and have devised nothing to take their place, the following notice, which we find in the Milan *Perseveranza*, of Jan. 28, has a decided interest as suggesting a way out of our present difficulties:

"*Professional Typographical School of Milan.*—With the first of February proximo, at 8 p. m., instruction in this school will regularly begin. During the present month, at the school building, Piazza Mercanti, from 8 to 10 p. m., all journeymen printers (*operaj tipograft*) without distinction, who cannot on account of their age or from any other circumstance attend the regular courses of the school, have an opportunity of entering their names for a special course of arithmetic and *amministrazione* applied to typographic art, which will be held on Sunday afternoons between 2 and 3, by the same instructor as last year."

Can any trades union point to a similar training school which it has established, in order, while demanding of the employer an increase of wages, to show that it was striving to produce workmen worthy of higher pay? Thus far, in our experience of them, the two things are incompatible. The distinct aim of the unions is to level down, not to elevate; and the greatest heresy in their eyes is the doctrine that men should be paid according to their abilities, and not according to their appellations—printer, baker, cloth-cutter, saddler.

—We have mentioned in our list of announcements quite a number of English works which our publishers are going to reprint. Several others may be mentioned as having, for one reason and another, an interest for the American general reader, although not all likely to be republished. One is Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower," which is "dedicated by express permission" to the Queen. The book appears to be but a farrago of true and false statements and out-and-out "fine writing" about the Tower of London, a subject which, says the *Saturday Review*, Mr. G. T. Hill has made absolutely his own forever. But considerations of this kind never come home with great force to the mind of the professional maker of books. A book that we hope to see soon announced by some American firm is a new edition, edited by Mr. Mill, of the late John Austin's lectures on jurisprudence, which has been held at a price that almost put it out of the reach of the class—here in America at all events, not usually a rich one—who most wanted it. Mr. Mill attended the course of lectures and took notes; these he now places at the disposal of the lecturer's widow. Another rare book which all lawyers will want is an edition, very copiously and systematically annotated, of Reeve's "History of English Law;" and there are not many of them who will not take an interest in the spiteful carping of Lord Campbell in his biographies of Brougham and Lyndhurst; a bad old man he seems to have thought each one of his friends, and the reader of his "Lives" gets quite a similar impression of him himself, and the further impression of his being the most ingeniously malevolent of the race of biographers; and yet gets, too, a curiously inconsistent impression of his malevolence being at the same time ingenious and unconscious. A long-known and well-liked writer, popular here as at home, reappears in the new book by Mrs. S. C. Hall. "The Fight of Faith" is the title of a novel that she has just published. There is talk of a pension for her. Whoever read Sir Henry Bulwer's set of biographical essays on Canning, Talleyrand, and other "representative men," in which there was in very agreeable combination the knowledge and the "tone" of the man versed in affairs with a literary skill quite marked, will be glad to know that the author is to give us a life of Palmerston. The family is a very literary one, but there would be nothing very surprising to some persons if the baronet's biography were to outlast his sister-in-law's novels, and his nephew's verses, and even all his brother's labors, except his plays, which may "keep the stage" and give him a singularly appropriate immortality. We should have said above, when speaking of Mr. Mill, that he intends to publish a new edition of his father's "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind." It will have notes by Mr. Grote, Alexander Bain, and Mr. A. Findlater. A noteworthy book—not English, however, but German—of which several copies may well enough be sold among our Shakespeare enthusiasts, is the folio of illustrations of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" printed at Heidelberg, and designed by a Mr. Konewka. The pictures are wood engravings of twenty-four silhouettes, or shadow-pictures. With these the comic papers long ago made us all familiar, but to see them applied to the illustration of Shakespere, and with success, and to the subtle and sentimental fancies of the poet as well as to the humorous scenes and incidents, is strange. We have space only to mention the "Chaucer's England" of "Matthew Browne," who is also "Henry Holbeach," and "the author of Lilliput Levee," besides being himself; Sir J. T. Coleridge's "Life of John Keble;" a complete edition in twelve volumes of Hugh Miller's works; a promised "Shelley"—if promised is precisely the word—from Mr. W. M. Rossetti; a "Coleridge," with some prefatory talk by Mr. Swinburne, and a history—praised as true to the spirit of the time, so far as that is disclosed in Froissart—of the "Life of Edward the Third," by Mr. W. Longman. This is the proper place to mention, too, that Mr. Orridge, late chairman of the City Library Committee, has reported to the Common Council, (London,) that he finds in the library some six or seven hundreds of letters from all the prominent statesmen of the Elizabethan period and from the queen herself. For two centuries and more these documents have lain neglected. As usually happens, now, when people find new documents relating to later English history, Mr. Orridge charges Lord Macaulay with ignorance and carelessness.

—As announced, the sale of the Emperor Maximilian's (or, as it is called from the collector, the Andrade) library took place at Leipzig, Jan. 18–27, at the establishment of Messrs. List & Francke. Agents were present from leading houses of England and the Continent; the United States being represented by Mr. Sabin, of this city, who purchased about one seventh of the collection, partly on account of the Library of Congress. The highest interest of the sale centred in six volumes published in Mexico, 1544–47, one of which (Çummaraga's "Doctrina Breve") was the first book printed in America with date affixed. It should be cause of lasting regret that this book, at least, was not ordered to be secured at any price for the Library of Congress, but that it has instead fallen to the British Museum, which bought it for 805 thalers. The remaining five volumes brought 485, 300, 461, 400, 340, thalers—famous prices, which, for an American importer, must be reckoned at about $1:33 in currency for every thaler. The sale as a whole was very remunerative, and any one who desires a record of it can obtain of Tross, Paris, a large-paper copy of the catalogue "avec les prix d'adjudication" (marked 931 of Tross's *Catalogue No.* 2, 1869). The private record is not to be had for the asking, but we believe it to be true that the auctioneers, Messrs. List & Francke, had, in company with Butsch, of Augsburg, purchased the collection before it came to sale; the latter afterwards selling out his interest to Tross. As these parties probably acted also as agents for individual buyers, the opportunities of collusion were very great. Thus, a part owner of the library could bid, as if on his own account as bookseller, against himself as agent; and it is rumored that not only there was this double dealing, but even the books thus knocked down at "kited" prices were, in some instances, resold at an advance for the profit of the "agent," as if he had bid them in on his own capital. Not all foreign booksellers, we know, would be guilty of such a breach of trust.

—Apropos of book auctions, Mr. Welford tells, in the last *Book-buyer*, of a recent sale of the Marquis of Hastings's library, consisting of 24,000 volumes, accumulated by the Rawdons and Earls Rawdon, of Huntingdon, and apparently having had no addition since the days of Lord Rawdon, who figured as a British commander in our Revolutionary War. No catalogue was made of this collection, but merely a brief and imperfect list; the books were tied up in bundles quite indiscriminately and disposed of without examination in four days. On opening their respective "grabs," purchasers found, for one prize, "a copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible, the second edition, clean and perfect as the day it was printed," and, for another, "a volume of tracts (in German) from Benjamin Franklin's press—perhaps unique." Besides these, original plans and drawings of Lord Rawdon's campaigns in the Southern States came to light.

MR. BEECHER'S SERMONS.*

NOTHING is, of nature, so ephemeral as a sermon. There is nothing disrespectful in saying so. The true preacher aims at the moment, by methods fit for the moment, to impress truth which is eternal on the minds and hearts of those before him. If his object were other than this, he would simply read or repeat to the congregation the New Testament or any other statement of divine law which he considered the best possible. The true preacher, not satisfied with such a repetition of the law, stands before the congregation watching the play of every feature even—studying while he speaks the changing aspects of those men and women, striving with all his skill, and praying God for more, that he may illustrate the eternal truth in such form and method as may best suit the necessity of that passing hour.

This is the real reply to the sneer sometimes made regarding sermons, that the most famous sermons of one day lose all their power and flavor in a generation. If this were true, it would only show that the sermon was so precisely fitted to its own time that it did not fit another time. That we of America in 1869 are not interested in what South said in England in 1700, may be no more strange than that an audience in Rome to-day would not be long interested in an address made by Hans Andersen in his native tongue. It is all a matter of language.

* "Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Selected from published and unpublished documents, and revised by their author." In 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.

This prime essential of the sermon keeps the true preacher in certain lines of thought—even of study—and of discourse which the preacher of the second class is constantly tempted to overstep. For even men of distinguished ability will preach sermons sometimes which are essays on metaphysical or ethical subjects—which are historical treatises—or in some other form elaborate studies of the opinion or action of the past, or of other men than those whom they are addressing. Such essays may be very valuable. They may in their way do great good. But they are not sermons of the first class. The sermon, in its essential nature, is an address to a particular congregation—which illustrates truth from the special position and point of view of the hour and the place of its delivery.

Mr. Beecher's sermons are precisely such illustrations of the truth, as he feels it and believes it. The collected volumes of them show to any man who is curious, why Mr. Beecher is reputed the first of preachers in America, and they show how thoroughly he deserves that great reputation. They show how completely at home he is in the pulpit, with what victorious power, and yet with what reverence, he compels the mere traditions of the pulpit to give way on the right and on the left, as he addresses himself to his Master's work. If there are left any persons who consider him, as Southern people were taught to regard him, as an eccentric buffoon, thrusting himself forward into every oddity or novelty—or, as other persons have fancied, as a designing politician making the Plymouth pulpit a masked battery in the service of some party organization—these two volumes will show to such people, if they have any sense at all, how completely they have been deceived. Mr. Beecher is ingrain a preacher. We are almost tempted to say that he is nothing else—and that in a very different meaning from Lamb's when he said the same thing of Coleridge. Whether he writes for the *Ledger*, or lectures before a lyceum, or speaks on the ruins of Fort Sumter, he never loses the central idea of the true sermon. His wish is always to illustrate truth by the freshest illustration of the present hour.

But, on the other hand, any young fool—if the word may be permitted us in consideration of certain past experiences—who has been licensed to preach and is lazy enough and conceited enough to think that the sermon thus considered is a trifling matter which he can manage extemporaneously on Sunday morning, by jotting down a few words of a brief, interspersed with anecdotes from his week's reading, will do well to look carefully at one or two of these sermons and addresses, and seriously take to heart the contrast between them and the slip-slop which he had the impudence to pour out on the devoted heads of his poor fellow-creatures who were led, by their veneration for an institution, to go and be miserable under his ministrations on the last Sunday. Mr. Beecher speaks from a short brief, and not from a written manuscript; almost all the American church-goers know that. But in these collected sermons—as reported by the first-rate reporting skill of our time—there is no evidence of carelessness. There is in each of them a complete plan, steadfastly held to from beginning to end. The vivid poetical illustration—which is what people are most surprised by, and most delighted by—is not, more than one time in ten, the accidental suggestion of the instant, shot in by a happy inspiration. It is what is of a thousand times more worth—bound up by natural analogy with the thing illustrated, an analogy of which this man who speaks is certain, because he has brooded over it in different moods, tested it by different tests, proved it as a vital and essential analogy, and made himself so at home with it that he can handle it with even a playful ease. He is not trying experiments with his poetry when he is in the presence of his audience.

No one has ever joined the audience in the Plymouth church without the feeling that Mr. Beecher is not only one of the most eminent of public speakers, but that he is at the same time one of the most religious and truly reverential of ministers. The real charm, to a worshipper, of that united service of thousands of people, is that the master-mind under whose influence they are for the hour is the mind of a man who is not only a quick thinker, and not only a person of high poetical susceptibility, but who is also a profoundly religious man acting and speaking under the most real and vital religious conviction. The popular estimate of him among persons who have not joined in the worship of his church may be different from this. The popular estimate of many public men is wholly wrong; and just as people try to account for Channing's success by talk of his correct English style, and for Spurgeon's success by talk of his Boanerges manner, and for Chalmer's by talk of his executive skill, they try to account for Mr. Beecher's fame by this or that trick of method. Every now and then, in one's travels, one lights on some "smart" country town, where a "smart" young preacher, with his collar turned down and his hair properly brushed, has, on some such theory as this, set up an imitation of Mr. Beecher. But the imitation does not answer; the people know gold from oroide, after they have handled the oroide a little, and if necessary scratched it with their penknives.

So far, then, as a record can be made permanent of a series of impressions on a body of people, which were not meant for posterity by him who spoke, but for the accepted *now* in which he spoke, these two volumes have great value. Mr. Beecher does not lay much stress on his theology, nor do the special theologians of the world often refer to it. But he has a theology of his own, carefully thought out. People will not read these sermons, however, to hunt out the theological system. They will read them Sunday after Sunday, because on their quiet and thoughtful days they will find in them what are clearly true statements of a true man's deepest convictions, lightened up and all on fire—which in their mere language are spoken in the dialect of to-day, and in their poetry are illustrated from to-day's keen and cheerful observations. They will not convince sceptics, they will not be read at all by the Gradgrinds; but, for all that, they will make a great many good people better, a great many cheerful people more cheerful, and to a great many puzzled people they will explain intricacies in life which, unexplained, might make life a failure.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

Of Mr. Charles Reade's new story it will not be proper to speak at length until he has got further into it than in the three chapters before us in the March *Galaxy*. What of it we already have gives promise that we shall not miss anything of the author's accustomed vigor, and that his good heart, or rather his strong feeling for people in any way oppressed, will find full and forcible expression in "Put Yourself in His Place." That it will be a good story is, of course, a thing certain; whether or not it will be one of its author's best we shall be able to see hereafter; he has two distinct manners. At all events, Mr. Reade in his second-best manner is almost infinitely superior to most magazine or other novelists in their best.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe prints in this month's *Galaxy*, for the sake of greater publicity, a letter which she has recently written by way of reply to a female friend of hers who has been asking for her opinion on the question of women's voting. Mrs. Howe is an advocate of "female suffrage;" but except so far as that fact goes we should imagine that her correspondent might have found her reply not very satisfactory. The right to vote is, whether in the case of man or woman, a means to an end, and Mrs. Howe seems to have no clearer notion than most of the women who have spoken on the woman's rights cause as to what it is precisely that she has in view. Her article is, however, a well written contribution to the literature of unrest, so to speak, with which intellectual women are disturbing their brothers and sisters—their brothers more than their sisters, apparently, for the women in general seem to be slow to move.

The article entitled "Is Being Done," by Mr. Richard Grant White, we shall take occasion to refer to hereafter. Meantime, we need hardly caution people who have given any consideration to the auxiliary substantive verb not to believe too much of what is said to them in regard to this or that form of it. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "English Positivists" is a very good essay, though its title is too narrow for the subject, not really descriptive, concerning the little knot of intellectual English radicals which includes Mr. Morley, Mr. Beesly, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Mill, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and a dozen more of the men who are busy democratizing England. "Will Murder Out?" by Mr. Edward Crapsey, is an article which possesses in a high degree the interest that always belongs to stories of mysterious murder. The impression upon the reader is increased by the fact that the stories told are told as a policeman would tell them, and the sense is never lost of the reality of the horrors related. In "Tea and its Adulterations," Prof. Draper makes out tea, and especially green tea, a worthy companion of the coffee he exhibited last month. No tea-drinker can afford to be poor if the half is true of what Prof. Draper tells of the turmeric, gypsum, lead, and arsenic with which, under the name of hyson or oolong, the Chinese and our own venders poison and paralyze us. In the third of his series of papers about "New York Journalists," Mr. Benson writes pretty well about Mr. Curtis—better of him, perhaps, as an author than as a journalist pure and simple. When one thinks of him as a writer for the press, it seems that no writing about him is wholly good which fails to take into account the great service which he has done the average voter in the editorial page of *Harper's Weekly*—which helped to preserve the Union. For years it presented to a couple of hundred thousand householders—probably more—in a manner so attractive as to make them doubly convincing, sound political views, and this at a time when that the average voter should hold sound views in politics was a matter of vital importance. The

minor departments of the March *Galaxy* are of their ordinary degree of goodness, except the "Driftwood," which is still better than usual.

Mr. Parton's "Popularizing Art," an article on Mr. Prang's chromo-lithographs, is as attractive—using that word in its strict sense—as anything else in this number of the *Atlantic*. "Popularizing Art" is the title which he characteristically gives his essay, forgetting that there is a lively and as yet unsettled dispute as to whether chromo-lithographs are "art" at all—at least if we give to that term any but a very wide meaning. We are far enough from being willing to make attempt at defining the limits of "art" in such a way as that painters, who may be supposed to know something of it, should accept our definition. But this we think may be safely said of chromo-lithography and painting: We may say of any picture that it is what some man has tried to say to us in a language which, though it is his natural speech, is of peculiar difficulty to us who try to understand it, and furthermore is extremely difficult to him who tries to speak it. There is much labor to express his meaning; everything is hard; whatever gets itself said at all is said by means of an infinity of small, nice touches; the inflections and tones are nearly the whole talk; one must, as it were, feel the speaker in each word. Now the artist, brush in hand, trying this light and that, and this and that tint, succeeds, sometimes, in so employing his inadequate means of communication—and often he hardly knows how he has done it or when it is done—in making the canvas tell us his meaning. Chromo-lithography will do the same thing when chromo-lithographers use as many processes as the painter may be said to have used when he has touched and retouched a hundred and a thousand times. But this the chromo-lithographers have not done yet, and their work, therefore, fails in the case of any but works of a sort which have not overmuch meaning in them. It may be said that for a picture to make a good chromo-lithograph it must have been a chromo-lithograph from the start; it may have had certain beauties, it may have had many, but if the stone and the press could paint it there must have been in it originally a want of the finer qualities which belong to good pictures. In short, chromo-lithographs—of which we do not speak with any intention of disparagement—are a means of enjoyment, we will say, and of education, and of civilization; they may be almost anything, but, accurately speaking, they are not "art" in the sense in which art is, perhaps, best worth attention. This, or something like this, is, we suppose, what would be said by people with whom painting is—we were going to say a study, the business of their lives—with whom it is the passion of their lives, and to whom and such as they we owe all its triumphs.

The other articles of this number are of the *Atlantic's* ordinary sort, and none is particularly noticeable as deflecting from the standard, one way or another. "Our New President" seems like a very accurate study of Grant's character; "A New Chapter of Christian Evidences" contains comparative evidences of its truth, but persons who are reading for absolute evidence will here find none of it; the "Foe in the Household" is to be praised as a story of much freshness of flavor.

Mr. Moncure Conway does the good thing of the March *Harper's*—another of his "South Coast Saunterings," which talks very agreeably indeed about Shelley and the Shelleys, and Godwin and Mary Woolstonecraft, and Henry Taylor and other poets and men of letters.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's "My Enemy's Daughter" will be a novel worth reading, we should say; and if the elderly gentleman that turns up in this instalment does not prove to be a decidedly new character in fiction, we are mistaken. The Madrigal Concert at Steinway's the other evening—which was so entirely good that it is a wonder the public does not insist on more of them—is the theme of a characteristic and nice little essay by Mr. Curtis in the Easy Chair, and for the rest the magazine is what all the world knows for *Harper's*.

The American novel in *Lippincott's* is not very much to our taste, but shows signs, we think, of improving. The magazine in general has a little indecision of tone, and occasionally, as in the case of this number, a prevailing mediocrity which there ought to be some means of preventing in a periodical of the pretensions of *Lippincott's*—one, too, which as a rule nearly makes its pretensions good. The Monthly Gossip, however, is always admirable of its kind: no other of the magazines does its purely literary small-talk in half so pleasant a way; and the gossip is that of a bookish and scholarly man, and is instructive as well as entertaining.

The more frivolous readers of *Hours at Home* will be glad to see that Mr. Schuyler's translation from the Russian, "Sevastopol in May, 1855," is to be continued; it is a very spirited and agreeable story, as well as a vivid sketch of life in the besieged town. For readers of a more serious cast there is a good review of the new life of "Raleigh" by Professor Fisher; some (translated) reminiscences of Schleiermacher; more of Professor Porter's "Books and Reading," and "the usual variety of other matter."

In *Putnam's* Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us in verse of the usual quality of his a rather striking story of Napoleon, which he calls "Napoleon at Gotha." "A Violin Stop," by Mrs. Stoddard, is concluded, and concludes thus much better than it begins that there is an overturn of the reader's expectations as to the relations in which the parties stand to one another. But for the rest it is like Mrs. Stoddard's other work; it is surely a very vicious sort of style—the innuendoing, riddling fashion of talk in which she indulges herself. Nor are intense young lovers, rabidly in love, pleasant people to have about. Perhaps "A Royal Wedding in Cashmere" is the most readable of the other papers. A valuable feature in *Putnam's* is the very full list of new publications which is printed at the end of it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abbot (G. D.), Mexico and the United States	(G. P. Putnam & Son)	$3 50
Anderson (J. J.), Manual of General History	(Clark & Maynard)	2 00
Bölte (A.), Madame de Staël	(G. P. Putnam & Son)	
Bowles (S.), The Switzerland of America	(Sam'l Bowles & Co.)	1 00
Bulwer Lytton (Sir E.), The Lady of Lyons, swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 30
Burke (E.), Complete Works, 12 volumes	Little, Brown & Co.)	18 00
Catlin (G.), The Breath of Life	(John Wiley & Son)	
Dixon (W. H.), Her Majesty's Tower	(Harper & Bros.)	
Dumas (A.), Madame De Chamblay: a Tale, swd	(Turner Bros. & Co.)	0 50
Five Weeks in a Balloon	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Glaeser (A.), Das Lincoln-Monument, swd	(J. C. Hermann.)	
Languellier (Prof. A. L.), Le Spectateur, French translation, with English text, Nos. 1, 2, swd	(F. W. Christern)	0 25
Leeds (L. W.), Lectures on Ventilation	(John Wiley & Son)	
Marcel (C.), The Study of Languages	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Marryatt (Capt.), The Phantom Ship, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 50
Planchette; or, The Despair of Science	(Roberts Bros.)	1 00
Reade (C.), Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and other Stories	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 00
Scott (Sir W.), A Legend of Montrose, The Talisman, The Antiquary, Red Gauntlet, St. Ronan's Well, 1 volume	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Shelley (M. W.), Frankenstein: a Tale, swd	(Sever, Francis & Co.)	0 75
Stearns (Dr. C. W.), The Shakespeare Treasury of Wisdom and Knowledge	(G. P. Putnam & Son)	
Street (A. B.), The Indian Pass	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
The Workshop, Volume 2, No. 1, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50
Trollope (A.), He Knew he was Right: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 30
Yonge (Miss), A Book of Golden Deeds	(Sever, Francis & Co.)	1 00

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	35,791,983 20	Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost,	558,628 81
Disbursements during the year,	6,466,688 10		2,509,093 66
Net Assets, January 31, 1869,	**$29,325,295 10**	**Gross Assets, January 31, 1869,**	**$31,834,388 76**

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Premiums received on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868	$6,782,969 82
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868	2,563,002 30
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$9,345,972 12
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868	$6,807,970 89
Losses paid during the same period	$3,081,080 49
Returns of Premiums and expenses	$1,383,230 61
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$7,587,435 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise	2,214,100 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest and sundry Notes and Claims due the Company, estimated at	290,530 03
Premium Notes and Bills receivable	2,953,267 53
Cash in Bank	405,548 83
Total Amount of Assets	$13,660,881 39

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and cancelled.

A dividend of FORTY Per Cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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The Nation.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 193. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1869. { FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM / TWELVE CENTS PER COPY

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ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.
PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

ON Wednesday the Fortieth Congress was busy getting itself ready to die, and both houses were in session nearly all night. The Senate had a long discussion on the Public Credit Bill. It was opposed by Mr. Bayard and Mr. Hendricks on the old Democratic grounds; Mr. Sprague opposed it because in his opinion it would "make capital higher;" Mr. Morton would not vote for it because in effect it made a new contract with the public creditor, and for doing that he saw neither necessity nor excuse; Mr. Cole, of California, spoke still more plainly on the same side, and put himself frankly with the letter-of-the-law repudiationists. The debt, he said, ought to be paid in coin if, when the time came to pay it, the United States currency in circulation was coin; otherwise it should not and would not be paid in anything but paper. The bill passed by a vote of 31 to 24. It was decided on the same day that Mr. W. W. Corcoran should be paid for the property of his which was seized during the war; but first he is to take the test-oath. In the evening session there was much talk about the appropriation of $20,000 for the Sisters of Charity, of Charleston, those ladies having befriended Union prisoners during the war. It was opposed and defeated. Mr. Howard handled the Pope of Rome without gloves, but the Democratic Senators defended him. That the Sisters of Charity have a claim on the country's gratitude, and that whatever pecuniary acknowledgment of our debt we may make will be spent, we may be sure, in the continual work of charity which they carry on, would seem to be the strongest argument in favor of the appropriation. The vote was 22 against it and 20 for it. On Thursday the Forty-first Congress began its existence. Mr. Colfax took the chair and swore in the Senators elect, of whom the new ones are Thurman, of Ohio; Pratt, of Indiana; Carpenter, of Wisconsin; Schurz, of Missouri; Casserly, of California; Brownlow, of Tennessee; Hamilton, of Maryland; Hamlin, of Maine; Buckingham, of Connecticut; Stockton, of New Jersey; Fenton, of New York; Bayard, of Delaware; Scott, of Pennsylvania; Gilbert, of Florida; and Boreman, of West Virginia. By the advent of these gentlemen the small Democratic minority in the Senate is made smaller by one. The Republicans are strong in ability, but will miss Frelinghuysen, while it is probable that they have received an accession of genuine strength in Schurz and Carpenter. The Democrats lose Hendricks, Buckalew, and Doolittle, three of their ablest men—a loss against which there is as a set-off the gain of Mr. Thurman. On Friday the Senate transacted a little business, and then on receipt of two very brief messages from President Grant cleared its galleries, went into executive session, and amid great silence listened to the names of the Cabinet that had been selected. The persons nominated were all promptly confirmed, no Senator apparently being familiar with the act establishing the Treasury Department. A knowledge of the provisions of that law would have made Mr. Stewart's confirmation impossible; and great a prize as the Treasury is, and much as Mr. Stewart's name has been talked about in connection with it, and much as quite a number of people may be presumed to have wanted it for themselves, it is truly surprising that no Senator was ready with his objection. On Saturday Grant's message setting forth the difficulty, and asking not the repeal of the law, but that Mr. Stewart should be exempted from its operation, was received and allowed to lie over, the Senate showing what everybody will consider proper dignity and respect for itself and the President.

There was one rather extraordinary performance by the Senate of the Fortieth Congress in its last hours, which ought not to go unnoticed. This was the confirmation of a batch of Mr. Johnson's appointments, for which there could have been no urgent necessity, and in the face of the Senate's previous determination to fill no more offices under the outgoing administration. Half the Senate was asleep, it is said, and the rest mostly in a less creditable condition, when the few who were awake engineered the confirmation, and inflicted on Philadelphia a Democratic district-attorney, together with a collector of the port and an assessor of internal revenue, whose chances for appointment by Grant would undoubtedly have been of the slimmest. We hear less of injury done in other quarters, whose indignation perhaps is less likely to make itself felt than that of a great city like Philadelphia; but whatever tends to prolong the rule of the politicians, to corrupt the civil service and obstruct its reformation, and fetter General Grant in his attempts to destroy the one and purify the other, is an evil which strikes everywhere, and which in this case, if the truth is told us, common vigilance and sobriety might have spared us.

In the House on Wednesday Mr. Colfax tendered his resignation of the place he has filled so long and so well, in a speech which, though wordy, as all his speeches are, was not ungraceful. The House paid him, with more feeling than such formalities usually call forth, the compliment of a laudatory resolution. The honor of the Speakership for the last few hours of the session was accorded to Mr. Pomeroy, of this State, who has been "rotated" out of his seat, and whose retiring is said to be a loss to the House and a gain to the "men inside politics" in his district. The Public Credit Bill, as it came amended from the Conference Committee, was discussed and passed. Mr. Butler objected to the manner in which the final debate was conducted, only two or three minutes each being allowed the members who desired to speak. His own "short and easy method with dissenters" is, however, so well known that his complaints were severely disregarded. The vote stood 118 to 51. The papers do not give the names of the Republicans who voted against it, but there evidently were some Republican votes in the negative. Mr. Butler's opinions, as the debate showed, have undergone no change, and he still denounces the bill as made in the interest of the brokers. On the following day the representatives elect of the Forty-first Congress assembled in the House, and, under the chairmanship of the Clerk of the House in the last Congress, proceeded to organize. The clerk is the only official of the House who holds over from the end of one Congress till the beginning of the next; the sergeant-at-arms, doorkeeper, and other officers are newly chosen. This fact was apparently known to Mr. James Brooks, for he defied the authority of the clerk with a turbulence and vehemence that he has never shown at times when it would have been easy for the presiding officer to order his arrest. The clerk has power to make up the roll of

members elect, and if any informality in any person's certificate of election appears, it is his duty to keep such person's name off the rolls till there is a House which can pass on the certificate. Governor Bullock, of Georgia, did not—as some hint, designedly—make out his certificates of the election of the Georgia members in the form prescribed by law; and there was some irregularity in the certificates from Louisiana; so, of course, the names of the claimants of the seats belonging to these States were not read. Thereupon Mr. Brooks began a great disturbance, out of which he could not hope to come with success, and out of which he does not seem to have seen that he could not come without disgrace and some ridicule. The better sort of Democrats sustained the clerk in restoring order. Mr. Blaine was chosen Speaker; the Democrats giving the compliment of a nomination to Mr. Kerr, of Indiana. On Friday nothing was done except the electing of a Clerk of the House and a Sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Ordway, in spite of all that has been laid to his charge in some of the newspapers, got the latter post; and Mr. McPherson the former. On Saturday the House was not in session; like the rest of Washington, the discussion of the constitution of Grant's Cabinet kept it fully employed. It is to be hoped that the gentlemen there assembled will not make the mistake of supposing that the people who elected Grant share their disappointment at the fact that so few "statesmen" have been called in to manage our "rings," the collection of our internal revenue, and the other things which our grand public men have formerly had such marked success with. On Tuesday, Mr. Boutwell got the Reconstruction Committee reappointed, and the House, under the lead of Mr. Butler, aided by the previous question, again repealed the Tenure-of-Office Act.

Mr. Johnson's "farewell address" was a very characteristic performance, and perhaps the very best answer he could make to those who loved to consider him "the greatest criminal of this or any other age." The comparison, so favorable to Andrew Johnson, which he draws between this gentleman and the wicked Sylla of Roman fame, is in every respect a triumphant vindication of himself against the Butlers and Chandlers and Logans, and proves to our mind beyond question that he has studied Plutarch and Smith's dictionary to much more purpose than they. To the timid philosophers who predicted confidently that, unless "hurled" by impeachment "from the chair he had disgraced," he would overturn the Government and get drunk among the ruins, he can now make the triumphant reply, that though they have done their best at him, he did n't do half the mischief which they swore most vehemently he might do if he liked. He says he had a vast army at his disposal, which, if he liked, he might have led furiously against the French in Mexico; and that he had vast powers offered him by the Radical ruffians in Congress, which he might have used to make himself a dictator; but he steadily resisted their blandishments, and remained plain Andrew Johnson, the friend and servant of the people. In short, he has covered his enemies with confusion. The continued existence of the United States Government during his administration and at its close must for ever remain, on their own showing, a monument of his disinterestedness and self-restraint. The most humorous part of the address is the close, where he shows that treason was not a crime at all, as he at first supposed it to be, but a mistake, for which the North was as much responsible as the South, and that, instead of punishing the rebels for it, we ought to do all we can to soothe them and assist them to forget it.

General Grant's inaugural has at least the merit of being a plain, sensible, practical document. It does not contain much; but, except the allusion to the gold-mines as a peculiarly valuable source of national wealth, it contains nothing which anybody could wish had been omitted. The policy he traces out for himself is excellent; the view he takes of the President's place in the Government shows that the discussions of the last four years have not been in vain. He knows exactly what a President's "policy" amounts to, and means to act on his knowledge. He makes one really valuable contribution to the political wisdom of the day when he says that the best way to secure the repeal of bad laws is to execute them stringently. He might have added that it is the best mode of "educating the people up" to the knowledge of good and evil in legislation. The notion which he appears to hold that the gold-mines of the country are likely to be of any more value to the Government than the potatoes of the country, we cannot help calling a very unfortunate delusion. Gold-mining is a poor business, which makes perhaps poorer returns on the labor and capital invested in it than any other species of industry. Government can only get gold out of the mines by taxing the miners heavily, which would drive them out of the business, or by working the mines itself, which it would find vastly less profitable than raising cranberries, and which it would necessarily do at very much greater disadvantage than individuals. The inaugural has been received with the greatest satisfaction by the press of all parties.

We have discussed elsewhere, as we could amid the shifting rumors of the hour, the new Cabinet; and all that we need do here is to report the condition of affairs as we go to press. The President having withdrawn his request for an exemption of Mr. Stewart from the operation of the law of 1789, and that gentleman having in vain made an offer to relinquish all the profits of his business during his term of office—a liberal but technically insufficient expedient—and finally having declined his appointment, it is now certain that Mr. Stewart will not be Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Boutwell is his reputed successor, and this rumor is always coupled with the statement that General Grant cannot endure two Cabinet officers from one State, and therefore must displace Judge Hoar. This being, in our opinion, a relic of the spoils-of-office and sectional politics, we sincerely hope it has no existence in Grant's mind and will not influence his action. There is talk already of Mr. Washburne's resigning his seat in the Cabinet.

Another glimpse of blue sky after the long reign of corruption and inefficiency with which we have been afflicted is the removals and appointments which Grant has made during these first few days of his power. Mr. Binckley was at once ordered out of the Treasury Department. General Gillem, who has been the delight, so far as a Federal soldier could be, of the rebelliously disposed in Mississippi, and within the limits of whose command the negroes have been in a state of semi-servitude, has been sent to rejoin his regiment. General Reynolds has been sent back to Texas, and Sheridan to Louisiana. We do not know what qualifications General Hancock may have for command in Dakota; sending him there may, for anything we know, be for the best interests of the service. It does not, however, look much like a favor to him—which perhaps is not a disadvantage; but the appointment *has* the disadvantage of making one remember that Hancock worked hard for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and if he could have got it would have run in opposition to his old companion in arms. It is to be remembered, however, as a matter for thankfulness, that in Dakota he cannot do the harm that he unquestionably did in Louisiana and Texas. The appointment of Sherman as General was, of course, a foregone conclusion and no man says no to it. There is little or no demur, either, to the appointment of Sheridan as Lieutenant-General, high as Thomas stands in the respect of his countrymen. Grant's personal liking for Sheridan has never been denied, nor his disposition to give honors where his affection is given; but it is not said—and it would be excessively hard to prove—that he makes people his friends who are not worthy of all the confidence he can give them, or that he gives honors and imposes labors where there is not desert and ability. One might doubt if the selection of Mr. Washburne as Secretary of State might not be cited in contradiction of this statement. But it appears to be the fact that Mr. Washburne is only temporarily in the State Department, and mainly by way of compliment to him, and thus the seeming exception in his case is removed.

Some four columns of the *Times* have been taken up this week with the correspondence between District-Attorney Courtney and Attorney-General Evarts relative to the prosecution of Mr. William Fullerton. Apparently it is Mr. Courtney who has given these letters to the light; and that, we suppose, is the reason why we get from

them no information on a point which, first and last, has caused a good deal of curiosity, and which, it is probable, can be made clear only by Mr. Evarts, namely, how it happened that, with a District-Attorney straining in the leash to be let loose on an alleged criminal, and a gentleman under indictment anxious in a very high degree to be put on trial, so that his perfect innocence might be made patent to all the world, and a whole municipal community, not to say the people of the whole country, very willing to see the inside of the Whiskey Ring, and to see it visited with exemplary punishment in the persons of some of its worst members, in case Mr. Fullerton should not make his innocence manifest—how it happened, all these things being so, that Mr. Evarts suddenly ordered all proceedings under the indictment to cease, only Mr. Evarts—perhaps we should do better to say Mr. Evarts or Mr. Johnson—can tell us. The correspondence in the *Times* may be said to be printed by way of clearing Mr. Courtney's skirts. To do him justice, he seems to have been choked off his enemy only with difficulty, and in his letter of February 9th he makes some very good points against the Attorney-General. His style, by the way, contrasting with the verbal cloud behind which the Attorney-General can, on occasion, place himself, aids him in disposing the reader to think that probably his view of the matter may be right, and that in the attempt to quash the case there may have been an attempt at screening rascality from justice and conniving at the robbery of the revenue. However, all this is now of not so much consequence, except to the men whose reputation the delay may have endangered, as it was a few days ago. One of the first acts of Grant's administration was an order directing that the trial of Mr. Fullerton's indictment should proceed as soon as might be fitting; and now, if that gentleman has been slandered, he will be cleared so far as a jury and an honest judge can do it, and will not be compelled to rest content with the imperfect whitewashing given him by an inexplicable stay of proceedings against him. Other "Whiskey men" have already found the difference there is between Grant and Johnson. Pardons granted by Mr. Johnson in his last official moments for Blaisdell, Eckel, and Dupuy—who are all at Sing Sing—were recalled before they had reached their destination, and it is extremely probable that those convicted thieves will serve out their terms.

The writer in the *Tribune*, whose article provoked the card from Mr. Bigelow on which we commented last week, returned to the attack on Tuesday, and endeavored to show that Mr. Bigelow had reference to quite a different conversation from that so severely censured by the *Tribune*. This position is fortified by extracts from the Diplomatic Correspondence, which fix the date of the transaction between Mr. Bigelow and M. Drouyn de L'huys as early in October, 1865, whereas the former, in his card, speaks of "an effort I made, soon after the peace of 1865," which was brought about in April. But soon is a relative term; and one phrase—"the logic of the situation"—which does not escape the notice of the *Tribune*, by its occurrence both in the official correspondence and in the ex-minister's card, satisfies us that Mr. Bigelow had in his mind the very occasion for which he is taken to task. For the rest, we fail to discover any material discrepancy in the two reports of what he said to the French minister, and if anything is to be inferred from the official version it certainly is not that Mr. Bigelow was the medium of the State Department, as was alleged. If he had been, he would not have felt called upon to explain away to Mr. Seward the representation of his language made by M. de L'huys to M. de Monthelon, and afterwards published in the *Documens Diplomatiques*; and Mr. Seward would not have assured him that "it is hardly necessary to say that the *misapprehensions* which you have now *corrected* excited no particular uneasiness here." That Mr. Bigelow's discourse, whatever it was in substance, was the occasion of the French retreat from Mexico, proves nothing unless it can be shown to have furnished grounds for reproaching the United States with want of faith in not recognizing Maximilian.

A Cable despatch represents Mr. Goschen, President of the Poor Law Board, to have advocated in the House of Commons the removal of restrictions from emigration, and even the encouragement of pauper emigration to America. The pauper class in all countries has furnished by far the greatest proportion of emigrants to the United States; but Mr. Goschen undoubtedly had in mind when he spoke, not what we might call foreign paupers, including the Irish, but those whose frightful increase at the East End of London has awakened the solicitude of the English people to a degree never known before. We have more than once adverted to the distressing facts which philanthropic enquiry has elicited in regard to the forced descent into the pauper ranks of families once respectable, whom a slight embarrassment has reduced, and who, sinking lower and lower, are deprived of every hope of rising again to self-support and to self-respect. It has been seriously contemplated to collect this class of the London poor in an organized scheme of emigration to this country; but those who have entered upon this task have experienced a lack of such explicit information as would supply the want of pioneering capacity—if we may so express it—in the poverty-stricken trades-people in question, and without which they could hardly be induced to come over, or would fare wretchedly if brought here. As they have never been trained to labor in any way, and least of all agriculturally, and have the national ignorance of geography, no directions could be too explicit for them, and no cares after they got here superfluous. If these were provided by the Government or by States, there would be little difficulty in procuring an extensive supply of a good quality of settlers for any given territory. A pamphlet, giving the necessary facts and instructions, would, in the case of people speaking our own language and thus protected from one great source of fraud, almost answer the purpose; but it should be backed by names of authority, and if possible by positive arrangements for the reception and transportation of new-comers under official guidance.

The rage of the French Imperialist press over the refusal of the Belgian Parliament to permit the surrender of the frontier lines of railroad to the control of French companies—which is the last Paris sensation—is another attempt to turn away the attention of the public from internal reform, but the Liberals are clearly aware of its real nature, and their papers are making head against it vigorously. Of course, there is more or less justification of it to be found both in the spectacle of Prussian aggrandizement in Germany, and the probably well-grounded belief in the working of Prussian influence in Belgium. The arguments in favor of the annexation of Belgium to France are fully as strong as those on which Prussia relies in defence of the annexation of Hanover; and on the now generally accepted theory of the nature and uses of nationalities, Belgium will undoubtedly one day be absorbed. In the meantime, however, the hostility of Belgium to annexation to France increases, while its intellectual and political sympathy for Germany increases also. The French have lost, to an extent which they cannot believe or understand, the character of political leaders on the Continent, and French political ideas hardly cross the frontier. The resistance of Belgium on the railroad question would be the simplest and most natural thing in the world, if Bismarck were not supposed to be at the bottom of it, and the defiant tone of his recent speeches of course gives color to the belief that he *is* at the bottom of it.

Russia is still making it a large part of her business to extinguish the Polish nationality. Scarcely had the Russian language been made obligatory as the sole medium of instruction in all public and private schools of the "Vistula Country," when a new enactment replaced the Gregorian calendar, which Catholic Poland was one of the first countries to adopt, by the imperfect Old Style calendar still used by the Russian Church and administration. A still more recent order prohibits the pupils of the Warsaw gymnasia from using their native tongue in their conversations. All these measures are applauded by the Philo-Slavic press of Moscow and St. Petersburg, which daily teems with denunciations of the "monstrous" oppressions practised—according to those organs—by the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish governments on their Slavic subjects. A new Philo-Slavic aid society, similar in its organization to that long established in Moscow, is now forming in Odessa, under the name of "Slavo-Servian Fraternity," the object of which is to give "moral and material" aid to South-Slavic revolutionary propagandas.

THE NEW CABINET.

The general expectation with regard to Grant's Cabinet was that it would probably surprise nearly everybody, but that nobody but the regular politicians would be disagreeably disappointed by it. There is little question, however, that the first announcement of it did disappoint even his friends and admirers, and probably his friends and admirers rather more than his enemies. The firm front he had presented to the deputations urging the "claims" of States on the old-fashioned grounds, had no doubt somewhat prepared the politicians for his complete departure from the regular routine hitherto pursued in cabinet-choosing; but then it had also prepared his friends for an extraordinary display of sagacity in the work of selection—in fact, for the formation of an ideal cabinet. The appointment of Mr. Washburne to the State Department was, therefore, a somewhat severe shock to a great many people, because, although Mr. Washburne is a very able and useful man, his qualifications for the management of the foreign affairs of the Government, in which the duties of the department mainly consist, are, if they exist at all, entirely unknown to the general public. In fact, to state the case plainly, there is a general, and apparently well-founded, belief that Mr. Washburne knows nothing about foreign affairs, except what the general public knows from the newspapers, and that his installation in the State Department would be the commencement of his intimate acquaintance with the precedents and principles of international law; and as General Grant has never given any signs of adhesion to the doctrine that American citizenship is of itself sufficient to fit a man for the exercise of any craft or mystery under the sun, the appointment has somewhat troubled those who relied most on his skill in judging men's character with reference to official duties. The disappointment has been the greater because there is no lack of men in the Republican party, particularly if we leave the ranks of the regular politicians, who have the whole of the controversies now pending between this country and foreign governments, as well as the rules and precedents on which these controversies must be settled, at their fingers' ends. Mr. Washburne is, moreover, master of one subject—the ways and means to which the plunderers of the public treasury resort for the accomplishment of their ends, and those to which honest men must resort for their defeat. He has been for a good while, in the House, their most determined enemy, and has managed, consequently, to incur a more than usually large share of the detestation which, sooner or later, overtakes people who undertake to stand guard over objects of general desire. In the performance of this self-imposed task he has naturally acquired a vast amount of information which in the House or in the Treasury Department would be of immense value, but which in the Department of State will be completely wasted.

There are, however, one or two very strong reasons for not considering the appointment nearly so bad as it seems, and even for not considering it a permanent appointment at all. The Secretary of State is the member of the Cabinet who, partly from usage, and partly from the nature of his duties, stands in the closest personal relations to the President. There are a great many matters, in themselves of small importance, but in their relations and bearings of a good deal of importance, by which a new President is naturally a good deal puzzled, and on which he has to seek the counsel of a man in whose character, and experience, and judgment he has confidence. Everybody knows the extent to which Mr. Lincoln, in the early days of his administration, leaned on Mr. Seward, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that General Grant wants somebody who can, while he is getting firmly into his place, give him useful hints about the many strange men and strange things with which a new President has necessarily to deal in the early days of his term; but this service rendered, it is by no means unlikely that Mr. Washburne will make way for somebody possessing special acquaintance with the duties of his department. We say this on the supposition that his health is good enough to permit him to perform those duties himself. But we are assured that this is so far from being true, that the probabilities are that he will be compelled to leave Washington at once, and remain absent for some time. If this report be correct, it will confirm the belief which many have held from the outset, that his appointment was complimentary merely.

The selection of Mr. A. T. Stewart for the Treasury is neither so bad nor so good as it seems. He is a better choice than Mr. Boutwell would have been, and we compare these two gentlemen because the popular belief is that the place was first offered to the latter. Mr. Boutwell is doubtless as sound as possible on all the leading financial questions, and is not without administrative ability; but he has for the last four years displayed so many marked symptoms of chronic mental inflammation, and such unswerving fidelity to party—the last evidence of it being his open support on the stump of, the great apostle of repudiation, General Butler—as to lead the best judges in doubt whether he will ever be fit for any position in which a cool head is the first requisite, and scientific considerations the weightiest and most important. Of Mr. Boutwell's most marked defects no trace is to be found in Mr. Stewart. We doubt if any emotions on any subject have ever disturbed his mental equilibrium; and if the time has come for managing the finances of the country on a business rather than a sentimental basis, certainly few persons could be found for the work possessing the requisite coolness, and the requisite contempt for purely emotional views of great questions, in a higher degree. But then that which constitutes, in the eyes of many persons, and perhaps in General Grant's, his highest qualification—his business experience—is, we take leave to say, not necessarily a qualification at all, and may prove a hindrance. It is singular but true that no contribution of value has ever been made to the science of finance by a man engaged actively in trade. Indeed, considering the steady opposition or indifference which the work of financial reform has in all ages and countries experienced from merchants, it would seem as if there was something in daily contact with the details of commerce which made comprehensive views of the whole field of national economy, and the diligent pushing of economical principles to their remote conclusions, in most cases unusually difficult, in many cases impossible. The ideas which have, since 1789, revolutionized this field—as the friends of "practical education" ought to acknowledge oftener than they do—were produced by men of the closet, like Adam Smith, or men possessing only a theoretical knowledge of commercial processes, like Turgot. Some of the most determined friends of monopoly, of inequality, and of makeshifts have been organized merchants and manufacturers. It must be remembered that successful dealers in any commodity labor constantly under the strongest possible temptation to consider things from one point of view only, and that the low and selfish one. The fierceness of modern competition, in fact, especially in most retail trades, renders active selfishness almost necessary to success. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the experience the country has had, during the last few years, of the operations of combinations of traders and manufacturers of various branches with reference to the tariff, at Washington. That Mr. Stewart is not superior to these weaknesses is, of course, within the bounds of possibility.

On the other hand, it has to be borne in mind in judging of any man's qualifications for the Treasury Department, that the Secretary of the Treasury is not, in the proper sense of the word, a minister of finance like the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England. He is not the sole contriver of the national ways and means. He does not shape the financial policy of the country. In fact, the United States has no minister of finance. The nearest approach to such an officer is the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; but he is, after all, only a faint approach to it. The work which is in Europe ordinarily performed by such an officer is here distributed amongst the Committee of Ways and Means and the whole of Congress. Congress does not feel under any obligation to accept the plan of the committee, either entirely or in its main features. It rejects or modifies it as it pleases, in whole or in part, and every individual member of either branch of Congress has no hesitation in inserting in it, if he can, any clause that happens to come into his head, or is suggested to him by any of his constituents. As to the Secretary of the Treasury, he may consider himself a lucky and much-honored man if any financial measure, when enacted, contains one of his recommendations or shows the smallest trace of his influence. Until, therefore, some great change comes over the Congressional way of looking at financial legislation, the head of the Treasury Department may be, without any

very mischievous results, what Mr. Stewart undoubtedly is—honest, painstaking, prompt, orderly, used to the correct management of a vast variety of details, and thorough master of the art of securing from numerous subordinates faithful and efficient service, and little used and doubtless little disposed to allow favor or friendship to interfere with the proper working of any machine of which he may have charge. He may prove a great deal more than this; but if he should prove simply this, the country will have reason to feel grateful to him. We did hope that General Grant would, if he departed from the beaten track, put in the Treasury a scientific economist, like Mr. Wells, who is thoroughly acquainted with the resources of the country and the working of the revenue laws. Had he done so, he would have given the public a lesson touching the value and claims of specialists which might have proved a powerful aid in the work of reform; but since he has not done this, we may be thankful that he has given us a successful business man, whose head contains no sentimental cobwebs, and who has never, as his life shows, been troubled with any hallucinations as to the meaning of the terms "debt" and "credit," "dollar," "promise to pay," and "payment." We say all this on the supposition that the objection to his appointment discovered at this late hour in the act of 1789 will not be deemed fatal, and that the Senate, while taking Mr. Sumner's very sensible advice not to change the law in a hurry, will finally change it. It is almost absurd in our day to exclude traders and merchants from the Treasury, as long as manufacturers and bankers are admitted to it. We presume no change ever likely to be made in the tariff produces any sensible impression on a large importer who makes his contracts in gold, and whose business is largely retail, while a great iron master, or other manufacturer, has the strongest possible interest in getting an occasional twenty per cent. duty suddenly clapped on by his appointment. It was, however, very natural for the people to ask why Mr. Stewart, if he wants to manage the finances of a great nation, could not qualify for it by retiring from the flourishing business in which he has already realized a large fortune, and passed the greater part of an unusually successful life.

Judge Hoar's selection for the Attorney-generalship is, however, the President's happiest stroke, and a very high compliment to the Massachusetts judiciary. Mr. Hoar is the only one of the appointees to whom nobody has any objection to make, and whose acceptance of the office everybody will consider a great national gain. He is an uncompromising anti-slavery man, who in the hottest of the fray never lost his head, and knows how to love and labor for his kind, without divesting himself of reason, judgment, and forethought, as if they were encumbrances. Governor Cox was at one time under a slight cloud, as other good men were, for overconfidence in Mr. Johnson's good intentions, and he had some notions which time seems to have proved false in regard to the warfare that would spring up between whites and negroes, unless the negroes should be deported, or put on "reserves" somewhere; but he brings to his work both ability, honesty, and good sense; and the Indian Ring has troublous times before it.

THE RAILROAD MANIA.

It is astonishing how little attention has heretofore been given by the public generally to the enormous increase going on in our railroad building. The cotton and grain speculation, the real estate speculation, the gold and stock speculation, have all had their share of comment, favorable or otherwise; but the railroad-building speculation, which in magnitude far surpasses all the others, seems to have almost entirely escaped scrutiny. In the twenty-five years, from 1836 to 1860, both inclusive, a little over 29,000 miles of railroad were built in the United States, or an average of 1,150 miles a year. This period of twenty-five years comprised the history of the greatest and steadiest progress in wealth, numbers, intelligence, and general prosperity that any people is known to have ever experienced. Whatever the future may have in store for us, it is highly probable that the great bulk of the American people will not for many years to come enjoy an equally long period of equal progress. Certain it is, that the years that have passed since have not by any means been years of equal or unqualified national well-being. Yet, during that quarter of a century, on an average, 1,150 miles of new railroads were annually built, an exceedingly small proportion of which have ever paid steady dividends, many of which have never paid any dividend whatever, honestly earned; while others have had their entire stock capital, and in some instances even their mortgage capital, sunk and lost; and many continue only in existence as ill-paying adjuncts of larger lines, which for reasons of their own maintain in existence a number of starving institutions that are more of a curse than a benefit to the districts they traverse. No candid person acquainted with the facts will deny that the railroads built prior to 1860 were actually in excess of the wants of the community. In 1861 there was a general depression in railroad as in all other interests; but from 1861 to 1865 the earnings of many of the roads increased very greatly, owing to the extraordinary movement of men and materials consequent upon the war, and the general stimulus given to business and travel everywhere by the enormous government expenditures. The high prices of labor and of material of every description, *and especially the many opportunities for profitable investment offered to capital and credit elsewhere*, prevented, however, immediate resumption of building, which might have been fairly anticipated from the improved earnings and prospects of existing lines; and hence in the five years, from 1861 to 1865, only 4,550 miles were constructed, an average of 910 miles a year. But the following years witnessed a new and extraordinary increase in the number of miles constructed: 1,832 miles in 1866, 2,227 in 1867, over 2,500 miles in 1868, while for the current year the number of miles projected is altogether fabulous, and if only a small proportion is actually built will far exceed that of any year yet named. Six or eight lines are projected to cross the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as many more to connect the great Northern Lake basin with the Gulf of Mexico, and lines innumerable, of greater or lesser length, within the limits of every State of the Union. Are these lines really required? Is there traffic for them all? Can the people afford to build them?

It is almost impossible to tell what the nation's requirements in the matter really are. The traffic on existing roads has unquestionably increased enormously during the last ten years—has increased in a ratio far exceeding that of the increase of population. There seems to be scarcely any limit to the new traffic that railroads can create when they open up new districts of an inviting character to trade and settlement. There is no doubt that many lines, heretofore unprofitable, can be rendered productive by improved management, and that a generally improved system will admit of railroads running at a profit through sections that under the present system could not support a line of horse-cars. All these circumstances would seem to point to the probability of there still being room for a large increase in our roads. But there are other and more striking facts which point in a precisely opposite direction. At the close of the year 1868 the public was furnished with the usual compilations of railroad statistics, all of which showed eminently encouraging results. The comparison of the earnings of the leading fourteen Western roads for 1867 and 1868 was extensively copied and widely commented upon. It showed that the earnings of these fourteen roads had increased from $65,400,000, in 1867, to $70,000,000, in 1868, an increase of over seven per cent. in one year. But when we came to examine the facts carefully we found that the number of miles had likewise increased from 7,047 to 7,300, or nearly four per cent., showing that the real increase of the earnings of these fourteen roads was but a trifle over three per cent. Of this three per cent. increase in the total earnings, one single road had earned nearly ninety per cent., so that the other thirteen lines had virtually had no increase of traffic whatever. Compared with the high average rate of increase of the last years, this nominal increase of last year should be looked upon as an indication of decline. But even with this nominal increase of traffic the dividends of the roads have not materially increased. The opening of the present year has been characterized by a severe competition between leading lines to the West, and a decided lowering of freights (long since foretold by the *Nation*), which is the best evidence of their being insufficiently employed. The great roads connecting with the Pennsylvania coal-fields are likewise promising a reduction of freights, which is certainly not

a voluntary concession. The repeated "waterings" of stock of prominent companies, and the declaration of dividends in stock and scrip and the like, in place of cash, do not warrant the belief that their genuine surplus earnings are very large. On the whole, there seems to be fully as many indications of diminishing as of increasing prosperity. There certainly are no such striking examples of general profitableness as would lead to railroad building as a tempting investment. In truth, no one looks upon a new railroad enterprise as in any sense an investment. A prudent capitalist would scarcely dream of putting money into such an undertaking, except to a very moderate extent, and then more by way of speculation than of actual investment. But, if new railroad lines are not generally profitable, if capitalists do not consider them safe investments, who builds the new roads and where does the money come from?

Unsophisticated people imagine that when a new railroad company is started the stock is subscribed and the cash paid in and the building of the road begun; that, if the cash subscribed does not suffice for the completion of the road, then the finished portion is mortgaged for money enough to build the remainder, and in that way the road is completed. Undoubtedly in the early days of railroad building that was the course pursued. Undoubtedly, even in these degenerate days, some extremely desirable bits of road are occasionally constructed in that way by extremely conservative New England capitalists, who reap honor and profit from their sharp, close, honest, intelligent management. But of the great bulk of the roads now building so far is this from being the case that it is safe to say that not one road out of a hundred is constructed in the antiquated fashion described. The modern practice is entirely different; in fact, is the reverse. The stock is indeed subscribed, or at least as much of it as the law imperatively demands. But only a very small, nominal cash payment is ever made, which generally barely suffices to meet the expenses of obtaining a charter and perfecting the preliminary organization. Suppose a road is projected requiring five millions of dollars to build it; a charter is obtained for a company with a capital of five millions of dollars. Of this capital one half a million is subscribed by the original projectors, but the subscription is only nominally paid, and if really paid, is almost immediately returned to the subscribers under pretence of being payment for legislative and other expenses, for surveying, for obtaining the right of way, and other matters which do not or have not cost one-twentieth of the amount claimed. In this way a dozen gentlemen of some little influence in "legislative circles," but generally of very little influence anywhere else, find themselves possessed at very slight expense of a charter to build a railroad between two given points, and of half a million of dollars of stock of a new company. Neither of these things have in themselves any mercantile value; they are made valuable in the following manner: The twelve gentlemen referred to select from among the names of leading New York merchants, bankers, brokers, lawyers, and railroad contractors, half-a-dozen or as many more as may be required to give character and responsibility to the enterprise. These merchants and bankers and brokers see that they are invited to co-operate with men of their own standing; one or other among the names selected, though perhaps of high character and excellent credit, is just a little more accessible than the rest; through good-natured inability to refuse, through vanity, through greed, through carelessness, often, very often, through honest conviction, one is the first to permit the use of his name, a second and a third are gradually won over, and with a little good management some of the best men in the city are often induced to lend their names to an enterprise that they really know little or nothing of. It is done very carelessly sometimes, with criminal carelessness occasionally, but generally honestly enough, although of course the service is not rendered gratuitously. One of the new directors of high standing expects to have his brother-in-law made president of the road, another will be the banker and treasurer of the concern, a third expects to sell their securities, the fourth to furnish the iron, a fifth to contract for the building of the road, and a sixth (most ambitious of all in these days of railroad litigation) will be the company's legal adviser; while each one, at the time of giving his consent to serve as a director, *permitted* ten or twenty or thirty thousand dollars of the company's stock to be transferred to him by the original subscribers, on payment, of course, of a merely nominal sum. When the original projectors have arrived at this point without losing the control of their road—which very often happens, for the men whose names stand high financially are *very* shrewd—the game is pretty safe. At this stage of the proceedings it is generally found desirable, if there is no land-grant from Congress or the State, to acquire property of some kind, coal-mines, timber-lands, a ferry-slip, or grounds for depots or warehouses. This is generally some property which would have no value whatsoever without the new road, but would become highly valuable on the road's being built, so that the owner can afford to give away one half to aid in the construction of the line. But of course it is not *given away;* on the contrary, it is sold for a large sum of money, nominally cash, in reality the company's stock. The company now comes before the public. The real estate of the company, its franchises, road-bed, tracks, buildings, constructed or to be constructed, are immediately mortgaged for a large amount, and first-mortgage bonds issued for it. A rolling-mill in Pennsylvania contracts to furnish the iron at a usurious price payable in bonds, a railroad builder contracts to build the road-bed for fifty miles at a usurious price payable in bonds, and as soon as a reasonable show is made of building the road the company's banker or broker publishes a glowing account of the company's affairs, offers for sale the first-mortgage bonds secured by a pledge of the company's lands, twenty-five miles of track laid, etc., etc., and the public buys the bonds, and the road goes on building; and if its credit and reputation are good, the original projectors after a while find that they can get quite a good price for the three or four hundred thousand dollars of the company's stock which they hold and which cost them little or nothing. In this way, or some similar way, the original projectors find an ample reward for their labors. It is this reward that induces men to persevere in procuring fresh charters for fresh roads, and in getting them actually built, without much regard to the question of their ultimate profitableness. It is the innocent public that furnishes the money, in the belief that when they buy a railroad first-mortgage bond they buy a bond secured on some existing property which is about to be further improved and rendered more valuable by the judicious expenditure of the money paid to the company for its bond. It is just here where the deception begins—or can it be fairly called deception when a credulous public all but insists upon being deceived?

The railroad contractor and the iron manufacturer agree to do certain work for the company, to furnish them with certain rails and machinery, and to take their payment wholly or partly in first-mortgage bonds. They would do the same work or furnish the same iron for fifteen or twenty per cent. less, if paid in cash. The one hundred dollar bond which they receive in payment they expect to sell for, say, eighty dollars. But they are not certain of getting eighty dollars for it; they may have to sell it for seventy, they may find it totally unsalable. Even if it sells for eighty dollars, it may require considerable time to realize it, and will involve the payment of one or two bankers' or brokers' commissions. Neither the contractor nor the mill-owner can, therefore, afford to furnish eighty dollars' worth of work or of iron for a one hundred dollar bond; on the contrary, they cannot, and do not pretend to, give more than sixty dollars' worth. Now, by what is that one hundred dollar first-mortgage bond secured? It is secured by a first mortgage on what? Upon some worthless land, a valueless charter, and sixty dollars' worth of contractor's work or mill-owner's rails. And every fresh one hundred dollar bond is secured by the same worthless land and valueless charter, and by further sixty dollars' worth of work or iron. In other words, each one hundred dollar bond is secured by a pledge of about sixty dollars' worth of property, which frequently is not even yet in existence at the time the bond is sold, which will only be created with the money—if honestly applied—which the unsophisticated investor pays for his valuable security.

If a capitalist were asked to lend a house-builder ten thousand dollars, so that he might buy a lot for two thousand dollars and put up a five-thousand dollar house on it, and the builder were then to offer the capitalist a mortgage upon the whole as security for the loan of the ten thousand dollars, the capitalist would consider the builder a knave or a fool. But when a railroad company does precisely the

same thing it seems to be considered a perfectly just and proper transaction, and there never seem to be wanting people who will advance money to railroad companies on precisely that basis; in other words, who will buy the bonds of new railroad companies, secured by a mortgage on the property which may *perhaps* be bought with two-thirds of the money that they pay for the bond. Of course as long as the company can go on borrowing or selling fresh mortgage bonds, it is the easiest thing in the world for them to pay the semi-annual interest with the utmost regularity and thus lull the holder of the bond into a deceptive security. But a time must come when the road will be finished, when no fresh borrowing can take place; and if by that time the road has not proved a triumphant success, a very profitable enterprise, the interest may not be forthcoming. If then the holder of the bond relies upon the property mortgaged to him, he will be apt to discover how little it is really worth.

Nothing, in fact, can be more absurd than the whole modern theory of building railroads "on mortgage bonds." It is a delusion and a snare. Years ago the first subscribers to the stock of a new railroad company, who paid in their cash, one hundred cents on the dollar, very generally found their whole cash subscription sunk. But after thus sinking a large amount of money, there was generally a good deal of property on hand, which could be made very valuable by the expenditure of additional money. That additional money was obtained by mortgaging the property actually on hand, and the bond issued against such a mortgage might be and was good and safe enough. In this way the public has become accustomed to the idea that railway *stocks* are dangerous, but railway *mortgage bonds* are perfectly safe. It is upon this idea that most of the new railroad enterprises of the country are based. It is this idea that makes possible the construction of mile after mile of new railroad that will never pay running expenses. But it must be evident that there is not the slightest resemblance between the railroad bond that many investors have in their mind's eye and the bond that they have in their safe. Some day the difference will be very patent to them, and then they will discover, as English investors discovered in 1866, that in railroad enterprises it matters very little what name is given to the security you hold, whether it be called stock or debentures, shares or mortgage bonds, they are all alike valueless if the property does not pay expenses or is not honestly managed. That is a matter, however, for individual investors to look to. The fact that we desire to establish is, that the system of raising the first money for building new railroad lines by means of mortgages upon imaginary property is a deceptive and dangerous one, and induces the public to furnish money for enterprises which could not get their support if rightly understood, and that it thus facilitates the construction of unnecessary and unprofitable lines of roads, to the great detriment of our national prosperity.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, February 19, 1869.

THE chief news of this morning is the rejection by the Senate of the convention negotiated by Mr. Reverdy Johnson. The *Times* alone contained this intelligence, and even anticipated the other newspapers so far that it was able to insert a leading article, as well as a telegram from its correspondent. Hence the only remarks upon the news are those made by the *Times*, and I do not know that there is much in them to which I need draw your attention. The convention had been sharply criticised already on the ground that it was too vague as to the subjects proposed for deliberation, and especially left it open to the United States to call us to account for the recognition of the belligerent rights of the South; or at least to adduce that recognition as evidence of our *animus* in the matter. This view differs, as I need hardly say, from that which led to the rejection of the convention; and perhaps does not tend to improve the prospects of an agreement. However, it consoles the *Times* for the disappointment, for which I think every one was pretty well prepared. This is not the place to argue the propriety of the step taken by the Senate, although I confess that I regret anything which tends to keep such questions open; nor can I as yet make any report as to the effect produced in England. I therefore take to matters of more domestic interest.

Parliament has met; and, if I may use the language of prize-fighters, the rival champions have stepped into the ring and shaken hands, but have not yet planted a single blow or drawn first blood. A meeting held a few days before was more significant as to the promise of the session. The Company of Fishmongers held a grand feast, at which the chief ministers were present. Mr. Gladstone had to declare that the proudest day of his life was that in which he had been made a Fishmonger, and Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright were provided with proper occasions for oratory. The result was curiously characteristic. Mr. Gladstone adopted his usual tone of high moral principle, and declared in emphatic terms that the ministry were about to discharge their duty and to annihilate the Irish Church. Mr. Lowe looked on with something of a sneer, and spoke in his usual tone of rather cynical chaff, explaining how every one was for economy in the abstract, and nobody liked it when it came to cutting down any particular item of expenditure. Mr. Bright, as I hear from those present (for I am not a fishmonger, nor have I even the honor of being a frequent guest of the Guild), made one of the most unfortunate speeches which has ever fallen from the lips of that great orator. He seemed to be anxious to apologize for his position in the ministry, spoke in disparaging terms of the previous career of his colleagues, and expressed his intention, which sounded like a threat, of bringing them frequently to the bar of public opinion. Then he turned upon the bishops, some of whom had unluckily been attending a Fishmonger's feast a few days before and making some rather foolish little speeches of the facetious kind. He rent and gored them to his heart's content, remarking pleasantly that they subsisted on the generosity and credulity of the public, and then sat down amidst a rather ominous absence of applause. The feeling amongst his brother ministers was apparently what might have been produced in a party of missionaries who had invited a converted savage to dine with them, if after the meal he had raised a war-whoop and explained that his cannibal propensities were only in abeyance, and that he might at any moment resume the tomahawk, and cast off the dress-coat of ordinary life. The impression on the general public was that the ministry resemble nothing less than a happy family, if on the first occasion of dining together in public they thus take every opportunity of dancing on each other's favorite corns. To say the truth, it is difficult to distinguish the bond of amity which holds together men of such distinct proclivities. The Irish Church will be the first object of attack; but if they once dispose satisfactorily of that abuse, it is hard to see how they are to be kept in hand.

The Queen's speech is like most Queen's speeches, a very insignificant document, and as Mr. Gladstone explained, is intended to set forth only those matters upon which there is a fair prospect of legislation. Besides that all-absorbing question of the Irish Church, it seems that Government mean to undertake the following matters: They will investigate the system of elections, municipal and parliamentary; they will patch up certain defects in the laws of rating; they will introduce a measure about bankruptcy (a promise which is becoming a regular formula in all Queen's speeches), and they will, perhaps, do something about primary education in Scotland and about secondary education in England. The programme is not very extensive, and probably some of these matters will drop out of sight long before the weary series of debates has been brought to an end. To say the truth, the whole energy of Government will be used up upon two points: one, the Irish Church—a question which becomes more perplexed and troublesome the more it is examined; and the other, an attempt to economize in the different branches of national expenditure. The new ministers are hard at work cutting off odds and ends, limiting the number of postage-stamps in one department, directing the number of times in which quill-pens are to be mended in others, and generally pinching, scraping, and cheeseparing with extreme energy. It is a process in which one has not much faith, and resembles rather too strongly the spasmodic desire for saving which sometimes leads a private person to save a half-crown a week in cabs and on the strength of it to spend a hundred pounds more in house-rent. A great deal might be done by a reorganization of many departments which might indefinitely increase their efficiency; but the attempt to introduce parsimony as a permanent principle in the public service is certain to be of transient service. I fear that much good energy is likely to be wasted on details, and that we may at best see a session wasted in destroying the Irish Church without bringing about any of the substantial reforms so urgently required.

The most interesting of the election petitions, that against Mr. Smith, who succeeded in ousting Mr. Mill, has just been decided. Mr. Smith is a man of whom even his opponents speak with respect. He is the greatest news-agent in England, supplying all the railway bookstalls, and is a man of considerable fortune. He stood against Mr. Mill three years ago unsuccessfully; but the recent elections succeeded, as you are aware, in turning him out. The trial, which is just concluded, explains to some extent the nature of a metropolitan election. Against Mr. Smith personally there was no impu-

tation, or merely this, that he meant to take advantage of his great wealth. He spent about £9,000 in all, and doubtless meant to spend it within the law. Great sums, of course, went in printing, in committee-rooms, in hiring agents and clerks, and in paying canvassers. The particular part, however, which went hardest with him was as follows: Mr. Smith had a warm supporter in Mr. Grimston, another honorable man. Mr. Grimston had an humble acquaintance named Edwards. Mr. Edwards had been a professional briber in the good old days when bribery was an established practice, but had exercised his profession so unskilfully as to have been imprisoned by the House of Commons for a few weeks in consequence of certain transactions at St. Albans, where he confessed to having spent £18,000 in a few years. Mr. Grimston took this gentleman to help him at Westminster. Here Mr. Edwards employed various persons whose respectability was not so plain at this end of the chain. The most dangerous case was one in which he had paid voters small sums, of not more than £1 per week, to exhibit placards; the question was whether these payments were *bonâ fide*, or were intended to influence the votes of the recipients. That neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Grimston knew anything of them was granted on all sides; but this innocence was more doubtful as to Mr. Edwards, and not at all doubtful as to certain lower agents. It was at length decided that, although bribes had been given, they were not given by any agent of Mr. Smith, and that, although Mr. Smith's agents had in other cases done some very questionable actions, they had not done them with corrupt motives; and thus Mr. Smith escaped, though, as it were, by the skin of his teeth.

It results, I think, from this and other enquiries, that the judges are a more satisfactory tribunal than the House of Commons committees; yet it also results that a man may spend £9,000 on a single election, and yet keep himself to windward of the law. It was generally said, and with some truth, that the increase of constituencies would put direct bribery beyond the means of any but gigantic fortunes; yet it is also true that the small voters who have now received the franchise are open to such small inducements as a few shillings for four or five weeks; and if these inducements are skilfully administered the detection is by no means easy. It is true that a man is responsible for the acts of his agents, but it is very difficult to define exactly in what cases and to what extent a man is to be considered as an agent. If, like Mr. Smith, the candidate is a man who wishes to be strictly legal and yet wishes to take advantage of his wealth in all legal methods, he has great opportunities of doing so. Direct corruption is probably on the decline, and we must congratulate ourselves on that result without expecting to deprive wealth of many of its more or less doubtful modes of influence.

The trial which I mentioned in my last, as to the persecution of a nun in a convent, still drags its slow length along, and every one is wearied of the whole concern. It has, I believe, become evident that if she was subject to a deal of petty persecution, she was also what is called in the vernacular a very "aggravating" young woman. But the really definite result is to impress the outside public with the extreme pettiness of lady life in a convent, and to make it ridiculous rather than either hopeful or admirable. The trial will probably last a week longer, and before that time we may hope for a parliamentary dispute or two sufficient to eclipse it in interest.

Correspondence.

THE RECORDER'S LATE DECISION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In two paragraphs of "The Week," in your issue of February 25, you treat of a subject so important to every woman in the country that it seems incredible that all men have not before this time come to look upon it as we do. Perhaps the true explanation of the difference which exists is to be found in the fact that in such cases, while men are always the aggressors and women the sufferers, the laws which declare the punishment of that atrocious crime are made by the former only. You may be sure that, had women had a voice in the making of the laws, the wretch who committed the outrage in question would never have been sentenced to *imprisonment*, nor have had his sentence suspended because he consented to desecrate a holy ceremony by going through the form of marriage with his victim. Every such criminal would be punished so surely by death that we should soon cease to have our hearts wrung by such stories as the one you have commented on. The wonder, the shameful wonder, is that while the law-making men are husbands, fathers, and brothers, they have no more sense of the hideous character of this crime than to permit the possibility of such a thing, and thus to render the country which they govern more and more unsafe for their wives, their daughters, and their sisters. Such being the case, however, it is the duty of every man worthy of the name, for the sake and for the safety of those who are near and dear to him, and who ought, under our present social arrangement, to be able to look to him as a protector, to see to it that such inadequate laws as we now have shall be enforced to their utmost penalty.

If the records of our courts and of our daily papers did not show the frequent occurrence of such tragedies as that which occasioned your paragraph, the question you put to the leaders of the woman's rights movement would be much more pertinent. It is difficult to imagine, however, how women could be any more exposed to such outrages than they are now, even if they did have the right of suffrage and the poor privilege of earning their bread in the manner most suited to their faculties, with only their natural disadvantages to contend against; and they certainly would be better able to protect themselves.

A Woman.

February 27, 1869.

[We fear a "Woman's" announcement of the fate that awaits the perpetrators of a certain class of offences when women get into the legislature will not tend to hasten their getting there. It is just the readiness expressed in this note to look at things from a purely feminine point of view that makes a great many men so much opposed to having women meddle with legislation. If, as we have often remarked, what they will bring into politics is simply feminine intensity of feeling, the longer they can be kept out of politics the better. The proper punishment for such offences as that of which our correspondent speaks is the one which will most effectively diminish them, and not that which, as it seems to the female heart, the wretches who commit them deserve. What is the most effective punishment is to be got at by human reason and human experience, and not by sympathy. The facility with which false charges of criminal assault on women can be made and sustained is of itself a sufficient reason why the punishment of death should not be inflicted for such offences. Its enforcement would place any man in the community at the mercy of any pair of female conspirators who wanted to get rid of him. In cases of murder you have to produce a *corpus delicti*—that is, somebody has to lose his life before anybody else can be hanged for taking it; but in the trial of offences against modesty, as the French jurists call them, the proof has to consist mainly of the oath of one person, or of circumstantial evidence which it is always in her power to prepare beforehand. We called the attention of the leaders of the women's rights agitation to the incident, because we think they are doing some mischief by exciting extravagant expectations as to the effect on woman's condition both of the possession of the suffrage and admission to the various professions. There are peculiarities in woman, of which they make no account whatever in painting her possible future, which must, it seems to us, no matter what legal rights she may enjoy, prevent her competing with men on equal terms in most walks of life; and no lasting improvement can be made in her condition by any agitation in which these peculiarities are passed over or made light of. We do not believe in the efficacy, in a democracy, of the ostrich treatment of any question.—Ed. Nation.]

TRANSFORMATION OF NAMES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir:—Have you patience to add another to the list of places in New England which are misnamed and misunderstood?

When New England was a wilderness, the Indian tribes which inhabited the northern and eastern part went under the general name of Abenakis or Wabenakis. Of these the Norridgewock tribe or clan was the most important, and was ruled by a hereditary chieftain called a Bashaba, whose family name was Bomoseen. These Indians and their Bashaba migrated about New England more or less, and left behind them the evidences of their residences in local names. Thus, on the Kennebec River at Norridgewock, there are some falls or rapids called by the inhabitants the "Bombazine rips," and in Vermont a beautiful lake in Castleton, nine miles long and three miles wide, is called "Lake Bombazine." For a long time this name was a puzzle, because it was obviously a misnomer. Plainly, some Yankee trader, familiar with the article of dry goods called bombazine, had substituted that name for the Indian or local name resembling it

in sound. Whittier's "Mog Megone" let in light upon the question, as he refers in the poem and the notes to Bomoseen, Bashaba of the Norridgewocks. Further enquiry brought to light some old Indian treaties signed by Bomoseen with his name and totem. Here we see the true name, euphonious and significant, instead of the unmeaning, prosaic, and ill-sounding *Bombazine*.

Names become so firmly fixed that when they are wrong it is almost hopeless to try to change them, though something could be done if the inhabitants of the misnamed localities would try to correct them in their maps and conversation. One of the *Bombazines* is in a fair way to be obliterated. A new map of Rutland County, Vt., has been published this winter by Beers, Ellis & Soule, New York, in which the lake is rebaptized—as the old chief signed the treaties—"Bomoseen." If the Kennebeckers will take a little care when a new map is made of their county, "Bombazine rips" and the home of the Bashaba will be no longer desecrated by his misspelled name.

VERMONT.

MARCH 6, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WE have not mentioned, we believe, that Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. will reprint, in a two-volume octavo edition, Professor Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop." The reprint will be made from the second and revised English edition, and will have a copious index.——The connection of the study of language with the history and origin and probable destiny of our race is obviously so close, and questions about man's origin and destiny now occupy so many minds, that there is, perhaps, no branch of learning so abstruse which can be called so generally popular as linguistics. It can hardly be said to have succeeded to the place in popular estimation and interest which not long since was held by geology, when that study, with the help of the religious press, took the reading public by storm; for there are one or two other branches of research—as, for instance, physiological psychology, or psychological physiology, and the physical studies of Tyndall and his fellows—which are on a level with it as regards the attention they respectively attract. But the yearly number of the books and of the readers who study them must be steadily increasing. We have just mentioned Müller's book, which seeks to find in language the support the author wants for his "Science of Religion." That is more than twelve months old; but we might mention a score of books relating to linguistics which within the twelvemonth have appeared in England, Germany, and America. A forthcoming philological work which will be issued in the United States, by Mr. L. W. Schmidt, is a translation, by Mr. T. Davidson, of St. Louis, of a thin pamphlet of seventy-two pages, "On the Origin of Language," by W. H. J. Bleek, the curator of Sir G. Grey's library at Capetown, C. G. H. The German edition, edited by Dr. Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, who wrote a preface for it, is now about six or eight months old.——Messrs. Oakley & Mason announce "A Phonographic Reader," by Mr. J. E. Munson, and "The Trapper's Guide," by Mr G. Newhouse.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce, or have just published, "Mistress Margery: A Tale of the Lollards," by Margaret Holt; "Queer Discourses on Queer Proverbs," by "Old Merry;" a "Pilgrim's Progress" in extremely large type (double pica); "Whispers to a Bride, and Christian Households," by Mrs. Lincoln Phelps; a "Memoir of Bishop Burgess," of Maine; "Fox's Book of Martyrs," with fifteen illustrations, edited, or rather supplied with a preface, by the Hon. and Right Rev. Samuel Waldegrave, Bishop of Carlisle; a new edition of a decidedly poor book—"Vulgarisms and Other Errors of Speech," and two or three other books which are either technical in character or "juveniles."——The Presbyterian Publication Committee will publish "The Lost Father," by the author of "The Chinaman in California," a pleasant and good book for children; "A Tennessean in Persia"—a work which has the far less attractive second title of "Scenes in the Life of the Rev. Samuel Rhea"—and several books for Sunday-schools by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.——Messrs. Warren & Blakeslee, of Boston, announce a work by Mary Barrett, with the title "The Story of William the Silent and the Netherland War"—a title which seems to need amendment in the second part.——Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., who are keeping on with their series of pamphlet sermons by Mr. Beecher, announce "The American Woman's Home; or, Principles of Domestic Science," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her sister, Miss C. E. Beecher; and Mr. R. W. Raymond's "United States Mining Commissioner's Report."——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will republish in this country, or, rather, will put on the market in this country, a uniform edition, illustrated, of all Mr. Charles Reade's novels. The volumes, ten in number, are to be of duodecimo size, bound in cloth, and of the price of two dollars. The same house announce "Königsmark, the Legend of the Hounds, and Other Poems," by Mr. Boker; an edition, complete in one volume, of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages;" "A Home for the Homeless," by Mr. Horace Field; a translation by the well-known Ritualist, Mr. Orby Shipley, of "Preparation for Death," the work of Alphonso, Bishop of Saint Agatha; "Force and Nature, Attraction and Repulsion; or, the Radical Principles of Energy graphically Discussed in their Relations to Physical and Morphological Development," by Dr. Charles Frederick Winslow; "Don Quixote," "Milton," "Pope," "Cowper," "Crabbe," "Wordsworth," "Campbell," and "Coleridge," in the Globe Edition; "Lost in Paris, and Other Tales," by Mr. Edwin Hodder; "Vignettes of American History," illustrated, by Mary Howitt; Dr. Lyman Coleman's "Manual of Prelacy and Ritualism; or, The Apostolical and Primitive Church, Popular in its Government and Simple and Informal in its Style;" "The Christian Worker: A Call to the Laity," by the Rev. Mr. F. C. Beach, and "Cottage Piety Exemplified."——Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. will publish not only Mr. Stedman's new book of poems, but also new editions of his "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," and "Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War, and Other Poems." Besides books previously mentioned by us, the same firm have in press, for publication in the months of April and May, the Rev. Mr. W. H. H. Murray's "Vacation Adventures; or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks;" Mr. Higginson's "Malbone;" Miss E. S. Phelps's "Men, Women, and Ghosts," and a revised edition of Mr. Parton's "Life of Horace Greeley," to which additions have been made that bring it down to the present time.——A work which is not to be considered as merely a school-book, is Professor Gray's "School and Field Book of Botany." It is published by Messrs. Ivison, Phinney & Blakeman.——We have received the first number of the *Phonographic Advocate*, a little monthly publication, edited by Mr. James E. Munson, who proposes to send it to subscribers for a dollar a year, and to press upon their attention, and that of the public generally, "the great advantages that would be derived from the general introduction and employment of phonographic writing;" to show how it may be used by all, especially by professional and business men; to urge its claims to a place in our system of common school education; to answer the objections of such as oppose this introduction, and to give hints for the guidance of teachers and learners.——Messrs George Routledge & Sons announce that they also, as well as Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, have in press "Swiss Family Robinson," in words of one syllable, and Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home." Their author or adapter is Miss Mary Godolphin, who invented—the publishers say—the monosyllabic literature in her monosyllabic "Robinson Crusoe." The volumes are to have colored plates—chromos, we believe. The same house announce a good cheap edition, bound in half roan, with gilt tops, of the works of Fielding and of Smollett. By the term "complete works" it is not meant, we suppose, to promise Smollett's History.——Messrs. Appleton & Co. announce the "Théâtre Complet de Jean Racine," edited and annotated by M. Auger; "Hereditary Genius," by Francis Galton; "The Brain and the Mind," by Dr. Thomas Laycock, and, in paper, "The Principles of Psychology, Part I.—Data of Psychology," by Mr. Herbert Spencer.

—Very convenient to journalists, and far from being useless to others, are such collections of brief biographies of contemporaries as go under the head of "Men of the Time." Such books have also the further value of gathering and handing over to posterity authentic information collected on the spot, and often from the subject of the memoir himself, or his friends, in regard to his birthplace, his descent, his residences at various times, and a thousand similar matters that are often the despair of biographers. Facts, such works should give, and not opinions, critical or otherwise, and that is what most of them aim at doing. We are glad to be able to announce that the field which America presents for a dictionary of contemporary biography—now but very partially occupied by Congressional dictionaries and similar books—is to be occupied as fully as may be by a work which is being prepared by Mr. Markinfield Addey, of this city, assisted in each department by writers especially conversant with it. It is expected that "Eminent Living Americans" will contain the lives of about two thousand people, a number which leads one to wish that Mr. Addey would select some other title for his book; it is not probable that we have any more "eminent Americans" than we had thirty years ago, when Mr. Jefferson Brick and his compeers flourished, nor so many; but Mr. Addey makes them about as numerous. To the number of "men of the time," or "noted contemporary Americans," there need be no limit. "The church" is to be one of Mr. Addey's departments, and the persons treated of under

that heading are to be "archbishops and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church; bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church; bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church; presidents of and professors in theological institutions and popular pulpit orators." There is a danger, apparently, of the compiler's being a little too mindful of dignities. The other departments are devoted to men "in political life;" "in the army and navy;" "in the law;" "in literature, science, and art;" and "in the commercial world." This is an enterprise on which everybody will look favorably. It is a pity that the necessity for compression in books of this sort is so imperative that a little essay on each one of the departments could not be prefixed to an edition for foreign circulation. By way of briefly exemplifying our meaning: such an essay relating to "men in political life" would save foreign journals so well-informed as the *Pall Mall Gazette* from speaking of a member of the Senate as "Representative" So-and-so; and such a periodical as the Augsburg *Ausland* from imagining Mr. Pendleton a Radical Republican.

—The poem entitled "Snow-drops in Italy," which was printed in the *Nation* of February 25, and which has since been credited to Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is the work of Mrs. Helen Hunt, now in Rome.

—The example set by the graduates of Harvard in attempting to raise a fund for the relief of the college, and the disclosures of the poverty of the library in Gore Hall, have moved some of the under-graduates of Yale to urge on the attention of the alumni the condition of the college libraries at New Haven. If we take the account given by the *Yale Literary Magazine*, matters seem to be no worse at Cambridge than at the sister university. Including the libraries of the "Linonia" and the "Brothers"—two societies in which are enrolled most of the under-graduates—the libraries of all the professional schools and that of the college proper, the total number of books and pamphlets collected at Yale is 105,000. Twenty thousand of this number of titles are pamphlets. It is stated that The Library—by which term is doubtless meant the college library proper—is in debt $3,200, which sum represents the income of nearly two years; and out of the $1,700 of annual income all binding must be paid for and all purchases made. The debt being what it is, of course purchasing is nearly at a standstill, and for some time has been. The librarians have not even had such help in bearing their burdens as Mr. Gray's annual donation for five years of $5,000—by which piece of genuine benevolence the Harvard income, quite as scanty as that of Yale, was most notably increased. It is now proposed that there shall be raised by the Yale alumni, as soon as may be, the sum of $100,000, the interest of which shall be wholly devoted to the service of the library; and every lover of learning will hope that steps may at once be taken to carry the project into effect. A college without a library may have pupils, but can hardly have, and almost surely will not make, students; indeed, it need not hope to have pupils very long. As an encouragement to the rest of the alumni, we may mention that one of their number, a graduate of the class of 1848, has given to the library a sum of money to be used for increasing, arranging, and binding the collection of handbills, pamphlets, and papers illustrative of the recent war. The authorities solicit contributions to this collection, and do not care what is sent them; even when a duplicate file of newspapers, say, or a seemingly common and worthless pamphlet is sent, they find themselves frequently able to make it serviceable by bartering it with some collector who has what they want and happens not to have what they are willing to part with.

—M. Languellier, with the aid of Mr. Christern as his publisher, is undertaking a rather novel enterprise, which will have, we fancy, a certain vogue. In a neat pamphlet form he reproduces the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele, translated into French, with the original text on the same page below, and with original and selected notes. We are left to guess the motive of this publication, but shall probably be not far wrong in thinking it designed as an aid in learning to compose in French. Such it may fairly claim to be without pretending that the style of the version is as good as that of the original: that it be good is enough. A hasty examination of the former shows that it is free in places where it should be accurate, and where the shades of meaning are of the first consequence. But any student who should try without help to turn the English into French would probably find M. Languellier's translation of decided use to him for correction. A singular competitor in this sort of pedagogy is "The New Idea," *alias* "L'Idée Nouvelle," which is a weekly newspaper of the usual size, edited by a French Canadian, at Burlington, Vermont, with the principal object of revolutionizing the Government of the New Dominion, and exchanging colonial dependence for republican independence. As a means of teaching the French idiom to Americans, and the English idiom to Frenchmen, everything in the paper, to the smallest item, and even the advertisements, is printed both in French and English in parallel columns. We will only say of the result that we warn the Frenchmen not to trust too much to the English of the paper. An American can use it to get an idea of the French.

—We have to add a few titles to our list of new English books of interest to the American reader: A year and more ago we spoke of the Shakspearean labors of Mr. George Russell French, who had just then discovered a missing link in the chain of the poet's pedigree. Messrs. Macmillan & Co., we see, now announce that they have nearly ready a work which Mr. French calls Shakspereana Genealogica, of which the First Part contains, (1) the "Identification of the Dramatis Personæ in the 'Historical Plays,' (2) Notes on Characters in 'Macbeth' and 'Hamlet,' (3) Persons and Places belonging to Warwickshire alluded to;" the Second Part contains an essay entitled "The Shakspere and Arden families, and their connections," to which is appended a "Table of Descent." The same publishers issue a new work which will have great attractions for our medical readers; it is "Medicine in Modern Times," and consists of addresses delivered at a meeting of the British Medical Association by Doctor Stokes, Doctor Acland, Doctor Gull, Professor Haughton, and Professor Rolleston. "A Report on Mercury," by Doctor Hughes Bennett, is to be found in the same volume. To persons interested in "Americana," especially "Americana" relating to the aborigines of the New World, we may mention a work by an Essequibo missionary, an Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. W. H. Brett: "The Indian Tribes of Guiana, their Condition and Habits; with Researches into their Past History, Legends, Antiquities, Languages, etc." Some of our clerical readers will be interested to know that Doctor Cureton, an English clergyman and scholar, now deceased, some time since discovered in the library of the British Museum three Syriac manuscripts—one of the date of A. D. 474, one of the date of 512, and the third undated, but certainly to be referred to the early part of the sixth century—which contain the oldest Christian homilies known—sermons composed by Aphraates, a father of the Syrian church who flourished in the first half of the fourth century, a few years before Ephraim Syrus, hitherto the earliest homilist. Doctor W. Wright will edit the work, which will be in two volumes; the first will give the Syriac text, and the second a translation. This is very probably a valuable addition, if any were needed, to the resources of the polemics.

—Whatever may be true of the clergy here or elsewhere, one is struck in looking over the English lists by the proofs they give that the laity are very good readers of religious literature. "The Pathway of Safety" is a book of "counsel to the awakened"; it is now, although it is but a few years old, in its one hundred and fifty-sixth thousand. This is certainly a good many to sell of any book, and the books are very few indeed that can in this respect make any show beside "The Pathway of Safety." But the "Home Beyond, or a Happy Old Age" comes respectably near it, for it has reached its seventy-sixth thousand; and "The Early Communicant" even beats it; for that work—to be sure it is only a shilling volume, or a half-dollar one, as we should say—is in its one hundred and sixty-second thousand. Far behind these, but still far ahead of ninety-nine in a hundred of the best of the books that have a merely literary value, comes "Rend your Heart and Not your Garments," a penny book in its tenth thousand; "Noontide at Sychar" ($1 75) in its seventh thousand; "The Shadow and the Substance" ($1 and $1 25), in its ninth thousand; "The Life of the late Rev. Doctor Marsh" ($1 75) in its sixth thousand, and the Rev. Mr. Moody Stewart's "Life and Letters of Elizabeth, the last Duchess of Gordon," in its eighth thousand. It may be doubted if even here in America, where on the whole the average reader is a more variously intelligent and curious reader than his English cousin, there is any book, except an educational text-book of real value—and which has been well pushed—that is a better property than one that addresses itself simply and directly to the religious sentiment—the religious sentiment somewhat but not too much denominationalized, to coin a word. The monosyllabic library of Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin receives two additions—namely, "The Swiss Family Robinson" and good Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home." This house had previously put into words of one syllable "Æsop's Fables" and "Sandford and Merton."

—The marvellous mountains of the Arabian Nights with their enormous caverns, the abodes of djinns, with their hollowed mountain ranges,

containing kingdoms of enchantment that surpassed in riches and beauty any kingdoms of the upper air, may go hide themselves if Mr. George Catlin should succeed in making good some theories concerning the Rocky Mountains that he is about to publish. Living as he has done among the Indians, he has become familiar with the scenery of the Far West, and has studied it as a geologist might; perhaps, indeed, he is a geologist, though we know little or nothing of him in that character. The researches made in his travels have led him to believe that beneath the Rocky Mountain range, in a series of vast, clean, dark cellars and subterranean channels, there flows a river many times larger than the Mississippi, and twice, or nearly twice, as long. Flowing over its bed of rock it loses nothing by alluvial absorption, and concealed as it is from the sun's rays it loses nothing by evaporation, but secretly pours its undiminished volume—increased, indeed, by the sinking rivers and lakes of Mexico—into the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf. Again, beneath the Andes, says Mr.Catlin, "through the vast and heated vaults I contemplate a similar river, running from the thirtieth degree of south latitude to the north, and carrying its overflowing waters also to the Caribbean Sea." The frequent "steaming mountains," "blowing caves," and "trembling rocks," which occur among the Rocky Mountains indicate, says Mr. Catlin, "submontagne cascades." Another alleged circumstance which he offers by way of proof of his theory is, that by the great influx into the outer ocean of the subterranean rivers of North America the western surface of the Caribbean Sea is elevated several feet above the level of the ocean water. Another theory which Mr. Catlin announces is closely connected with this one of the upheaved mountains and the underground streams. The West Indies were once mountain peaks, the proudest of the Andes chain; but the mighty rivers, "meeting and debouching into the ocean east [west?] or north of the Antilles, combined with extraordinary volcanic influences, undermined the Antilles chain which went down in the cataclysm, well established by Indian traditions which I have gathered both in North and South America, and also by unimpeachable records on the rocks themselves; by shapes and grooves left in the giant walls at Caracas and Santa Martha, on the coast of Venezuela, where the mighty chain was broken, etc." It was in this tremendous convulsion of nature that the peninsula of Yucatan, with its splendid Aztec cities, sank, and these cities, with the evidence they give of their submersion, afford Mr. Catlin some confirmatory proof. The Gulf Stream, also, Mr. Catlin would explain by reference to this same theory and not by any reference to tidal currents. The full title of the book, which will be looked for with interest, is "The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America, with their Influences on the Oceanic Atmosphere and Land Currents." Who will republish it in America we do not know; Mr. Catlin's former works, first published on this side of the water, are divided among several houses. Probably "The Lifted and Subsided Rocks" will be issued here by the American agents of some London firm.

—All signs indicate that we are fast approaching the time when pictorial representations, drawn or printed on paper, will be reproduced with absolute accuracy. The methods already applied with more or less success do nearly this, but photolithography, the highest of them, has not proved to be, for prints, a perfect counterfeit. However, according to the last number of the *Bibliographie de la France*, M. Drivet has at last succeeded in solving the problem which had hitherto baffled all the efforts of chemists and photographers. He has discovered a mode of reproducing on copper, either in relief or not, as may be desired, the most delicate details of photographic images. By the new process a copper plate, obtained, apparently, by electro-plating, is engraved automatically to a sufficient depth to allow of taking a large number of impressions. The process is said to be so cheap that, for a price little exceeding what a good photographer asks for two or three dozens of cartes-de-visite, one can procure a well-engraved plate from which any printer can print hundreds or thousands of copies. And these portraits do not fade as so many photographs have done and all may do. The *Bibliographie* gives no details of the mode of execution, and we cannot, therefore, compare it with the heliographic printing of Mr. von Egloffstein of this city, who publicly offers to make, on steel, "portraits, country-seats, circulars, reproductions of engravings, designs," etc., at one-third the cost of manual engravings.

—M. Brasseur de Bourbourg has recently published at Paris an octavo of nearly five hundred pages entitled: "Quatre Lettres sur le Mexique. Exposition absolue du système hiéroglyphique mexicain. D'après le Teo-Amoxtli et autres documents mexicains." In these four letters the author treats the following topics: The end of the stone age; the temporary glacial epoch; the beginning of the bronze age; the origin of the civilization and of the religions of antiquity. After many years of travel and antiquarian research in Central America, he has come to the conclusion that the myths of the old Mexican gods and heroes are not only intimately related to those of China, India, Egypt, Persia, and Greece, but also anterior to them; that the civilization of the Western hemisphere is not borrowed from the Eastern hemisphere, but that, on the contrary, America is the mother of Asia; that the continent which we have been accustomed to call the "New World" is not merely the oldest physically, as geologists had already taught us to suspect, but also the oldest ethnologically and in every way—the cradle of the human race. This theory M. Brasseur de Bourbourg maintains with much learning and logical acumen, and in an appendix to his volume prints a number of "*pièces justificatives*," among which are curious traditions of the deluge and a dissertation on the songs of our aborigines. Whatever we may think of this theory, we may say that the book presents a thorough and scientific discussion of American antiquities, and cannot fail to be welcomed by those who are interested in this subject.

—Teubner of Leipzig has just issued the first volume of Heinrich Deinhart's "Gesammelte kleine Schriften," edited by Hermann Schmidt. These "chips from the workshop" of the late director of the gymnasium at Bromberg show the same ability in the portraying of philosophic ideas and abstract thought in a clear, intelligible, and attractive style that characterizes his larger and more elaborate works. The topics discussed are the following: David and Jonathan, or the nature (*Wesen*) of friendship; the antithesis of pantheism and deism in ante-Christian religions; the ideal, with especial reference to formative art and poesy; the conception of culture; the conception of religion; emotional life and emotional culture (*Gemüthsleben und Gemüthsbildung*); Kepler's life and character; Kepler as the true reformer of astronomy; rational grounds for the immortality of the soul; the distinction between classic and romantic; the difference between poetry and prose; the development of man into freedom of will; J. G. Fichte's moral-religious principle. It is expected that this first volume of Deinhart's posthumous papers will be soon followed by a second volume.

REALMAH.*

THE publishers have done a thing for which they are to be thanked in having reprinted "Realmah," perhaps the best work of an author with several very fine qualities, and these, some of them, of a sort of which our society knows too little. Mr. Helps's "Friends in Council" made him known to a certain part of the American reading public, but the publication of this volume will extend the knowledge of him among many more readers; and whoever reads him makes the acquaintance of a person of very great refinement of manner, which matches a refinement of nature that is sometimes fastidiousness, but is redeemed from being so by the brightness of the author's mind and the firmness of his moral fibre. From these qualities naturally comes the simple elegance of the author's style, which is, within certain well-defined limits, a model of English. It is the English of educated and cultivated as well as well-bred "good society;" its general character is that it is conversational, though it is true, too, that the writer now and again at very rare intervals is beguiled into making what has been designated as "the purple patch," and raises the tone, perhaps to show doubters that underneath the man of social polish—the well-bred man—there is the educated man, the man of literary accomplishments, who could if he liked be the "writer." Examples of this little slip are where he makes his otherwise delightful Sir John Ellesmere construct, for the sake of showing that he could do it, a faultless sentence or set of sentences; and again, where the same gentleman indulges himself in a rhetorico-oratorical outburst against mere dulness and stupidity as the source of most extant wickedness of all kinds. But these patches are so rare that in spite of them it is proper to recommend Mr. Helps's style as a subject of study to very many writers, and especially to very many American writers, with whom not only are purple patches of Tyrian intensity—though they wash but poorly—of continual recurrence, but who, not content with the patch, so run the gorgeous threads through all the texture of the ill-woven web they weave, are so eloquent and fine and bald and poor together, that the result at last is that they have the mixed mess with purple predominating, which the old ladies used to call the "hit or miss pattern." The danger of direct imitation is always great and greatly to be shunned; still the study of styles admirable, as we may almost say, for their moral rather than for their literary characteristics can hardly do harm; and, on the other hand, to learn the right uses of the small things

* "Realmah. By the Author of 'Friends in Council.'" Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

of speech is to learn by-and-by some of the intellectual and moral good which is beneath all nicety, simplicity, and genuine force of speech. For this purpose we are not afraid to recommend Mr. Helps. But the student must be on his guard against a certain degree of finicalness which, as we have hinted, is here and there to be found in him; he is not a robust person.

We might refer the reader to that same reprehensible passage about dulness which we mentioned a moment ago, for an illustration also of one of the most marked, in fact the most marked, of its author's good mental characteristics. Readers of light literature will understand well enough what we take him to be when we say that he is a mine of "social articles." He is very full of the "philosophy" of the things about him; and though in "Realmah," philosophizing on this or that social phenomenon is perhaps more mixed with sportiveness and badinage among the personages of the scene than is the case in the author's other works (and mingled too with a partly fantastical allegoric tale), still at bottom they are all the same, and it is the philosophizing which is their essential part. Thus may be justified a description which has been applied to him which makes him an excellent smallish Emerson, so far as Emerson is only a "conduct of life" philosopher. Opening "Realmah" at random and turning but a page or two, we come upon this scrap of conversation, which affords a good enough view of the author at his "social article" discoursing:

Sir Arthur. Notwithstanding Ellesmere's eulogium upon dogs, I ven ture to say again, what I said before, that I do not like their barking. But, to pursue the general question of noise, we never hardly, in our houses, make any sensible provision against it.

Milverton. Very true, Sir Arthur. I remember reading of some murder committed in a Russian palace—a noisy murder, too—but nobody heard anything of it in the next room. Now, that is my idea of how a house should be built. It should be possible to commit a murder in any room without the rest of the house being troubled or disturbed. As it is, architects seem to have set their faces against all quiet and privacy. Studious men are the victims of neighboring pianos. A nursery is a hot-bed of annoyance. I have studied the question of noise very deeply, and I will tell you something of the greatest importance. Put a layer of small shells between the flooring that separates a room from the room above it. You will find these shells admirable non-conductors of sound.

Cranmer. I wish architects were subject to examinations.

Milverton. Very good. The first question I should ask them would be, What thickness of what material will prevent such and such noises—say the playing of a piano by a beginner—from being heard in the adjacent rooms?

Sir Arthur. I remember when I was in Germany, and used to spell over the German newspapers, nothing used to delight me more than the advertisements of servants, which so often began "*Ein stilles Mädchen.*" Now, if one could advertise about houses, and say truthfully, "*Ein stilles Haus*" (I'm sure I do not know whether that is the right German), what an attractive advertisement it would be!

Ellesmere. You were quoting just now "Never Too Late to Mend." I don't think Mr. Reade protested so much against solitary confinement as against the cruelty which in that particular case accompanied solitary confinement. At least such is my recollection of that eloquent and fervid book.

Milverton. No, you are wrong; he protested against the system as well as against the cruelties which he stated to have accompanied it in that particular case.

It is a commonplace remark to make, but what an atrocious thing cruelty is!

In the above extract we have not exhibited the sportiveness of which we have spoken, which is, however, of so gay and pleasing a character, and so constant, that we should be glad to do what we easily might do—quote very many pages pervaded by it. Sir John Ellesmere, a hard-headed and hard-worked lawyer, in particularly high spirits because he is taking his vacation among his friends, is the source of most of it, and altogether is a most enjoyable companion. Perhaps none the less agreeable in that, having risen from low estate, he has not all the repose and perfection of mere manner which makes the other gentlemen and ladies just the least bit obnoxious to the charge of vapidness. He is the only one of the characters who has not more of the lay figure in him than of humanity. Mr. Helps is not great at inventing men and women, and his insufficiency in this respect is visible even when all his task is to make interlocutors in English drawing-room and breakfast-room and library conversations. Mr. Mauleverer, for instance, is quite absurd. So is Johnson; the ladies often are, and Sir Arthur and Milverton hardly exist. In Sir John there seems to be a touch or two that was got from life itself, but on the whole one would say even of him that he is but the more playful and sarcastic side of Mr. Helps, plus rather more animal spirits and bodily strength than have fallen to Mr. Helps's lot. He is to be highly delighted in, however, no matter where he came from, as the following extract may show. The friends have been amusing themselves with inventing maxims which builders of houses should bear in mind:

Ellesmere. Well, you are all very clever! and have offered a heap of good suggestions.

As I proposed the game, I think I ought to be allowed to have another turn.

[We all assented.]

Then I say, *When you are building, think of the comfort of your servants, even before you think of your own.*

["Hear, hear," from Mr. Milverton and Sir Arthur.]

My first maxim, however, was the great one. I really am proud of it. I should like it to be commemorated in my epitaph. By the way, as this is Milverton's last essay, it would be a very appropriate thing if I were to give you a sketch of what my epitaph should be. I think it should run thus. Give me your pencil, Sandy; let me write it out:

He was a sound lawyer;
And, by a peculiar felicity,
Not uncommon to great advocates,
The side on which he argued
Happened always to be
The side of justice and of truth.
He never beat his wife, though she was often
Very provoking.
He was an endurable friend,
And, in a dull country house,
Was worth a deal of money
As a guest.
He was a good master to his dogs,
A persevering fisherman,
A powerful singer;
And when he borrowed books, he always
Took care to return them.
The grand maxim,
NEVER MIND THE OUTSIDE,
Which has improved the Art of Building
Throughout the world,
And which has tended to dignify and purify
All other departments in human life,
Was his'n.

Sir Arthur. Excellent! But there must be a Latin quotation somewhere.

Ellesmere. Oh, ah! Latin. Yes, I have it. "*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes.*"

Sir Arthur. I must be very stupid, I suppose; but I do not see the appropriateness.

Mauleverer. Nor I.

Ellesmere. Nor I; but it will set people thinking. They will say I used it in some great speech, and that, as it had never been heard in the House of Commons before, it completely crushed Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone.

Sir Arthur. No; say something of which nobody can make any meaning, such as "*Sed memor quia immemor*" ("But mindful, because unmindful," ladies).

Milverton. No: turn it this way, "*Immemor quia memor*" ("Unmindful because mindful"), and then a very subtle interpretation might be given. Do n't you know that, when you know a person very well, and love him or her very much, you have more difficulty in recalling his or her countenance than that of any ordinary person?

Ellesmere. That is too fine-drawn. I stick to my Gracchi.

But is not my epitaph modest and touching? I could almost myself shed tears for the loss of such a man. I do not say that I was a perfect friend, but only an *endurable* one. And then how exquisitely my honesty, carefulness, and general propriety of conduct are indicated in what is said about the returning of borrowed books! Some people might think there is a little flattery in the words "powerful singer," but I know that Lady Ellesmere always goes out of the room when I begin to sing, and I conclude that her exit is from an excess of pleasure that requires solitude to moderate it.

I observed that Lady Ellesmere did not say anything, and looked grave. Women do not like this kind of jesting about serious subjects, such as epitaphs. Sir John saw this too, and immediately turned into another branch of the subject.

But with a word or two about the half of the book of which we have not yet spoken we must close. Indulging himself in one of those little ineptitudes which are not quite infrequent enough with him, Mr. Helps gives the name of "Realmah" to the principal figure in the romance which Mr. Milverton reads to his assembled friends. Realmah becomes king of a certain realm, which was inhabited some thousands—or hundreds of thousands of years ago—in the stone period, at all events—by the Sheviri (*she* and *vir*, perhaps), who were dwellers in "lake cities." The describing of the monarch, and his domestic arrangements, and the kingdom, and the religion and education and laws of this imaginary people, of course gives Mr. Helps opportunity for any amount that he likes of philosophizing and poetizing on a thousand things, and, to do him justice, so far as the amount of it goes no fault is to be found with him. But it is dull, often fantastically weak, and never really forcible; still it is, on the other hand, very often acute and delicately fine. The whole love-story of Realmah and the Ainah, one of the king's three wives, is to be called beautiful in a high degree. On the whole, though, the reader is under a constant temptation to skip to the fine print of the friends' conversations, and leave Abibah and its king to themselves. Then at the end, when the reader finds that apparently this elaborate performance has for its final cause to persuade the English to give up Gibraltar to the Spaniards for

high moral reasons, he feels an increased sense of its want of strength, and a wish that he had yielded to the temptation, at least as soon as the Ainah dies and the love episode is over with.

A NATURAL THEORY OF CREATION.*

Two years ago Professor Haeckel, of Jena, published a "General Morphology of Organisms," in which he attempted to sketch a broad outline of the history of the development of organic forms. This was the first attempt of a thoroughly scientific investigator to apply the development theory as modified by Darwin in carrying out the details of classification of the organic world. Intended for the specialist, it is filled with tables giving his views of the probable manner of development of the great divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as well as genealogical trees of the classes and orders. The "Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte" is a series of popular lectures, delivered in 1867-68, based upon his "Generelle Morphologie," being a comprehensive statement of the present condition of the development theory—or, as the author terms it, the natural theory of creation.

The Darwinian theory has found great favor among German scientific men, who consider it a phase of the development theory which has again brought prominently before the public the old views of Goethe, Lamarck, and Geoffroy St. Hilaire. They look upon "development" as the magic word which is to solve the problems of life surrounding us, or, at any rate, point the way to their solution. This tendency is the natural result of the school of Goethe, Büchner, Moleschott, and Vogt, who have paved the way for what is considered the turning point in the history of the development theory, and which cannot fail to lead, sooner or later, to its universal recognition, thus claiming for our century the honor of discovering the origin of the human race and of giving birth to Darwin, the Newton of the organic sciences.

The author writes with the greatest enthusiasm for his subject, he is temperate in tone, no difference of opinion becomes a personal question, and he shows throughout the utmost courtesy and fairness to his opponents. The lectures open with a brief statement of the theory of development, claiming it as the only explanation of the phenomena of organic nature in accordance with natural causes. We find next a review of the theories of creation of Linnæus, Cuvier, and Agassiz, the principal exponents of the theory of the immutability of species. In this part of his argument the author underrates the merits of their methods. It was a natural result of the Linnæan method to flood scientific writings with short diagnoses of new species, such as we still find in not a few scientific periodicals. It was of the utmost importance for Cuvier to dwell upon the slightest points of difference, insisting on their permanence, while comparing the bones of living animals with those he found embedded in tertiary beds of the Paris basin. In the hands of a Linnæus new species served as the means of sketching an outline of the organic world, in those of his followers they have mainly served to encumber our scientific literature with a mass of crude materials. Cuvier founded comparative anatomy and paleontology and reconstructed the past history of our globe; his followers have simply filled out and finished the outlines of the picture to be traced. We must not forget, in criticising the views of these men, what was known in their time, and it certainly is not fair to judge Cuvier and Linnæus by the light of our present knowledge of the organic kingdoms. Agassiz's theory of successive creations, the natural sequence of the Cuvierian hypothesis of the sudden revolutions to which our globe has been subject, he deems untenable, as well as his categories of classification, which he considers as a coarse anthropomorphism of the Creator, and they appear to him in distinct contradiction with what will prove (with the glacial theory) the greatest discovery of Agassiz, namely, the parallelism between the paleontological succession and the embryonic development of animals. Haeckel considers the development theory as the logical application to organic phenomena of Lyell's theory of the natural development of the earth by means of changes identical with those still going on before our eyes. He next takes up the Darwinian theory as a special explanation of the development theory, giving an excellent exposition of the arguments in its favor from the "Origin of Species." He also treats at length Agassiz's embryological views, and is the first to appreciate fully the important arguments which can be drawn from this source in support of the development theory. It is certainly remarkable to what extent the importance of embryology in the ultimate solution of these problems has been overlooked and how little impression embryological studies have made thus far. Darwinists, as a general rule, seemed suddenly struck with the truth of the parallelism of embryological and paleontological development when it was pointed out by Darwin as indicating the probable character of the prototypes of an order or class, forgetting that this same parallelism they had most emphatically denied when urged by the upholders of special creations.

The development theory has in its favor many arguments drawn from analogy. We can only trace development in all organisms; we have never thus far seen anything created. Many animals and plants undergo during their growth from the egg to the adult changes far greater in form, structure, and habits than would be sufficient to identify them at various stages of growth (supposing their development arrested) as different species, genera, orders, classes, or even branches of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Unfortunately, this point is not yet proved; we have only a strong presumptive analogy in its favor. To seek for a definite solution seems a hopeless task; the very elements of a strict demonstration are wanting. There is not, strange as it may seem, a single animal or plant of which we know the whole life history; still less the comparative history of closely allied species. We have nothing but fragments, here and there a tolerable chapter; we must wait for the Newton who will find the key of organic nature, and till then be content to accumulate facts and catch an occasional glimpse of the probabilities of the development theory. We owe much nonsense and many childish arguments to the Darwinian theory, which have filled hundreds of pages of recent natural history publications; but in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and England the development theory is being tested by numerous sincere and capable workers, as well as by the most prominent leaders of the natural sciences.

Although Haeckel's purpose is to give a view of the development theory as modified by Darwin, yet the last part of his book, where he enters into specialties, and which is mainly made up of his own views and explanations of the creation of organized beings, differs greatly from the Darwinian theory. Haeckel's natural system is a genealogical tree of organized beings; he looks upon the intervention of the Creator at any time as passing from true scientific knowledge to poetical and supernatural belief. He pushes the development theory to its logical sequence; with him all organized beings are potentially present in the original chaos of the nebular hypothesis, and he claims boldly that the formation of the first organisms from inorganic matter is nothing imaginary, since we have as the primordial organized beings those simple albuminous organisms (*monera*) consisting of particles of protoplasm which has originated from combinations of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. He looks upon all the phenomena of life as a natural sequence of their chemical and physical combination as much as if they were conditions of existence of inorganic substances, though in both cases the ultimate causes are hidden from us. The monera are the prototypes of what the author makes into a third kingdom in nature (*protista*), and from these original neutral monera develop animal and vegetable monera. This once established, from each of the archetypes we have developed a genealogical tree giving us the history of the vegetable, protozoan, and animal kingdoms by a skilful combination of fossil forms (actually found) with hypothetical animals and plants (still to be discovered), ending with the present organized beings including man. Though we cannot agree with his views of protista, of the relation of diatomea and myxomycetes to protozoa, of the position he assigns to the coelenterata, echinodermata, and scolecida, and of the numerous classes he interpolates, yet many of the affinities he points out are very interesting, while others not proved thus far are exceedingly ingenious.

He devotes a special chapter to the origin of man, following Huxley and Vogt in uniting him with the monkeys, and he prefaces his work with a plate, better than all arguments, where our common descent from the mandril—"mandril man," as he is called by Haeckel—is painfully well delineated; though all sensitive organizations may console themselves by reading the glowing picture of the future of our race with which he closes this volume.

Haeckel's "Schöpfungsgeschichte" and "Generelle Morphologie" both suffer from the evident haste of the author to publish his views. We miss the discussion of some of the most important points bearing on the development theory; even authors whose tendency is strongly Darwinistic are forgotten. Nothing is said of Hooker, and others of the leading botanists are neglected. We would specially mention the views of Heer in his "Urwelt der Schweiz," which contains one of the most original theories of development. The works of Rütimeyer, Fritz Müller, Claus, and others, bearing directly upon one of the strongest points he makes, are passed over in silence. But what is particularly to be regretted is the meagreness

* "Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte. Gemeinverständliche wissenschaftliche Vorträge über die Entwickelungslehre im Allgemeinen, und diejenige von Darwin, Goethe und Lamarck im Besonderen, über die Anwendung derselben auf den Ursprung des Menschen und andere damit zusammenhängende Grundfragen der Naturwissenschaft. Von Dr. Ernst Haeckel, Professor an der Universität Jena." Berlin: Verlag von Georg Reimer. 8vo, pp. 568.

of his statement of the geographical distribution, as well as total neglect to discuss the glacial theory, without which no natural theory of creation can be complete.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

All American readers of novels—all, at any rate, whose eyes are not afraid of some little hard work—will be glad of Fields, Osgood & Co.'s new edition of Charles Reade. It gives us in a set of uniform volumes, neat as regards their external appearance, and not bad as regards paper and printing, all the stories yet published of the brightest of living English novelists. It is to be hoped that the publishers of the new work of his which is now appearing in the *Galaxy* may see fit to complete the set—so far as completeness in this respect can be attained in the case of a living and working writer—by putting the new novel into a dress like that of the volumes before us, which, to be so cheap as they are, are elegant. The fineness of the print is not of so much consequence to Mr. Reade's public as it would be in the case of some other readers. He is not wholly, perhaps not mainly, but certainly he is, to a great extent, a writer for young people, whose eyes may be presumed good. There is none, we believe, of his stories that does not deal with the love of young men for young women—unless, indeed, it is a little more accurate to say that they all deal with the love of young women for young men. It is his young women, we should say—speaking from recollection and not now from a fresh reading—who take up most of Mr. Reade's attention. Thus, perhaps, it is that it happens that while both sexes read him he is more highly spoken of among the young men of his audience, and doubtless is really more interesting to them, than he is to the young ladies. It is a necessity of the case that if it is the relations of the sexes that are uppermost in a writer's consideration, and if the personality of the people affected is secondary, there should be apparent injustice, an inadequacy that amounts to seeming injustice, in his or her picture of one or the other party to love affairs. This is more especially true of male novelists. A woman writing about men, if she is very apt to give but inadequate accounts of them, yet is not so apt as a man is, writing about women, to take a tone which piques the vanity or the pride or the self-respect of the class of whom he professes to be giving account.

It is as little surprising, then, that women are generally disposed to deny the truth of Mr. Reade's portraiture of them, as it is that men should generally accept it. The denial and the acceptance alike, we suppose, point to the real truth of his handling of, not the whole matter of life, but a certain side of it. And that he deals with a certain well-defined portion of human life, and not with all of it, or very much of it, might be offered in proof of the necessary assertion that with all his great cleverness—genius, even, may be said, if while we say it we think of his limitations—he is to be classed with the second or third-rate novelists and not with the best. One might say, too, that it is to the narrowness of the foundation on which he has chosen to build that is due the frequent, indeed almost the habitual, clumsiness of construction of his stories. With his natural strength and ability—not of mind only, but of hearty feeling—it is not possible that he should not be compelled now and again to leave alone mere love-making and work at this and that interesting question. So, while the passion of the heroine and hero is his main business—is, at any rate, what alone gives coherence and unity to his work in any given case—he is apt and of late almost sure to bring into the book some such matter as the prison discipline of "Never too Late to Mend," or the madhouse management of "Hard Cash." If we compare, as respects their artistic construction, these books with the otherwise inferior "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone," in which love is all, in which every portion of the work is informed and vivified by its originating motive, we find confirmation of this judgment and at the same time the reason of the higher repute of the author's smaller works. The later, stronger ones, although there is more of real matter in them, more of what would be called man's work, are yet to be called comparatively not as good—on account of their indigested masses, on account of the dead-wood which encumbers them—as "Peg Woffington" or "Christie Johnstone."

How entertaining, how readable, how clever all of them are, how likable a man they reveal to us, in spite of his fieriness, if there is such a word, and his too great fondness for smartness, and his frank self-conceit—the frankness of which, in great part, removes the curse of it—all of our readers, we make no doubt, know very well without our telling them. For the information of such of them as have not seen it, we may say that in this edition—which, it is announced by the publishers, has the author's sanction—the novels are put into duodecimo volumes, with the text in two columns of print about as large as that of the well-known "Diamond Editions" of popular authors, and with a green cloth binding. The price of each of the eight volumes is a dollar, and the list includes "White Lies," which is perhaps the best of the long novels, and which—in spite of the excessive Frenchiness and theatricalness of Dujardin—some people think its author's best work; "The Cloister and the Hearth," which seems to us the author's best long work; "Never too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," and "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," as well as several shorter tales.

We spoke in terms of such high praise of the first edition of "The Works of Edmund Burke" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), that the third edition, which now lies on our table, and is printed, of course, from the same plates, might naturally pass without much comment. But so rare a specimen of book-making cannot be too frequently praised, especially when, as in this case, the result is, that an Englishman who wants the correctest edition of Burke must send to America for it. And if he wanted the best, typographically, he perhaps would still send here; at least he need desire nothing better than the workmanship of the Cambridge printers. The third edition, we remark, being cheapened in price—so that the twelve volumes may now be had for eighteen dollars—has a lighter paper than the first, but to our mind this is fairly offset by the diminished bulk, while again the green and gold backs are an improvement on their predecessors. We sincerely hope that this edition will not be the last, nor nearly the last. We are, most of us, obliged to take the word of the editor and publishers that they have saved us from three thousand errors; but then it is a word which has never deceived us, and to rest implicitly in this is a privilege for which we could hardly pay too dear.

When Dr. Windship began his lectures in Boston, in which he was to exhibit the extraordinary strength he had acquired by his practice of lifting, his auditors will remember that on several occasions in the midst of his reading he was obliged to retire in a half-fainting condition, because, as he afterward explained, of the noxious atmosphere of the room. In one instance, as we remember, this happened in Music Hall, the largest audience chamber in the city; and we have even known him at a small company, in a private house, to stay in the entry as the only place in which he could be sure of breathing pure air. He was a remarkable example of the inconvenience of too high a state of health and robustness amid the necessities—we had almost said—of the life of the present day. Against this word, however, Mr. Lewis Leeds protests vigorously in his little work on ventilation, which Messrs. John Wiley & Son have republished in green covers adorned with this dictum, in flaming white letters: *Man's own Breath is his Greatest Enemy.* The book consists of familiar lectures before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, illustrated by experiments, and is valuable for the common sense and practical experience of the author, and his earnestness in calling attention to a subject whose importance is only equalled by the neglect which it has hitherto received, not only from common people but from architects, who should have a principle in the matter. The scientific portions of Mr. Leeds's discourses are not so sound as his deductions from their supposed facts. What he has to say about the abstraction of moisture from the air, and the poisonous quality of carbonic acid, is not borne out by the best experiments, and Dr. Derby's little pamphlet on "Anthracite and Health" will be found much better authority on these subjects. It ought, we would suggest, to be secured by Messrs. Wiley & Son for this series, in which George Catlin's "Breath of Life" appropriately accompanies the "Lectures on Ventilation." *Shut your Mouth* is the white legend on a green ground in his case. Mr. Catlin's is a work which we regard as of great merit and universal interest, and deserving an endless reproduction. It is capital reading, too, illustrated by quaint drawings, and replete with anecdotes of Indian life and adventure. We never take up the book without wishing that there were more of those fanatics whose bequests provide for the gratuitous publication and distribution of some work after their own hearts, and calculated to benefit the latest posterity. The enemies from whom the author wishes to protect mankind are the dentist, dyspepsia, and contagion, chiefly; he accomplishes a good deal more by the way.

"Frankenstein," which Messrs. Sever & Francis have just resurrected, is one of a dozen more than half dead, but not wholly forgotten, slight books—"The Monk" is another, and "Vathek" is almost another—which owe what life they have at present not so much to any vitality of their own as to their having succeeded in parasitically fastening themselves, one in this way and one in that, to the truly good literature of their time. Everybody who has been captivated—as what reader of to-day has not?—by the intellectual activity, and its results, of the great Georgian period, by the works and characters and fortunes of Byron and Scott, of Keats and Coleridge and

Lamb, of Jeffrey and Wilson and Gifford, must feel an interest, if only that of curiosity, in the romance, once so noted, which was written at Shelley's and Byron's suggestion by Shelley's wife, Byron's friend, Godwin's and Mary Woolstonecraft's daughter. "Frankenstein," then, still lives, and very likely may have before it many more years of existence. In itself it is not much. There is a sort of nightmare horror about the main conception. At any rate one would say of it that it might be the effect, if it could hardly be the cause, of a nightmare. One can even imagine it becoming almost terrible in the hands of a man like Poe, and becoming better than that in the hands of a writer gifted not only with a love for the horrible, but also with the moral imagination, so to speak. But each page of Mrs. Shelley's book, instead of adding something to the impressiveness or the significance of the original idea, takes so much away from it; she merely weakens and cheapens the naked horribleness of it. It would be hard to find an example of clumsier and more puerile handling of a subject capable of being put to good uses. It is easy to believe, what is hinted in the preface, that the plot of "Frankenstein," the conception of the chief personage was due to recollections or suggestions, more or less vague, got from some German "tale of wonder." It is not so easy to understand why it should cause regret to any one, as it recently has to some, that the author's career of authorship closed altogether when her young husband died. The edition before us is neat; the paper cover is really ornamented by its design, which does the artist credit.

For half a dollar one may buy of the Messrs. Appleton a paper-covered volume containing "Cary's Dante" with the "Life," all the notes of the last edition that was supervised by the author, an index, and a chronological table. The print is not very fine, and the paper is so thick that the reader never has before his eyes at one time the text of more than one side of the leaf—a thing not too common in books of the price of this sort. This "Dante" is uniform with the other volumes of the cheap "Standard Poets" series, which includes "Milton," "Burns," "Scott," "Tasso," "Pope," "Dryden," "Spenser," "Herbert," "Chaucer," "Butler," "Campbell," "Hemans," and "Kirke White." As regards most of these poets—perhaps all—it is surely well that they should be made so cheap, and it is true that the edition which Messrs. Appleton & Co. offer us is, on the whole, well prepared. But it is to be wished that the Johnsonized "Dante" of Cary could be displaced in the half-dollar market, as in others, by Mr. Longfellow's or Mr. Parsons's, or almost any other translation.

This edition of "Scott's Complete Poetical Works," which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have just issued, needs mention only, the public being very well acquainted with "Diamond Editions." A much-liked acquaintance, and an old one, "Scott" is an author fit for a pocket edition; as widely known as he is much liked, he is a typically good author for a cheap pocket edition, like this one, and the "Diamond Scott" is a suitable companion for the "Tennyson," "Longfellow," and "Whittier" of the same very successful series.

Miss Yonge's compilation known as "Golden Deeds" is reissued by Messrs. Sever & Francis, who have made of it a cheaper book—just as good, however, for the boys, for whom it was intended—than it was in the dress which it has hitherto worn. It would be so easy a thing to do—and so good a thing when done—that it is a wonder Messrs. Sever & Francis do not add a volume to their "Golden" series—or a supplement to this volume of Miss Yonge's—which should relate some of the countless golden deeds of our late war. In the agreeable and inspiriting little book before us the United States figures a little oftener than Bithynia or Milan or Malta, but not very much oftener. To be sure, a golden deed is a golden deed wherever done; there will never be any difficulty in making boys see that much; but the story of what ennobles human nature is for the most part told in vain unless the telling inspires not admiration merely, but emulation; and to do this it is as well, at all events it is well, that the hearers should be made to understand that great things have been done, and can be done again, say, by men from Connecticut, or by the young fellows who went out from the next town "in the three months," and were buried at Big Bethel.

This is not the latest written of the delightful series of literary works which the world owes to the elder Disraeli: "The Literary Character," which, however, Mr. Widdleton has chosen to give us last. It completes his set of nine handsomely-printed octavo volumes, which contain all that is worth preserving of an author who two or three times in the course of his life attempted original composition, but whose successes were all won by him in his character of bookworm and literary scholar. It can hardly be said that literature is any longer pursued as Isaac Disraeli pursued it: "He was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library"—and this was as true of him in his youth, when he haunted the libraries of Paris, as in his age, when at morning "he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." These are the words of his son, a man who has pursued literature after quite another, and the common fashion, making it a means and not an end. The Widdleton edition is based upon that which Benjamin Disraeli annotated, and its external appearance is worthy of its matter, which will always make it a highly prized work among men of letters, and decidedly a work that no gentleman's library should be without.

To match the "Book of Golden Deeds" above mentioned, Messrs. Sever & Francis have got out a dollar edition of Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrics in the English Language." It is no one's affair except the publishers, but we should have thought the daintier dress which this work used to wear would have been more profitable. However, carefully edited as it is, the notes hardly more profitable to the student than the critical ability and extraordinarily nice taste displayed in the selecting, it may be well to issue an edition that shall be within the easy reach of the poorer student of poetry, and of the person who can afford but one or two books of poetry, as well as an edition as beautiful in type and paper and binding as the songs and lyrics themselves.

Isaiah; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both pastors and people. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.)—"This is the third in a series of notes on the Old Testament Prophets; of which the first, on the minor Prophets, and the second, on Ezekiel and Daniel, are already before the public." The text of the prophet is given only in the authorized English version, without alteration, and the Hebrew original is not only omitted, but almost entirely left out of view, the "critical" notes nowhere revealing any linguistico-critical pretensions. In fact, one might doubt whether the commentator has ever read the text in the original tongue, especially when in a lengthy disquisition in defence of the identity of the authors of the two portions of Isaiah separated by the historical narrative of the Assyrian invasion, we hear him coolly state that "not one reader in a thousand, in passing from the former portion to the latter, would suspect that he was passing from one author to another," which, he adds, "may be asserted of the Hebrew reader as well as of the English." Now, to read Isaiah in Hebrew and not to discover the striking difference of diction and literary character in general which distinguishes the last twenty-seven chapters of the book—referring to the period of the rise of the Persian empire—from the main parts of the first division—referring to an age almost two centuries earlier, in which the prophet personally figured—would require an obtuseness of the literary sense almost as great as that which would find no difference between the productions of Pindar and Theocritus, of Dante and Tasso, or of Milton and Moore. The bold assertion quoted above is one of Dr. Cowles's arguments in favor of the original unity of the book, and not much stronger are those with which he rebuts the evidences to the contrary. That the later "author's central theme is the restoration from exile in Babylon—the whole portion being grouped around this grand event; that the writer speaks as if the later years of the exile and the restoration were his actual present, prior events being seen in the past;" that he speaks "of the temple as destroyed and of the land as 'waste;'" that he exclaims "'our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burnt with fire;'" that he speaks repeatedly by name of Cyrus, who flourished nearly two hundred years after Isaiah—all these difficulties our commentator endeavors to remove by a few remarks on prophetic vision and figurative sense. On the "internal evidence lying in the book itself," as he sees it, he expatiates more fully, though with the same superficiality—going so far as to assert that "if it were a fact that some pseudo-Isaiah, living during the exile, wrote the latter portion, then the similarity between him and the real Isaiah in respect to cast of mind, style of thought and expression, would be a greater miracle than prophetic vision itself." Another set of arguments with which Dr. Cowles tries to confound the critics of the opposite camp—from Koppe down to Gesenius, Hitzig, and Ewald—is drawn from the testimony of Jewish and Christian authority. Have not the Jewish compilers "given us the whole book as the prophecies of one and the same Isaiah?" If there ever was an "Isaiah No. 2," who was he? "What was his name? How came he to be a 'great unknown?'" Why has he no record in Jewish history? "How came his writings to appear in the accepted sacred canon without his name?" Who perpetrated the fraud of appending them to the prophecies of the great Isaiah, as if they were his? Did Ezra and his associates "perpetrate this literary fraud upon the true Isaiah? Were they inspired to do this?" Do not the Apostles, does not Jesus himself, credit Isaiah with passages quoted from the last twenty-seven chap-

ters? "Do the critics in question know more and better on this point than they?" "Have they thought of attempting an answer to these and similar questions?" These and similar questions our commentator asks in a triumphant tone—forgetting that the Jewish compilers nowhere asserted the unity of the collection, but affixed to it the name of Isaiah, probably on account of its beginning with visions of that prophet, just as they affixed the name of Samuel to the two books known under that title, the first of which begins with the history of that seer, and the second contains the detailed narrative of *a long period subsequent to his death—and that only;* that the Hebrew canon contains the works of many unknown writers, and among them those of another "great unknown"—the author of Job; that "Isaiah No. 2" may have left his record in Jewish history under the name of Baruch, of Zerubbabel, or even of Daniel; that his writings came "to appear in the accepted sacred canon without his name" precisely in the same way in which the Books of Moses appeared there without the name of their author; that the compilers, whoever they were, not only committed no literary fraud, but, by inserting the historical chapters between the two divisions, even intentionally guarded the reader against a possible mistake; that quotations from the latter chapters of the collection credited to Isaiah imply no greater acknowledgment of that prophet's authorship than a quotation from "Ossian" by Coleridge or Macaulay would imply of the antiquity of Macpherson's songs; finally—though much more could be said—forgetting that a certain kind of refutations was already out of date in the age of Galileo, and is entirely preposterous in ours. This being our opinion of the value of the author's general criticism on his subject, our readers, we imagine, will readily excuse us for not entering upon an illustration of his remarks on the single parts of the book.

Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska. By Frederick Whymper. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—The author of the volume before us is a son of a well-known engraver and water-color artist of London, and a brother of Mr. Edward Whymper, whose connection with the ascent of the Matterhorn, and its sad attendant catastrophe, some two years since, will be remembered. Mr. Whymper was for some time an artist of note in British Columbia, and joined the Western Union Telegraph Expedition at Victoria, V. I., in 1865. After the failure of that enterprise he returned to England, where his sketches and travels excited a good deal of attention, and resulted in the production of the present volume.

His narrative opens with an account of his voyage to British Columbia, and devotes about fifty pages to that country, including an interesting account of the great glaciers of Bute Inlet, of various Indian outrages in the vicinity, and of the colonial expedition for the exploration of the interior of Vancouver Island, of which party he was a member. Then he devotes some two hundred pages to matters of more immediate interest to Americans, viz.: an account of the history and various explorations of Russian America, now known as Alaska, in general; and, in particular, a narrative of a journey from Norton Sound to the Yukon River, and thence to Fort Yukon, at the mouth of the Porcupine River, and returning to St. Michaels, *via* the Yukon and the sea. A short sketch of the explorations in Siberia by officers of the Western Union Telegraph expedition, and forty pages devoted principally to California, with an appendix, and a map of the northern part of Alaska, conclude the book.

This being the first popular and accessible account of the great river of the Northwest, it is in the highest degree interesting, and Mr. Whymper's companions bear testimony to his general accuracy. His style is easy and unambitious, and the engravings from his sketches are good specimens of the art, and give a clearer idea of the country traversed, and the habits of the Indians, than any description could do. The book is well worth a careful perusal, and will clear up much of the mist which envelops the ideas of most people in regard to our new territory, which is popularly believed to be a paradise of polar bears, icebergs, and Esquimaux. Some errors, comparatively trifling, should be noticed. Want of familiarity with the Russian and Indian dialects (the only ones spoken in the vicinity of the Yukon) has caused much confusion in the nomenclature of the Indian tribes and of localities. From the same cause the vocabularies (except that by Mr. Kennicott, which is a *reprint* from the Smithsonian publications) are far from reliable. With regard to the map, Mr. Arrowsmith has sustained his reputation among geographers of being an incorrigible blunderer. That portion taken from the notes of Capt. Everett Smith and Mr. Whymper is probably approximately correct. That, however, which relates to the *coast line* and to the portion of the river taken from the Russian charts, is inexcusably incorrect. The English Admiralty charts of 1853 (obtainable in any seaport), and the more recent United States coast survey charts, in these particulars, are very much more accurate; so much so, that one is inclined to wonder that some member of the Royal Geographical Society, for which it was compiled, did not detect the errors previous to its publication.

With the above exceptions the book may be trusted pretty implicitly, and the account of a British trading post, quietly absorbing the best part of the trade of that portion of the country (amounting to some eight thousand sables a year), may induce the Government to notify the Hudson's Bay Company *not* to expect at some future time to obtain payment of claims as unfounded as any Spanish castles, if driven out by the superior energy and enterprise of American traders and trappers.

Drawing without a Master. The Cavé Method of Learning to Draw from Memory. By Madame Marie Elizabeth Cavé. Translated from the fourth Paris edition. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.)—This little book is familiar by this time to most students of drawing, and is exercising a certain influence. It is based upon one or two sound principles of study, principles which no teacher of drawing can afford to forget, no student to ignore; and these are pressed with proper persistence upon the reader's attention. But, beyond this, translation seems to have aided original text in making a wordy, uncritical, immoderately vain book, in which some good general advice and many useful hints are nearly spoiled by being declared exclusively good and exclusively useful; parts of *my* system—the only possible good one. The conclusion to which one is driven is very nearly this: Let artists and teachers read it and master it, and then throw it in the fire lest their pupils should get hold of it.

The main point insisted on is drawing from memory; and it is this alone which individualizes Mrs. Cavé's method. The pupil makes a tracing, for instance, of an outlined head, and keeping this tracing by his side goes on to draw the head by eye, using the tracing as a drawing-master to correct his errors. When in this way he has achieved an approximately perfect result, and not before it is as nearly perfect as he can make it, he proceeds to draw the same object altogether from memory. Mrs. Cavé's idea that by this means the forms and proportions of many things, the human form for instance, can be fixed most easily in the mind, is a sound one. It is less wise to assert that this is the *only* means of learning to draw, in view of the fact that not all good draughtsmen have been so trained, and in view of the further fact that many good, though of course not the greatest, artists never gain much power of drawing from memory. Neither is it safe to claim that this way of study is universal in its application; it will succeed much less often and less easily with landscape than with figure drawing.

Some of the remarks upon especial points—as upon shading in tint and without lines, upon composition of pictures, etc.—are very good and well put. The force of all this is much marred, however, by a curiously uncritical choice of examples for the pupil to consult. Gavarni's lithographs are named as good things to copy; and of engravings which the pupil is advised to get, and to copy parts of such as he enjoys, those after Metzu and the landscapes of Salvator Rosa are mentioned with engravings after Titian and Rembrandt. This argues absolute ignorance of what good work has in it different from bad. There is, for instance, a gathering of nearly all that is to be avoided in landscape art in many of the popular engraved landscapes after Salvator.

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Björnson (B.), The Fisher-Maiden: A Tale	(Leypoldt & Holt)	1 25
Brierwood (F.), Mabel Clifton: A Tale	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	1 50
Clark (Rev. A.), Memory's Tribute to Rev. Thos. H. Stockton	(S. R. Wells)	0 50
Crittenden (Rev. S. W.), Sacraments of the Church	(Presbyterian Publication Committee)	
Daily Devotions for a Child	(M. W. Dodd)	0 60
Dixon (W. H.), Her Majesty's Tower	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Goulding (F. R.), Marooner's Island: A Tale	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	1 00
Harper's Bazar for 1868, Vol. I	(Harper & Bros.)	
Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Vols. XXXVI., XXXVII.	(Harper & Bros.)	
Harper's Weekly for 1868, Vol. XII.	(Harper & Bros.)	
Hennell (Miss S. S.), Comparativism	(John Wiley & Son)	
Howson (Rev. J. S.), The Metaphors of St. Paul	(George Routledge & Sons)	
Preston (M.), Studies in Shakespeare	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	1 00
Scott (Sir W.), Annie of Geierstein, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 20
Fair Maid of Perth	" "	0 20
Simpson (Gen. J. H.), The Shortest Route to California	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Smith (Rev. E. P.), Incidents of the United States Christian Commission	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., part XVI., swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
The Gain of a Loss: A Tale	(Leypoldt & Holt)	1 50
The Lathe and its Uses	(John Wiley & Son)	
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Net Assets, February 1, 1868,		$22,662,452 14	
Receipts during the year,		13,129,531 06	
		35,791,983 20	
Disbursements during the year,		6,466,688 10	
Net Assets, January 31, 1869,		**$29,325,295 10**	
Interest due and unpaid,	6,614 83		
Interest accrued but not due, on Stocks and Bonds and Mortgages,	245,670 00		
Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost,	558,628 81		
		2,509,093 66	
Gross Assets, January 31, 1869,		**$31,834,388 76**	

INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Cash,	$1,882,689 63	
Bonds and Mortgages,	21,458,357 43	
United States and New York State Stocks, cost	5,003,108 75	
Real Estate,	951,807 08	
Due from Agents,	29,332 21	
		29,325,295 10
ADD:		
Deferred premiums (semi-annual and quarterly),	$1,339,679 95	
Premiums, principally for Policies issued in December and January, in course of transmission,	358,500 07	

THE ASSETS ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Net Reserves, Company's Table, 4 per cent.,	28,753,512 02	
Surplus,	3,080,872 74	
		31,834,388 76
Amount of New Insurance for the year,	$53,442,235	
Number of Policies,	17,334	
Total Number of Policies in force January 31, 1869,	62,466	
Amount insured thereby,	204,983,565	

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Surplus, Jan. 1, 1869,	250,682 28
Total Assets, . . .	$650,682 28

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OF THE
New York Life Insurance Company,
OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1869.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1868..		$8,774,326 01
Amount of Premiums received during 1868.....	$3,912,130 07	
Amount of Interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, etc.....	766,144 13—	4,678,280 20
Total.....		$13,452,606 21

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Losses by Death..	$741,043 22	
Paid Annuities and for surrendered and cancelled Policies.	135,863 45	
Paid Dividends to Policy-holders.....	1,225,865 26	
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses	493,714 72	
Paid Advertising, Physicians' Fees, and Reinsurances.....	76,978 87	
Paid Salaries, Printing, Office, and Law Expenses	130,558 64	
Paid Taxes and Internal Revenue Stamps	35,107 60—	2,839,131 76
Total.....		$10,613,474 45

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank and in Trust Company.....	$397,351 51	
Invested in United States stocks—cost ..... (Market value, $3,154,868 75.)	2,978,907 49	
Invested in New York City Bank stocks ..... (Market value, $47,862.)	41,549 00	
Invested in New York State stocks ..... (Market value, $991,070.)	947,856 42	
Invested in other stocks..... (Market value, $222,500.)	210,579 60	
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks ..... (Market value of securities, $505,745 50.)	408,100 00	
Real estate..... (Market value, $1,028,806 59.)	878,806 59	
Bonds and mortgages ..... Secured by real estate, valued at over $5,000,000 (buildings thereon insured for $2,055,700, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security.)	2,389,900 00	
Loans on existing Policies....	1,257,735 63	
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869.....	475,066 07	
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.	60,449 44	
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1869..	2,387 76	
Premiums in hands of agents and in course of transmission.	564,784 85—	10,613,474 45
Add excess of market value of investments over costs		387,348 15
Cash assets Jan. 1, 1869.....		$11,000,822 60

LIABILITIES OF THE COMPANY.

Amount of Adjusted Losses due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869	$92,131 00	
Amount of Reported Losses awaiting proofs, etc.....	18,700 00	
Amount reserved for reinsurances on existing Policies: ($86,397,710 10 Participating Insurance at four per cent. Carlisle, net premiums. $1,047,434 65 Non-participating at five per cent. Carlisle, net premiums).....	8,473,594 03	
Return Premium 1868, and prior thereto, payable during the year.....	727,115 40—	9,311,540 48
Divisible Surplus - - -		**$1,689,282 17**

DURING THE YEAR **9,105** NEW POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, ENSURING **$30,765,947 67.**

☞ THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HAS DIRECTED the redemption, on and after the first Monday in March next, of the last and only outstanding Scrip Dividend (that of 1867), and from the Undivided Surplus of $1,689,282 17 they have declared a CASH DIVIDEND, available on settlement of next annual premium, to each participating policy proportioned to its "contribution to surplus."

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By order of the Board.

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The Week.

WE have commented elsewhere somewhat in detail on the Cabinet appointments. Taken as a whole, we think the general feeling is that the Cabinet is a very strong one, and that it would have been difficult to have made a better one out of the materials at command. It is quite evident that, in spite of one or two slips which we have pointed out, General Grant has acted with great independence in making his selections, as it was generally expected he would. It is not unreasonable to hope that he will infuse or has infused enough of his spirit into the heads of the Treasury and Post-office Departments, who are of course most exposed to the rush of office-seekers, to cause them to abandon the old party rule both in making vacancies and in filling them. Mr. Boutwell has announced his intention of doing so, and a rumor runs through the ranks of office-seekers that Mr. Cresswell laughs at "claims," no matter by whom presented.

Congress seems to have cut out for itself work enough to last it for a good many more than the thirty days which was spoken of at first as the probable length of the session. Already there are about four hundred new and old bills to be acted on. Then, besides its regular work, there is the absorbing outside work—the examining of certificates of "soundness," the interviews with supplicatory or deprecatory or minatory constituents, and the pushing of the "claims" of the lucky few by the senators and representatives. If it were not for certain obvious considerations, one would imagine that out of mere love of life every public man from Grant down would be ardently in favor of Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill. The pressure on the influential men at Washington, the wear and tear of mind and temper, must be unspeakably great. The stories that are told will, however, have the effect of making some, at least, of us outside observers reflect once more, that the public cannot by possibility be well served by servants who get their places in such a scrabble for them as Washington is now witnessing.

To-day week the Senate adjourned till last Monday. On Wednesday most of the day was taken up by a discussion of the bill to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act, which the House promptly sent up at the beginning of the session. Mr. Morton—who is as pertinacious in this matter as Mr. Sumner is in regard to Mrs. Lincoln's pension, not to mention other things—wanted the act repealed at once, but Mr. Trumbull thought it would be best to refer it to the Judiciary Committee. It was on a motion to that effect that the discussion hinged. Every Democratic senator is for repeal; so are Fessenden, Grimes, Morton, and Sherman. On the other side are some senators who want the act to stand, because it gives them more absolute control of the offices in their States; the resolution passed at the senatorial caucus the other day gives us leave to make this remark, for it bound senators not to "endorse the application" of any office-hunter who does not come from the senator's own State—which is much like saying that the two senators of any given State are to have its patronage. But, on the other hand, the repeal is opposed by Mr. Sumner, whose State is not divided very closely, and by Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Conkling and other senators of whose motives in such matters nobody speaks evil of course. There are doubtless some strong legal arguments in favor of keeping some parts of the present act still on the statute-book. On Thursday the Public Credit Bill was discussed. On Monday it was discussed again, Mr. Carpenter alone making any new or strong point against it. Some future Congress, he said, might *repeal* the bill—which we do not now need, for our honesty is not now suspected—and thus might inflict a blow upon the public credit, and make this enactment, useless at best, positively injurious. The bill, as it came from the House, was finally passed by a vote of 42 to 13. On Tuesday there was a very animated and very able debate on the Tenure-of-office Act, which the Judiciary Committee propose should be *suspended* till Congress meets in December next. Mr. Edmunds, in particular, was as sharp as a needle.

To-day week the House was not in session, nor was it the day before, nor on Saturday last—these days being devoted to constituents. On Friday a scheme of Mr. Butler's was taken up, and its execution agreed upon by a vote of 93 to 47. He wants a joint committee of three senators and six representatives who shall take charge of legislation upon Indian affairs. As he will probably have a place on this committee—if the Senate should agree to its establishment—he will be in a fair way to be paid for not being put on any of the important committees except the one on Reconstruction. Meantime, General Grant seems to have flanked the Indian Ring by giving to the department of which the Indian Bureau is a part General Cox for a head. Giving to the army the department, when the Senate had refused it the bureau, is not the directest way to get military influence felt in the Indian question, but it is better than unmitigated Ring-management. What will come of the proposed committee we shall see in time. On the same day Mr. Schenck's Public Credit Bill was passed by a vote of 97 to 48. Fourteen Republicans—if Mr. Beatty, a consistent repudiationist, is a Republican—voted with the Democrats in the negative. Mr. Butler of Tennessee was one of these; another was Mr. Butler of Massachusetts, who was followed on this, as on similar occasions heretofore, by Mr. Cobb of Wisconsin. The rest of the fourteen were: Mr. Deweese, whom no one would think of as the best man in the best Southern delegation—that from North Carolina; Mr. Coburn, of Indiana, an old member, but unknown to the country at large; his colleagues—Mr. Shanks, who is better known, or more widely known; Mr. Tyner, like Mr. Coburn as regards the extent of his reputation; and Mr. Orth, whom we know little about—Mr. G. A. Townsend praises him highly; Mr. Wilson, of Ohio; Mr. Taffe, of Nebraska; Mr. Hawkins, of Tennessee; and Mr. Hopkins, a colleague of Mr. Cobb's. These are all that remain in the House of the dangerously large crowd of repudiators who seemed to be having it all their own way a year or so since, and who, first and last, have been about as expensive a set of

men as any country with credit to be injured ever staggered under. But apparently we have seen the last of them, though there is no doubt that if we should find ourselves in difficulties at any time soon, Mr. Butler and his friends would improve their opportunities.

The standing committees in the House of Representatives have been announced, but present nothing very remarkable, and are on the whole pretty well chosen. General Butler magnanimously wrote a letter to Mr. Blaine, requesting him not to allow his friendship for the unworthy subscriber to influence him in his appointments. The general is accordingly placed at the head of the Reconstruction Committee, in which he will probably do some good service, and has a place on the Judiciary Committee, where he can do no harm, if they do not let him "investigate" too much. Mr. Banks retains his old place on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, the dread and envy of the effete statesmen of the crumbling monarchies of Europe. Luckily, each year he holds the place his powers of mischief decline, and his "reports" are now read, when read at all, mainly on wet days in lonely taverns. The Committees of Ways and Means and on Appropriations, which are the most important, are both good. Mr. Schenck we are glad to see in his old place on the Committee of Ways and Means. He writes to us enquiring whether "we are able to answer the arguments" used by him in the debate which followed the row over the counting of the electoral vote, being moved thereto by our speaking of his performance on that occasion as "an escapade." We reply that we do not need to answer his arguments. What we say is, that the proper time and place for the production of them was in the debate on the concurrent resolution on providing for the case of Georgia, which took place a week before the counting of the votes, and that any man who then failed to speak was bound to hold his tongue at the actual counting; that the row was, in our opinion, really got up by General Butler for the sake of notoriety, and that it was, therefore, the duty of good citizens, to say nothing of sensible members like Mr. Schenck, to keep clear of him. All this has, of course, no bearing on the question of what ought to be done when the Vice-President finds an "old newspaper," in place of an electoral certificate, in the envelope; but that question not having yet arisen we have nothing to say about it.

We may perhaps have said a word too much when recently we charged Pennsylvania with being the most corrupt State in the Union. At all events, we are sure our Philadelphia friends will agree with us that the charge would perhaps have come with a better grace from some journal not published in the city of New York and the State of which Albany is the capital. They will very likely be pleased with the history, which has just been ordered printed, of the bribery and corruption of our last Legislature. A special committee has been for a long time taking testimony, and among the facts brought to light are some like these: Mr. Henry Thompson, an Erie Director, being put on the stand, was asked whether the company had paid Governor Fenton any money for his signature to the bill legalizing the acts of the Directors in the famous "Erie war." Mr. Thompson suggested that he could not be expected to answer that question, as the scope of the committee's powers did not warrant them in enquiring about any bribery but that of the Legislature. The Honorable Mr. Thomas Murphy was next called up, and he swore that Mr. Thompson told him that he saw two checks of $10,000 each paid over to Mr. Hamilton Harris, the Governor's legal adviser, under an agreement that on that same day the Governor's signature should be given to the bill. It was given, Mr. Thompson added, within three hours. This was pretty direct. Mr. Murphy went on to say, that a while afterwards he, as chairman of a Republican political committee, went to Mr. Jay Gould, president of the Erie company, and asked him for a subscription to the party fund to be used in the Presidential campaign. Mr. Gould replied, Mr. Murphy said, that he had already had to give $20,000 for Fenton. Mr. Harris and Mr. Jay Gould, however, do not know anything about any such moneys as the preceding witness mentioned. Then, after this little affair, we had our Senatorial election; and the Common Council of this city we have always with us; and there used to be talk of the Albany Regency; and altogether, perhaps as we have said, we may have been a little too fast in what we said about the neighboring State. Still there is no doubt that when Albany is destroyed by fire from heaven, Harrisburg may as well begin to look about her.

The returns of the Department of Agriculture for February help to confirm certain assertions as to the wealth of the country which we have frequently made in the *Nation*, but which some of our readers have found it difficult to swallow. Horses have only increased slightly in the Western and Southern States, hardly at all in the Eastern and Middle. Oxen and other cattle have decreased in New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, Florida, Texas, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois; in this last State, five per cent. In several of these States there is also a falling off in milch cows. There has been a general diminution also in the number of sheep and hogs, the falling off in fattening hogs amounting in the valley of the Ohio to fifteen per cent. It is no wonder under these circumstances that the prices of food show no serious decline. The matter would speedily be set to rights by the natural flow of capital and labor into agriculture, if there was anything like steady financial legislation, or rather no legislation, at Washington. But the more agricultural prices rise, the more the tariff doctors seek to draw off money and men from farming by raising the premiums on manufactures.

We two or three times last fall, when Mr. Van Meter of the Howard Mission was occupied in getting up the Water Street revival, asked for the accounts of that institution and the names of the auditors, but got no answer. These enquiries have, however, apparently produced some fruit. Mr. Van Meter has retired from the superintendentship, and the trustees have produced a financial statement, going back as far as November, 1868 (just about the time of the revival), which now lies before us. We presume it is satisfactory, and trust the institution will now flourish and keep its receipts and disbursements faithfully in black and white before the public. To expose charitable organizations to suspicion is an offence against the human race.

The Belgian trouble seems to have blown over, it appearing plainer, the more the subject was discussed, that to traverse the right of the Belgian legislature to prohibit the sale of national railroads to foreign companies, and thus place what will be the great military highways in the next war in the hands of Frenchmen up to the very gates of the capital, was to be a little too outrageous. Whether Count Bismarck was at the bottom of this matter or not makes little difference, as it cannot be denied that Belgian leaning towards Germany, with indifference to French opinion, grows, and nothing that France can now do can check this tendency. The constitutional system has been thoroughly rooted in Belgium, thanks to Leopold, who was considerably wiser in his generation than Louis Philippe, though the latter used to write him long letters of advice. Bismarck, who is back in his place, though not very well, seems to give little attention to the row, being occupied with the punishment of the ex-King of Hanover and the ex-Elector of Hesse, whose private property in Prussian dominions he is confiscating, on the ground that they are using it to promote intrigues against the Prussian Government, and to subsidize the French press into exciting hostility and suspicion of Prussia in the mind of the French public. The King of Hanover he treats somewhat tenderly, in deference to his own sovereign's feelings. But the Elector he "handles without gloves," calling him, amongst other things, "a reptile." The Elector, who is perhaps one of the greatest of living rascals, is in the meantime quite hopeful, and is said to have recently announced to a deputation of his former subjects his confident expectation that he would shortly again reign over them.

The recent debates on the press law in the French Senate and on the right of public meeting in the Corps Législatif both show decided movements in advance, even amongst the supporters of the Imperial dynasty. One of them, M. de Maupas, declared frankly in the Senate his belief that ministerial responsibility to the Chambers was absolutely necessary to the security of the throne, which called

forth an indignant rebuke from M. Rouland, the minister, as being a discussion of the constitution. M. de Sartiges, at one time ambassador at Washington, advocated, as the result of his experience here and in England, complete liberty of the press as the only safeguard against the excesses of the press, but he was met by the argument that it was the excesses of the press which had recently deluged this country with blood, which adds one more to the list of "causes of the rebellion." The question of public meetings is a more difficult one, and the ministers derived considerable advantage over their opponents in the debate from the fact that, in the meetings which are leading to all the uproar, free discussion is not permitted. All the speakers are in favor of the abolition of property and marriage, and of the Deity, and the addresses are directed merely to questions of detail. Anybody who objects to the general principles of the majority is at once silenced, if not expelled. There is a Commissary of Police present, who occasionally has a "set-to" with the speakers, but only when they seem to be assailing the existing Government. The opinion appears to prevail widely in Paris that the meetings, if not instigated, have been highly enjoyed by the Government, as they give the middle classes a glimpse once more of what is in store for them in case the strong hand is withdrawn; and the requisite impression having been produced the "free platform" is to be taken down and the halls shut up. This impression is strengthened by the performances of a one sou paper called *Le Peuple*, which is believed to be the private property of the Emperor, and is sold for the cost of the stamp. This organ maintains that questions of ministerial responsibility and parliamentary reform have interest for the middle classes only, and that the great questions for the working class are the distribution of property and the relations of capital and labor.

The progress of the Russians in Central Asia continues to excite anxiety as well as discussion both in England and in British India. The history of the extension of the Russian territory north of the mountains is very like that of the extension of British territory south of them. Agents or explorers, commercial or diplomatic, have naturally to be sent out in various directions; they fall in with native fanatics, are plundered, imprisoned, or beheaded; troops are sent to deliver or avenge them; troops need a base, and a base is supplied by a fort, or the expedition ends by an annexation of territory either by way of satisfaction or security. The great question under debate now amongst the Anglo-Indians is whether the mountains are passable by an army, and the geographers and explorers are hard at work over it, the weight of opinion leaning towards passableness. But there is a strong and growing feeling of the absurdity of maintaining that Great Britain has a vested interest in Central Asiatic barbarism, or that even Cossack civilization would not be something vastly better than Turkoman civilization, and that the Emperor of Russia would not be, after all, a very good neighbor, and that the best security for the British empire in India does not lie in arts rather than in arms. Sir John Lawrence, who is coming home after forty years of brilliant service, is strongly opposed to all interference, secret or overt, with Russia, and in his farewell speech urges the Anglo-Indians to rely for their security on justice and good government. That the government is rapidly improving, nobody denies. The revenue has nearly doubled within a few years; railroads are carrying civilization and commerce into the darkest corners of the peninsula, and there is already talk of throwing the whole cost of Indian administration, military as well as civil, on India itself.

Some additional light has been thrown on the origin of the Cretan insurrection and the relation to it of the Hellenic Government, by the publication by M. Boudoures, former minister of foreign affairs, of a minute of the discussion by the ministerial council of an announcement made by the Cretans in 1864 that they were going to rise in arms in 1865, and would like assistance. The application was gravely considered and positively rejected, and the Cretans were advised to rely on peaceful appeals to the European powers, which Greece would support, and which, in the opinion of the ministry, would have a good chance of success, while they were warned that an armed struggle would not only "have no chance of success, but might, on the contrary, become the cause of making the condition of the Cretans worse." This good advice was not taken, however, and the Bulgaris ministry, which succeeded that to which M. Boudoures belonged, encouraged the insurrection, and we know the result—the ruin of the Cretans and the ridiculous humiliation of the Hellenic Kingdom.

Mr. Gladstone has introduced in an able speech his bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Church property he estimates at about $80,000,000 in gold, and of this he calculates about one-half will go in compensating the holders of vested interests, and in appropriations for the maintenance of the three Cathedrals, which are to be treated as national property. The tithes which are now a rent charge on the landlord's estate, but were formerly paid by the tenant, the land-owners are to have the option of buying out, at about twenty-two years' purchase. The bishops are at once to lose their seats in the House of Lords, and all bishops and clergymen hereafter appointed are to rely for their means of support on their congregations. The other half of the property Mr. Gladstone proposes to use in the endowment of establishments for charitable purposes not specially provided for by the poor laws, such as idiot and lunatic, deaf, dumb, and blind asylums, hospitals, etc. The speech was listened to with great attention and Mr. Disraeli announced on behalf of the Opposition that he would offer no factious resistance, though he regarded the whole scheme as one of confiscation, but asked for abundant time for the consideration and discussion of the bill. It will probably pass the House of Commons without much difficulty, but its fate in the House of Lords is uncertain. It is doubtful, however, whether the latter has courage enough left to stop it.

Our readers may remember that when Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, was leaving this country, in October, 1867, he was entertained at a public dinner, at which he laid down some rather startling doctrines in political philosophy, on which we commented at the time. One was, that "nature had not made different sets of rules for each people, or each family of peoples," and "that Providence controls mankind by the same code of rules, which are equally applicable to the Anglo-Saxon as to the Latin races, and to Indians and Africans." This is quite true as to one rule, at least, which is, that a sober, self-restrained, intelligent, and industrious people, is fit for self-government, and no other; but the soundness of the deduction that Senor Romero drew from it, that his own countrymen were fit for self-government, had, as we then said, to be tested by experience. He said it was Maximilian and the naughty French who kept Mexico from being a happy and united country. We said we feared not, but would wait and see. A letter from him to a private friend in this country has just been printed, dated February 17th, from which it appears that there were, when he wrote, three distinct rebellions going on in Mexico, with the accompanying slaughter and in security, though Maximilian has been nearly two years in his bloody grave, and there is not a hostile foreigner on Mexican soil. Turning to the latest newspaper reports from that region, we find that the opposition accuse the President and his Cabinet of corruption, and charge Lerdo de Tejada with buying land and Senor Romero with sending money to the United States in large sums, and General Palacio has published a letter in which he denounces the Juarez administration as unequal to the task of government. The charges of corruption are perhaps not worth attention, but turning to Senor Romero's letter for an answer or explanation, we find that the "opposition to the Government, formed of a very few persons who sympathized with the rebellion, have been clamoring for a change of Cabinet. *As their motives for asking this are not patriotic or noble*, and they cannot in any manner represent the country, these desires have not been complied with." As an answer from the ins to the outs, this strikes us as one of the best things in political literature, and gives us a tolerably clear notion of the ideas on which the attempt to carry on a constitutional government in Mexico is based. Nothing can be sounder; we trust Juarez and his colleagues will never give up the reins of power till the pure and good come and ask them to do so in a respectful manner and from proper motives. We wish the plan could be introduced here.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS.

THE Cabinet has at last been brought into the shape in which it will probably carry on the Government during General Grant's Administration; the public can now criticise it without having to rely too much on guesses or rumors. Mr. Washburne, as we ventured to anticipate last week, does not remain in the State Department, for which he was wholly unfitted, but goes as Minister to France, a post for which he may have some qualifications, but what they are it would be difficult to say. If they include even a slight knowledge of French, or any knowledge at all of continental politics, or society, or ideas, or manners, the public will have no reason to complain. In any event, the appointment is as good as Mr. Lincoln's first one to the same position. If the Secretary of Legation, who has not as yet been named, should possess any acquaintance with French, or even possess a rudimentary knowledge of written English, it will be better. Luckily, there is no question of importance now pending between this country and France. We have nothing to fear from her, as we had in 1861, and nothing to exact from her, as we had in 1864; and though we do not think the French, or any other mission, should be made a retreat for the President's invalid friends, no immediate mischief is likely to result from General Grant's choice in this instance. The mistake, for such it must be called, no matter how we look at it, will on the whole be atoned for by the retention of Mr. Marsh in Italy, of Mr. Bancroft in Berlin, and the despatch of Mr. Motley to London. The substitution of Mr. Hamilton Fish for Mr. Washburne, in the State Department, is one with which everybody will feel at least satisfied. Men more familiar, not only with existing controversies between this and foreign governments, but with the various weapons of diplomacy, might doubtless be found without much difficulty; but it would not be easy to find a man in the ranks of the Republican party who meets so many of the requirements of the place and is likely to give the Administration so much moral as well as political strength. Mr. Fish possesses too, in an eminent degree, what every Secretary of State ought to have—that is, skill and experience in the social art, and a sense of dignity and self-respect which will save him from the temptation by which the State Department is so frequently beset, to convert State papers into stump speeches.

The public interest in the Cabinet, however, has been mainly monopolized by the Secretaryship of the Treasury, as this was the place which the friends of the old system made from the first the key of their position. It is the office which controls the largest number of appointments, in which rests the largest amount of responsibility, and which has at its command the largest number of pickings and perquisites of all kinds, for the reward of faithful adherents; and more important than all, it is the only office which can exercise a serious influence on the protection and free-trade controversy. It was, therefore, the office about which the politicians proper were most troubled in their minds, and with regard to which they made the most determined stand. The appointment of Mr. Stewart to it was to them a bitter disappointment in more ways than one. In the first place, he had not reached it in the regular line of political promotion. He did not belong to the political class, and had no experience of its wants, wishes, traditions, and rules; in the second place, his training has been so purely commercial that there was every probability of his introducing into the transaction of the government affairs the system by which he has succeeded in the transaction of his own—that is, the selection of employees for their business qualities solely, their dismissal for business defects solely, and the consideration of all matters of detail with reference to their bearing on the question of profits and loss solely. To introduce this system into any government office would, we need hardly say, have been a revolution; a revolution that we desired, and hoped Grant was going to give us, and a revolution the political class was determined we should not have if it was in their power to prevent it. That the President did not intend to put one of their number into the office, and had a due appreciation of the needs of the place, his selection of Mr. Stewart showed clearly; but he committed an irreparable mistake when he neglected to admit somebody of at least legal experience to his confidence, before he announced the appointment. The legal objection to Mr. Stewart seems to have come on him unexpectedly, and dumbfounded him. The attempt made to meet it, such as the message requesting a suspension of the law, and Mr. Stewart's assignment of his profits in trust, were of the clumsiest kind, and revealed clearly to the politicians the weakness of the President's position, and satisfied them that the time for a determined charge had come. Then we had the great Boutwell movement, which finally succeeded, and succeeded mainly because the President, being taken unawares, had nothing to oppose to it. He has more than once effected a change of front in the presence of the enemy; but this time the enemy was too quick for him.

Mr. Boutwell was unquestionably the politicians' choice for the Treasury, and his triumph is their triumph. He has been in no way prominently associated with financial questions, and has given no proof of financial knowledge or skill. The cry which has been kept up by the newspapers about his having "organized" the Internal Revenue Department, and which our contemporary, the *Sun*, sought to silence us with a few weeks ago, has really, if examined closely, no meaning. The word "organize" is one which is made to cover all kinds of action or interference, and is just as often used in a good as in a bad sense. It is not pretended that Mr. Boutwell *created* the Internal Revenue Service; and if it be said that he provided the system of checks and responsibility under which the employees work, the answer is, that these checks are worse than worthless, and that he "organized" the greatest sink of iniquity to be found in this or any other civilized country, and one in which a fourth of the revenue is stolen, and the morals of the community corrupted. There is, indeed, in view of the facts, a touch of the comic in anybody's basing his claim to the Treasury Department on his having had anything whatever to do with setting the Internal Revenue machine in motion. The rest of Mr. Boutwell's career has been that of an ardent politician, pure and simple. To the reconstruction process he supplied zeal simply. There was hardly a wild or foolish measure attempted by the Republican party in the course of it in which he was not a leader; and of the unmitigated rant of the period he supplied more than his share. His published volume of speeches will supply anybody who is in search of it with some means of judging of his powers, and of the kind and amount of wisdom with which the world is governed. He is entitled to the credit, however, of having exposed once more the old fallacy of supposing that a sinking fund can be created out of anything but a surplus; and he has brought to the transaction of public affairs what is certainly a valuable quality in these times—a personal character above reproach. He is, too, perfectly sound and clear, if we may judge from his speeches, on the question of the payment of the public debt; but then, that question has been settled already by the people. The opinions of the Secretary of the Treasury upon it are not likely now either to strengthen or weaken the public credit. It must, too, be said in his favor that some point of contact between the Administration and the extreme wing of the Republican party was almost essential to the harmonious working of the different branches of the Government, and this point is perhaps furnished by Mr. Boutwell better than it could have been by any other man.

What is of most interest to the public is the manner in which Mr. Boutwell's antecedents, training, and political relations are likely to affect his administration of his office; and on this point, we have nothing encouraging to say. A well-informed correspondent throws some disagreeable light on the subject in another column. One thing is certain, that it is all but impossible for a man, who has made his way in public life as Mr. Boutwell has, and who holds the notions that such a man must hold on the subject of party obligations and party discipline, to introduce thorough reforms into any branch of the public service. A curious illustration of the effect of party discipline on such minds is afforded by the support Mr. Boutwell gave to Butler last summer—a support through which he helped to return to Congress the most determined enemy the public credit has had, and probably one of the greatest jobbers who has ever sat in a legislative body. A more striking illustration still was afforded by Mr. Sumner's refusal, at General Butler's request, to confirm the appointment of General Gordon to an office in Massachusetts, Butler asking the refusal as a personal favor, and the reason being that Gordon holds and offers unrefuted—

and, as we believe, irrefutable—evidence of Butler's complicity in some most disgraceful dealings with the enemy during the war; and yet there are not many men in Congress on whose neck the party yoke has left fewer galls and bare spots than on Mr. Sumner's. When men like him are guilty of such "base compliances," what can we expect of the regular party hacks?

We think we are safe in saying that there is a widespread and growing conviction that we can look for no real reform in the Government till the system under which the present race of politicians have been bred has been broken up, and a new set of ideas and customs as regards the nature and objects of the government service introduced, and that this cannot be done by any faithful party man, no matter how noble the causes he may have served. Until it is broken up, a change of Administration may mean many good things, but one thing it will not mean—the cessation or diminution of corruption; and corruption will kill, in spite of all the lyceum lectures, monthly magazines, and cheap lands. As long as the attempt to govern the country through the old set is continued, a large part of the effect of a party victory, no matter what the party cry may be, will be to put Smith into Jones's place to do what Jones has been doing. What is wanted to complete the triumph of the politicians in Mr. Boutwell's case is, that in order to get him or keep him in the Treasury, Judge Hoar, as coming also from Massachusetts, should be turned out of the Attorney-Generalship. This is talked of, and, we may be sure, hoped for; but we trust General Grant will have the good sense and firmness to prevent it. Judge Hoar is the strong point in his Cabinet; the only officer of whom it may be truly said that had the country been searched through, a fitter man for the place could not have been found. He is not only a lawyer of the first order, but a somewhat rare combination of all the strong points in the American character—an almost ideal Yankee; and his fidelity to the principles of the Republican party is as old as anybody's, while his support of them has shown that they can be supported by the "legal mind," as well as by that curious piece of mush known to some of our Radical brethren as "the human mind."

THE "SENTIMENT" OF THE "ALABAMA" CASE.

The English papers brought by the last mail contain a great deal of discussion of the *Alabama* case, apropos of the probable rejection of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's convention by the Senate, and the comments of the American press upon the negotiation. Those who thought Lord Clarendon had conceded too much, of course console themselves with the reflection that England has escaped further humiliation; but all are agreed that as long as the question remains unsettled, the position of Great Britain, viewed with reference to a future foreign war, is exceedingly unpleasant. The *Spectator*, which was during the rebellion one of the few faithful and steady supporters of the cause of the North, comments on the matter in a tone of grave and earnest remonstrance, deprecating as in the highest degree absurd the sentimental view of their wrongs which the Americans are taking, in refusing to accept pecuniary satisfaction for the injury they have suffered. It says:

"The American people is in a mood only to be compared to that of an angry woman, who, when, every possible form of conciliation consistent with self-respect has been exhausted, declares to herself that 'the sulks' are very enjoyable luxuries. They do not care about damages; they are indifferent to reparation; they will not be bothered with arbitrations; they do not want to fight; they do not desire amity; one thing, and one thing only, will content them, that they shall have the last word, and that we shall acknowledge ourselves in the wrong precisely on the only point where we were unmistakably in the right. The Government of Great Britain has gone, not indeed further than was right, but quite as far as was possible on the road of conciliation; has agreed to submit everything, except its right to acknowledge a belligerent, to arbitration, and allows even that to be advanced as a plea in enhancement of damages; and is ready, if judgment goes against this country, to make the clearest conceivable acknowledgment of error, by paying a fine; and the Americans say that is all of no use. They were insulted, so they were, and they won't take the bracelet, so they won't; and they were never in the wrong, and Edwin shall say so, before they'll kiss and be friends; and if not, they'll wait, they will, and pay him off some day. They will not be content with damages, even though submission to the award is, under the circumstances, an open acknowledgment of error; but will have the British Government say, in the teeth of all the facts, that they had no right to acknowledge the South, that it was an 'unfriendly act,' though the North did it first, though it was done to prevent war—for war *must* else have followed on the seizure of our vessels on their way to a non-belligerent port—and though stanch friends of America like Mr. Forster pressed for the recognition in the interest of the Northern people."

The sentimental view of this or any other political question is not, as our readers know, one for which we have any great sympathy; or one which, to our mind, has ever yet contributed much to the happiness or prosperity of mankind. In fact it is almost demonstrably true, that the progress of civilization consists largely in the disuse of the sentimental view in the regulation of political affairs, and in the submission of an increasing number of the facts of life to the calm, cold jurisdiction of reason. It will be found on the whole, that in comparing one country with another, those in which sentiment has least to do with legislation, including treaty-making, are the happiest and greatest; those in which pride, prejudice, and passion do most to mould the policy, foreign and domestic, are most backward and miserable.

We have published a few letters on the *Alabama* case which represent two different ways of looking at it—one the sentimental, and the other the legal or logical. We do not deem it necessary to comment on them, because we are satisfied that whenever the *Alabama* case comes to be settled, be it next year, or fifty years hence, it will be settled in the way which seems best for the country, materially as well as morally. When the opportunity offers to retaliate on England, by according belligerent rights to a nascent rebellion, or selling cruisers to a foreign power engaged in hostility with her, we feel right well assured that, no matter what may now be said or felt, the action of the Government will be regulated by the consideration of American interests and honor solely. The neutrality laws, as well as all other laws, have been enacted for the promotion of American happiness, and not for the satisfaction of any foreign powers; and the question of enforcing or not enforcing them in any particular case will be determined by a contemplation of the possible consequences to American interests, moral as well as material, and not by the strength or weakness of the popular desire to spite somebody or pay somebody off. We are so well satisfied of this that we think the calculation in which our correspondent "America" indulges is interesting rather as an expression of present feeling than as furnishing any help in guessing the final result of the *Alabama* controversy. We see in the universal repudiation of war, as a possible means of ending the dispute, a striking illustration of the extent to which the whole matter is already under the control of the popular understanding; there is no reason to believe that this control will not increase as the years roll on.

But while saying this, we cannot help expressing some surprise at the pain with which the *Spectator* and some other English journals regard the "sentimental" way in which the Americans look at the matter. The truth is, that "sentiment" has been at the bottom of the whole affair in England from first to last. Had Englishmen taken that intensely practical view of the war and its incidents which they are now so anxious to have Americans take, there would be no controversy whatever between the two countries, arising out of the war. What has given the recognition of the Southerners as belligerents so much importance is the general feeling that it was dictated by sentiment, and that sentiment one of extreme dislike to American government and society. The ground the *Spectator* takes as to the expediency of the thing would have been tenable ground enough if the act were not judged by the help of the subsequent acts and language of the British public. There is no use in saying that the concession of belligerent rights was simply the exercise of an undoubted legal right, and was on the whole a good thing for Americans. The right to laugh and clap your hands when your neighbor's house is on fire is also an undoubted legal right; but you cannot prevent him from regarding it as at the same time an indication of hostility, particularly if followed by a good deal of abuse and derision.

The mere recognition of the Confederates as lawful belligerents might have passed off without exciting much ill-feeling, if any; but when the leading newspapers began to hold Northern society and the Northern army up to scorn as the scum of the earth; when

the *Times* earnestly urged the Orleans princes to leave the Federal service, on the ground that they were disgracing themselves by associating with Federal officers; when the news of every Federal defeat was received with the greatest joy, and that of every Federal victory treated as an impudent lie; when the men the North held in most honor were daily painted in the darkest colors, as drunken ravishers and marauders; the commonest incidents of war treated as evidences of inconceivable barbarity, and the continued prosecution of the war, even in the private correspondence of English men and women with American friends—often bereaved fathers, mothers, or sisters—as proof positive that the whole community was under the domination of a ferocious and bloodthirsty instinct; when the vulgarity, and cowardice, and meanness of everybody Northern was often taken for granted at English dinner-tables, in the presence of American guests, as the basis of conversation, and this not in positive unkindness, but in apparent unconsciousness that Americans had feelings either individual or national to be hurt by any imputation; above all, when the exploits of the *Alabama* began to be talked of as a matter for national pride, and her builder was cheered in the House of Commons—of course Americans were confirmed in their suspicion that the original recognition of the Confederacy as a belligerent was an indication of a really unfriendly feeling. If there was no "sentiment" at the bottom of English treatment of the American question, why in the name of all that is wonderful was it pursued? There was no material gain expected from it. It was in fact purely "sentimental," a prolonged piece of indulgence in passion.

English journals and English society have never ventured to speak of any continental people in any such fashion. It would never enter into the head of an English journalist or legislator to keep up similar abuse, through four weary years, of Frenchmen and their army, no matter how decided his opinions might be on the wrongfulness of their wars. If any set of men of prominence in England attempted it, they would be indignantly cried down, first, because it would be considered indecent; and secondly, because it would be considered certain to excite in the breasts of Frenchmen the deepest hatred of England, and lead to international difficulties—in other words, because Frenchmen would take a "sentimental" view of the matter, and probably act on it. In fact, in expecting Americans to treat the *Alabama* matter as *simply* a question of dollars and cents, and act and talk as if nothing had happened, Englishmen are again treating the American man as an exceptional animal. Suppose the manner and language and policy of English journals and society towards Prussia had been during the late war what it was to Americans during their war, or Prussians had known as well what was passing in England as Americans knew; will any candid Englishman say that Englishmen would at this hour be safe on the streets of Berlin, or could travel in any Prussian railway, without running imminent risk of having their noses pulled as soon as their nationality was known, without, in short, finding in every man who fought at Königgrätz, or had a son or brother who died there, a kicker and reviler? Would the Prussian or any European government, under these circumstances, be in haste to settle the matter up for a small amount in sovereigns? If a friend soundly kicked me, it would of course, from one point of view, be absurd for me to continue to look gloomy whenever he came in sight, and refuse to transact business with him for a long while afterwards, and would of course lay me open to the charge of taking a womanish and sentimental view of a very regrettable incident; but my reply would be a good and sufficient reply—that I was human, and had been so created that I did not like being kicked, and that the insult rankled in my breast long after the physical pain had disappeared from my back; and it is to the knowledge of this fact—that men have feelings to be hurt, and that wounds to the feelings do not heal in a day—that we owe a large portion of the self-restraint and decorum which govern the intercourse both of individuals and nations. To expect Americans to treat the language of the English press and of English society as of no consequence, and to treat their present "sulkiness" as something peculiar and morbid, is simply to judge them by a standard such as we are sure the *Spectator* would not think of applying to any other people. Of course it would be foolish and unpardonable to fight for the gratification of sentiment, but what is there so reprehensible in refusing for the present to negotiate when nothing is lost by delay?

THE PARDONING POWER.

When Mr. Johnson began to issue, or when attention was first drawn to his practice of issuing, pardons to the right and left, it was assumed by the Republican leaders that his motive was a political one, and the public was assured in the fall of 1866, on all sides, that the elections of that year were to be carried in the interest of the Administration by a horde of counterfeiters, some twenty or thirty in number, liberated through the clemency of the President during the months of July and August. And we were repeatedly informed from that time till the issue of the Dupuy pardon, two weeks since, that they were all "Democratic" pardons, a statement proved by the well-known fact that all swindlers, forgers, thieves, and counterfeiters are accustomed to vote the Democratic ticket. The argument was pushed even much further than this; the final step was to show that the amnesty proclamations, and the pardons, and the failure to bring Davis to trial, were all parts of a grand scheme not merely to bring about a triumph of Mr. Johnson's policy, or to trample Congress under the heel of the Executive, but to ensure the general success of villany in every direction, and give the finishing thrust to unlucky Virtue. The natural result of this sort of criticism was to make the whole thing ridiculous, and we might have considered ourselves guaranteed against any calm discussion of the true nature and extent of the pardoning power, had it not been that the great increase of lawlessness, both in this city and throughout the whole country, and especially the increase of corruption in all places connected with the Government, has at length attracted public attention to the whole subject of criminal law. It certainly makes very little difference whether the two Dupuys, who were pardoned the other day by Mr. Johnson, and whose reprieves Grant has since revoked, go free or not. Judge Hoar must determine the question whether their pardons are good or not. What is really of importance is that the pardoning power, as an executive function, should receive some examination. It has hitherto been taken for granted that, however evil the effects to which such a power might lead when in the hands of bad men, no valid objection could be made to its theory. It seems to us that whether or not the power be of itself a valuable aid in the attainment of justice, the veil of mystery which is thrown about it is very mischievous. The President and the Governors of all the States have power to pardon, absolutely, all criminals convicted within their jurisdiction. They are not obliged to give any reason for their act. Up to this point the proceedings in the case have all been public; the examination of witnesses, the argument of counsel, the rulings of the court, the verdict of the jury, all take place in open court; the doors can no more be closed than a verdict can be rendered by the judge. And we Anglo-Saxons, the world over, are in the habit of pluming ourselves on this feature in our judicial system as one of the great safeguards of liberty, and of condemning, in our usual off-hand way, all those slavish nations which permit any other practice.

As soon, however, as the sentence has been pronounced, and the convict removed from the court-room, the enactment of a very different scene begins. The counsel for the defence now exerts all his powers. He draws up a petition narrating the peculiarly heart-rending character of the case, the facts on which this statement is based being mainly those which were ruled out on the trial, or those which were disproved by the witnesses on the other side; he dwells upon the happiness of the home which it is proposed his unfortunate client shall exchange for a felon's cell, and he dwells upon this as if what might be called the "home circle" side of criminal law was not properly provided for under our harsh system; he refers in feeling terms to the affliction of the "victim's" mother, as if mothers in general rather preferred seeing their sons in prison than anywhere else; he alludes incidentally to the father so strangely "bowed down with grief," to the sleeplessness of the brothers and sisters—such peculiar people the whole family invariably turn out to be. If the convict has a wife, it is hinted that her husband's sentence is driving her to madness; if he

has children, a horrible picture is drawn of their unhappy lot in "case they are deprived of their father's protection and support—and indeed of his guidance, for have not his relations with his family always been of the most exemplary kind?" The petition is then signed by numbers of clergymen, politicians, and friends, who affix their names to this as to any other paper on the assurance that nothing is said which is untrue, and the siege immediately begins. Armed with his petition, the counsel proceeds to the State capital or to Washington, and is at once received in private by the Governor or President. He presents his petition, states his facts, rehearses his arguments; the executive is astonished; he never dreamt that the case was of this character; he always had thought the accused was a simple felon; he had not thought of his wife and children. This new view of the case requires consideration. Meanwhile every attempt is made to influence his feelings; wife and mother and children all present themselves, and wife and mother and children in abject grief are very apt to influence the feelings. No one is present to point out the facts and arguments which brought about a conviction. The final judge remembers too, for he is human, that no justification of a pardon will be required of him, that no reasons need be stated. On the whole, it seems a hard case, and the pardon is issued. In other words, society has discovered that some one is violating the obligations imposed upon him as a member of society; society arrests, prosecutes, and convicts him, but though he be the most atrocious villain alive, and though publicity may give his confederates just the warning they most desire, society is throughout obliged to lay everything open to the light, to invite criticism from every quarter; as soon, however, as it is discovered that he has without doubt committed the crime with which he is charged, a secret tribunal is prepared before which society is not allowed to appear at all, where there are no witnesses, no judge, no jury, no reporters, nothing but an irresponsible dictator. Hitherto everything has been done to protect the liberty of the individual. What is done now, we should like to know, to protect the rights of society?

The origin of this mystery to which we object is not far to seek. We took the pardoning power directly from England, where it is a royal prerogative, and where it is endued with an almost religious sanctity. To force from a monarch who is still, in theory of law, the Lord's anointed, who is the fountain of mercy, and whose function of pardon is his not by a constitutional provision, but because his prerogative is above all law—to force from such an executive a statement of his reasons for granting a pardon would be as illogical as to exact a reason for the impartial shining of the sun. Blackstone's remarks on this subject are full of instruction as to the old views of the power. "The last and surest resort," he says, "is in the king's most gracious pardon; the granting of which is the most amiable prerogative of the crown." "The great operation of his sceptre is mercy." "To him, therefore, the people look up as the fountain of nothing but bounty and grace; and these repeated acts of goodness, coming immediately from his own hand, endear the sovereign to his subjects, and contribute more than anything to root in their hearts that filial affection and personal loyalty which are the sure establishment of a prince."

We, having transplanted this prerogative, not as a prerogative but as a judicial power to review criminal sentences, have nevertheless transplanted with it a notion perfectly unsuited to our system. According to the American idea of government, no act for which reasons cannot be given ought to stand; yet we have established an authority which has the right of annulling the sentences of courts of law without explaining, save to his own conscience, why he annuls them. After making a presumption in all cases of innocence, after throwing around convictions such difficulties that a prosecutor needs the skill of a juggler and the learning of a judge to be successful, after giving, in a very large number of cases, a discretion to the court over the amount of the penalty, we give the convict liberty to persuade the executive in any way he can to forgive him, and, in order that he may have the largest opportunity for unfair argument and corrupt influence, we demand that if his prayer be granted no reason shall be given for the act. And this, too, at a time when pardoning criminals has become part of the regular machinery by which prosecutions are rendered worthless, and are as regularly resorted to by counsel as motions in arrest of judgment or to quash the indictment—when counsel who do not apply for a pardon are held to have failed in duty to their client just as much as if they had omitted to argue before the jury.

"PROVINCIAL FOLDS."

Our two best and oldest universities stand, at the present moment, as beggars openly before the public. At Harvard, the rise of prices, together with the increasing burden of insufficient endowments, has gradually eaten up the general fund at the disposal of the college, and compelled it to raise its board and tuition rates simply to keep the institution from falling to pieces. And this has been accompanied with starving the professors, and stopping the purchase of books and class-room apparatus. At Yale, the state of things is quite as bad. It is officially announced that the oldest professors receive lower pay than do the youngest Congregational ministers in New Haven; that many of the endowments are positive taxes upon the general treasury, and that the college "has not a dollar on hand to buy books with for the next two years, its scanty library income having already been expended in advance." So that the recent discussion about removing the college to another site must, from an inside point of view, have seemed practical only so far as it was likely to call attention to the poverty of the college. While this expectation, or hope, was not realized at Yale, the Harvard alumni have organized a system of class contributions which promises to bring some relief to the destitution of their Alma Mater. The fact that these colleges derive their students from all parts of the country, while at their side flourish or exist smaller colleges of the same kind, but inferior, and the founding of others goes on in old and newly-settled districts alike, suggests the enquiry whether we have not reached a point at which the number of our colleges is seriously in excess, and whether States should impartially encourage all those within their borders; whether, also, they should be educational centres for States at all, and not for population, and whether there is a determinable ratio between population and the proper number of colleges.

Some of these questions have arisen in Germany, under changed conditions, since the last effort towards unity; and it has been proposed, for example, to transfer the universities of Kiel and Marburg to Hamburg and Frankfort respectively, and generally to abolish the small in favor of the larger and metropolitan universities. A similar plan has been entertained with regard to the gymnasia, robbing Tübingen for the profit of Stuttgart, etc. These radical measures have of course their opponents as well as supporters; and aside from the disturbance of ancient establishments and the relegation of the small university towns to insignificance, it would at first sight seem that the denser the population became, and the greater the wealth and intelligence of the country, the more need would there be of the universities already existing. On the other hand, a sparsely settled country like ours would be judged incapable of sustaining many first-rate universities, and might wisely throw all its strength into two or three, while waiting for a fuller growth and a diffusion of capital.

The eminent statesman, Robert von Mohl, has, in his latest work, argued the cause of the small universities, and decides in favor of retaining them, in spite of the manifest evils which they breed. But his objections to both large and small are not of universal application, and are, for our purpose, too much taken from a political point of view. Some of them relate to the comparative temptations for young men of town and country, and the easy discipline of the metropolis, in which the student caste is swallowed up, and there is no time nor occasion for those corrupting societies which, in the small towns, produce a disheartening swarm of beer-swilling, duelling good-for-nothings. His strongest argument is one which in this country will sound comical; and that is, that the professor, once transferred from his obscure post at a small university to the capital, becomes an aspirant for public office, and is liable to be taken into the government, to the destruction of his usefulness as teacher. Finally, in all the universities he complains of the want of some medium between the lecture and the student's note-book—"Mangel einer Vermittelung des Lehrvortrags vom Katheder mit dem Verständniss des einzeln Studirenden." As this connection is rendered impracticable by a very large attendance, such as would result from the overflow of the small universities into the greater, it is of course an argument in favor of the former. But this also does not wholly meet our case, because our colleges are a mixture of the gymnasium and the university, and thus answer best, it may be, the peculiar needs of our national development.

Whatever the distress of Harvard and Yale may indicate as regards the East, in this State and in Pennsylvania one could easily prove that the colleges are too numerous, and have greatly hindered the progress of high

culture, while in the States farther West there is, we may say—remembering President Sturtevant's persistency on this subject—almost hourly complaint of the same misfortune. Apropos of a recent resolution, by a Convention of Colleges, at Columbus, Ohio, to dispense with Greek as a condition of matriculation, the Cincinnati *Gazette* declares that this was simply a bid for patronage, and the cause of it the fact "that there are in Ohio at least four times as many schools claiming to be colleges, or universities, as the necessities of the people demand or can be sustained." In this struggle for life, the standards both of admission and of scholarship tend constantly to be lowered; no college is "willing" to be sacrificed, and so they mutually agree to be somewhat less colleges and somewhat more high schools or academies, in the expectation of obtaining additional, although inferior, students." The poorer colleges thus drag down the better, and the evil consequences "extend downward through all grades of schools within the region of country from which the students of these colleges come. The college is at the top of our school system, and it determines the standard and aim of all the schools which are tributary to it. The less the college requires, the less the academy and high school need supply." And the writer concludes that the colleges of Ohio, having ceased from the pretence of emulating those on the seaboard, have "leagued themselves together in a petty conspiracy to defraud academies of their senior class."

How this tendency appears to a foreign observer may be learned from the inaugural address of President McCosh, at Princeton, last October:

"I believe that excessive multiplication of small and ill-sustained colleges in a district may be an enormous evil. In these days of rapid locomotion, it is of little moment to a student whether he have to go ten or twenty miles to a college, one hundred miles or five hundred. I believe that there is always more of stimulus, more of life, less of conceit, less of narrowness, of sectarianism, of knottiness, in large classes and large colleges than in small ones. Care should certainly be taken that, in the excessive competition, the food do not become adulterated; that the new colleges do not drag down the old till all sink to a Dead Sea level. We should rather strive that the old be bringing up the new to a higher standard; and that we have a number of colleges thoroughly equipped by able men, by extensive apparatus, and by chairs for teaching every high branch of literature and science. We must not yield to the temptation, to which we are exposed, of sending unripe fruit into the market; or, to vary the metaphor, of resting contented with *lumber* fabrics."

These are wise words, and they deserve to be weighed, especially at a time when it is the fashion—and a very honorable one—for rich men to found academies and colleges in their latter years or by testament; when colleges are founded exclusively for the education of women, and others for the joint education of the sexes; and when the spirit of sectarianism North and, in a wide field, at the South is fruitful in mushroom establishments having the ambition to be colleges. It would be unjust not to allow worthy motives in their founders, or to overlook some positive advantages that may come out of them. Scattered through the country, they serve, possibly, as breakwaters to the steady rush towards the cities which the present age is witnessing in every civilized state. They may elevate the standard of education in their neighborhood. They attract—especially the sectarian colleges—endowments that might not otherwise have been devoted to education, and which their very feebleness elicits, when stronger institutions would have been neglected on the ground of needing no aid. By furnishing a supply, they may create a local desire for liberal education which would not have been evoked by more distant colleges. But, on the other hand, they work much mischief. Started in close vicinity to others already in operation, they inevitably draw off students from the latter, while the chances are, that the instruction they can afford is much below the average of that given elsewhere. This is offset by making easier the terms of admission and the course of study; in time compelling their rivals, for want of patronage, to descend to their level and become still more exposed to similar reductions. Nevertheless, whether assuming the name or not of university, all strive to become such, or are willing to become such, even with the certainty of being imperfect and inefficient, and of crippling at the same time the really possible universities—which are not many. Renan has said that the university conquered at Sadowa; yet in Europe the university has greatly declined in importance, both intellectual and political, for manifest reasons. Here, on the contrary, the university is only in the beginning of its usefulness; and while struggling against the materialism of a youthful and still pioneer population, and against a certain slightly contemptuous public sentiment, it needs a rich and prompt development in all its parts in order to accomplish its high mission, and justify itself to all who support as well as all who oppose it.

Whether there should be a university in every State might easily be settled on abstract grounds; but it is likely that each State will feel a jealousy on this point which may save us the need of an argument. Rhode Island would hardly abandon Brown University for either Harvard or Yale, though it is outranked by both and probably will ever be; and though other considerations might prevail, theology would prevent a fusion in many instances where it is still held to be possible to have a sectarian university. As to two or more universities in a single State, we think there should be no doubt: the present condition of Yale and Harvard, neither being dependent on local patronage, is an irrefutable argument against such a duplication. And this being granted, it follows that as many colleges as exist within the same State should have no higher ambition, and should discountenance any wish to have them or attempt to make them universities, or anything more than the best of their kind. This abnegation would be no ultimate loss. Testators would respect it, and be content to augment old endowments in place of founding new ones; while a general agreement on the part of the colleges to decline inappropriate gifts in favor of the university, might lead to the success of the very sensible project which would unite all State colleges as equal members and tributaries of the university. It would perhaps be found that such an arrangement was the one best adapted to the spirit of our Government, allowing the State as a whole to produce the purest specimens of its citizenship, and the parts of the State to contribute each its individual character to the common product. The highest advantage is reached in a Federal Government, when each separate commonwealth brings to it the ripest expression of its progressive development.

We conclude, therefore, without by any means concluding our subject, that the duty of States is, as between universities of some standing and colleges straining to be universities, to foster the former only; as between two or more universities, or several colleges, to foster the stronger, giving to that which hath rather than to that which hath not. The duty of individuals is not different, except to abstain from founding colleges or universities, or even academies, where they can help it. We do not believe there was ever an academy thus erected that did not have beside it a primary or grammar school which had much better have been strengthened or—what is a much more general need—rendered decent and wholesome. And we would counsel the rich who appreciate the importance of popular education, and are sincerely desirous of doing something for it, to spend their money twice on an established school to once in starting a new one; to help the common schools before the academies, and the university before the colleges (except as colleges); to macadamize roads as an equivalent for founding a superfluous academy, or high school, or college; and to contend against the centralizing influences of the city by bestowing public libraries and reading-rooms on their native towns. Finally, as a substitute for an endowment that cannot stand on its own legs, or for a college that would be better without legs, let them found scholarships, subject to examinations, that shall make it possible for the most remote dweller from the college or the university to obtain education as easily as if he were next door to them.

Correspondence.

GENERAL GRANT'S APPOINTMENTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your article upon the Cabinet this week hints in very mild language that which, for General Grant's own good and for the interests of the country, needs to be plainly stated. The President has made a great mistake, and is following it up with a series of mistakes which, if persisted in, will involve him in difficulties and disasters.

Neither Grant nor any other man knows enough to manage this Government without advice. It was very well for Grant to keep out of the ordinary struggle for Cabinet places; but the total failure of his first arrangement has shown that he needed the counsel of a few well-chosen persons upon that subject.

The mistake about Mr. Stewart's appointment is only one error among more serious ones. The nomination of Mr. Stewart the day after he had presented General Grant with a check for $65,000, for a house given to him by a number of gentlemen, of whom Mr. Stewart was one, was very *mal apropos*. The appointment of Mr. Borie, who subscribed to the purchase of a house for General Grant in Philadelphia, is open to similar comment. The appointment of Mr. Washburne to the State Department was a compliment that could only have made him ridiculous, if he had not been sensible enough to ask for a change which, while it will put him in a place

for which he is marvellously ill-fitted, will not make him so conspicuously absurd as he would be in the State Department.

The appointment of Mr. Boutwell to the Treasury is a politician's choice. He is a very weak though well-meaning man. His administration of the Internal Revenue Bureau was a failure; and the most flagrant corruptions grew up in the system under his eye, and without any attempt on his part to remedy them. Indeed, the revenue officers in this vicinity, when detected by his successor in charging their assistants with fees for their places, and drawing salaries for their wives' and sisters' pretended services as clerks, did not hesitate to refer to Mr. Boutwell as having given his sanction to these petty swindles, and I have understood that this plea saved them from removal.

What we have thus far seen of the disposition of minor offices is not encouraging. General Grant's avowed determination to bestow a number of valuable offices upon his personal friends is not wise or just, and will necessitate compromises with other men having personal friends, and power to support them, in which the public interest will suffer. And it is with some curiosity that I ask whether Mr. Montgomery Gibbs is one of Grant's personal friends; for I see him among the early favorites for a fat office. Binckley was a poor specimen of Presidential favorites, but Gibbs will make the memory of Binckley honorable. Indeed, I do that honest, though very incapable, gentleman sore injustice in putting his name and Gibbs's together.

I am sorry to speak thus, for I had hoped better things of Grant. Some one must speak, however, while there is time to correct these errors; and while I ask no editorial endorsement of my views, I have a right to refer to you as able to assure your readers that these views are held by one who is not only no office-seeker, but who could not afford to take any office, and whose interest is only that of every honest CITIZEN.

NEW YORK, March 12.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Integrity" misstates a proposition in his attempt to make it more simple.

It is admitted that many of our countrymen are in favor of accepting the English theories and precedents of neutrality; of paying our own ship-owners for losses occasioned by Anglo-Confederate piracy, closing the door of negotiation, and, by a gigantic reprisal of American ship-owners upon British commerce, at some future opportunity, of compensating American commerce for the fears and injuries of the past. He joins no issue upon this.

But to pervert this proposition into another, that the citizens of the United States should go into the *privateering* business, *the Government winking at their occupation*, is not the part of intelligent integrity. To supply ships to a recognized belligerent in spite of the efforts of a government, to privateer under its commissions, and to privateer with its connivance, are three different things. Neither our privateering, nor any governmental breach of the neutrality laws, need be assumed by the statement of "America." English precedents fully justify a premature recognition of belligerency, and may excuse the most fatal honest delay in determining the neutrality of any procedure which involves the right of our citizens to pursue their industrial and commercial occupations.

To reiterate, England may be assured that a large number of Americans, weary of her bad faith, quibbles, and delay, are prepared for exact retaliation, and ready to do, delay, permit, obstruct, foster, and abet belligerents against England, precisely as she delayed, permitted, obstructed, fostered, and abetted the proceedings of Mr. Laird.

Whatever of official or private wrong she did, unless she will make frank and free reparation to the direct sufferers, who are a very small representation of the vast injury done, few persons—except our own rebels, the sympathizers with them as wayward sisters, the blockade-runners of Nassau, the friends of British interests, weak-kneed enthusiasts for non-resistance, the purchasers of *Alabama* claims at a discount, who fear Congressional discrimination against usurious assignees, and men who, like "Integrity," misunderstand a statement—are likely very poignantly to regret some grand national occasion, in the far future, of meting out to England the exact measure of neutrality that she meted out to us. A recompense born of British fears, and which, by scaring British commerce from the seas, should transfer the cruel gains of England to the vastly injured commerce of America, would be deemed by many Americans of integrity a national compensation worth half a century of patience. Whether it comes by an open issue of American letters of marque, or by giving a maritime status to the Fenian cruisers of a recognized belligerent, no duplicity is to be imputed to our Government. Belligerency once recognized, the whole detective force of the United States cannot prevent the hostile use of American ships by the wearied holders of *Alabama* claims.

It is not the part of integrity to misstate "America's" position, and present this wearied attitude as that of refusing an adequate proffered legal compensation. England has never proffered it.

Bis dat qui cito dat, said the Roman proverb. He pays twice who pays quickly. And a frank atonement from England for her wrong would have been accepted with a friendly disposition to condone the irreparable injury. Hope deferred has made the heart sick; and many Americans are ready to say to England, unless she at once acts like the gallant old England of the first Lord St.Germain's times and temper: "We were strong and you hated us; we became weak, and you insulted and assailed us as the 'late United States of America.' You prematurely recognized our rebels, who by your own precedents in regard to Rochelle were your enemies on land and your pirates at sea, because they were such to us, a friendly power. Your hasty act of unfriendliness gave a maritime status to pirates and encouraged blockade running, prolonged a disastrous war, filled our homes with a hundred thousand more of dead, swept our commerce from the seas, and brought our flag under the deep humiliation of seeking British cover to avoid corsairs that your own loudly-cheered member of Parliament had built. We were too much oppressed by a gigantic rebellion to do more than protest against your wrong doing. It might have been 'manly' and 'chivalric' to add you to our open enemies at your strongest, and our weakest hours. But this nation knew too much of war to court defeat. We are not a nation of fools. 'One war at a time,' said Lincoln. It might be Christian to turn our unsmitten cheek to the rough British hand. But the sermon on the mount prescribes a rule of forgiveness applicable to individuals, not to nations, and one incompatible with the maintenance of a flag for a single hour—a nation must repel insult and avenge injury, or die. We had to stifle our open resentment of your mercenary, cowardly, agonizing wrong. Even now, loaded with debt, smarting with the unhealed wounds of war, we should deem ourselves improvident to present a hostile *ultimatum* to Great Britain. But you have done us a grand pecuniary wrong; and at some time, sooner or later, during our national life, you must atone for it. We have filed our claims; you have entered every plea of denial, justification, set off, and delay, known to the most higgling debtors or trespasser in a petty court. The sufferers by your depredations are weary and poor. Their claims are thrown on the market, and bought at a sacrifice by men whose integrity revolts at anything but the speediest and most noiseless reimbursement on your own terms. But the country, having no interest in these speculations, and deeply injured in its great progress, is weary of negotiation; and a large part of it is ready to tax itself to pay the men whom you have ruined.

"Of course we 'hold Great Britain responsible,' but we require time to recuperate from one tremendous war; and Americans do not desire to read the history of the decline and fall of the British Empire. Immortal in all the traditions of individual and national glory, she will be respected by us, even in her avaricious old age, as a great friendly power, but one winking at our destruction. If Ireland should revolt, we will sympathize with 'the late United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' Ministers of England, our citizens may forgive, but will never forget your cabinet views of neutral obligations; your slow ideas of despatch in business, where the just rights of envied nations are involved; your own reverence for red tape in cases where neither Fenians nor Chartists are concerned; your own tenderness as to the sacred civil liberties of commercial and ship-building citizens; and we will certainly stop our procedure when we see no British Merchant vessel on the sea, and learn from our own returning ships of commerce that you are confined, like Napoleon, to an island. Our Government will be more honest than you. God grant that it may honestly try to prevent the thirty millions of our citizens from selling *Alabamas* and *Sumters* to your recognized belligerents! And God knows that it will honestly fail!

"Perhaps this shadowy fear of American improvement on your precedents may secure the peace of the world, preserve grand old England from some warlike experiment fatal to her existence as the bulwark of Christian civilization, and secure to our posterity, through half a century of industrial peace, the best reparation that insolent Great Britain can give to cruelly injured AMERICA."

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. T. Ellwood Zell announces two essays, by Mr. James Mott, on "Education" and on "Civil Government."——Messrs. John E. Potter & Co. announce a compilation, by the Rev. Mr. S. Pollock, entitled "Living Thoughts of Leading Thinkers"—a work that might be made a good one. ——Mr. P. Donahoe announces a translation of Mgr. Dupanloup's "Studious Woman," and a fourth edition (of 10,000 each) of a translation of Mgr Segur's "Plain Talks."——Whoever read in *Harper's Magazine*, of a year or two ago, the clever and funny "Dodge Club, or Italy in MDCCCLIX.," will be pleased to learn that it is to appear in book form. The Harpers publish it, and the author is Mr. James De Mille, who, we believe, is a Nova Scotian. He is an amusing magazinist, wherever he was born.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt—who announce themselves as the authorized American publishers of Auerbach's novels—have in press, and in a few days will publish, the first part of "The Villa on the Rhine." There will be two editions of it: one in four volumes of the size of the Tauchnitz books, and in similar paper covers; the other in two cloth bound volumes, uniform with Messrs. Roberts Brothers' edition of "On the Heights." The same house will publish Mr. Sutherland Edwards's "Life of Rossini"—a book of which the author says that it was not put together at the news of the maestro's death, but has occupied his attention for years. Another book that Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt add to the growing list of books relating to musical composers is "Meyerbeer's Letters," collected by his widow. They announce also a new novel, "Synnöve Solbakken," by that true and very charming genius, the Norwegian, Björnstjerne Björnson—good news for all who have been delighted with the poetry and pathos of "Arne" and "The Fisher Maiden."——The Catholic Publication Society will publish Guizot's "Las Casas," "St. Francis de Sales," and other biographical studies, and Lady Herbert's "Impressions of Spain," a work which with valor, if not with discretion, says good words for Isabella, Father Claret, Sor Patrocinio, and the rest of the Spanish exiles. ——Mr. Loring announces a new war story, by Mr. Justin Jones, which, since Mr. Loring is the publisher, may very likely be better than its title, which is "Virginia Graham, the Spy of the Grand Army." The same gentleman will issue Miss Thackeray's "From an Island," and a work by another lady whom, perhaps, we need not be so glad to meet—"The Girls of Feversham," by Miss Marryat.——Littell & Gay publish a volume composed of the essays on the prominent figures of the reign of George the Second, which have been appearing, to the number of a dozen or more, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and some of which have already appeared in the *Living Age*. They deal with Walpole, Queen Caroline, Chesterfield, Commodore Anson, Pope, John Wesley, Lady Wortley Montagu, and other famous people of a very interesting though inglorious era, and without being essays of the first rank, whether regarded as critical or historical, or even of the second, they are, nevertheless, pleasant reading; will freshen one's old knowledge of these subjects; will give almost every one some new knowledge, the most of which will be accurate, and now and again will throw a flash of real light into dark places.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers announce "Historic Nine-pins," by Mr. John Timbs; the "'Bab' Ballads," which first appeared in *Fun;* they are by Mr. William S. Gilbert; a continuation of Miss Alcott's "Little Women"—a pleasing little book, and one which has had a real success—not merely a success in wild newspaper stories about the number of copies sold; Eugene Peon's "Life of Thorwaldsen," translated by Miss Luyster; and a republication of an English book, by Miss Mary Ann Kelty, entitled "The Solace of a Solitaire: a Record of Facts and Fancies." Messrs. Roberts Brothers, as some of our readers are aware, are publishing (in a double-columned octavo pamphlet) an edition of Auerbach's new novel. They call it "Villa Eden: the Country House on the Rhine." The novel will be complete in four or more parts, and the first part has already appeared.

—If Mr. Walsh, of Philadelphia, who made such an onslaught on the Edinburgh reviewers were still among us—or Mr. J. K. Paulding, or almost any American of the old days of the famous query about the readers of American books—from one part of the *Saturday Review*, if from no more, they would get a sacred pleasure. It is in the columns of advertisements.

"American Books.—A copy of the Monthly Bulletin of American Books imported by Sampson Low & Co. will be forwarded to any address for one year on receipt of Twelve Postage Stamps, or a single number on request. Orders for works not in stock supplied in six weeks. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston, English, American, and Colonial Booksellers and Publishers, Crown Buildings, 188 Fleet Street."

—All friends of learning in America, who recognize the truth that however admirable an educational system may be it usually is of the first importance that there should be an admirable man behind it, will be pleased with a paper now in circulation in the proper quarters which deals with the question of the presidency of Harvard College. It is entitled "Draught of a Statement of Views Relating to Harvard College, in the Form of a Memorial to the Governing Boards." The time has now come, the writer says, for making some important changes in the constitution of the College. Within the last fifteen years there have been changes of importance, and all in the right direction: such are the introduction of the system of written examinations; the distribution of honors and rewards according to a more definite standard than formerly obtained; the great increase in the amount of personal instruction given by many of the professors; the diminished weight allowed to "marks" for the performance of daily tasks; the great extension of the elective system, under which the student has some voice in the choice of his intellectual pursuits; the distinction now made between the ordinary degree of Bachelor of Arts and the degree with honors; the provision for the award of special honors for distinguished excellence in certain groups of studies, and the opportunity now offered for the scientific study of English and the thorough study of French, Italian, and German. But these changes are mainly changes of detail; they make an excellent college, one at any rate excellent in comparison with the college of twenty years ago, but they do not give us something that the country begins to demand, and will get from some other source if Harvard denies it—"something in which an excellent college will be included—the American University," in the government of which the principle shall be admitted and acted upon that the business of the college is not with a limited curriculum, but with the whole field of intellectual culture, so that all may resort to it—"and for the best use of their time must resort to it"—who desire to lay deep the foundations of their knowledge, no matter to what field of literature, science, philosophy, or art their leading aims may be directed, and no matter how decidedly, even narrowly, they may be so directed. Once make Harvard such a nursery of culture as this description indicates, and it is probable, the writer believes, that there would be no need of soliciting "pecuniary contributions." But to make her so it is absolutely necessary that now, at this time of change, the reins of government should not fall into the hands of men who have but little sympathy with the modern elements that have been introduced. "To appoint to the presidency," the writer vigorously says, "any one who can be suspected of a tendency to favor the party of reaction, or any one who could allow the substitution of learning lessons by rote for the higher scholarship which is too slowly working its way within the walls of Harvard, or who would be likely in any way to magnify the lower functions of the college at the expense of the higher, would be a great public wrong. The new president must be one who is prepared to take up the question now impending at Cambridge fairly, soberly, and practically, but in the interests of the liberal tendency. And his liberal position must be recognized by that large body of men, within the college and without, who are themselves the well-known adherents of the reform movement." The appointing powers are therefore to be begged not to fill the office of president till they can put into it some man who can command the general confidence of the friends of learning, and "especially who, either by national reputation, known ability, and liberal principles," or else—and we find ourselves inclining to this second sort of future president—"one who by the strength and zeal which belong to the prime of life will attract the support of that younger generation on whose active interest the prosperity of the college for the next twenty years must largely rest." Doubtless a "national reputation" is a good thing for a college-president to have, and he is none the worse for having a pleasant manner and a good social position; but the main thing is, that he be a man of learning, of wide intellectual sympathies—and this is of more importance than the mere weight of his learning—of masculine judgment, and a true believer in the University system of education for young men more than twenty years old, as distinguished from the high school system. Unless some such man is found, we shall see the practical schools and the German universities taking more and more of our American young men—or, at all events, we shall not see Harvard preventing such a state of things.

—It is well known that Columbus did not discover America; that a dozen people before Fulton's time invented steamboats; that Morton was the inventor of ether and Jackson was not; that Jackson invented ether, and Morton had nothing to do with it; that Faust and Guttenburg's invention of printing was an old story thousands of years before they were born—that, in short, nobody really ever did anything that the world gives him credit for doing, but always, if the truth is sought for carefully, it turns

out that quite another person is the person who really did the thing. It is not surprising then to hear that the first conflict between our forefathers and the British soldiery which resulted in the shedding of blood did not take place, as the school-books say, at Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775. Nor did it take place, as some Bostonians vainly imagine, in King Street, in Boston, on the 5th of March, 1770. Nor yet, as the Vermonters say, and as they set down in their authorized History of their State, at Westminster, in Windham County, on the 13th of March, 1775. Nor yet again can the claim of the North Carolinians be allowed, that in Alamance County, in their State, on the 16th of May, 1771, there was a battle between the so-called "Regulators" and the royal troops, commanded by Governor Tryon, who had oppressed the hardy farmers. "The first blood shed in defence of the natural and legal rights of the colonists in the great struggle known in history as the American Revolution" was shed, says Mr. Henry B. Dawson, in the Battle of Golden Hill, fought here in New York city, on the 19th of January, 1770. Golden Hill is the old name of a declivity in John Street near Pearl Street, and there, on the day above mentioned, the citizens, aided by some sailors and armed with sticks and "sleigh rungs"—whatever they are—had a street fight with a party of soldiers, who, using their side-arms, spilled some blood and had some of their own spilled. No one was killed; but locally the fight was called the Battle of Golden Hill; and Mr. Dawson, on whom all praises of Massachusetts have a most irritating effect, is determined that, so far as he has any power, history shall no longer honor King Street or Lexington. It will be seen by the passage we have quoted, that he gives a sort of definition of "the first battle of the Revolution." Now in King Street, he says what happened was, that a sentry on duty being insulted by a mob, the main guard was turned out to support him, and the "Boston Massacre" that ensued he evidently looks upon as a justifiable exercise of power by the legal guardians of the public peace, and one that on the whole we should be rather glad of. He cites the acquittal of the soldiers when put on trial as being a conclusive proof that they were not blameworthy. At Lexington, again, the collision between the troops and the people had not the right character to justify its claim to honor. The soldiery were on a legal errand, and were lawlessly attacked. More than that, he declares the "minute men" at once dispersed. This is obviously the argumentation of a man who lets his feelings blind him. The story of Concord Bridge and the roadside fighting—preceded by the collection of war material in Concord village and the organization of militia—is not to be dismissed as the story of a mere riot. For the Battle of the Alamance, something is to be said; it grew out of the same spirit that animated the men who mark the Revolution: the "Regulators" were vindicating local as opposed to royal authority, and were meeting tyranny as much as ever Washington was; but their action was of a local character and did not spread, it was a premonitory sign of the Revolutionary war, but is hardly to be considered as a part of its history. So too, and more emphatically, of the street fight in John Street, to which Mr. Dawson seeks to give such magnificent proportions. The citizens were extremely angry—as the Boston people were—with the soldiers stationed amongst them; and the Provincial assembly paid their charges—as the Massachusetts assembly did—with a very bad grace; and there were constant fights between civilians and soldiers, here as in Boston, and the opposition to the presence of the troops always and everywhere proceeded from the same motive. But for all that, the Battle of Golden Hill is not a part of the definitive history of the American Revolution. It came too soon, it was not big enough when it did come, and it came on too small a cause. The protest necessary to be made—which Mr. Dawson makes—against a tendency observable in the New Englanders to make perhaps a little too much of their early history, is one that we like to see made. Mr. Dawson has plenty of knowledge and ability to make it well, and to do very good service; but his bitterness is a great drawback to his usefulness.

—Number four of the fourth volume of the admirable *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* contains a somewhat Germanized portrait of the late lamented Sir Charles Eastlake, accompanied by an interesting sketch of his character and career by one who for ten years had familiar access to him. The writer announces that the artist's widow has completed for publication the unfinished second volume of her husband's "Materials for a History of Oil-Paintings" (Vol. I. was published in 1848), and will also print selections from several elaborated essays found among his papers, partly technical, partly concerning the philosophy of the æsthetic in art—like his "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts." The well-known art-critic, W. Bürger, describes Rembrandt's family picture in the Brunswick Gallery, one of his latest and best works, though little known, and till last year supposed to represent the painter's own family. The mother in this picture, and the Venus in the "Venus and Cupid" of the Louvre, appear to have been drawn after the same person. The text is illustrated by an unusually fine etching, by Wm. Unger, from the original painting, and is said to be the first copy ever published. Scarcely less fine in its way is the lithograph of a casque of Charles V. preserved in the armory of the Royal Artillery Arsenal Museum at Vienna. This casque, with the exception of the cheek-plates, consists of a single piece of iron, and is ornamented in relief with subjects taken from the Æneïd. In the supplements to the *Zeitschrift*, there is a great deal of entertaining reading,—correspondence, etc.—of which we may signalize the article which considers a bill now in the hands of a committee of the North German Parliament, to protect artists in the ownership of their ideas. The measure as submitted was very sweeping in its provisions, and if passed would cause consternation in the picture trade. As it is likely to be modified, however, we omit further account of it here. Among the art news we see it stated that Joseph Albert, photographer to the Count of Bavaria, has discovered a mode of producing positive pictures without the intervention of sunlight, and of course directly upon the card. While waiting for this invention to "develop"—to use the language of the profession—we are glad to learn that the Arundel Society has determined, for the people's sake, to photograph its entire series of art reproductions at one-fifth of their original size. They will be issued in quarterly parts (five in all, probably), at a guinea a part.

—In our last notice of this art-journal we spoke of a forthcoming pamphlet by August Glaeser, Secretary of the United States Consul-General at Frankfort, which promised to contain a "translation of Mr. Sumner's speech in opposition to Miss Vinnie Ream's pretensions, together with sketches of American artists of both sexes." We have since received this pamphlet, which does not, however, quite meet our expectations. In the first place, only those artists are treated of whose names were mentioned by Mr. Sumner, and then Mr. Glaeser has simply translated their biographies from the *New American Cyclopædia*, so that, as in the case of Story, for example, we do not get the latest intelligence. Even Mr. Sumner's life is a translation from the same source, with a very slight interpolation. Of independent knowledge or critical judgment we get nothing. An appendix gives the list of art-exhibitors from this country at the Paris exposition. The pamphlet is called "Das Lincoln-Monument," and we are reminded by it to say that the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Zeitschrift* speaks of a spirited statuette of Mr. Lincoln by Mehnert, at the art-exhibition in that city. Of Russian pictorial art the same correspondent says in a word that it is either realistic to the last degree or else melancholy in sentiment; and the instances of the latter which he cites appear to have a very immediate connection with the social life of the Russian people.

PROFESSOR PORTER'S "HUMAN INTELLECT."*

The Rev. Dr. Porter, of Yale College, has published an important work upon that branch of psychology which relates to the faculties of cognition. Whatever be the judgment pronounced upon this treatise, no man can withhold his respect for the self-denying labor, both in the way of study and of composition, which has been devoted to its production. The size of the book is something stupendous. It is a large octavo of nearly seven hundred pages (printed, we regret to say, upon that harsh, cottony paper in which New York publishers seem to delight), in three sizes of print, of which the largest would not be unusual for a duodecimo while the smallest is painful to read. The work is designed primarily for a text-book, and the part in the largest type "is somewhat technically phrased and formally propounded in order that it may be learned more readily for the examinations of the class-room." But as the philosophical world was also to be addressed and the discussion must accordingly be carried in many places beyond the depth of learners, and inasmuch also as the author wisely thought it well to put more information into the hands of his scholars than they were to be positively required to master, the book has been more than doubled by the addition of matter in two sizes of small print, that in the middle-sized type being suitable for general students, and that in the smallest consisting chiefly of historical and critical notices.

General readers in metaphysics will hardly find the book to their taste. The appearance of it is not inviting; the type is too small, the volume too large, and the paper disagreeable. A style studiously technical and formal, even if it were not stiff and awkward and of a magisterial tone, would not attract them. Nor is a compendium of 699 numbered sections, with scarcely any unity of conception developing through them all, precisely what such readers desire. But it is admirably fitted for a college text-book. The formal and bald manner in which the arguments on either side are laid down is eminently adapted to nourish the logical power of the student. Great pains have been taken to give a full and rigidly precise ac-

* "The Human Intellect; with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D.D., Clarke Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. 8vo, pp. 673.

count of the meaning of the principal terms employed, thus inculcating one of the most essential requisites for accurate thinking upon abstract subjects. The author's talent for explaining words is well illustrated in the chapter upon consciousness. He shows somewhat more favor to modern German terminology than we should approve. For example, "sense-perception," instead of external perception, seems to us to have little to recommend it. The scholastic terminology forms a system at once precise and elastic. New terms can be constructed in accordance with the principles of it which may be understood by any one who is acquainted with these principles. This system, together with the accretions which it received in the seventeenth century, has the character of a somewhat obsolete but yet universal language; it is not confined to the philosophers of any particular nation, but is equally the possession of all. It is the basis of the actual English terminology, and has even passed in great degree into ordinary English speech. The modern German terminology, on the other hand, is unsettled and unsystematic; most of its single words correspond precisely to no single English words, and its method of compounding them is foreign to our conceptions of grammar. For these reasons, we think that the basis of English terminology should be allowed to remain as it actually is, scholastic; and certainly no one who favors a movement in the direction of Aristotelianism, as Dr. Porter partly does, should oppose this position. But once admit that such should be the basis of our terminology, and no doubt we should adhere to it consistently, except in cases in which it altogether fails us. In the present case it has not failed us. The phrase "external perception" would be quite intelligible to any educated person, even if it were a newly invented term. But in point of fact it is quite familiar both in English and in German. If it be objected that some persons believe in an external perception not through the senses, still Dr. Porter is not one of these; but even if it were judged proper to take account of that mystical and fictitious faculty, the term external sensuous perception might be adopted. Dr. Porter's using "representation" for imagination and memory appears to be another case of borrowing from the German. Representation is wanted in a general unpsychological sense, and as a psychological term it has already been used in two other senses besides that in which Dr. Porter takes it. Either "the representative faculty" or the "imagination" might have been employed advantageously in the last sense, as they were, in fact, by Hamilton. In using words cognate with "activity" we are inclined to suspect that Dr. Porter has been somewhat influenced by German usage, although we do not find that he anywhere defines any of these words, the ambiguity of which has often led writers into fallacies.

Another character of the work which makes it suitable for purposes of instruction is the impartiality with which the whole ground is gone over, no one or more faculties or phenomena being dwelt upon at such inordinate length as to encroach upon the space due to the others. The student will consequently receive the best armor against plausible theories which answer well for the facts that concern one mental process, but which may conflict with those that concern another. Another merit is that in the smaller type the student will generally find some notice of doctrines not contained in the text he is required to learn, and some references to the books in which those doctrines are maintained. Accordingly, when he has once become thoroughly familiar with this treatise by a year's study of it, it will always serve him as an invaluable index of reference in any further psychological studies which he may choose to pursue. We must not omit to say that the doctrines which it teaches are entirely conformable to orthodox theology, and quite free from any materialistic leanings. A young mind thoroughly imbued with Dr. Porter's teachings will be likely to get its philosophy so bound up with its religion that it cannot part with either unless it parts with the other.

The historical notices are full and valuable. They do not cover every important question, and in some places, as where psychology trends upon logic, are comparatively meagre; but some account is given of most of the more prominent discussions. These notices, considered as criticisms, will be thought by some to carry but little weight and to present no very noticeable characteristics. Considered as statements of fact, they are learned. The accounts of ancient opinions have evidently not been written without a study of the latest commentaries. In what relates to the history of the Scotch and English schools, even professed students of philosophy will find much that is fresh and instructive. The great defect of this part of the book is that, as a general rule, no account whatever is given of recent works, these being cited only by title. This omission detracts very seriously in some cases from the value of the book. Twenty-five pages of the finest print are devoted to an account of the various theories of perception without the least mention, except by title, of the writings of Fechner, Wundt, Trendelenburg, George, Lotze, and others, whose investigations may truly be said to be of more value than all the others put together.

Mediæval doctrines, which are seldom intelligibly treated, are not treated intelligibly here. The reader is for the most part expected to gather the opinions of the masters and doctors from single quoted sentences, which are often utterly meaningless or even misleading to those who have not given special attention to scholastic philosophy. Take for example the account of nominalism and realism on pages 405–407. What is a person not already acquainted with the subject to make of the statement that a certain master taught that a universal is "indifferenter" in all the singulars under it? How correct a notion is he likely to form of Abelard's doctrine from being told that he "*sermones* intuetur et ad illos detorquet quicquid alicubi de universalibus meminit scriptum"? Will he understand, as he should, that the *sermo* means a word actually in application by the mind as a predicate? Considering the historical importance of Roscellin, and considering the fact that, though an extreme nominalist, his doctrines were associated with those of Scotus Erigena, who was a sort of Platonistic idealist, is it quite sufficiently explaining his views to quote that sentence of Anselm's in which he is said to have thought that universal substances are the breath of the voice, that the wisdom of man is the soul, and that color is the colored body? It would have been easy to explain, first, that the *vox* was regarded by grammarians of that age as something incorporeal, because it is *produced* by the percussion of the palate and the air, but *is* not either, and because a natural motion cannot produce a new body, and also because the *vox* is in several ears at once, whereas a body can only be in one place at one time; that we have positive reason to think that Roscellin believed this; that, in the second place, reasoning (as we may suppose) like others in that age from such facts as that the same line which, when measured by one measure (a foot) is equal to *two*, when measured by another (an inch) is equal to *twenty-four*, and that the wall of a house is on the one hand a whole in itself and on the other a part of a house, he came to believe (as we are positively informed) that all mathematical relations—that is, all relations of parts and whole—exist not in the body itself, but only in the incorporeal words which may be applied to it; and that, thirdly, he thence inferred that those universal essences of things, genera and species, since they essentially have parts and are parts, themselves are not things, but incorporeal *voces*. Of any interruption in the course of the controversy between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries our author tells us nothing, although the discovery of all the works of Aristotle except the two short treatises already known, and of the writings of the Arabian commentators, had in the interval between Abelard and Albertus so changed the whole face of scholasticism that it is rarely indeed that any writer of the twelfth century except Peter Lombard and Gilbertus Porretanus is quoted at all in the thirteenth. The facts that Albertus had properly no opinion of his own and that that of St. Thomas was very vacillating (as was notorious in the fourteenth century) are not mentioned. Scotus's realism is said to be identical with that of these writers except as to the *hæccеity*; but the difference is more important. The Thomistic view was that of the two elements of the individual thing—that is to say, the matter and the form, or that which makes it to be, and that which makes it, if it is to be, to be *as* as it is—the form is always universal, the matter, or at least signate matter (this or that matter), is always singular. Their union is an individual, but it is a union in which the form is as such actually universal in itself. Scotus admitted that in the singular thing there is nothing actually universal; all generality results from a relation of reason. Nevertheless, when a general predicate is attached by the mind to a thing, the proposition so formed may be true, and since the *same* predicate may also be truly asserted of other things, it is true that there is something in the thing which, though actually contracted to the grade of singularity, is in its own nature not repugnant to being predicated of many. There is, then, a distinction between a predicate predicated of many and the singular forms in the several things by virtue of which the same general predicate is true. Yet since this general predicate *is* true, it really is in the several things, although it is there in the grade of singularity and identified with these singular forms. Thus there is a really, but only potentially, general form in the singular thing which yet in that thing in itself does not differ from the singular thing. This is the famous doctrine of formal distinctions, which is the central idea of the whole Scotistic philosophy. This formed also the very point of Occam's attack, for his whole notion of a reality was that of a thing which is in itself whatever it really is. This he was able to see must be something devoid of all quality and all relations. All qualities and relations, according to him, are *terms*, subjects and predicates of written, spoken, or thought propositions; and the qualities and relations of things can consist in noth-

ing except that the mind naturally applies to them such and such *terms*. Prof. Porter says the controversy came to a close early in the fourteenth century, but Occam did not die until 1347, and it certainly raged with the greatest fury after his death.

The Scotch school of philosophy, to which this work belongs, is too old a tree to bear good fruit. Its method consists in an appeal to consciousness—that is to say, to what all men know and know that they know (p. 113)—supported by some familiar facts and occasional anecdotes. Such a procedure is not wholly useless. The common sense of mankind has so little impulse to seek explanations of facts that it is hardly tempted to twist them, and he who busies himself with reproducing ordinary beliefs is free from so deep an absorption in laborious experiments and observations as to overlook what lies upon the surface. The great mistake of writers of this sort has been that they have had an ambition to be more than accurate describers of common beliefs and unanalyzed facts. That natural self-consciousness, when heightened by direct effort, becomes a scientific knowledge of the soul, is not the doctrine of modern psychology. This opinion is disappearing, and with it will probably disappear some of that morbid tendency to introspection, the prevalence of which justified the advice given by the editor of a magazine to a contributor, "Should you ever be drowned or hung, be sure and make a note of your sensations; they will be worth to you ten guineas a sheet." The efforts which Dr. Porter recommends, "to hope and fear again and again, simply that we may know more exactly how it seems or what it is to perform [*sic*] or experience these states," to say nothing of their double futility (for we cannot so hope and fear, and if we could it would teach us little of the essence of these emotions), are very unwholesome.

Within the Scottish school we should suppose that this book must take a very high rank. Indeed, as long as Mr. Mansel (even if he properly belongs to that school) produces nothing more, we do not see what living writer, unless it be Dr. McCosh, is to dispute with Dr. Porter the honor of the very first place. In the character of his genius and learning more like Dugald Stewart than any of the other *coryphæi* of that philosophy, Dr. Porter's relation to Scotch psychology is somewhat similar to that of Hamilton, inasmuch as he modifies the pure Scotch opinions by an admixture of the prevalent German views. As Hamilton treated high metaphysics upon modified Kantian principles, so Porter imports into the same branch of philosophy considerations which have been derived in large measure from the study of Trendelenburg. His metaphysic starts, as it ought, with a theory of inductive reasoning. He holds that the reason why an innumerable number of instances will not justify the inference that all swans are white, while a single instance would suffice to show that all men's heads are placed upon their shoulders, is because a failure of the latter induction, unlike a failure of the former, would be "entirely incompatible with the ideal of beauty and convenience to which we assume that nature would certainly conform." Since then the validity of induction rests upon certain assumptions of this sort, these assumptions are not themselves demonstrable either by induction or otherwise, but are original and self-evident truths. These intuitions are as follows: 1st, that an object is either substance or attribute; 2d, that objects originate by a causative energy; 3d, that objects are in space and time; 4th, that properties and laws which are known *indicate* and *signify* other properties and laws; 5th, that *nature adapts objects and powers to certain ends;* and 6th, that the *rational methods of the divine and human minds are similar*. These ultimate facts and relations are not learned by the ordinary processes of thought, imagination, and perception. They are "not *apprehended by*, but *involved in*, these processes," and must, therefore, be referred to a separate faculty. They are first apprehended in a concrete, not in an abstract, form. We do not set out with the universal belief that every event has a cause, but as we apprehend each separate object by perception or consciousness we apprehend it as caused. Such apprehension is a proposition, and from such propositions are derived the various concepts, substance and attribute, cause and effect, means and end, etc. These concepts being apprehended abstractly and compared with the processes of cognition are found to be essentially involved in them all. Finally, it is perceived that over against all objects of experience, as having these various relations of dependence, there must be some independent correlates upon which they depend. Thus all things being extended, there must be a space; in correlation with all things as being caused there must be a First Cause, etc. The whole argument upon this subject, which occupies some two hundred pages, is followed out with great ability. It will be perceived that this theory of intuition has a general resemblance to that of Dr. McCosh.

It is easy to see upon what side such a theory may expect attack. Its essence is that the process by which we attain our first knowledge of these fundamental ideas is essentially different from the other processes of the mind. Now, if it were shown that all the other mental processes, whether of cognition, emotion, or action, were essentially one, it would be hard to prevent men from believing that this process alone did not conform to their common formula. Accordingly, it is not surprising that we find throughout Dr. Porter's work a tendency to exaggerate the distinctions between the faculties and to overrate the importance of these distinctions, and to explain facts by the general supposition of a peculiar faculty even when such a supposition requires it to be as complex as the facts themselves, in order to explain them in detail. But though the reader of this book would scarcely suspect it, there is a movement which is steadily coming to a head towards identifying all the faculties. It is the motive of all sensualism, it is the latest mood of psycho-physical inquirers, and it is beginning to be consciously felt even in this country. If that doctrine should once be established, it would not avail Dr. Porter's theory that he had correctly answered the question why the inference that all men carry their heads upon their shoulders is so strong, because it would appear that the principle of design which effects this inference is only a derivative one, and that the only assumption which can enter into every induction is no assumption about the things reasoned upon at all. Dr. Porter's opinion is, that the assumptions involved in induction are the only basis of religion; but the only assumption which can be essentially involved in scientific inference is the assumption of the validity of scientific inference. But to make the validity of scientific inference the only possible basis of religion approaches very near to pure rationalism—a doctrine that is not in the interest of religion, because it subordinates religion to science. We are inclined to suspect that the metaphysician, whether spiritualist or materialist, is in this dilemma; either he must look upon his problems with the cold eye of science, and have no other feeling for the eternal interests of man than the curiosity with which he would examine a trilobite; and then, being in a state of mind essentially irreligious, he can arrive at no result that would really help religion, for at most he can only say to mortal man that it is most likely that there is a God, which is no assurance; or he must bring the feelings of a religious man into the inquiry, and then he is as incompetent to treat the problem as a physician is to judge of his own case. Can it possibly be, that the directest and most uncritical faith in the object which commands one's adoration—the faith of a little child—is the only actual motive to religion which there ever has been or ever will be, and that all reasonings *pro* or *con.* upon the fundamental proposition of religion must be entirely irrelevant and unsatisfactory?

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

THE author of "La Vie de Christophe Colomb," the Abbé Eugene Cadoret, was for many years a chaplain in the French navy, and appears, from his own statements, to have been attracted to the subject of his present work through tastes and associations partly maritime, partly ecclesiastical. He undertakes to prove that the clerical influences of Columbus's day, both Roman and Spanish, so far from being inimical to him and his projects were, on the contrary, decidedly and strongly in favor of them. M. Cadoret addresses himself more especially to the task of writing the biography of the discoverer than the history of the discovery. Consequently, the book gives us more of Spanish than of American incidents. One point in particular he essays to clear up from every possible doubt that could obscure it—a point affecting the morality and integrity of the great Genoese. It is the question of his marriage with his second wife, the mother of his son Fernando. Irving was partially and unwillingly led astray by Navarette on this subject; and Humboldt, with a levity of phrase ill-befitting him or his subject, gave additional currency to the false accusations against Columbus. M. Cadoret has produced a conscientious and interesting work. But we do not find that he has changed an opinion which we have long held—namely, that neither he, Robertson, Navarette, Muñoz, Napione, Spotoruo, Humboldt, Irving, the Marquis de Belloy, Count Rosselly de Lorgues, nor Mr. Arthur Helps has done the subject full justice. The life of Christopher Columbus is yet to be written. We trust it may yet be written, for the names are not very many that are more deserving than his of all that research, erudition, and talent can effect to place it fairly in the light of truth.

"Les Villes de Thuringe," by Edouard Humbert, is a handsome imperial octavo volume of 568 pages, on the Thuringian cities, Weimar, Erfurt, Jena, Gotha, Altenburg, Coburg, and Meiningen. The author appears to have devoted himself enthusiastically to the exploration not

* The books noticed may be had at F. W. Christern's, New York.

only of the great natural beauties that make picturesque Thuringia attractive to the tourist, but also to the resuscitation of the political, religious, military, and literary souvenirs that have all contributed to make Weimar, Erfurt, Gotha, and Jena special centres of attraction for the artist, the poet, and the historian. That M. Humbert should have made a large volume on such a subject is not surprising. He could as well have made five or six, so inexhaustible is the wealth of historical and literary associations, even those of the present century, not to mention those of the Middle Ages and the Thirty Years' War—France and Prussia at Jena, Napoleon at Erfurt, Talma playing to a pit full of kings, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller at Weimar, and the numberless illustrious men and women who made pilgrimages to Weimar as to a literary Mecca. First comes Bettina Brentano, "The house lies opposite the fountain: how deafening did the water sound to me! I ascended the simple staircase; in the hall stand statues that command silence: at least, I could not be loud in this sacred hall. All is friendly but solemn. In the rooms simplicity is at home. Ah! how inviting! 'Fear not,' said the modest walls, '*he* will come and will be—and more, he will not wish to be—as thou art,' and then the door opened, and there *he* stood, solemnly grave, and looked with fixed eyes upon me. I stretched my hands towards him—I believe. I soon lost all consciousness. Goethe caught me quickly to his heart. 'Poor child, have I frightened you?'" Then we have Heine. He says that Goethe had been compared to Jupiter. "Verily, when I visited him in Weimar, and stood in his presence, I involuntarily turned my eyes on one side, to see if the eagle, with the thunderbolts in his beak, were not attendant upon him. I was just on the point of addressing him in Greek, but when I perceived that he spoke German, I told him in that language, 'That the plums upon the road between Jena and Weimar had an excellent relish!' Many a long winter night had I thought with myself, how much that was lofty and profound I should say to Goethe, if ever I should see him; and, when at last I saw him, I told him that the Saxon plums were excellent!"

The "Révolutions de l'Espagne Contemporaine," by Charles de Mazade, is a work of solid merit. We recognize in its chapters a series of articles that from time to time, for some years past, have appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. They cover a period of fifteen years (1854 to 1868) and vividly relate the leading incidents and portray the principal personages of political Spain during that time. To those who are interested in the actual march of events in the existing Spanish revolution this book is more than desirable, inasmuch as it places them in possession of essential preliminary information not easily attainable elsewhere. From among the few passages that are of especial interest to Americans we cite the following: "During the long congressional session of 1859 (at Madrid) no accord could be obtained among the conflicting parties, except on such exterior questions as brought the national sentiment into play. When, at the commencement of that year, Mr. Buchanan's Presidential Message was promulgated, a message in which, with the cool daring (*tranquille hardiesse*) of a speculator accustomed to successful operations, he proposed to renew negotiations for the Island of Cuba, and gave a distant hint of the possibility of an appeal to the omnipotent law of force, the instinct of Spanish nationality burst forth in a spontaneous and unanimous expression both in the Senate and the House. All opinions and all grades of opinion enthusiastically rallied round the Government and presented an unbroken front of the union of every shade of patriotism against the audacious projects of the American Republic." The interesting episode of the Spanish war with Morocco and the question of the Dominican Republic are clearly presented, and the leading celebrities of Spain—Bravo Murillo, Espartero, Martinez de la Rosa, Narvaez, O'Donnell, Salazar Pacheco, General Prim, and others, are well portrayed.

The "Histoire de la Justice Criminelle au Seizième Siècle," by Alberic Allard, is a learned, thorough, and exhaustive work. A prize for the best treatise on the criminal law and practice of the sixteenth century, offered by the French Academy of Sciences, was awarded to the author of this work. It presents the condition of criminal law and legislation in France, Italy, and Germany during the sixteenth century, and the results of profound study of the works of the best writers on criminal jurisprudence for the same period. The fifth chapter, "De la Question," is particularly full and interesting. It shows the extent to which the use of torture as a means of eliciting testimony was recognized by all codes and systems of the jurisprudence of that day. Universally recognized, and universally practised, its employment was not the special cruelty or tyranny of this or that ruler, but the cruelty and tyranny of the age. It is for the want of such knowledge as this work gives that so many modern writers of history have taken such very false views of the men and events with which they had to deal.

"La Poésie," by Paul Albert, consists of twenty-one lectures on poetry upon a method well conceived and well carried out. Epic, lyric, dramatic, and satiric poetry are treated of, and the author gives explanations of their principles and illustrations of their history and beauties. The book is an excellent one for the advanced student.

The "Anémie des Grandes Villes et des Gens du Monde," by Dr. Raoul le Roy, is a treatise on a very important if not a new subject for able medical pens. Dr. Bourguignon's treatise, "Malaria Urbana," is well known to the profession, as also the "Cachexie Urbaine" of Dr. Bertillon. This anemia, although clearly recognized by the faculty, is somewhat difficult to define except by the descriptive title "Malaria Urbana." It is the modern disease resulting from city life, the special ailment of high civilization in temperate climates. Accompanied by negative manifestations, without febrile symptoms, allowing its victims entire liberty of movement, encouraged and kept alive by the ordinary incidents of city life, it is a disease whose presence is almost unsuspected until, suddenly, its subject becomes alarmed at the fatigue resulting from trifling physical efforts, even that of a short walk. Then follow violent palpitations of the heart at the slightest unlooked-for noise, a difficulty of breathing, indigestion, and a succession of multiform nervous affections. Its special and most serious injury falls upon women. Even the unprofessional reader finds this work highly interesting.

The "Voyages en Pantoufles" of M. Emmanuel Gonzalès (if that is his real name) offers us a style of title in flagrant imitation of Xavier de Maistre's admirable "Voyage autour de me Chambre." Nor does the plagiarism of this slip-shod book end with the name of it. From his earliest youth a devourer of the narratives of Captain Cook, Bougainville, and other hardy circumnavigators, M. Gonzalès was always eaten up, we are to understand, by a passion for travel. In point of fact, however, his most distant and adventurous journey was from Paris to Baden-Baden. Seeking to gratify his "*malheureuse passion pour les voyages*," he falls upon the plan of narrating the peregrinations he would have desired to make, and which others have had the fatigue of executing in his place. And so he tells us what his friends have seen of the interior of Africa, of Norway (Louis Enault), of Lapland and Tartary (Huc and Gobet), of Modern Greece (About), of the Cretans and Candiotes (Perrot), of Mexico (Désiré Charnay), and the United States (Oscar Commettant). M. Gonzalès advises us that on Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" no reliance is to be placed, but in Oscar Commettant's description of the United States one may put full faith. So it would appear, for M. Commettant informs us that in New York the most frequented theatre is that of the "Blacksminstrels," that the principal amusement of the New Yorkers is found in "fires," and that the firemen and the fire-engines are the principal ornaments of the "imperial city."

"The Histoire de l'Eglise Catholique," (in 16 imperial octavos) is by the Abbé Rohrbacher. The decidedly Teutonic tinge in this author's name might lead many persons to take him for a German. He is a Frenchman, born in the diocese of Nancy, a part of old Lorraine, a province which was German in every respect up to the middle of the last century. This great work is the result of the Abbé Rohrbacher's almost life-long labor. He died in 1856, and the history is brought down to 1860 by Chantrel, accompanied by a copious index by Jean Gautier, and an admirable historical atlas by Dufour. The Abbé Rohrbacher was long in intimate and sympathetic friendship and correspondence with such men as De Maistre, De Bonald, and Chateaubriand. He was, moreover, a cherished disciple of the great Lamennais. By some critics in France he is reproached with a strong democratic tendency that leads him to portray in somewhat lively colors the faults and vices of kings.

Emile Burnouf's is a name well known in France in connection with the literature of Ancient Greece. His new book, "Histoire de la Littérature Grecque," is a full and satisfactory history of Greek literature from its infancy down to the year 553 of the Christian era. Previous studies and a long residence at Athens have given M. Burnouf unusual facilities for his work. We are pleased to see that he does not cling to the old Pelasgic theory on the development of which so much valuable time and erudition have been wasted. He of course recognizes the fact that the names of cities, mountains, rivers, and provinces of Ancient Greece are in a non-Hellenic language. This is merely saying, in a certain way, that these names existed before the Hellenic race in the land since known as Greece, and that they were used before the Greeks by an unknown people who occupied that soil, "*soit qu'on lui donne le nom de Pélasges ou tout autre nom*"—call them Pelasgi or whatever else you please. And this is, substantially, the conclusion reached by Grote: "If any man is inclined to call the unknown ante-Hellenic period of Greece by the name o

Pelasgic, it is open to him to do so." The productions of the Homeric ages, Elegiac, Iambic, Æolian, Dorian, and Ionian poetry, the literature of the period of Pericles and of the Peloponnesian War, the poets and historians of the Macedonian and Alexandrine periods, have already been so profusely and so admirably commented upon, that M. Burnouf adds but little to what knowledge has long been accessible. But, commencing with the Græco-Roman period and coming down to the sixth century, he presents many interesting details not easily attainable elsewhere.

M. Léon de Rosny's "Variétés Orientales" are a series of essays upon Oriental history, geography, science, and literature. M. de Rosny is already known in Europe as the author of a Japanese and French dictionary (3 vols. 8vo) and a history of the Chinese language (2 vols. 8vo). Among the most remarkable chapters of the book before us are those on Siamese literature, Chinese philosophy, Japanese and Chinese porcelain, Tunis, Corea, and a description of the Japanese works in the libraries of London and Oxford.

The Study of Languages brought back to its True Principles; or, The Art of Thinking in a Foreign Language. By C. Marcel, Knt. Leg. Hon. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.)—This is a brief summary of a larger work by the author, entitled "Language as a Means of Mental Culture and International Communication," which appeared in London, in two volumes, sixteen years ago. A French edition of the summary was published in 1867; each edition being adapted to the wants of the respective readers, and written by Mr. Marcel himself, may be regarded as original, especially as the perfect purity of idiom and the rare vigor of diction which distinguish the present elaboration cannot fail to convince us that the writer has fully mastered the art which he proposes to teach—that of thinking in an adopted language. His views are the ripe fruits of philosophical reflection on the laws of linguistic imitation and abstraction, and of rich experience as a student, though not as a teacher. His observations embrace the whole field, the study of ancient as well as modern languages, "whether the learner be a child or an adult, a beginner or a proficient, whether he learns with or without a teacher, in private or in a class," with the aim of attaining perfection in speaking or in writing. His main tenets are: Follow nature in its teachings; adults, like children, learn by imitation; good models and plenty of exercise are the principal requirements; "custom is the law of language, grammar is only its generalization;" rules must be abstracted, not studied; good books are the best teachers of words, phraseology, and grammar; disconnected words are but half understood; learning by rote narrows the power of expression; translating into the foreign language by beginners vitiates the style; let the reading matter at every stage be easy, pleasant, and interesting; oral instruction is required only for the pronunciation. The whole might perhaps be summed up more briefly thus: Examples before precepts, practice before theory; listen to correct speaking, read many good books. This theory the author is far from regarding as original; on the contrary, he supports it by many felicitously chosen sayings of the great masters in the art of writing. These quotations add no little charm to the solid and almost too closely reasoned pages of the book, which, on the whole, is perhaps too speculative for the object aimed at, to wit, the propagation through wide circles of sound practical ideas on the study of languages, useful to both learners and teachers. Without subscribing to every one of its conclusions, we cannot but recommend it to our readers as a highly instructive and elaborate treatise on a subject in our times universally interesting.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Allen (Prof. W. F. and J. H.), Latin Lessons	(Edwin Ginn) $1 25
Appleton (Anna E.), Stories for Eva	(American Unitarian Association)
Auerbach (B.), Villa Eden: A Tale. Part I., swd.	(Roberts Bros.)
Baldwin (J. D.), Pre-historic Nations	(Harper & Bros.)
Bayley (F. W. N.), The New Tale of a Tub: Verse	(John Wiley & Son)
Browning (R.), The Ring and the Book	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary. Parts I–X., swd	(T. Ellwood Zell) 1 00
De Ponlevoy (Father), The Life of Father de Ravignan, of the Society of Jesus	(Catholic Publication Society) 4 00
Essays on Political Organization, swd	(Phila. Union League)
Fonvielle (W. de), Thunder and Lightning	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 1 50
Hazlett (Helen), Glennair; or, Life in Scotland	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 50
Hoey (Mrs. C.), A House of Cards: A Tale, swd	(Littell & Gay) 0 75
Horton (Mrs. M. B.), The Wife's Messengers	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
How to Read Character	(Samuel R. Wells) 1 25
Jencken (Dr. J. F.), Treatises on Light, Color, Electricity, and Magnetism	(Trübner & Co.)
Kneeland (Dr. S.), Annual of Scientific Discovery	(Gould & Lincoln) 2 00
Marion (F.), The Wonders of Optics	(Charles Scribner & Co.) 1 50
McClure (W. J.), Poems	(P. O'Shea) 1 50
McGilchrist (J.), Life of W. E. Gladstone, bds	(Felt & Dillingham.) 5 00
Peckham (Mrs. M. C.), Father Gabrielle's Fairy	(American Unitarian Association)
Penny (Virginia), Think and Act	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 50
Reade (C.), Griffith Gaunt, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 25
Samson (Rev. G. W.), Physical Media in Spiritual Manifestations	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Southworth (Mrs. E. D. E. N.), How He Won Her: A Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 75
Stedman (E. C.), The Blameless Prince, and Other Poems	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Winslow (Dr. C. F.), Force and Nature	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

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STATEMENT
OF THE
PHŒNIX
Mutual Life Insurance Co.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 1, 1869.

Number of Policies issued during the year	**8,229**
Amount insured during the year	**$22,523,549**
Total amount of losses paid	**700,625**

Premiums received during year		$1,743,173 35
Interest received during year		187.660 19
Total income for the year		$1,930,833 54
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid claims by death on 87 policies.	$166,950 66	
Paid commissions and salaries to agents	229,575 51	
Paid dividends and for policies surrendered	148,570 75	
Paid physician's fees, salaries, taxes, printing, postage, and all other expenses	$113,322 92	$658,419 84
Total		$1,272,413 70
ASSETS.		
Loans on real estate		$764,900 00
Bank stocks and railroad bonds		213.150 00
United States registered and State bonds		198.565 00
Hartford City Gas Light Company stock		8.925 00
Loans on collateral security		28.442 58
Bills receivable, amply secured		1,898,624 00
Furniture in home and branch office		12,654 33
Cash on hand and in banks		195,624 53
Accrued interest and deferred premiums		86,778 71
Amount in the hands of agents and in course of transmission		256,365 53
Total assets of the Company		$3,664,090 18

Table of Comparisons of the Business of 1866, 1867, and 1868,

OF THE

PHŒNIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Number of policies issued in 1866		4,108
Number of policies issued in 1867		5,811
Number of policies issued in 1868		8,229
Increase of 1867 over 1866, 41 per cent.		
Increase of 1868 over 1866, 100 per cent.		
Amount insured in 1866		$9,137,909
Amount insured in 1867		15.250.930
Amount insured in 1868		22,523,549
Increase of 1867 over 1866, 67 per cent.		
Increase of 1868 over 1866, 146 per cent.		
Income in 1866		$848,607 71
Income in 1867		1,179,044 28
Income in 1868		1,930,833 00
Increase of 1867 over 1866, 38 per cent.		
Increase of 1868 over 1866, 128 per cent.		
Increase of assets, 1866		$547,324 28
Increase of assets, 1867		761,029 34
Increase of assets, 1868		1,245,715 89
Increase of 1867 over 1866, 52 per cent.		
Increase of 1868 over 1866, 151 per cent.		
Received from interest in 1867	$120,790 23	
Paid in losses in 1867	107,700 00	
Received for interest over losses paid		$13,099 23
Received from interest in 1868	$187,660 19	
Paid in losses in 1868	166,950 66	
Received for interest over losses paid		20,709 58
Total		$33,808 76
Whole number policies in force 1866		9,875
Whole number policies in force 1867		12,829
Whole number policies in force 1868		17,722
Increase of 1867 over 1866, 30 per cent.		
Increase of 1868 over 1866, 80 per cent.		
Whole amount of insurance 1866		$18,990,784
Whole amount of insurance 1867		27,889,171
Whole amount of insurance 1868		42,127,242
Increase of 1867 over 1866, 47 per cent.		
Increase of 1868 over 1866, 122 per cent.		
Assets in 1866		$1,457,314 95
Assets in 1867		2,218,344 29
Assets in 1868		3,664,060 18
Increase of 1867 over 1866, 52 per cent.		
Increase of 1868 over 1866, 151 per cent.		

E. FESSENDEN, President.
JAMES F. BURNS, Secretary.

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FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

As the supply of these Bonds will soon cease, parties who desire to invest in them will find it for their interest to do so at once. The price for the present is par and accrued interest from January 1, in currency.

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Jan. 20, 1869.

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Cash Capital, . . .	$400,000 00
Surplus, Jan. 1, 1869,	250,682 28
Total Assets, . . .	$650,682 28

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OF HARTFORD.

INCORPORATED 1819.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $3,000,000

NEW YORK AGENCY:
62 WALL STREET.

Assets January 1, 1869, - - -	$5,150,931 71
Liabilities, - - - - - - - - - -	289,553 98

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The Nation.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 195. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1869. { FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM / TWELVE CENTS PER COPY

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PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

ON Wednesday week the Judiciary Committee of the Senate reported, with amendments, the bill, which, as we know, has not the approval of the chairman, for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment in Georgia. It was allowed to lie over. On Thursday everything was Tenure-of-Office Act, and the same thing is pretty nearly true of Friday. But on the latter day there was some discussion of a bill, introduced by Mr. Sumner, directing the payment of claims by British shipowners for vessels illegally seized during the rebellion, and so declared to be by our courts. Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, expressed opinions in regard to the impropriety of taking this action which one would hardly expect from a grown man. On Saturday Mr. Casserly, of California, made his first appearance on the floor, delivering what from the synopsis seems to have been a creditable speech in favor of repealing the Tenure-of-Office Act. Messrs. Schurz, Carpenter, Thurman, and Scott have also spoken on the same bill, and are the new senators who have acquitted themselves best—Mr. Carpenter perhaps leading. On Monday, nothing of consequence was done. Mr. Fessenden reported a joint resolution ordering the correction of an error which somehow crept into the Civil Appropriation Bill last session. It seems that a certain provision of the bill—one directing that owners of bonded warehouses must reimburse the United States for the salaries of store-keepers—was omitted in the engrossing. This was a provision which it is not very doubtful that the Whiskey Ring was willing enough to keep out of the statute-book.

This same affair of the engrossing of the Civil Appropriation Bill was the cause of an altercation in the House in which the prominent figures were Mr. Schenck, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Holman. Mr. Butler, having possessed himself of the facts, proceeded at once to make statements which in substance amounted to these charges: that the engrossing clerk had been bribed by the Whiskey Ring to leave out the omitted clause; that, if that were not the case, he at any rate got his orders to do as he did from some superior who had been bribed; that in all probability Mr. Holman, the chairman of the Enrolment Committee, was corrupted; that very likely the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means was at least cognizant of the crime, if not a principal in it. All these things, and more, Butler said with his accustomed gentleness. Mr. Holman remarked that he did not know by what authority, or by command of what position, the gentleman from Massachusetts indulged in such false insinuations, but finally came to the conclusion that they "could only have been suggested by a willingness" (on Mr. Butler's part, apparently) "to perpetrate just such a fraud on the legislation of the country." Mr. Schenck, for his part, asked to see Mr. Butler reduce his flings to definite charges against anybody if he durst; and Mr. Butler told Mr. Schenck that he knew all Mr. Schenck's ins and outs, and would yet investigate them fully, and so on.

The House took the usual course on such occasions, and the joint resolution for rectification was agreed to. As to the insertion of the omitted provision when the law was first passed, it appears certain that it was only done by some of that manœuvring which is so common in the last stages of an appropriation bill. Mr. Sherman seems to have hinted as much when the resolution came up for consideration in the Senate. On Wednesday week was the time of this fracas. The clause, in reality, operates as an increase of the whiskey tax, and its proper place was the Tax Bill. On Thursday, Mr. Butler's Committee on Reconstruction reported in favor of extending for a month the time during which an "unreconstructed" Southerner may retain his Government employment. This was the Senate's scheme. Mr. Butler opposed it, and succeeded in getting the resolution repealed in spite of the favorable report. As the day of the failure of the House to concur was the last day of grace for them, the bill of last session is now in operation. On Friday and Saturday, the House was not in session. On Monday, Judge Lawrence made a furious onslaught upon the Indian Ring, and incidentally upon the Senate, because that body, under cover of the treaty-making power, takes land and gives it away to Indian "nations" with which we have been at war. This is as much as to say that some senators have found out a way of trading in land which they get for nothing, for everybody knows that land in an Indian's hand is on its way to the hands of the white speculator. Judge Lawrence was called to order, but not till he had told some truth. On the same day it was decided that a committee should be appointed to study the decay of American commerce.

For the whole week the Tenure-of-Office Law has kept the Senate busy, and the debates in the chamber and in caucus have kept the office-seekers on tenterhooks. Some of them have senators' promises, which will do them little good if Grant remains as fixed as he seems to be now in his determination to make no appointments, except to vacant places, till the obnoxious statute is repealed, and some again, but these not of the baser sort, are waiting for Grant's hands to be untied. What with both classes together, the city has been the abode of heart-burning and anxiety, and senators have had no rest. Some of the debates have been unusually acerb for the dignified Senate; Mr. Morton and Mr. Conkling especially—but that was in caucus—became extremely bitter and personal. Mr. Morton may stand for the senators of whom their enemies say that they are toadying Grant, while Mr. Conkling may represent those of whom their enemies say that they selfishly oppose the repeal of the act because they want to keep in their own hands a power which enables them to buy neutrals, pay friends, and punish foes. The House is, of course, not particularly well pleased to see all the rich pastures in the full possession of Mr. Butler's "interlopers," and their interloping is no more to his taste, we imagine, when they invade this field than when they invade the chamber of the House. Grant, meantime, takes the ground, which we may be sure does not overmuch delight some of our senators who are so zealous for the "principle of the bill," that he is morally as much

bound by the law when the Senate is in session as when there is a recess; he cannot remove from office for the reason that he himself may feel sure he could fill the place better than it happens to be filled, and if he does not see his way clear to making a legal case against the person, he prefers, on the whole and for the present, to ask but little of the Senate's help for making and filling vacancies. It seems to be very largely a question of which side can hold its breath longest; and as the House is obstinate and Grant is not distinguished for vacillation of character, it seems not highly improbable that the Senate may be obliged to give up its idea of suspending or amending the law and allow its repeal. We should then, at least, have something like responsibility on the part of the appointing power. We do not see that any of the anti-repeal senators point out to us how we are going to hold them to any responsibility.

But there has been up to the present moment no real debate in the Senate on the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act, and, judging from present appearances, there will not be any real debate on it. The "previous question," under which so many legislative monstrosities are saved from examination in the House, is not known in the procedure of the Senate, but its purpose is served nearly as effectually by the secret party caucuses. Two of these meetings have been held by the Republicans during the past week, to decide on the course to be followed by the majority (reporters are excluded from them); and here the arguments are used, and the reasons given, and the displays of personal feeling made, by which the fate of the measure is to be finally decided. The position of the Senate in this matter is peculiar, inasmuch as it is in a certain sense a personal matter. The Senate, as a body, is believed by a large portion of the public to have taken, and to be taking, advantage of the recent troubles to appropriate to itself a larger share of authority than is its just due; and the reluctance of a great many individual senators to vote for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act is ascribed to their desire to share as largely as possible in the corrupt use of Government patronage. Open debate is the only way of meeting and disposing of these injurious suspicions, to say nothing of the moral obligation to debate openly, as a means of diffusing popular instruction and maintaining legislative responsibility, which rests on every legislative body in a free country. The Senate is getting more and more into the habit of doing its talking in secret, and reserving nothing for the public sessions except blind votes and the reading of long essays on general questions. Now, the country ought to know not only how a senator votes, but why he votes. Every senator cannot be expected to give his reasons for his opinions, but a few leading members of the party ought to give *in extenso* the arguments which have weighed most with the main body. Caucuses are, no doubt, useful and necessary, but only when confined to the arrangement of the general plan of operations and the distribution of parts amongst the leaders. The debates ought to be public, and the press throughout the country ought to insist on it. The tide of jobbing and corruption is running higher and higher, and the "previous question" and the secret caucuses help to swell it.

The United States bonds are mostly, as everybody knows, held as an investment by people who want a steady income from a reliable source. It is as much the duty of the Government to pay the interest on the day named, or as soon thereafter as called for, as it is to pay the full amount. Mr. Boutwell has just addressed a letter to Congress asking for legal authority to anticipate the payment of the interest by one year, using the surplus gold in the Treasury for that purpose; and a bill has been introduced into the Senate by Mr. Sherman allowing the Secretary, whenever he makes such prepayments, to make a rebate of interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. There can be no objection to this, if it is to be left optional with the bondholders whether or not they will accept prepayment; but the wording of the bill seems to indicate that they are to have no choice in the matter. If so, all we can say is that anybody who finds interest he does not want and cannot invest forced on him before it is due, with six per cent. discount taken off it, may rightly consider himself cheated. On persons of small means the process will be a very great hardship in various ways, and it will be, in fact, a direct breach of faith on the part of the Government. The time and manner of paying the interest are part of the contract.

The passage of the Public Credit Bill, and its prompt signature by Grant, is having an excellent effect on the public credit at home and abroad, and it really seems as if there was at last a prospect of getting out a loan at four or five per cent. But even if we had one out, we should still not be back to specie payments without using the borrowed money to pay our bills, and it is difficult to see what better use gold accumulated in the Treasury could be turned to than preparing for the redemption of greenbacks. The accumulation of surplus gold in the Treasury in sufficient quantities to pay United States promissory notes on demand is the only mode in which we shall ever get back to a specie basis; and what difference does it make whether it comes into the Treasury by loan or by taxation? But there seems to linger in some quarters still a strong faith in the metaphysical mode of paying public debts known to Mr. Greeley and Mr. Sumner as "*willing* specie payments." We hope Mr. Boutwell is not afflicted with this form of delusion, but it looks as if he was.

General Grant is, it is said, about to do a very creditable and hopeful thing, in selecting his Indian agents from amongst the Pennsylvania Quakers. Quakers have, like other men, their faults, but amongst their virtues are found the capacity and will to deal fairly with the ignorant and the weak, and the finest chapter in the history of the sect is that which tells of its upright treatment of the Indians. If Grant succeeds in carrying out his plan, it will be one of the many proofs he has given, and we have no doubt will yet give, of the advantage of having a man in the Presidency who "has had no political experience," and has not learned, therefore, "to take care of his friends." There are few offices over the withdrawal of which from the list of political prizes so many rascals will gnash their teeth as these Indian agencies. We have, however, while upon the subject of appointments, to express our regret that Mr. Montgomery Gibbs is still even talked of for the Secretaryship of the Paris Legation. Mr. Gibbs may be a very estimable gentleman, but with a large and worthy and perspicacious portion of the public he is not in good odor. One thing against him is that he was sent abroad in 1863 to report on the mode in which foreign imports into this country were valued in the invoices, and that a Congressional committee, which investigated his doings after his return, reported that he was not considered in New York "a desirable exponent, advocate, or representative of an individual enterprise requiring responsibility, integrity, and veracity;" that he had while abroad "made for himself an unenviable reputation," and that he had while there "resorted to shifts, disguised names, constant misrepresentations, purposely to mislead, deceive, and entangle," from which the Committee not unnaturally infer that it was well-nigh "impossible he could be a gentleman and man of honor." We may guess, therefore, the effects upon the American name, and the efficiency of American diplomacy, of the appearance of a Secretary of Legation at Paris with this kind of reputation, and of whom a Committee of Congress has spoken in this fashion.

The *New York Times* has published this week a résumé of the operations actual and prospective of the leading railroad operators in this State, showing that they are already, by an ingenious and audacious system of combination, almost, and soon will be completely, in possession of the government of the State; that they control the Legislature, have apparently cowed the Attorney-General, and have at least some of the judges in their possession. Of the character of these great operators, and of the politicians with whom they have lately entered into a league and with whom they are now sharing the spoils, we need not speak. The same paper contains a letter on the composition and behavior of the present Board of Education in this city, which we also commend to the attention of those excellent gentlemen who are getting up a movement in favor of the Cubans. We may mention as another subject worthy of their consideration the revelations daily making about the condition of our prisons. Everybody engaged in the work of reform is mourning over the lack of public spirit which he encounters on all sides, and it is therefore somewhat discouraging

to find money and enthusiasm which might do so much good at home expended on Cretans, Cubans, Hellenes, Haytians, and other nations, tribes, and races about whose wrongs and rights not more than one of us in a million knows anything at all, and this one probably only just enough to make him vehement and noisy.

The last despatches from Commander Abbott, who is cruising off Hayti in the United States steamer *Yantic*, contains some amusing details with regard to one of the civil wars now raging in that island, owing, as Mr. Banks would have us believe, to want of good advice from outsiders as to the utility of the ballot in the settlement of political differences. It appears that, early in February, President Salnave had a rebel named Domingue shut up in the city of Aux Cayes, and on the 4th ult. announced his intention of bombarding it unless at once surrendered. The American Minister had an interview with Domingue and his "cabinet" to see whether some arrangements could not be effected that would put an end to hostilities, but found this band of sages ready to fight it out to the last. One plan of a pacific nature they were ready to adopt, but one only. Domingue said he had written to Mr. Seward offering to "cede to the United States *that portion of the island under his control*," and he asked the Minister to use his influence to keep Salnave from bombarding "till Mr. Seward could be heard from." This the brutal Minister refused to do. A few more "reports" from Mr. Banks, and we shall have every little rebel in the West Indies and South America offering to cede to the United States the ground he squats on, and asking for a suspension of hostilities till an answer can be received from Washington. The principal duties of Domingue's "cabinet" seem to consist in the execution of disaffected persons; and the population of the island appears to be divided into grades of rebels—every rebel having rebels of his own, from the head down, and the hangings and shootings go on through all grades, and each grade is ready to sell the island over to us for a small sum in ready cash. The Banks theory seems to be, that if it were once in our possession the inhabitants would suddenly take to town-meetings, Sunday-schools, lyceum lectures, church building, and monthly magazines; and that when anybody did anything wrong he would shut himself up in prison, and pay the expenses of his own trial.

The late news from France consists principally of the death of Troplong, another old and faithful servant and supporter of the Emperor, and perhaps the most respectable, and the Haussmann trouble about the debt of Paris. Troplong was an old lawyer of high character and considerable ability, who was both president of the Senate and of the Court of Cassation at his death, and the Emperor is likely to feel his loss severely, as the new men who are stepping into the places of these departing followers by no means hold the Imperialist ideas in their original purity. In the Haussmann case the Emperor has sustained the worst defeat of his reign. M. Rouher only defended the baron in a half-hearted way, and promised that his exploits should not be repeated, although the great restorer and beautifier is known to be a special pet of the crown. In fact, it is said that some of the most expensive bits of demolition were due to little dashes of red pencil made by the Imperial hand on the Haussmann maps. The excitement over the baron's prodigalities has been increased by the circulation of an appeal to charitable ladies from a Paris curé, who says "the erection of new and magnificent buildings has driven all the poor into the outskirts;" that in his arrondissement there are 10,000 persons inscribed on the relief-lists; and that in his parish of 25,000 inhabitants there is not a single family who can help him in the work of charity. In fact, a state of things is showing itself in the Paris suburbs, as the result of the Haussmann operations, not far removed from that to be witnessed in the East end of London.

Lamartine, as Emile de Girardin cruelly says, "ceased to survive himself" on the same day on which M. Troplong died. His chief title to fame as a politician was his success, by one happy speech, in staying the violence of the mob in February, 1848, when it was proposed to hoist the red flag. His epigrammatic eulogy of the tricolor, "the flag of liberty and glory," was a great hit, and raised him out of the rank of a dreamy poet into that of a statesman. But he did nothing afterwards to justify his reputation, and his closing years were clouded by a curious mixture of generosity and mendicancy. He was overwhelmed with debts, which he was very willing to have other people pay, but this did not prevent him from giving (for him) enormous sums in charity. His friends calculate that he must have disposed of $60,000 or $70,000 in this way. An attempt is making to raise money for a monument, but the number of the disgusted is so great that the work goes on slowly.

In spite of the growth of poverty in Paris, and the rapid increase of the national debt, and the peaceful talk of the Government, it shows no sign of any desire to cultivate a pacific spirit amongst the people. The leading military paper, the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, which is the official organ of the Minister of War, recently had an article strongly eulogizing war as the best friend of mankind, the great civilizer, purifier, and regenerator, and denouncing the Bourse, and the "gentlemen of the pen," as the great enemies of the race. France, it says, is well armed and well fortified, and will remain so, in the interests of civilization as well as of honor and patriotism. The Erckmann-Chatrian novels are, however, acknowledged on all hands to have almost destroyed amongst the middle classes the old love of military glory. The old sergeant and the bluff general who had made the retreat from Russia are fast vanishing from the stage in Paris, and when they appear are laughed at. But any real diminution in the army under the Empire is clearly hopeless.

There is as little known about the future Government of Spain as ever there was. When the provisional governments resigned their power to the Cortes three weeks ago, Serrano, Prim, and Admiral Topete made speeches in which they severally spoke with great frankness of the part they had played in bringing about the revolution, as well as of the motives which had actuated them. Prim in particular denied that he ever had had any intention of putting the Prince of Asturias or any other candidate on the throne, and said that his sole desire and that of his colleagues was the good of the country, and that all he claimed was the right of every citizen to the free expression of his opinions. During the debate which followed, he and his colleagues had to stand during three days incessant vollies of vituperation from all the malcontents and disappointed and offended persons, but a vote of thanks to the Provisional Government was nevertheless passed by 180 to 62. The main difficulty of the Government now is financial, as we have pointed out elsewhere. If the insurrection in Cuba is to be repressed, it will take, according to the most favorable accounts, 50,000 men and a great deal of money; and heavy drafts of men and money will naturally provoke discontent. If Cuba is lost, it will be owing to royalist misgovernment in the past; but the present rulers will, nevertheless, have to bear the blame.

Upon the question whether Cuba will or will not be lost, it is almost impossible to form an opinion. The reports of insurgent successes which appear in the New York papers, will be found on examination to have no basis to which anybody who has had any experience of the way news is manufactured in the earlier periods of an armed conflict, especially if the theatre of hostilities be a thinly settled and partially civilized country, will attach much importance. In fact, a person who asserted that no combat or battle had as yet taken place in Cuba at all, and that the insurgents have no organized force at their command, would be entitled to a respectful hearing. It would pay any New York daily paper well to send a correspondent to the scene of action, charged to describe what he saw, and strictly forbidden to serve "the cause of human freedom" by any reflections of his own. Those who most strongly desire the independence of the Cubans, amongst whom our ignorance of the people and of their political capacity prevents us from numbering ourselves as yet, are perhaps more interested than anybody in knowing the real prospects of the insurrection. As regards the annexation of the island to the United States, we shall advocate it vigorously as soon as we see this State a little better governed. In the meantime, we are by no means anxious to provide fresh hunting-grounds for the members of American "rings."

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPOSITION.

Those who had hoped that the Democrats would learn wisdom from their defeat last fall, and show themselves after Grant's inauguration and the increase of their forces in the House more fit than they had heretofore proved for the part which a political party has to play, must by this time see their mistake. The best policy for them was clearly to have abandoned the extreme positions on which they based their July platform, and to discover some moderate ground which might cause a division among their enemies. From any point of view, what could be plainer than that the negro question and open repudiation were settled by the election of Grant; that the two points of equality before the law and payment of the debt were precisely the ones which gave the Republican party its strength; that the field of battle selected by the other side, and on which the other side had just been victorious, was not precisely the one on which to renew the fight. These things, one would say, lie upon the surface.

Clear, however, as this may be to an indifferent spectator, it does not seem to have occurred to the minds of those chiefly interested. The two chief acts of the party since the election have been a vehement opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment, and a solid vote against the bill to strengthen the public credit. While this has been going on in Congress, affairs have been managed no better outside. The *World*, a journal to which one naturally looks for an intelligent view of the situation of the party which it represents, appears to believe still that the negro question may be reopened, and the reconstruction laws annulled at any moment, and conducts its opposition to the Republican party in exactly the same way, so far as we can see, as it did in the year 1865. We have looked with a good deal of interest to see what the view of such a paper as the *World* would be as to the proper course for its party after the elections; but beyond unmitigated abuse of the Administration, we do not see that anything new is proposed. To-day we find a whole column of extracts from Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and other worthy statesmen, to prove that Grant is a conceited man, and that when he said, "I accept the position without fear," a modest man would have said, "Overwhelmed as I am with the enormous responsibilities of the position to which the suffrages of my fellow-citizens have so unexpectedly exalted me, and totally inadequate to the task as I feel my humble powers to be, yet, nevertheless," etc. The next day Grant is accused of selling the offices in his gift, and we are informed that Stewart and Hoar were given seats in the Cabinet for value received. But the most amusing thing of all is, that the *World* feels called upon to make a manful stand against the establishment of a monarchy on the ruins of our distracted republic. We are asked to consider the satrapesque appointment of the monster Rawlins, and the ominous selection for private secretaries of myrmidons such as Comstock and Porter. If an indignant public would like to know what all this means, they may as well sooner or later be informed that "the radical party has set a train of causes at work which tend irresistibly to the establishment of a monarchy, and by the shortest and speediest route by which that result could be reached." Mr. Brooks, at his best, never achieved hits so happy as these. The melancholy side of this is, that it confirms the dominant party in their foolhardy belief that they have nothing to fear from opposition, that any argument urged against their measures must be without weight, that the world is really divided already into sheep and goats, and that no sane man can doubt which are which. It may be safely said that no Republican journal, not even the *Tribune*, would make use of tactics such as we have been describing against a Democratic President of Grant's calibre. It is not considered necessary for Republicans to quarrel with Hoffman's vetoes of private bills merely because he is a Democrat; on the contrary, these vetoes have been wisely commended by the Republican press as dictated by a sound policy. If the governor had been a Republican, we should have been assured by the opposition that the veto power was used to affect the price of stocks, and that "this was Republicanism!"

The difficulty with the Democratic party during the last few years has been not unlike that with which the Tories in England have been oppressed: the trouble is, as Mill says, not that every Democrat is a stupid person, but that every stupid person is a Democrat. The leaders do not appear to understand the difference between what is possible and impossible. Their absurd position during the war, now bitterly opposing it as the work of fanatics, and now gravely insisting that they should be entrusted with its prosecution, their fatuous attempt at the close of the war to dictate the terms of peace in the interest of the South—an attempt which resulted in unrestricted negro suffrage and absolute military government for the people whose fortunes they undertook to protect, their futile attacks on the public credit, their alliance with Johnson, their selection of Seymour and Blair, their obstinate refusal to be guided by moderate men, their stanch adherence to those points on which they had suffered defeat, and apparent inability to choose new positions—all these things have made those who would really like to see a strong opposition party, despair of any such good chance.

What people who have the interests of good government at heart really desire is, that the Democratic party should be of such a character that it may serve as a check on the Republican. It has been almost impossible during the last few years for any conscientious man to vote except with the latter, although there have been many occasions when conscientious men have sincerely wished some such course were open to them. The great value of a minority lies in its acting as a check upon the majority, and in being able to inspire the majority with the fear that that force may change sides; but that this good object may be attained, it is absolutely necessary that the minority should behave like a party of grown men

Now suppose the Democratic leaders—such of them as are sensible men—were to ask themselves in sober-serious earnest what could be done for the success of the party? Surely attacks upon the Reconstruction laws would not seem to be the key to the situation. At any rate, they have been tried for four years and have for four years failed. Is the antipathy of race any better? It is clear that the negro is to vote; and as he is to vote, the old quarrel would seem to rational persons at an end. At any rate quarrelling will not disfranchise him. It is a corollary clearly deducible from this, that abuse of those godless men the Abolitionists is out of place. What then would it be worth while to attempt? As a guess, which we hazard for what it is worth say Reform, or even a pretense of reform. Let the Democrats even pretend that it is their first object to get fit men for such offices as are in their gift, to expose corruption and inefficiency wherever they see it, to defend the public credit, to assist Grant in keeping the revenues of the Government out of the pockets of the "rings." Let them abandon the defence of lost positions, forget Dr. Morton's craniology, and the long hair of the friends of freedom, and in a year they will be what they desire to be, a party really dangerous to its enemies. But we have very little hope.

THE WINDING-UP OF RECONSTRUCTION.

A bill has been reported in the Senate providing for the abolition or suspension of civil government in Georgia, and the relegation of the State once more to military rule. The committee which has reported the bill has, however, been unable to agree upon any recommendation with regard to it, and has consequently confined itself to presenting it, and leaving the Senate to do as it pleases about it. The present position of the State is, it must be admitted, even worse than anomalous. It has fulfilled all the conditions prescribed by the Reconstruction Acts for readmission to the Union, and its admission has been officially announced; but the Senate has refused to allow its senator to take his seat, because certain other things, for which the Reconstruction Acts made no provision, have taken place. The legislature, for instance, in the exercise of a right which has never been denied to a legislative body, and which was expressly conceded to it by the Reconstruction Committee of the House of Representatives, have expelled the negro members, and have not shown the smallest desire or intention of reinstating them. Now, this is very bad; but then Congress did not stipulate that negroes in the reconstructed States were to be capable of holding office: it would, doubtless, have been well if it had done so, but its failure to say anything about it of course left it open to the white men to exclude negroes from office. What Congress and its supporters throughout the country said was, that if you gave the negroes the ballot, all other rights and privileges would follow; that politicians would not dare to subject so large a

body of voters to any disability based on color. In fact, this argument did service all through the reconstruction controversy in the forefront of the battle; we frequently made use of it ourselves, and it formed the principal point for two whole years in most of the speeches in defence of the Congressional policy. So much stress indeed was laid on it that a great many people begun to look on the ballot as a panacea, and do still talk of it as a panacea. At a meeting about the Indians a few months ago, in this city, one speaker called on the Government to give the savages the ballot, and all would be well; and we hardly ever hear now of a woman being beaten by a drunken husband or seduced by a false lover, that the ballot is not loudly demanded for women, in order to prevent the recurrence of such calamities. The question of the care and education of the children of divorced persons will, in many parts of the country, should divorcing go on at the present rate, soon become a serious question; and we should not be at all surprised to be told to give the unfortunates the ballot and they would take care of themselves.

Now, we do not see what has occurred to shake the faith which any thinking man has ever had in the ballot as a means of protecting negroes against political disability. Anybody who supposed that its effect would be *immediate* can never have given much attention to the subject, and ought never to have opened his lips about it. The ballot is to the negro a weapon of defence, but it was very foolish to suppose that it would prove an effective weapon till he had learned to use it. As soon as negro voters have learnt to combine as the Irish or Germans have, and have developed mutual confidence and collusion, and have agreed on the marks by which they are to distinguish their enemies from their friends, we feel satisfied that there will be very few white politicians bold enough to deny them "any office in the gift of the people." To cheat and oppress them in other ways, plenty of politicians will doubtless be ready; but we no more expect to see Southern politicians preaching ten years hence the incapacity of negroes to hold office than we expect to see Fernando Wood or James Brooks denying the fitness of Irishmen for seats in the New York Common Council. In fact, when we read, the other day, of Mayor Hall reviewing the St. Patrick's procession in a suit of green with a green necktie, we felt that the day was not far distant when the governor of South Carolina or Georgia would prepare for the reception of colored deputations by giving his face a good coat of yellow ochre and having his hair dyed black and curled.

What Congress ought to do now, it seems to us, after talking so much about the efficacy of the ballot, is to give the ballot a fair chance. Let the negroes learn to use it by actual experience of political life. We have no hesitation in saying that we believe it will be in the long run infinitely better for the negro race in Georgia to be excluded from office now, and only to secure office in the American way, after years of hard-fought agitation, than to be thrust into office at once by the aid of Congressional coercion, and coercion, too, involving a complete nullification of the terms of reconstruction as set out on the statute-book. The negro must, if he is to be a citizen in truth and in deed, begin to be a citizen at once. He cannot be a citizen and a ward at the same time. There is no permanent peace in the American system of government for a body of persons who are allowed first of all to vote for what they want at the elections, but who, if they do not secure it by voting, are to be put in possession of it by the arm of military authority. If Irishmen were excluded from the New York Legislature by a vote of both houses, the result would be that the Irish voters would band together for the defeat of their enemies at the next election, and for the exposure to the public at large of the injustice of which they had been the victims. Is there any political future open to the negroes if they cannot make up their minds to do likewise? And how can we expect their political education to go on favorably when their first thought after a political defeat is not renewed agitation, but an application to Washington for military aid, and when they find a majority of the Senate ready to supply them on demand with this most delusive and dangerous of all medicines, and this, too, in positive violation of Congressional enactments?

The argument that the State ought to be relegated to military government because there are so many unpunished outrages committed in it on negroes and white Unionists is one which, in view of the fact that the supporters of Congressional reconstruction confidently asserted that if the negroes had the ballot such outrages would cease and military government would not be necessary, they ought now to be ashamed to use; but waiving this objection, we may fairly ask, What is to be gained by setting up a military government once more, which will have no attribute of a military government except its not being a civil government? Military government is a better means than civil government of suppressing crime and outrage only in so far as its agents are more numerous and watchful and its processes swifter and surer. But the United States army has been reduced to such a degree that what Congress proposes to substitute for the existing State organization would be a military only in name. The governor would be called a general and wear a blue coat instead of a black one, the legislature would cease from troubling, but here the change would end. The police, which is the essence of military government, would be no better than before. The general would, in default of soldiers, have to keep the peace and punish crime through the sheriffs, and the sheriffs would be just as efficient as they are now, that is to say, the operations of the Ku-Klux Klan would continue, and the hates and divisions to which the Ku-Klux outrages are due, instead of dying out, would every day gain in force. For the establishment of real military government—that is, a military force large enough to cover the State with posts and render crime difficult and punishment certain and terrible—there is, in a community in the condition of the South, much to be said; but a sham military government, such as Congress talks of setting up in Georgia, can only aggravate the social disease from which the State is suffering.

It is becoming plainer every day that the time for makeshifts by way of governing the South has gone by. With a President firmly resolved to execute the law, and with officials in sympathy with the law, and a powerful public opinion at their back, and with a constitutional amendment pending which will place their rights finally out of the reach of local legislation, the Southern Unionists are either, if they have any political value at all, fit to enter the ordinary political arena and hold their own, or the whole process of reconstruction was a mistake and is a failure. The latter proposition we do not admit, and the only course open to the Republican party, it seems to us now, is to adopt the former. It appears to be generally agreed that we are "to have peace," but peace we cannot have in the United States except under normal civil government working by ordinary processes, and liable to be reformed in the ordinary way. Military control of the States once relinquished, it will have to be given up for good. It will never do to leave civil government over half the continent liable to be suspended for an indefinite period, whenever the majority in Congress thinks the Courts have not done their duty or legislative bodies have not taken just views of their powers.

Harper's Weekly said the other day, in reply to some utterances of ours on this subject, that the question between Congress and Georgia was, who was judge whether the contract on which reconstruction rests had been fulfilled by the State. We admit fully Congress is the judge; but we know of no contract between it and the States lately in rebellion except the one to be found in the statutes. It is proposed to turn Georgia out of the Union for doing things which she never agreed and was never asked to agree not to do, and which are not mentioned in any law providing for her restoration to the Union. The fact is, the idea that the South can be suddenly "regenerated" by bill or resolution, which has been so sedulously preached during the last few years, must be given up. Its absurdity was always demonstrable from history and principles of human nature. It has now been demonstrated by actual experiment. The regeneration must be the work of time, of education, of material prosperity, and the active participation of all classes in political life.

ECONOMIC RESULTS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

THE public attention has naturally been so much absorbed by the purely political side of the Spanish revolution that there has been little or none to spare for what has been on the whole one of its most

interesting, and will in the long run prove one of its most important, features, the economic one. The downfall of the monarchy left Spain with a debt of about $1,000,000,000. The excess of outlay over income from 1859 to 1864 was officially reported at $57,051,995, and in the period between 1850 and 1864 it amounted to $105,300,000. This was a pretty rapid contraction of debt for a country with less than 17,000,000 of population, in peace, with the exception of the short war with Morocco, and with no internal improvements going on. Since 1866, the disparity between the receipts and the expenditures has gone on increasing, but, strange to say, without any sensible increase in the taxation, so that public attention was not seriously called to the condition of affairs. Increase of taxation ministers were enabled to avoid, not as in France by resorting to public loans every five or six years, but by drawing on the bank of deposit, a kind of trust institution connected with the Ministry of Finance, established half a century ago, for the reception of property in litigation or belonging to legal trusts, as well as money of voluntary depositors, and paying on all a moderate interest. The funds of the institution ought to have been sacred, but as the difficulties of the Government increased the ministry got into the way of dipping into the deposits, and taking from them whatever was necessary to meet current demands for which the Treasury was not prepared. When the revolution broke out, therefore, there was due by the Treasury to the bank $65,000,000, and there was a deficit of nearly $3,000,000 in the revenue; in short, the Provisional Government found that they owed $70,000,000, and were bound to provide for it within a few weeks, in order to avoid bankruptcy, and knew very well that to attempt an increase of taxes in the midst of a revolution would have been madness. M. Figuerola, the new Minister of Finance, therefore, first of all resolved to issue a popular loan of $100,000,000 at 80, bearing interest at six per cent., the notes (of $100 each, to be redeemed yearly by lot, during the twenty years next ensuing. Of this sum he got just one-quarter—or a little over $25,000,000. He then, under an arrangement made by the defunct Government, borrowed $20,000,000 from M. Rothschild, on Treasury notes at three per cent.; and as a last resource, tried to raise money on the annual subsidy of $7,000,000 payable by Morocco, by way of indemnity for the expenses of the late war. What has been the success of this last-named operation we are unable to say.

M. Figuerola issued an address soon after he came into power, in which he made no attempt to make things look pleasant; he acknowledged the gravity of the situation, as Isabella left it and, of course, the revolution aggravated it. The collection of taxes was in a measure suspended, and in Madrid and some other large towns the "national workshops" had to be opened, in imitation of the mad French experiment of 1848, to prevent outbreaks amongst the poor; and as to the tariff, it was impossible to get anything more out of it, or to touch it except to lower it. Under it duties were levied on 736 articles, and the custom-house regulations were so vexatious as, in effect, to increase the burden by one-quarter. As soon as the "juntas," which in a former article we described as equivalent to American vigilance committees, sprang up on the overthrow of the royal authority, one of the first things they did was to attack the tariff, which they cut down by about 33 per cent.; but this mode of reform the Provisional Government could of course not countenance, and the duties were restored as soon as the juntas disappeared. But M. Figuerola formed a commission of scientific economists to aid him in the work of revising the tariff, and in fact the whole revenue system, with the view of submitting some carefully considered plan to the first Cortes. Amongst the reforms which he announced his intention of proposing to the Commission were a reduction of pensions, which would save about $2,000,000 a year, the pension-granting power, as might have been expected, having been grossly abused under Isabella, and the omission of about four hundred articles from the tariff, and a reduction of the enormous duties levied on the remainder. The Commission has resolved to recommend a reduction of duties to a maximum of twenty-five per cent.; but the change, as we understand it, is to be made gradually, taking three years for its completion. The only strong opposition to this free-trade policy comes from the Catalamans, amongst whom the bulk of Spanish manufactures are to be found; but if the Cortes adopts the report of the Commission, the reduction will begin at once.

Some more pressing reforms, however, M. Figuerola instituted himself, the first by a decree of the Provisional Government issued in October of last year, three days after he came into power. By it he abolished the octrois, or duties levied at the entrance of towns and cities in aid of the municipal expenses, and prohibited all internal custom-houses and custom-house lines, and substituted a capitation tax, to be levied on all persons of both sexes over fourteen years of age, in aid of the municipal expenses. Some weeks later he abolished, also by decree, the navigation laws—which are the oldest in Europe, being nearly three hundred years older than Cromwell's, from which ours are copied — prohibiting the levying of the differential duty on all merchandise brought into Spain under a foreign flag, as regards most articles, and reducing it greatly on others. Other decrees, issued the same day, removed the existing restrictions on the provisioning or repairing of Spanish ships in foreign ports, or mortgaging of Spanish ships to foreigners, and left Spanish captains free, which they had not previously been, to fix the number of their crews, and to take men of whatever nation they pleased. Under the old law, a Spanish captain could not ship any but Spaniards, even in foreign ports, let his wants be what they might. Of the multitude of dues levied on ships in port, on all sorts of pretences, he abolished a great number, and consolidated and simplified the rest.

In spite of the absolute protection against foreign competition which Spanish producers of all kinds have so long enjoyed, Spanish production amounts to very little, and in calculating the political and social prospects of the kingdom we have to bear in mind that it stands in the very lowest scale of civilization, and has nearly as much to do to get abreast with France or Germany, or even Italy, as Turkey herself. In the first place, Spain has no ordinary roads, so that the few railroads there are in existence, built by French capital, and miserably built at that, and worked most abominably, are of little use, except as means of getting to Madrid from three points on the coast and two on the French frontier. For the country through which they pass they do little or nothing, because there is no means of reaching them with goods. The stations are literally unapproachable; and the strange spectacle of roads constructed in haste, to enable the sovereign to make a journey in one of the principal provinces, with which the French were familiar under Louis XIV., has been witnessed in Spain within a year or two. The consequence is, that the commerce and industry are confined almost entirely to the sea-coast. There are mines both of iron and lead, copper, silver, and quicksilver, of considerable value; but fuel is scarce, and it is only when situated close to the sea that they can be profitably worked. Coal has to be carried inward, and ore as well as all products carried outward, on the backs of asses; and of course there are not many bulky products will bear much transportation of this kind, as it would, according to M. Casimir Delamarre, writing in the *Journal des Economistes*, take eighty-eight asses to load one wagon of eight tons capacity. Lead mines, in fact, are not workable at a profit at more than forty miles, and the iron mines at not over two miles from the sea. Of course this obstacle to the development of the mineral resources of the country is a still greater obstacle to the growth of its agriculture. The Spanish farmer has literally no market, unless he pursues his calling in the immediate vicinity of a large town, and even then only a very poor one, for scanty producers are always scanty consumers. Fuel is everywhere the great want of the country, as there are no forests, and the supply of native coal is scanty; but under the tariff, from 25 to 50 per cent. duty is clapped on foreign coal, thus rendering the growth of manufacturing industry almost impossible. There is, as might be expected, no working-class, properly so called, in Spain; and no middle class, and no nobility, possessing the least social or political weight. There is a peasantry, a professional and an official class, but no commercial or industrial class; and M. Delamarre produces from the official census of 1860 the astounding fact that out of a population of 16,673,000, only 3,130,000 are able to read and write; in other words, eighty per cent. of the people are grossly ignorant. It is easy to see from all this that the rise of Spain will necessarily be a slow process.

IS VACCINATION EFFICACIOUS?

A FEW centuries ago, when the Black Death, the Sweating Sickness, and the Plague made their occasional rounds through Christendom, it was customary for a people, depressed by something more than usually wrong in the public health, to relieve its feelings and restore public tranquillity by burning the Jews. The steady growth of Christian disabilities has deprived us of that cheap and obvious hygienic measure. The average American citizen has still the privilege of remarking, when driven to extremes by imminent cholera, that the last street-cleaning contractor is no better than —his predecessors, and of wondering, when he reads of small-pox such as now rages in California and in a dozen other parts of the country, why people are not vaccinated, and whether it be true, as he may have heard, that vaccination no longer exhibits its old efficacy. Probably, at the same time, he congratulates himself that he lives in a most respectable and salubrious neighborhood and is quite out of the way of exposure to that disease. It does not occur to him, any more than to that young mother with "her first," to whom that excellent lady, "the best of blessings in a sick-room," is hastening, that Mrs. Gamp, whose seat in the street-car he has just scrambled for, has come from vigils with this most portable of infections. He admires the dexterity with which the conductor deals out damp paper currency from one side of his mouth and slimy nickels from the opposite, but, though that functionary swears at him more hoarsely than usual, he does not suspect him of having small-pox pustules in his throat which, while they do not as yet impair his usefulness to his employers, make his distribution of change to the public more than ordinarily undesirable. When the American citizen, some two weeks afterwards, finds himself a most unpleasant patient, without a smooth square inch of surface, whom can he blame for it? Least of all men, living or dead, Doctor Edward Jenner, as these few facts and figures that follow, taken from a great accumulation of similar ones, may testify.

It is about seventy years since Jenner, after an exhaustive course of study and experiment extending through twenty-five years, published his great discovery of vaccination, with a religious faith not only that the process would be to every one subjected to it a perfect protection against the small-pox, but that this disease, then the most dreaded and destructive of all that afflict mankind, would be fairly exterminated from the earth. At that time the annual death-rate from small-pox in England was estimated at 3,000 in the million of population. In other countries of Europe the rate varied, in some cases rising to 4,000, and probably in no instance falling so low as 2,000 in the million. These, the fatal cases, should be multiplied by five or six, as nearly as we can compute, to give the entire number of subjects annually attacked by the disease. This loss of life is appalling. The loss of time, in cases not fatal, is something harrowing to the mind of the economist. But this is not the whole of the black story. It was estimated that two-thirds of the indigent blind in London had lost their sight by small-pox. The number of hopelessly deafened ears, crippled joints, and broken-down constitutions from the same cause, perhaps, cannot be reckoned, but it was certainly very large. Anybody who escaped from the disease without painful disfigurement of the face was called fortunate. Although it may seem unworthy to be mentioned in this connection, the mere destruction of clothing and utensils for the prevention of infection in so many thousands of cases must have formed no inconsiderable part of the waste of a nation. In those days, whatever a man might do, whether he would abide at home or travel abroad, by land or by sea, in summer or in winter, so long as he had not paid toll to the great pestilence and bought his freedom from it, it rose as a bugbear before him in every direction. Now it is well to recall such facts as these; the nineteenth century, in the comparative immunity it has enjoyed, is apt at once to forget the horrors from which it has been delivered, and to neglect the only means of protection against their return. Let us see what change has been effected by vaccination, where it has been most thoroughly done and its results have been most carefully observed and recorded.

This summary of English experience does not exhibit an extreme case, but it is specially instructive by its progressive character:

Periods compared.	*Annual Deaths by Small-pox in England and Wales.*	*Annual rate per million of the Population.*
1. Average of 30 years previous to introduction of vaccination, estimated by Dr. Lettsom and Sir Gilbert Blane	....	3,000
2. Average of three years (1838-40) when vaccination had become to a great extent diffused, but before any public provision was made for its gratuitous performance	11,944	770
3. Average of nine of the years (1841-53) when public vaccination was gratuitously provided, but vaccination was not obligatory	5,221	304
4. Average of the 12 years (1854-65) during which vaccination has been to a certain extent obligatory	3,967	202

In some countries where vaccination has been compulsory, and has been performed with conspicuous thoroughness, a very much nearer approach has been made to the fulfilment of the Jennerian aspiration, the extinction of small-pox.

"In Copenhagen, in twelve years before the introduction of vaccination, 5,500 persons died from small-pox; from the year 1802 to 1818, a period of sixteen years after vaccination had been peremptorily insisted upon, only 158 persons died of small-pox over the whole of Denmark."

In Copenhagen, for thirteen years, not one fatal case of small-pox occurred; the same was true, for eight years, in so large a population and territory as that of the Grand-Duchy of Baden.

For a striking example, look at the experience of the well-vaccinated British army for twenty years, from 1817 to 1836 inclusive. In dragoon regiments and Guards, with an aggregate strength during that period of 44,611 men, and a total mortality of 627, only *three* deaths were from small-pox.

Among the troops at Gibraltar, the aggregate strength being 44,611 men during that period, with a total mortality of 1,291, only *one* death from small-pox occurred.

In the West Indies several epidemics of small-pox prevailed during the period, but there were *no deaths* either among the British or white troops, of whom the aggregate strength was 86,661, and with a total mortality of 6,803. Among the black troops on the same station, with an aggregate strength of 40,934 and a mortality of 1,645, there was not *one case* of small-pox.

At Bermuda, ova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius, not a death from small-pox occurred during the twenty years mentioned; and the white troops of Western Africa wholly escaped this disease, while the black unprotected population were dying by hundreds. These may serve as samples of statistics that might be multiplied by hundreds. Let it not be supposed that this amazing saving of human life has been at the expense of an increased mortality from any other disease. On the contrary, and notwithstanding the dire threats of "*Lues Bovilla*" and "*Facies Bovina*" fulminated by the early opponents of vaccination, the better we become acquainted with that discovery, the more purely beneficent does it appear to be. Thus it is noticeable in those countries where vaccination has been most thoroughly practised, that, leaving small-pox out of the question, there is a diminution of the death-rate from other causes; and this is so striking in the case of two of the most important classes of diseases, viz., scrofulous affections and continued fevers, especially typhoid, that some medical statists have attributed to vaccination an indirect protective agency in this regard.

Why is it, then, in the face of these facts, that small-pox still, occasionally and within certain limits, rages to the extent of an epidemic, so that, in popular esteem, vaccination has ceased measurably to afford its old protective power? Some of the best of the heads that study—like that, for instance, of John Simon, "Medical Officer of Her Majesty's Privy Council" —have been for years working insatiably at this question, and have answered it completely, with an array of figures which to doubt would be to fly in the face of the multiplication table. "Wheresoever vaccination falls into neglect," cries Mr. Simon from his mountain height of statistics, "small-pox tends to become again the same frightful pestilence it was in the days before Jenner's discovery; and wheresoever it is universally and properly performed, small-pox tends to be of as little effect as any extinct epidemic of the middle ages." Dr. Jenner inculcated, and his immediate disciples observed, certain conditions of thorough and successful vaccination, which have of late been forgotten or neglected, to the great detriment of the public health. The apparently trivial character of the operation has led to its slovenly and ineffectual performance. The most important of these conditions is that the vaccine lymph, just at the period of its perfect elaboration, should be transferred directly from the yielding arm to the receiving arm. In this country this plan is followed in probably an insignificant proportion of cases. The use of dried lymph, of varying degrees of activity down to complete inertness, is the rule, and here, apparently even more than in England, is Mr. Simon's assertion true, that millions of vaccinations have been performed with lymph which had lost its original power, with a resulting partial or total failure of protection.

Here, the medical practitioner, especially outside of large cities, is often at a loss to obtain any form of vaccine lymph. In England the National Vaccine Establishment has been, ever since 1808, a trustworthy and accessible reservoir of the virus, and its beneficent operations are well marked in the statistics already referred to. Our governments, if not our laws, in this country, leave us substantially without protection against small-pox.

There has been, it is true, a considerable amount of State legislation on this subject, but it generally looks to the commission of discretionary powers to town officers who may safely be relied upon as ignorant and piddling, and sure not to act, except in a momentary spasm induced by an unusual scare; town officers too often of the sort that maintains a pig in its backyard, and carries a bit of camphor in its pocket when cholera is said to be about.

We need, probably more than any other people of Christendom at present: First, a steadily working system which shall secure the proper vaccination of all infants at an age early enough to prevent any large accumulation of these most susceptible subjects of small-pox (the English law fixes three months as the proper age, except in special cases); and second, in view of the neglect and inefficient performance of vaccination in past years, especially of the fact that dark-skinned races, who form a considerable part of our people, are a favorite quarry of small-pox—a thorough inspection of adolescents and adults wherever, in schools and public institutions, they may be got at, to the intent of revaccination in that large proportion of cases in which it would assuredly be found necessary. It is perhaps expecting too much to look to Washington for help in a matter of this kind, but if the Central Government would

"All germens spill at once"

of that sanguine geoponic who scatters fossil seeds from the Patent Office, and instead set some competent officer to supply, with thoroughly trustworthy lymph in hermetically sealed glass-tubes, all reasonable demands from all quarters of the country, it would be much to the purpose.

It has taken England sixty-eight years to get her present system of vaccination enacted. How long shall we be in getting one as good?

ENGLAND.

London, March 5, 1869.

The great secret has been revealed: we know what Government intends to do in the matter of the Irish Church, and we look forward with interest to the battle which will soon begin to rage. I need not give at any length the details of the measure which Mr. Gladstone described on Monday last in a speech of three hours and a half. The Irish Church is to cease to exist as an establishment in the beginning of 1871. Its property, estimated at about £16,000,000, will pass into the hands of commissioners, who will have to carry out within about ten years the arrangements made necessary by the change. The Irish bishops will immediately cease to sit in the House of Lords, and the members of the Church in Ireland will be invited to form a new governing body, representing the clergy and the laity, which, on being approved by the crown, will be, as it were, the heir of the Established Church. It will receive that part of the property which is still to be left to the Church, as for example, everything that has been received from private endowments since the year 1660. The very large sums which have to be paid for compensation to the present incumbents of livings will also be handed over to this body. Every such person will have a right to an annuity during his life equal to the amount which he has hitherto received, and to be paid so long as he discharges the same duties. These compensations will swallow up a very large part of the capital of the Church, and the new body will start independent of the state with a very handsome property of its own. The Church will thus be reduced to the position of the Episcopal Church in America or of any of the dissenting sects in England. It will be a purely voluntary body, and the principle of a state church will be thus finally abandoned in one part of the British Islands. The measure is sufficiently thorough to leave no room for complaint on that score. The question remains, What is to be done with the revenues thus set free? and the answer, it must be admitted, sounds very insignificant—after all claims have been discharged and the concern is finally wound up, there will remain a revenue of from £300,000 to £400,000 a year. There was a considerable difficulty in determining how this should be spent. It could not, for example, be divided amongst the different religious bodies, because Government had pledged itself, partly by way of soothing certain Protestant antipathies, to do nothing in the way of endowing Roman Catholics or other sects, nor could it be given in aid of poor-rates, for such a plan would simply amount to making a handsome present to the land-owners. The scheme which has been finally discovered is to use the money in supporting deaf and dumb asylums and county hospitals, and in training nurses, and in similar purposes, which will help persons not in actual receipt of poor relief, but a degree or two above it. There is, it is said, a certain congruity in this plan to the original destination of the money—charity coming next door to religion. It seems to be generally agreed that this is, on the whole, the best arrangement that can be made, though the result is rather suggestive of the mountain bringing forth a mouse. After all the excitement that has been produced by what Mr. Gladstone calls a gigantic measure, the net positive result will be the handing over to charitable purposes a sum formerly employed in paying clergymen—the sum being in itself a mere trifle to that which is annually distributed in London from voluntary contribution. Whether the scheme, such as it is, will escape mutilation, is more than I can say, but to all appearance Government should have a decisive majority in the House of Commons. The Lords will hardly dare to do more than nibble at details, unless they are urged by their desire to gain importance into a spasmodic display of rather dangerous energy.

The scheme, however, suggests some remarks which have a considerable bearing on the future politics of this country. It is, I hope, a good omen that we have at least the prospect of carrying a measure dictated simply by considerations of justice to Ireland, even though the immediate practical results be small and the labor of carrying it somewhat disproportionate. In another sense, it is impossible not to see that it enormously increases the probability of a similar change in England. If a branch of our own establishment is to be separated from us, and we are constantly to have the spectacle of a free church, managing its own affairs and deciding on its own doctrines, the reaction upon English opinion cannot but be extremely vigorous. The prestige of our own establishment will be materially injured by the fact of such a measure being carried, and the subsequent working of the Church will be full of interest. Yet our Government, and especially Mr. Gladstone, continue to proclaim in the strongest terms their loyalty to the Church of England, and to refuse to draw the inference which every one else sees to be inevitable. Thus, for example, a bill has been introduced session after session for admitting English Dissenters to a share in the endowments of English universities, from which they have hitherto been excluded. Every Liberal is in favor of this measure, for which there would undoubtedly be a large majority in the House of Commons. Government has only to adopt it to make sure of its passing. Yet Mr. Gladstone has always looked askance upon it, and it is constantly allowed to be hustled out of the way and postponed till so late in the session that it dies a natural death before the Lords have considered it. The meaning of this is, that Government is still very anxious to keep on terms with the Church party. They are, as every one well knows, introducing the thin end of the wedge, or applying the first match to the powder-magazine, or, whatever metaphor may be preferred, initiating a process which cannot but end in a powerful attack upon the Church of England. Yet they dare not openly avow it, and the air of half-hearted reserve which this gives to their proceedings is only too significant of a certain feebleness in more important subjects. Our statesmen are still afraid of adopting the policy of "thorough;" they shrink from the logical consequences of their own actions, and they open up great questions with which they are unwilling really to grapple. They are like magicians raising the devil, but assuring themselves and their audience that when he comes he shall behave himself with the strictest propriety and moderation.

It is perhaps significant in a smaller way, that the House of Lords has lately been getting decidedly uncomfortable. Some ingenious gentleman wrote the other day to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to propose that they should reform themselves by getting up interesting debates, and generally by being more lively and entertaining. This naive proposal is something like recommending the Ethiopian to change his skin, and the leopard his spots. If the Lords are dull and decorous, it is simply because, to quote the words of the poet, "God has made them so." However, they are beginning to betray a certain disquiet, an uneasy suspicion, that if they do nothing and say nothing, people will begin to think them of no use. Lord Salisbury—better known as Lord Robert Cecil, and afterwards as Lord Cranbourne—is one of their most recent acquisitions, and is a man of real power and high character. He has been fretting sadly under the comparative calm of the aristocratic region to which he has been raised, and has already made some efforts to remove the cause of the evil. The Lords are generally left to do nothing till near the end of the session, when bills come up to them from the Commons. Lord Salisbury proposed certain reforms which would enable the Lords to take a more active share in legislation, and to help to work off that monstrous accumulation of arrears which weighs upon the energies of the House of Commons. He may do something for a time, but the evil lies too deep for such remedies. The House of Lords represents the huge dead-weight of comfortable conservatism. Whatever importance its decisions may possess in a constitutional sense, they have no power of public opinion behind them. There are, indeed, many able men amongst the peers, chiefly amongst those who have risen from the

other House; but the simple fact is, that nobody cares very much for the opinion of three or four hundred very rich and comfortable gentlemen, a large proportion of whom know much more about horse-racing than about legislation. The energy of individuals cannot leaven the general heaviness of the mass. Theoretically, you may call them what you please; but practically, the opinion of so small a class, with such an overwhelming personal interest in the conservative view of things, bears no weight. They cannot throw themselves across the path marked out by reformers without the most imminent danger, and they are prudent enough to keep pretty carefully out of harm's way. As a rule, they confine themselves to petty bits of mischief in the way of arresting legislation, and sometimes they make some useful modification in proposed measures as suggested by one of the legal peers. Their power to do more will be pretty accurately tested by their action on Mr. Gladstone's bill. Political manœuvring is so uncertain, especially when an acute tactician like Mr. Disraeli is opposed to an enthusiast like Mr. Gladstone, that it is premature to speculate on the precise issue that may come before them.

Amongst merely personal events, it is perhaps worth notice that "Historicus," or, as he is known to men, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, has made his first, and it seems to have been a very successful, appearance in the House of Commons. He poured out some grand constitutional maxims for three-quarters of an hour on what seems to me to be an infinitesimal point of law—the question, namely, whether members of the House who take office should be compelled to vacate their seats unless re-elected—and spoke like a combination of Hallam and Tocqueville. He is a man of imposing presence, and his magniloquence seemed to please the House of Commons as much as the readers of the *Times*. He will probably be a successful man, though I fear that Mr. Carlyle might possibly suspect him of being more or less of a "wind-bag."

The convent case of which I spoke in a previous letter lasted for about three weeks, until the patience of every human being concerned must have been nearly exhausted. It has given rise to endless discussion in newspapers and private conversation; but the whole dispute turned on such petty quarrels that it would be useless to do more than just mention it as one of our most popular *causes célèbres*. The general opinion was that Miss Saurin, the oppressed nun, was rather badly treated but extremely provoking, that Miss Star, the superioress, was rather spiteful but not wantonly cruel, and that convents generally, if this be a fair specimen, must contain exaggerated repetitions of the little squabbles in a badly-managed kitchen. The Chief Justice, Sir A. Cockburn, summed up very decidedly in favor of the superioress, but a British jury, possibly animated by a certain *à priori* prejudice against papists, priests, and nuns, but more probably moved by a really noble speech from the most eloquent of our living advocates, Sir J. Coleridge, gave Miss Saurin £500 damages; and so the papers were freed from a burden of reports which filled several columns daily with the accumulated gossip of ten years of convent life.

The bill for our Abyssinian expedition has just come in. It has not, indeed, been completely made out even yet; but within a few hundreds of thousands of pounds we probably know the worst. The grand total of the charges for marching four hundred miles and back, killing Theodore, dispersing his army, and releasing the captives, comes to nine millions sterling. We are engaged in persuading ourselves at present that it was well worth the money. Meanwhile, by energetic cheeseparing, scraping, and screwing, the estimates for the army and navy have been reduced this year by over two millions, which proves that in four years of energetic economy we can allow ourselves the luxury of a small war.

Correspondence.

THE "ALABAMA" CASE AGAIN.

RUGBY, ENGLAND, March 5, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "America" argues that because "a long-lived nation can wait for justice," the United States are to accept the English theories of neutrality, and imitate "unjust Great Britain's" course of action in your late war. Will you allow me to ask your correspondent not to obscure the real issue by such vindictive advice, but to consider a little the feelings of those Englishmen to whom, like myself, the *Alabama* affair is a cause of real pain? The most able exponent of the real state of American feeling at present, "A Yankee," asks triumphantly what we should say, supposing, in the event of Liverpool and its neighborhood revolting from England, the United States were to recognize the belligerent rights of that port. I do not suppose any English lawyer would ask America to do otherwise. Either we can govern Liverpool or we cannot. If we can, it is the duty of a friendly power to recognize our government; if we cannot, and proclaim our inability by announcing a blockade, surely it is most unreasonable for us to expect any other state to recognize as existing a government which we ourselves do not profess to be able to maintain.

Your government proclaimed a blockade, and we accepted the state of things as they declared them. You are angry because we took you at your own word.

As regards the mere *Alabama* claims proper, England has fully consented to pay them, and "America" must not leave that fact out of sight.

As regards the irritation arising from the whole business, it is very important really to know the cause of complaint. What, for instance, is it which has prompted the Senate to reject the Reverdy Johnson convention? Your own accredited minister is allowed to come over here with the express object of settling a dispute of long standing. What are we to do? Are we to receive him with open arms, as the representative of old friends and near relations from whom we have been temporarily estranged, or are we to say that we will not make a treaty with a man who obviously does not represent the real feeling of his country? If the latter, we insult your representative; if the former, we run the chance of being snubbed in our turn by the rejection of our treaty. We run the chance of hearing the English philo-Southerners say, "We always told you so; they always meant to let you down." Sir, if you have time in your next number, do tell England, once for all, what she should have done; tell the friends of America what they should have recommended. "Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?" Let me once more relate my dilemma. Either Mr. Reverdy Johnson was your representative, and we were right to press for a convention, and the Senate were bound to accept it or else to have recalled him during its operation, as he must have telegraphed for instructions; or he was not sent out in good faith, and those English who accepted his drivelling compliments, merely because he was your representative, have been purposely insulted.

That is my position, sir; and I hope you will explain to me where I am wrong. Perhaps an illustration will help our mutual understanding. The United States are not only at peace with Spain, but have only quite recently expressed strong sympathy with its present Government. Yet before Spain proclaims the blockade of Cuba, you have hastened to promise recognition of belligerent rights to the rebels there. Is this justice? "A long-lived nation can wait for ample justice," as your correspondent says. But justice is not ample unless it is immediate and consistent.

Sir, I am a constant reader of the *Nation;* I admire its tone exceedingly, and I sit humbly at its feet, as I await its reply, remaining always

Yours faithfully, H. LEE WARNER.

[Mr. Warner can hardly have followed the *Alabama* controversy very closely, or he would know that the main reason why Americans have been so much irritated by the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents was that it was premature. Lord Russell did not wait for the official notification of the blockade, nor even for an interview with the new American minister, nor for any exact information as to the condition or prospects of the insurrection. The Queen's proclamation of neutrality was issued when all that the ministry knew of the blockade was derived from rumor, and from the announcement of the British minister that it would be established shortly. That the proclamation would have had to be issued eventually, we have ourselves no doubt; but the unprecedented haste in issuing it was, or is taken as, a proof of animus; in other words, as an indication of unfriendly feeling.

Mr. Warner may reply that the British Government had a legal right to choose its own time in formally recognizing the existence of a state of war: this Americans do not deny; but they rejoin that Americans have a right to take offence if the time chosen be a manifest sign of hostility. The recognition of Liverpool as a belligerent would doubtless, in the case put by Mr. Warner, be accorded at Washington, but not without hearing from the American minister in England, or the British minister in Washington. We are not angry because "we were taken at our word," but because England did not wait to hear what our word was.

Mr. Johnson's foolish talk in England has, no doubt, caused a good deal of irritation here, but Mr. Warner has no ground for the assumption that his foolish talk has had everything to do with the refusal of the Senate to confirm the convention. The instrument, we are sure,

has been judged on its own merits. It has, in the opinion of a majority of the Senate, and of a large portion of the public, the fatal defect of not providing proper machinery for the redressal of what Americans consider, and Englishmen now acknowledge, to have been a great wrong. Whether that wrong can be atoned for by the payment of pecuniary damages, or whether any other atonement is possible, are questions we need not here discuss. We must remind Mr. Warner that the building, arming, and despatch of the *Alabama* from an English port was followed by four years of pillage of American commerce, to the accompaniment of loud applause from the English press, and the most influential portion of English society, and hearty abuse of the North. We hate to recall these things; but when pressed for an explanation of American irritation, we have to do it. There was no calm observer of the course pursued by leading Englishmen on this question, in the years 1862–3–4, who did not foresee years and years of mutual hate and recrimination as the consequence of the ignorant rant of the Lairds, Roebucks, Spencers, Beresford Hopes, and of the *Times* and *Saturday Review*, and the like. The less said about the matter now the better. We must remind Mr. Warner, too, that the Senate is not "bound" to accept any treaty no matter by whom negotiated. Every foreign power negotiating with the United States knows, or ought to know, that no treaty or convention with them is valid till the Senate has approved of it, and that in the matter of approving or rejecting it the Senate enjoys, under the Constitution, absolute discretion. As regards the fêting of Mr. Johnson, it is in reality a small matter. All that we need say of it is, that considering the attitude of English society towards the American representative five short years ago, when America was in real difficulties and when words of kindness and sympathy would have been really welcome, the laborious adulation of the present Minister has been in very bad taste. The strong man who has come victorious out of a fray, in which you have hooted him, betted against him, and encouraged his adversary, is hardly likely to take your offer of wine and your pattings on the back very kindly.

If the United States has promised "recognition of belligerent rights" to Cuban rebels one minute before Cuba shall have afforded good evidence of her ability to carry on an organized armed struggle with Spain, and the Government at Washington shall have received proper reports on the subject from their agents on the island, Mr. Warner must be in possession of information on the subject which has not reached us.—Ed. Nation.]

GENERAL GRANT'S APPOINTMENTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: "Citizen," in your issue of March 18th, expresses dissatisfaction with the new Cabinet. This is a natural and an undoubted right of every American citizen. Omniscience could not pick, from thirty millions, seven men to whom many individuals among these millions would not fiercely object.

But the propriety of one of "Citizen's" objections is fairly open to sharp criticism in turn. "Citizen" says, "the nomination of Mr. Stewart the day after he had presented General Grant with a check for $65,000 for a house given to him by a number of gentlemen, of whom Mr. Stewart was one, was very *mal apropos*." The taste and temper of this paragraph, flung thus early against the great victor to whom the country owes an immeasurable debt of grateful respect, are unquestionably bad. The fling revives the memory of Washington's letter to Jefferson, in which the general complains that he had been assailed in a manner which could only be deserved by a common pickpocket or a notorious defaulter.

But why was General Grant's "nomination of Mr. Stewart the day after," etc., *mal apropos?* Does "Citizen" impute bribery to the latter? Of course not. What then? Does he mean gently to instil into the national mind the subtle venom of a hint that, not Mr. Stewart's vast financial reputation, but his attractive association with the gift of a house to General Grant, had seduced the General from that pure, unerringly honest judgment which, through the long years of the agony of his glory, had seized upon the fittest men before?

> "Work on,
> My medicine, work;" thus credulous fools are caught;
> And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
> All guiltless meet reproach."

So soliloquizes *Iago*.

But why was "the nomination of Mr. Stewart the day after he had presented General Grant with a check" for the purchase money of his house *mal apropos?* If "Citizen" had agreed with General Grant that Mr. Stewart was the fittest nominee for a great national duty, would it have seemed "*apropos*" to reject him and deprive the country of his services for such an absurd reason as the matter of the house and check? What language of contempt and indignation would be strong enough to lash the selfish, cowardly egotism of an Executive who would subordinate the interests of the country to his own personal fear that somebody might think he had sold the birthright of personal and official integrity for a mess of nine days' old pottage? Purity of heart, steadfastness of purpose, reliance on the great, patient, well-intending heart of the people, as opposed to a politician's cunning, a vacillating timidity, and a subjective distrust of human nature, are manifested by the very act which "Citizen" condemns.

Fair Play.

[We beg to say that we shall surrender no more space to the discussion of this question. Nobody has more confidence in Grant than we have; we no more believe his appointments to have been influenced by the gifts of which he has been the recipient than we believe him to have stolen a Shetland pony in Mississippi. But we agree with "Citizen," nevertheless, in thinking the appointment of a large subscriber to a testimonial in some respects unfortunate, because we believe Presidents like judges should not only avoid evil, but the appearance of evil. It is constantly forgotten that nearly every act of a high official is a precedent. Lincoln did a good many doubtful things, harmless enough in Lincoln; but when Johnson came to imitate him we did not at all like it. Suppose Grant should be succeeded by Johnson and some great "operator" were to present him with $100,000 just before inauguration, and were to be nominated immediately afterwards for the Paris Mission, or the Collectorship of the port of New York; we know very well what *he* would say, but what should we say?—Ed. Nation.]

"IS BEING DONE."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Mr. Richard Grant White's own English is particularly good, and there are few Americans to whose instincts and habits one who had a question in that way might so safely trust. If I could afford more than the five dollars a year and one night a week which I expend on the *Nation*, I should like to take the *Galaxy* for the sake of his articles on "Words and their Uses"—and for other purposes, as our law-makers say. As yet, I have seen only the March number, in which Mr. White comments on the phraseology "is being done." This method of speech he condemns for many reasons, and with much passion. It is monstrous, absurd, pestilent, incongruous, ridiculous, meaningless; "indeed the most incongruous combination of words and ideas that ever attained respectable usage in any civilized language." Now, I agree that the phrase is nearly intolerable, and I respect a generous animosity; but it seems to me that Mr. White, like many another excellent judge, ought, in giving his opinion, to have left out half of his reasons.

The phraseology in question, though employed by good writers—Ruskin, for instance—has not sufficient authority. Then, it is not only a novelty, but an awkward novelty, of which we have no need, as Mr. Marsh and Mr. White have said. Nothing is good English which lacks authoritative usage, and nothing that is unhandy and that displaces something better should be allowed to establish itself if we can prevent. This is firm and familiar ground. We shall get into trouble in a moment if we require all usages to justify themselves by reason. This also Mr. White says, and it is one of the fundamental principles of his paper. "Ruin comes of laying presumptuous hands on idioms." Nothing is plainer than that a phrase which has authority cannot be challenged because it is or looks irrational, unless it be this, that no amount of reason dispenses with the necessity of authority; an axiom which Mr. White (probably through a printer's error) appears, on p. 335, to deny. It is of no use, and inconsistent besides, for him to argue the essential absurdity of this phrase, except in the way of protest against its admission. It is not more absurd than *I had rather*, at the worst. But, indeed, it is not absurd at all.

Mr. White finds a "fatal absurdity" in the combination of *is* with *being*, for *to be* expresses mere existence, and *is being done* is equivalent to *exists*

existing done. Now the substantive verb has had two significations from the beginning of our language. It means sometimes *esse* and sometimes *fieri*, and it is only by virtue of this second meaning that we English are able to make out a passive voice at all. When I say "my article is printed in the *Nation*," my *is* means exists; but when I say "the *Nation* is published on Thursday," my *is* means becomes. The use of the substantive verb as an auxiliary of the passive voice is not a peculiarity of English. Modern German has cleared itself of ambiguity by appropriating *werden* for this purpose; but in the Old High German *wesan* and *werdan* are both so employed, *wesan* being commoner in the oldest. In Anglo-Saxon *weordhan* (become) may have been commoner than *wesan* (be), but both are used as passive auxiliaries; as, they did eat and were (wurdon, became) filled, or, they went out to him and were (wæron, became) baptized. The verb *be* was not only a passive auxiliary, but a passive auxiliary for both present and future, *I be found* signifying both *invenior* and *inveniar*. Where, then, is the absurdity, the unreason, of *the house is being* (that is, becoming) *built?*

There are several considerations upon which I would recommend those who say *is being built* to mercy, though not to approbation or imitation. Our English passive is a very imperfect affair. We are not as well off as the Germans with their *werden* or the French with their *on*. To be sure, *is building* or *is a-building* is as good as *wird gebaut* or *on bâtit*. But perspicuity is the first object in language, and there are many cases in which we cannot without ambiguity use the participle in -ing or the noun with a-. Would Mr. White, coming back from a walk in an Indian country, say "I found an emigrant cooking (a-cooking) at a slow fire?" He would not say *being cooked*, at any rate; neither would I. I like a short cut, but I had rather go a little about than bemire myself. C.

[We had been intending to consider the case of this offending idiom at greater length, but a valued correspondent has saved us the trouble and put the gist of the matter into a small space. He is a little harder, however, on the people who say "is being done" and the like than we should have been. The excellent excuse which such offenders have seven or eight times in ten is the one mentioned by "C."—namely, that they must be offenders or be mute.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

To our list of announcements previously made we have but few titles to add. Sever, Francis & Co. will publish Björnson's "Happy Boy," and a "Memoir of Jared Sparks," by the Rev. Mr. George E. Ellis.——Turner Brothers & Co., of Philadelphia, announce "Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems," by Mr. John W. Watson, and "Broken Fetters," by F. Trollope.——People who know "that highly successful book, 'The Woman in Black,'" may be glad to hear that it is to have a companion volume in "The Woman in Red," which is to be issued soon by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. The same house announce "The Curse of Gold," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and a work by another author who has outlived herself, "The Changed Bride," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.——Allen Brothers announce a long and good list of books for children: there is the "Life of John James Audubon for Boys;" a "Boy's Book of Gymnastics;" a "Boy's Book of Magic;" "Rob Roy's Adventures," by James Grant; "Five Years Before the Mast," which seems to have been christened, with doubtful morality, "Australian Crusoes;" "Adventures of Gerard, the Lion-Slayer;" "The Wolf Boy of China;" "The Joyful Gates," by Miss Alice Hawthorne, and half a dozen other works.——Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce "The Three Kingdoms of Nature," by Dr. Houghton; "Illustrated Travels," a compilation edited by Mr. Bates, of the Royal Geographical Society; "The World of Wonders, comprising the Marvellous in Nature, Science, and Art" (illustrated); "The Captive Missionary," by the Mr. Stern whom Theodorus shut up, and Arnold's "Poets of Greece."——Messrs. A. Roman & Co. announce a volume of sermons by the Rev. Mr. Charles Wadsworth, of San Francisco.——Mr. Widdleton has in press a second edition of Alger's "Future Life."

—We spoke last week of Miss Mary Godolphin as the originator of the one-syllable literature. Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin have published for her an "Æsop's Fables" and a "Sandford and Merton" written in words of one syllable, and both have been well received by the public, as also was the monosyllabic "Robinson Crusoe" of which Messrs. George Routledge & Sons are the publishers. Miss Godolphin has recently been negotiating with Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin for the publication, in the same form, of "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Evenings at Home," but not with success. Indeed she has been obliged to appeal to the public for redress for the treatment she has received at the hands of the firm in question. Last fall she offered them the "Sandford and Merton," she says, but found herself unable to agree with them as to terms, and after they had had her manuscript five or six weeks she felt compelled to withdraw it. Thereupon the firm notified her that they would "proceed with their series" at once, and that it "would doubtless include 'Evenings at Home' and 'The Swiss Family Robinson' done" by another person, though "they would prefer their being done" by Miss Godolphin. The affair is not one in which, to judge by thus much of the lady's statement, the publishers make a very good figure; but she goes on to make her case stronger. The two new books of the series have been brought out by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin in a very hurried manner, for the apparent purpose of forestalling Miss Godolphin's version, and the haste with which they have been prepared has injured, she says, their literary execution, and therefore, to a certain extent, injured her literary reputation. In proof of the former of these assertions she cites the occurrence among the monosyllables of polysyllabic words—iguana, india-rubber, porcupine, albatross, kingfisher, nightingale, and others—to the number of two hundred. The book-buying public has an unfortunate resemblance to other publics, and buys where it can buy cheapest; we can only hope that in this instance Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin's books are so much poorer than Miss Godolphin's that nobody may be much tempted to forget what seems to be his duty in the matter. The authentic volumes of the series are in the press of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons.

—A publishers' quarrel, of a kind that we shall never see the end of until we have an international copyright arrangement with the principal book-producing nations, is now going on between the Harpers and the Lippincotts. On the first day of this year, Messrs. Lippincott & Co. wrote a letter to the London *Athenæum*, which that paper printed, in which they said, in order to set themselves right before the public, that Messrs. Harper & Brothers had put on the market an edition of Mr. C. W. Dilke's "Greater Britain," and were selling it at a merely nominal price; for which reason the sale of the *authorized* edition, which Messrs. Lippincott issue and from which Mr. Dilke was to have drawn some profit, had been very greatly injured; and this, said the Philadelphia firm, although as long ago as May of last year public announcement had been made of their intention to publish the work. The Messrs. Harper, in reply to this *Athenæum* letter, print in their *Weekly* some correspondence that passed between the two firms in December of last year, and, in addition, some correspondence that passed between Messrs. Macmillan & Co. and themselves in the latter part of 1868 and the first two months of this year. Briefly, the American letters are intended to show that when the Harpers began printing "Greater Britain" they had no knowledge whatever that the Philadelphia house had announced it. The *Commercial Advertiser*, of this city, they declare to be the recognized organ of "the trade" for announcing claims to reprints. But the fact of the matter is, we believe, that this character is not conceded to it by all of the publishing firms here in New York even; and is denied to it by many of the outside firms. The *Publishers' Circular* was the journal in which Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announced their "Greater Britain," and the Messrs. Harper therefore had (for them) no "official information" of that edition, and, as we are bound to believe, had no information of any kind, for so they explicitly say. Furthermore, the latter firm offered to withdraw their edition if the former would pay the expenses already incurred in preparing it, and would give an answer in the negative to the question whether the stereotype plates for the authorized edition were made in England. To this question Messrs. Lippincott made no further reply than that they had bought the advance sheets of the book from the author. And there was another question contained in the Harpers' letter which may as well be mentioned, for it shows the cause of an angry feeling which runs through all this part of the correspondence: "While we think of it," said they, "allow us to ask whether your edition of Bulwer's novels is printed in this country." Bulwer the Harpers considered their property (and they now announce that he so considered himself), till all of a sudden the "Globe Edition" appeared, the Lippincotts apparently holding in regard to Bulwer the doctrine said to have been laid down by a Boston house in regard to Dickens—that, like Shakspeare and the Bible, he is common property. It appears, we may remark here in passing, that the "Globe" Bulwer is printed from plates made in this country. Inasmuch as the Lippincott edition of "Greater Britain" was not to be printed in this country, and inasmuch as Messrs. Lippincott did not feel inclined to pay the expense which Messrs. Harper & Brothers had incurred in preparing their edition, the latter firm resolved

to go on, and, as everybody knows, have done so. Considerations which the Bulwer matter above spoken of will probably suggest to the reader sufficiently account for the fact that when the Harpers' "Greater Britain" did come, it came at the fighting price, so to speak, of a dollar. The war having begun, it did not end with one engagement. The Harpers charge, and so do Macmillan & Co., that in October last the Lippincotts knew perfectly well that the Harpers had bought of Macmillan & Co. the plates of Sir Samuel Baker's "Cast up by the Sea;" that by an error of shipment the plates were sent to the Lippincotts, who received them in December; that in February the Lippincotts sent word to them to this effect: "Some time since we received, without advice, a box containing electrotypes. Believing it came from Messrs. Macmillan, we advised them of its arrival, and asked them to give us an explanation. We are now advised by them that the box was intended for you." But, then, while the letter asking advices was going to London and the answer coming back, Messrs. Lippincott & Co. issued a cheap edition of "Cast up by the Sea." It is necessary to add that the latter have not been heard in reply on this last issue.

—Mr. John Sabin of this city has just issued, as the seventh of his reprints, Rev. Thomas Prince's edition of Major John Mason's "Brief History of the Pequot War," an original and the principal source of our knowledge of the remarkable campaign which the author himself conducted, and which left the Pequots in much the same relation to the neighboring tribes as the Aduatuci were left after they had been reduced by Cæsar. The short-sightedness of the Narragansets in favoring this expedition, and allowing it a free passage through their country, was repaid, as is well known, nearly thirty years later, when Philip's power was broken by Winthrop, among whose captains was a son of the Ensign Davenport, mentioned by Mason on p. 13, who afterwards commanded the Castle in Boston Harbor. Of Nathaniel Davenport and the Narraganset fight in which he fell, Mr. Upham gives many interesting particulars in his "History of Salem Witchcraft," those relating to the mode in which Philip's warriors fortified their camps being identical with what Mason tells us of the Pequots. The latter's account, including Mr. Prince's introduction, is curious reading for the mixture of religion and business, and it is good exercise for the imagination to deduce from it the Connecticut settler as he was, both at home and in the field.

—From the press of the Essex Institute we have the first of the "Memoirs of the Peabody Academy of Science," organized last year in Salem—a town which is constantly improving on its traditions, and has become one of the most active scientific centres in the country. The form of these memoirs, an imperial octavo, seems to us well chosen. The typography, paper, and illustrations are of the best. Mr. Samuel H. Scudder has the honor of contributing this initial memoir, which consists of a "Revision of the Large, Stylated, Fossorial Crickets." The Essex Institute has for its part resolved to discontinue its quarterly "Proceedings," and to substitute for it a monthly "Bulletin," composed of "such portions of communications made to the Essex Institute at its semi-monthly and other public meetings, as are of popular interest," together with a bare summary of *all* the proceedings as a matter of record. This publication will have at least sixteen octavo pages (fit to bind with the *American Naturalist*), and will be sold at $1 per annum or ten cents a copy; which, to judge from the first number, it will be well worth. There will be occasional illustrations.

—General Butler's recent pamphlet read by him to the House of Representatives in denunciation of gold and silver coin, and in advocacy of the substitution for it of paper tokens as a circulating medium, furnishes one more illustration of the way in which old and often-exposed fallacies and follies are reproduced from age to age by ignorant or designing persons, for the confusion of the simple and unwary. Butler's arguments were in great part a repetition of those used by Law and his friends in France, early in the last century, to keep at work the famous Mississippi scheme, in its later days. St. Simon says, in his Memoirs, that after the issue of paper money had gone on for a while, people became so greedy for it and it was given away in quantities so enormous that the very paper fell short, the mills being unable to supply it with sufficient rapidity. Of course this could not last very long. The notes began to fall in value, and then all confidence in them began to vanish. "Then," says St. Simon, "it became necessary to keep up their value by force; and, as soon as force began to be used, a regular panic ensued. An attempt was made to abolish all use of gold and silver coin, and even of precious stones, and to persuade people that from the time of Abraham, who paid in cash for Sarah's sepulchre, down to our own day, *people had been plunged in the grossest illusion and error in all the civilized nations of the world, with regard to money* and the metals of which it is made; that paper was the only useful and needful money, *and that we could do no greater harm to our neighbors jealous of our greatness and our advantages than to pour out and send over to them all our specie and precious stones.*" Of course this preaching produced very little effect, and the panic increased. Authority was given to the agents of the India Company to search private houses for coin, and seize all pieces of over twenty sous, and persons in whose possession it was found were severely punished. This brought a certain quantity into the bank from persons who were afraid of their servants betraying them, but ruin spread among all classes of society. At this stage a swarm of financial doctors began to appear on the scene, each with a plan for restoring confidence, most of them resembling Senator Sherman's, and consisting principally in forcing people to exchange one kind of paper for another, and threatening them with heavy penalties in case they refused to believe that they were better off with the new paper than with the old. St. Simon says the number of tricks of this kind practised was very great, and the result of each was of course to leave the holders of the notes a little worse off than before. The end is known to most readers of history—the final collapse, and the flight of Law, spread more ruin through France than the march of an invading army, and yet seventy-five years later another rise of ignorant adventurers and fanatics into power caused another issue of paper money with similar results; and here in America, in our day, we find demagogues by the dozen producing the doctrines of Law's days as new and remarkable discoveries, and "working-men's conventions" hailing the demagogues as benefactors of mankind.

—We find in the *Western Collegian*, of Delaware, Ohio, "an account of the receipts and expenditures, and the present condition of the Treasury, of the Lecture Association." We have certainly known a more cheering exhibit than this makes; for seven lectures cost the Association $172.18 over and above receipts, and left the treasury with barely enough for two more courses in subsequent years. Mr. J. G. Saxe and Miss Dickinson alone took less money away than they brought; and if Mr. Saxe's charges had not been modest, even he would have made the Association poorer by his visit. Yet he had the third largest audience on the list, Miss Dickinson's and Mr. Henry Vincent's being more numerous still. Mr. Tilton did not pay at $100. Mr. Vincent, in spite of the good attendance, did not pay at $150. Professor M. C. Tyler could not save from loss at $75, nor General Howard at $100. Judge Cox appears to have charged nothing but his expenses for a free lecture. As this would undoubtedly be esteemed a "strong" list, it would seem as if the lecture system were in a bad way, and if it is, it is what we have frequently surmised. We should, if called upon for reasons, assign as one the excess of "strength" in making up courses, the superabundance of great names, and the transfer of interest from the subject of the lecture to the lecturer himself. It is this personal feeling, we venture to think, which has sustained the lecture system hitherto, especially at the West; but as the novelty wears off, it is not strange that curiosity should flag, the field not being supplied rapidly enough with new and at the same time distinguished or "promising" lecturers. Five out of the seven we have referred to would be called "brilliant;" that is to say, they are sought after for their rhetoric more than, or at least sooner than, for their ideas: and this being the case, we may be sure that unspiced discourse, however sound or learned, would draw even emptier benches than they did. In short, not to go too deeply here into a subject which well deserves philosophic handling, we are afraid that the lyceum as at present carried on is hardly to be reckoned among the educational instrumentalities of the country. All during the war it would listen to nothing else but what everybody was saying in the newspapers or in conversation on the street; and that alone is a sufficient reason why it should be now so largely a social occasion, to which every swain invites the lady of his choice, certain of so much pleasure whatever may be uttered from the platform of wise or foolish or commonplace. The extent to which lectures, concerts, and other places of amusement are indebted for their audiences to the tender passion is a topic by itself.

—The editor of the *Publishers' Circular* has received a letter from nearly a dozen firms who had transactions with the Mr. Shaw of whom we spoke a week or two since, as having been the principal in a scheme for smuggling English books, and English editions of American copyright books, from Canada into the United States. They "emphatically repudiate the slightest knowledge" of Mr. Shaw's intention, and pronounce "utterly false" an inference which some people have drawn (or might draw, from a statement of the facts) namely, "that the English publishers were cognizant that the purchases made last autumn by Mr. H. J. Shaw, of Montreal, were to be smuggled into the United States." The firms which address

the letter to the editor are Messrs. W. & R. Chambers; George Routledge & Sons; William Tegg; Frederick Warne & Co.; A. Strahan & Co.; Charles Griffin & Co.; Reeves & Turner; William Collins, Son & Co., of Glasgow; A. Fullarton & Co., of Edinburgh; James Duffy, of Dublin, and Charles Jefferies, Jr., of Bristol. There is a sentence or two that we ourselves should have wished, we think, omitted from the letter if we had been expected to sign it. The signers say at the end that "they conceive it unnecessary to intrude upon your valuable space to explain why they were induced to believe in the *bona fides* of Mr. Shaw." Perhaps Messrs. Bell & Daldy could most easily explain that; but apparently they were not asked to join with the other publishers in signing, or else they declined to do so. So it still remains unintelligible how Mr. Shaw—a person who talked more or less openly in London publishing circles about the "facilities" he had for getting books into the United States on payment of far less than the legal duties; who seems to have had so little money and credit that, ordinarily, he would have been unable to get anything like seventy thousand dollars' worth of books from English houses—could have led so many reputable and presumably clever business men into such an affair as that in which he has involved these gentlemen above mentioned.

—Of new English books we have, of poetry, a very highly praised book by an author who has been obscure and, indeed, unknown till now. After her death, there is published a small volume entitled "Sunlight Hours," edited by Professor Plumptre, and written by Miss Sarah Williams. To such as think that perhaps the truest poetry written in England just at present is not written by men, Miss Williams's poems will not, we should say, furnish insuperable evidence of the truth of their belief; but still we should say, from what we have seen of her work, that there is no doubt of her having been a much more than ordinarily good poet of a distinctively female type. She died before her powers were matured. Whoever knows the "Poems Written for a Child" will not be surprised to hear of a new edition of that very nice little book. Praise is bestowed, too, on Miss Sophia M. Eckley for her "Minor Chords." Miss Eckley, however, is not English, we believe, but a New Englander, who has ventured on authorship first in London. Of course, the largest, if not the greatest poetical event of the moment is the appearance of the last volume of Mr. Browning's "Ring and the Book," the American edition of which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have issued with such promptitude. The Odyssey is translated into blank verse by Mr. Edginton. It is a remark that the mention of Mr. Edginton's book has suggested to us to make—but which we do not at all apply to his work, for we have not seen it—that it may be questioned if, when the enemies of verse-making as a part of English education, are enumerating the evils which that practice brings about, they should not say something concerning an effect it apparently has of setting scores of elegant versifiers to flooding the world with translations of Greek and Latin classic poets—translations that would never see the light if it were not for the manual dexterity, so to speak, which the translators acquired in youth. This is certainly an evil under the sun. A new "Iliad," too, is announced we see; but as for the "Iliad" it is long since Wolf's view became true of the modern Homer, (however it may have been with the ancient); that he is not one but many—and all pretty blind. A book that is hardly to be spoken of among books of poetry is a new edition, with illustrations, of Pollok's "Course of Time," which still lives, it seems. Sir Francis Doyle's lectures delivered in the chair of poetry at Oxford are just published and are well worth attention. Of theological works, we have but few to mention. Perhaps as interesting as any of them is Sir John Coleridge's "Life of Keble," which will bear study because of Keble's relations to contemporaries who have played an important part in the English and American religious world, to say nothing of a certain effect they have had upon the Romish. Mr. T. W. Allies, whose "See of Peter" is not the most uninteresting of the books which have been written by converts from Protestantism to Romanism, goes on with his work on "The Formation of Christendom." In connection with this work, which is said to be "of the reflective rather than of the narrative school of history," it may be profitable to read Mr. Lecky's speedily forthcoming work on the morals of Europe in the centuries between Augustus and Charlemagne. The Rev. Mr. William B. West puts forth first the second of six volumes which he will edit of the works of Archbishop Leighton—an author hitherto unedited, or, at least, never critically edited. The first volume, which will contain a biographical introduction and an index, will be the last one to appear. In science there is nothing of importance, we believe, since we last spoke of new scientific books. Professor Huxley's recent paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, on "The Physical Basis of Life," might well enough be reproduced in this country by some of our eclectic publishers who have not, we think, yet paid it the attention it deserves. Coupled with the able reviews of it that have appeared in other English periodicals, it would make an instructive and readable pamphlet of no great size. Of history and biography we may mention, as of particular interest to Americans, Cannon's "History of Grant's Richmond Campaign." The "Life of Richard the First," by Professor Aytoun, has reached another edition, but whether because it is a "history" of that prince or a "biography" of him it would not be easy to say. Perhaps not because it is either, but because it treats in a school-boy manner of a school-boy's hero. A work fitter for schoolboys' hands is the Rev. Mr. Cox's "Tale of the Great Persian War." Probably there is no living English writer who is more successful than Mr. Cox in arousing in the minds of youthful students of classical authors an interest in the men and events with which boys preparing for a liberal education are called upon to deal. Norton's "History and Constitution of the City of London," of which there is now a third edition, is of less value to the general reader than a new book, prepared by Mr. William Howitt, and constituting a third series of his "Visits to Remarkable Places," entitled "The Northern Heights of London" (Hampstead, Highgate, Islington, Hornsey, and Muswell Hill). These are names rich in associations, and history and biography have seldom been more agreeably mingled than in Mr. Howitt's book. Among miscellaneous works we observe a new edition of the perennial "Lavater," and a life and works, with selections from her letters, of Mary Lamb.

—Among new English books the one that perhaps will receive the widest welcome is the Tischendorf New Testament. Dr. Constantine Tischendorf, as is well known to most of our readers, is a very learned Biblical scholar, the business of whose life has been to make himself familiar with the original text of the Scripture. With this purpose in view, he has not only studied in their minutest features the Biblical manuscripts which were known to the world when he began his labors, but has ransacked the monasteries and libraries of Europe and also of the African and Asiatic East for new ones; and in 1844 and 1859 he had the signal good fortune of discovering what is the oldest as it is the best of all extant Greek versions of the scriptural books—the "Codex Sinaiticus." It was found in the monastery of Saint Katharine, on Mount Sinai, and very probably it had been there since the time of the Emperor Justinian, the founder of the house, whom we may suppose to have sent to the monks, as a present, one of the fifty correct copies of the Bible, which his predecessor, Constantine, had caused to be executed under the editorship of Eusebius, in the year 331. The discovery having been made by Dr. Tischendorf, while he was travelling under the auspices of the Czar, to him naturally fell the possession of the manuscript which has thus had the curious fate of having been the gift of an emperor to a community of the learned, and then, after many centuries, of being a gift from a student to an emperor—and, we may add, of being edited in the fourth century by one of its most distinguished scholars, and again, in the nineteenth, by a chief ornament of the most learned country in the world. Alexander the Second at once directed that a splendid edition of the whole manuscript should be prepared by Tischendorf; and this being done, in 1862, in 1863, and again in 1865, we have had cheaper, but as literally exact editions of the New Testament part of it. Baron Tauchnitz having last year come to the nine hundred and ninety-ninth volume of the series of books which he printed in Germany in the English language, resolved to make the thousandth volume a most noteworthy one, and with happiness of selection took the English New Testament as it stands in our "King James's" version and engaged the discoverer of the Sinaitic text to furnish it with marginal notes, giving the readings of the Alexandrine, the Vatican, and the Sinaitic versions. The volume is dedicated by the Baron "To my English and American authors as a token of esteem for the living and a tribute of remembrance to the dead"—a dedication which (if there must be dedications) nobody will find fault with. There is prefixed to the text a brief essay by the editor, written to be sure in the English of a German, but possessing the charm which belongs to the writing of a simple-minded scholar; for the value of the introduction alone, with its full and succinct information and its agreeableness of tone, the volume would be worth owning. It may be had in two forms—that is to say, there is a part of the edition which the London agents or the Leipzig house have put into an unsatisfactory binding of thin pasteboard covered with muslin; and there are the ordinary paper-covered copies in the shape with which the others of the thousand "Tauchnitz's" have made everybody familiar. Whoever buys the book will, of course, want it in some substantial binding, and very likely in some binding of his own choosing. As regards typography and paper, the volume is of the usual excellence of the series to which it belongs.

—Some figures from the "General Address Book of the German Book Trade for 1869," published last month at Leipzig, will show the vast extent of the business as carried on by the Germans, at home and abroad. This directory contains the names of 3,506 firms and branches, divided as follows: Publishers and dealers in books only, 750; in art only, 154; in music only, 82. Those whose chief business it is to keep an art assortment are 38; music assortment, 168; antiquarian assortment, 81; an assortment embracing all these and maps besides, 2,162; leaving 71 unclassified, as being either miscellaneous or dependent on some other business. Leipzig is the great centre of publication, and 1,282 houses from without have camped there and issue works with that imprint. Ten cities are principally resorted to by the commission trade: Augsburg, which has 9 commission houses, Berlin 46, Leipzig 100, Munich 8, Nürnberg 7, Pesth 20, Prague 12, Stuttgart 18, Vienna 31, Zurich 5—or 256 in all. Adding to the total first mentioned 76 branch establishments not contained in it, we have a grand total of 3,580 houses in 894 towns, viz., 2,159 in 483 towns of the North German Bund; 562 in 135 towns of South Germany; 4 in one town of Luxemburg; 413 in 149 towns of Austria; and 387 in 104 towns at large in Europe. Abroad, there are 52 German houses in 20 towns of America, and 3 in 2 towns of Asia. These external houses are in many cases truly missionary, and even in some parts of Europe partake of that character. They have done a great deal, for instance, in Italy to strengthen the interests of native authors and publishers, and build up a hitherto languid business; and, as one result, the influence of German ideas on Italian literature in these days is very perceptible.

DRAPER'S AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.*

THE first volume of Dr. Draper's "History of the American Civil War" formed the subject of an article published in the *Nation* in September, 1867, in which the author's theory of the influence of isothermal lines on the character of mankind received particular attention. That volume formed, as it were, a philosophic introduction to the history proper, which may be said to begin in the book before us.

Its appearance is prepossessing—shape, size, binding, print, and paper, are all good—and, as one reads, he finds much to praise in selection and arrangement of matter and in the method of statement. And yet, when the end is reached, and the question of the general merit of the book presents itself, one is surprised to find how far from easy it is to answer the question. It is seldom that so respectable a book can be read attentively, without leaving deeper impressions on the mind, and it requires some thought to be able to assign the cause. It is not a book to be saluted with a salvo of praise, nor one to be dismissed with indifference. It cannot be pronounced eminently interesting, still less can it be stigmatized as dull. It is probable that its failure to rivet the attention is owing in some degree to its being less a military history than its title would indicate. The period of which it treats includes Bethel, Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, the Peninsular Campaign, Pope's battles, the Maryland campaign, and Fredericksburg, in the East; the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the battles of Shiloh and Murfreesborough, and other operations, in the West; and the capture of New Orleans, and the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, and numerous other exploits, by sea—and so supplies abundant materials for a purely military history. But such a history Dr. Draper has not undertaken to write. Moreover, it is not likely that, if he had, he would have achieved more than a *succès d'estime*, partly because we are perhaps just a little surfeited with that sort of thing at present, but still more because there is nothing in what he has written to indicate that he is a match for those who are already distinguished in that department. The task he proposed to himself was the composition of such a history of the civil war, as should not merely tell the story of the creation and use of armies, but should be largely statistical, political, and philosophical as well. Such an enterprise is a difficult one, and he who undertakes it runs the risk of failure or imperfect success, not only from his own deficiencies, but from the defects of his subject. The first year of our civil war is interesting, from the enthusiasm that then burst forth, and for the number and severity of engagements in which the citizens of States long used to peace then took part, but it is very much wanting in the personal interest with which the possession of acknowledged genius by individuals invests an epoch. There was little to come out in most of the men prominent at that period, and what there was to come out in Lee and Jackson, and still more in Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas, and most of all in Grant and Lincoln, was known to none, and suspected, if at all, by very few. It was a period of uncertainty of purpose among our rulers, of extreme readiness on the part of politicians to meddle with what they did not understand, of sanguinary war waged without definite aims, of magnificent enthusiasm that was at the same time vague and ignorant, and a time of disappointment and apprehension, before our people had yet grasped the great principle of the struggle, that the battle must be fought with slavery, and the new Union built upon its ruins. The labor of the historian is lightened when he has to deal with settled purposes, and his work is surer to interest when he has only to depict the swell and movement of great waves of popular sentiment. Dr. Draper had not such good fortune, and the very completeness of his plan deprives his history of the charm of flow and motion, and invests many of its chapters with the character of a manual of reference.

The present volume is divided into seven sections, which treat of the progress and culmination of the Southern conspiracy, of the vast development of the warlike operations, and the corresponding legislative and military preparations, of the prelude to the great campaigns, of the campaigns for opening the Mississippi and piercing the east and west line of the Confederacy, of the campaign for the capture of Richmond, of the blockade and operations connected with it, and of the foreign relations and domestic policy of the Republic. It is doing the author no more than justice to say that this division is judicious, and the subordinate arrangement of his material is well managed, and the little *argument* which he prefixes to each chapter is always well done, and a help to the reader. Some of his general views are striking, as when he declares that the South, in the autumn of 1861, was a despotism and a camp, and that she was thrown on the defensive and effectually beleaguered early in the struggle, and that her four great offensive movements present the aspect of sorties. His assertion that the North was guided throughout by what it conceived to be right, the South by what it conceived to be advantageous, is a strong and well-put statement of what would be true, if he could also assert that no honest Southern men were blinded by passion or deceived by sophistry. And this sweeping assertion does not stand alone. The author permits himself the freest indulgence in the most positive statements, not only as to matters which may be conceded to be within his range, but also as to questions in regard to which men of the greatest wisdom and knowledge differ, or hesitate to pronounce a positive opinion. A taste for epigrammatic expression leads him to declare that "democracies never betray their country. That is done only by privileged classes." In another place, that "history furnishes no parallel to the midnight treachery of the cabinet (of Buchanan), except in the dark and bloody mysteries of the palaces of oriental monarchs." Such declarations do not come with a good grace from a man who has not established his claim to a familiar acquaintance with all the annals of recorded time; but they are not matters of substance, and it is not of much consequence whether they are believed or not, or, indeed, whether they are true or false. The same, however, cannot be said of such assertions as that the army of McClellan was "transported one hundred and eighty miles by water at a cost of nineteen days of time and an enormous expenditure of money, *to avoid one day's march by land*," or that Mr. Chase's financial measures were "of a singularly able and decisive kind," or, worst of all, the offensive assertion that "it was the man in the overcoat, *with the lock of his rifle tied on with a string*, who won victories, not the pampered, neatly-uniformed soldier." The first is calculated to mislead; the second states what may be true, but is not to be proved by the testimony of the author; and the third is written in the spirit of pandering to the lowest newspaper conception of the composition of an army. And here we may well call the attention of the philanthrophist and Christian to Dr. Draper's estimate of the religious status of the Southern slave at the commencement of the war. He declares that "through the benevolent influence of the white women of the South, and not through any ecclesiastical agency, was the christianization of this African race accomplished—a conversion which was neither superficial nor nominal, but universal and complete. . . . The annals of modern missionary exertion offer no parallel success." (?)

From the soldier in the overcoat, the transition is easy to an examination of the author's merits as a painter of battle-pieces. The first gem is to be found in a description of the night before Bull Run. After speaking of "the misty, yellowish haze, which so often pervades the summer nocturnal atmosphere for many thousand miles," and so leading us to strain the mind's eye to the utmost extent of vision, he suddenly contracts it, and concentrates it upon the woods of Manassas, over which the "arch-fiend Slavery, poised on his sail-broad vans, was glaring on the genius of Freedom, and making ready for a death-clutch with her on the morrow." In

* "History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of 'A Treatise on Human Physiology,' 'A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,' etc., etc. In Three Volumes. Vol. II. Containing the events from the Inauguration of President Lincoln to the Proclamation of Emancipation of the Slaves." New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1868.

quoting this sentence first among our illustrations of Dr. Draper's skill as an artist, we have followed the order of the text, but violated a rule of composition, for it must be acknowledged that it is without a rival, and to proceed to say that he tells of the "whir of glancing bullets" (as if bullets that glance whirred more than others), of "guns, double-shotted, pouring forth a fire-storm," of "cloud-walls of sulphury smoke," of a "double-shotted iron-fire" and a "sirocco of lead," is to lead down from a climax instead of up to one. There is a whimsical contrast in one place between the text and the marginal note indented exactly opposite. The subject is the battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, and the time is the close of the first day's fighting. The text reads, "The ravine had become a hell of human agony and passion, hidden in smoke, and filling with dead. It was a valley of the shadow of death." The indented margin reads: "Grant successfully resists them." If the author had ever, to use an expressive colloquialism, "been there," he would understand the absurdity of the language he uses, as nothing short of actual experience of the perilous edge of battle could make him; but it must be freely confessed that he does not always sail with such strength of pinion, but sometimes contents himself with an humbler flight. In the description of the same battle is a simple sentence of real merit: "The fallen leaves, soaked with rain, and deprived of their crispness, emitted no rustling sound under the footsteps of the men."

It is not only in matters of taste that our author has defects that seriously detract from his merit as a historian. He betrays a want of a just sense of proportion in sometimes describing insignificant enterprises with much detail, and again using severe compression in his narration of more important and interesting matters. He is sometimes obscure to the point of incomprehensibility, and oftener inaccurate or careless. Thus he speaks of General Sumner's getting a "battery of twenty-four Napoleon guns" across the Chickahominy, and taking it into action at Fair Oaks. The truth is, that the gallant Kirby, who received his death-wound a year after at Chancellorsville, succeeded, by great exertions, in getting five of his six pieces across the morass on the Richmond side of the river, and used them with great effect in checking the flanking movement of the enemy, and his were all the guns of Sumner's corps that took part in that engagement. They were not twenty-four in number, they were not twenty-four pounders, and Napoleon guns are not twenty-four pounders. He says that Farragut, in his movement on New Orleans, "fought walls of stone" with a wooden fleet. The walls of Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson, the only forts which Farragut then fought, were of brick. His description of Virginia as standing "like a vast bastion to the Confederacy, its *flanked angle* projecting towards the Free States," is a false metaphor of which the most superficial knowledge of the meaning of the terms employed would have taught him the vice. In describing the battle of Glendale he says: "Longstreet and Hill encountered the retreating line about 4 P.M. at Frazier's Farm. It was McCall's division *which happened to be passing their front.*" McCall's division, with its artillery, was arranged in order of battle on the Richmond side of the Quaker Road—the line of retreat of our army—hours before it was attacked, and it received the attack in line, instead of being taken *en flagrant délit*, as the historian describes it. He makes many assertions which are tempting subjects for discussion, but space forbids proper treatment of the questions they raise, and we must therefore content ourselves with stating that he declares that "to General Halleck must be given the credit of the solution of the Mississippi problem;" that "it was in the West that the army first became what an army ought to be;" that Hancock's troops (he had two brigades and a battery) did no fighting at Williamsburg, and "receded" as soon as they were pressed by *two* rebel regiments; that Lee's Maryland campaign of 1862 was "conceived in Richmond," was owing to the "terrible energy of the Richmond Government,' was resolved upon as one of the "offensive operations which the Confederate Government determined on resorting to;" that Longstreet's troops did not arrive on the field of the "Second Bull Run," on the 29th of August, 1862, till sunset; that Grant's troops, on the second day of Shiloh, "waited . . . . . until after 10 A.M., by which time Buell's troops were abreast of them"—and with the further statement that we believe every one of these allegations to be untrue, and that it would not be difficult to prove them, or most of them, to be so. We think that Dr. Draper does injustice to Franklin in his account of the battle of Fredericksburg, and that he not only does injustice to McClellan, but is guilty of a grave perversion of the truth of history when he writes (p. 445): "When, from the midst of the fire converging upon him (Pope), he cried out for more ammunition to enable him to keep his foothold, how was he answered? 'I know nothing of the calibres of Pope's artillery.'" The truth is that McClellan telegraphed from Alexandria, not to Pope in the presence of the enemy, but to Halleck at the War Department: "I know nothing of the calibre of Pope's artillery. All I can do is to direct ordnance officer to load up all the wagons sent to him. I have already sent all my headquarters wagons. You will see that wagons are sent from Washington. I can do nothing more than give the order that every available wagon in Alexandria shall be loaded at once. . . . ." The historian so uses his material as (without directly saying so) to convey the idea that the despatch was sent by McClellan to Pope, and that, too, in the very crisis of battle, and that McClellan refused or neglected to supply Pope with ammunition; and he thus attributes to McClellan not only inhuman disregard of the necessities of a brother-officer, but also faithlessness to his duty as a soldier—the whole envenomed by a cold and cruel irony. The despatch, as printed in full in the appendix to the Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, tells a very different tale.

It may not be worth mentioning, but the author's statement that "Colonel Corcoran . . . was handcuffed, placed in a solitary cell, and attached to the floor by a chain, in the Libby prison, at Richmond," is not correct. Colonel Corcoran never was in Libby prison, and there were no cells in Libby, which was a tobacco warehouse, in Richmond, used as a prison. Colonel Corcoran, with several others, whom the author does not name, were held by the Confederate Government as hostages for the crews of Southern vessels, captured by us and held as pirates; but the hostages were selected by the drawing of lots in Richmond, and the drawing took place on the 10th of November, 1861, and Colonel Corcoran had been removed from Richmond to Charleston some weeks before.

The chapter on the origin and history of the Mexican expedition is a very remarkable one. It is extremely interesting, but it reads like a dream, and leaves the mind in a curious mood of questioning, which is complicated by the bewilderment which attends the following singular use of language: "As it was, things were done in Mexico which, could they have been brought to a [*sic*] knowledge of the French, would have thrown that great people into a profound reverie." That the effect on the spirited French people of giving them fuller knowledge of this "shameful expedition" should have been to throw them into a reverie, is hard to understand.

This book of Dr. Draper's is not so good as it ought to have been, and not so good as he might have made it with a little more pains; but it has many merits, after all deductions are made, and among them may be numbered, besides those already mentioned, a certain clearness of perception of national characteristics, breadth of view, considerable power of generalization, the successful enunciation of philosophical propositions, and, often, the use of expressive and vigorous language.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

THE article in this month's *Putnam's* which will probably be found most interesting is the one entitled "A Political Romance"—a paper in which Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, a well-known journalist, treats of Senator Brownlow and ex-President Johnson. Mr. Shanks talks of these two gentlemen with what seems to us intelligence and discrimination. It is unlikely that it is still possible for Mr. Johnson to fall very much in the estimation of most magazine readers; so far as we have observed, nobody is doing him reverence now except the editor of the Louisville *Journal;* but Mr. Brownlow appears in Mr. Shanks's report as a person with real claims to respect. "A Curiosity of Literature," by Mr. Theodore Johnson, asserts boldly that Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," has no right to the credit hitherto accorded him—of being a poet who produced at least one genuine poem. Our famous ode is almost a literal translation, says Mr. Johnson, of a French poem written in commemoration of a Colonel De Beaumanoir, who was killed at Pondicherry, in 1749; and the French poem, he further says, is almost a literal translation of a German poem, which dates from the second half of the seventeenth century, and was written in honor of the Swedish General Torstenson, who fell at the siege of Dantzic. All three of the poems, or all three of the versions of the one poem, Mr. Johnson quotes in full. If any one is desirous of finding proof of this little story, we may refer him to these two works, which we have not examined, but which our essayist cites as his authorities—the tenth number and the three hundred and ninety-second page of the Leipzig *Europa*, and M. Lally Tollendal's "Memoirs of the Rehabilitation of My Father." Mr. R. B. Kimball's novel—or romance, as it is designated—grows no better as it grows older. Mr. Robert Morris Copeland's campaigning sketch, "My Man Antony," is truer in its generalities than in its details; and while it is not a literary success, has a certain value, we should

say, as a contribution to the history of the civil war. The department of "Home Literature" in *Putnam's* is of late more than tolerably well managed; at least it contains none of the dishonestly vague and non-committal criticism, and none of the laudatory-at-all-costs criticism, which makes most of the reviewing that is done in America and elsewhere worse than worthless to the author, to the reader of it, and to the writer of it. We may say, before taking leave of the magazine, that people who have been disliking General Prim, for the sake of his physiognomy, will be pleased with the article concerning that chieftain by "A French Republican"—M. Elie Reclus.

The April *Atlantic* has in it nothing to which we need feel bound to call the attention of readers who demand to be instructed; but there is very little of it that may not be read with pleasure. Mr. Howells makes a charming essay, of a sort which nobody makes so well, concerning his "Doorstep Acquaintance"—vagrants, namely, Italians with hand-organs, venders of images, pretended peddlers, odd-jobbers—the more or less disreputable people who even in logical New England contrive to persuade the world that it owes them a living, and who take for their natural prey the householder with some unwisdom and with a sense of the humorous. Very good, too, is the critical notice of Admiral Semmes's book. It is not equally good with the essay; a little of the human warmth of temper which not many of the humorists are without, but from which the ideal humorist keeps himself pretty free, Mr. Howells is apt to make manifest whenever the late unpleasantness comes up for consideration.

Part First of the "Autobiography of a Shaker" is such as to make one wish for more. Elder Evans's naive straightforwardness makes his writing very pleasant reading, to say nothing of the light which his statements throw upon the mental characteristics of the kind of men who become what may be called mystagogues. The account here given by the Elder of his conversion from infidelity to the faith as it is in Mother Ann might with advantage have been made a trifle more full and definite; but as it stands it is typical, and perhaps definiteness is not the virtue of accounts which describe the bursting on the soul of an inward light which instantaneously satisfies a man—and satisfies him beyond a possibility of doubt—in what must after all be an almost wholly inexplicable way, that there is a God, and that the Shakers receive direct revelations from him. "I was not required," says Mr. Evans, "to believe the imperfectly recorded experiences of spiritual men and women, but to attain to an experience of my own. I had received a revelation as truly as ever did Peter, or Paul, or Jesus, or Ann; and I therefore believed, not from the word of others, but (like the people of Samaria) because I had seen and heard and felt for myself." The first "evidence," he says in another place, that began to produce this faith in him was the seeing of "a brother exercised in a slight way outwardly" at one of the meetings. Soon after that, evidence of a far more convincing kind—of a kind such as to preclude any subsequent discussion of the question of the existence of a God, and the immortality of the soul, and the intercommunication of spirits—was granted to him as he lay in bed; angels came to him soon after retiring, and remained with him till it was nearly one o'clock in the morning. "I knew," he declares, "that intelligences not clothed in what I had called matter were present reasoning with me, more purely and logically than hitherto had any intelligences in the body ever done." Together with this dreaming there is evidently a great deal of sound sense and natural strength of mind and character. Considered as literature, there is something refreshing in the work of a man who, in telling you that he has a very retentive memory, so that whatever he reads is at once pictured on his brain, and can be recalled at any time in its minutest particulars, stops by the way in this fashion: "And (as Lincoln would say) this reminds me of what a woman I met on a Hudson boat said: that on coming from California she was nearly drowned; but before consciousness was gone, all the sins of her life were present to her view—not one, however small, was missing."

"A Strange Arrival" is a tale by Major De Forest of how the brig *Betsey Jane*, of New Haven, Glover, master, was boarded by the veritable *Flying Dutchman*, which celebrated vessel, with Captain Glover and his daughter Mary Anne on board, was afterward taken into Amsterdam, where she suddenly crumbled to pieces and vanished as soon as she had touched the pier. The story is well imagined, and is well carried out in its details, Captain Glover especially being admirably done, though he is here and there a shade too fine in his speech. "Our Inebriates Classified and Clarified" is a painful article, which purports to have been written by a person now resident in an asylum, and which has about it enough of unrestraint not only to make the supposition of its authorship seem a probable one, but also to suggest some expectations not very agreeable. It has cleverness, and otherwise has value; for a good many people will like to read it for names, which have something to do with good magazine literature perhaps, though nothing to do with good literature in the higher senses of the term; still there seems to be a decidedly regrettable impropriety in the publication of such articles. "The Foe in the Household" continues to be a good story of a peculiar sort. Its anonymous author reminds one more of Mrs. Harding Davis than of any other writer; but as yet there is none of Mrs. Davis's morbidness, or only more or less shadowy indications of it, and there is as much vividness and force in the picture presented as even that able writer displays when she is doing her best. The unnaturalness of the conversation between the two girls, or rather Edna's way of telling Mary her story, is, however, not a thing to be much praised. "A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Railroad Car" is effective but too floridly written. "A Carpet-Bagger in Pennsylvania," and "How we Grow in the Great West," are spirited and readable articles; both contain some good and new anecdotes, and the latter is to be called remarkably fresh, considering its hackneyed subject. Of this month's *Atlantic* poetry, Mr. Taylor's "Run Wild" is the best; though "To-day" is as graceful and nearly as forcible a rendering of a thought not more common than the one which we get in "Run Wild."

"Put Yourself in His Place" is extremely readable, and none of its devourers will say that the interest flags, or that the author does not know how to make up monthly instalments of novels. Not many heroes were ever left in a more precarious and exciting situation than that in which Mr. Henry Little is left at the end of the fifth chapter in this month's *Galaxy*. It is a comfort to know that he is what Sir John Ellesmere calls an "indispensable;" and that though he has just been blown up with gunpowder, and has on his hands at one and the same time a deadly feud with a most vicious trade union, and a desperate love affair with an heiress all but hopelessly beyond his reach, and is himself the object of the hopeless affection of a country girl, and, moreover, is at this moment hanging by one maimed arm between heaven and earth—forty feet from the ground, we believe it is—he will nevertheless come up smiling in the next round. "Pyramus and Thisbe" is a pretty little flirtation piece by Mr. Henry James, Jr., in dialogue, that does not strike one as being too much like ordinary life. There is an occasional good stroke, however, and nobody will say no to the young lady and gentleman at the end of it; their talk is sufficiently to the purpose after all. The novel of "Cipher" is concluded in this month's number of the magazine. Its author, Mrs. Jane E. Austin, is certainly cleverer by much than most of our women who write stories; and if the intensity of feeling which she possesses in a high degree—fine feeling, too—were united with a franker willingness to throw herself on herself, to disregard sensational models furnished her by writers not really so capable as herself, to trust to nature a little more—the nature immediately about her (by which we do not mean New Englandism merely)—there seems to be no reason why very good things should not be expected of her. Mr. Justin McCarthy, Professor J. C. Draper, Mr. C. W. Elliott, Mrs. Edwards, and Mrs. Piatt, are the principal contributors, besides those already mentioned, to the April *Galaxy*, which is an average number. Dr. Draper has bad stories to tell of "Animal Food." Mr. Elliott's article on "The Milk-makers" is easy to read; but we observe that the authorities as regards horse breeding are not all of them agreed that he did not fall into a good many mistakes in his last month's article.

Lippincott's has for its chief article the second of a series of pieces in which Mr. Leland is depicting for us the political career of the famous, and we may almost say the immortal, Hans Breitmann; who, having distinguished himself in war, is now, as his friend Birdofredum Sawin did before him, seeking office at the hands of an enlightened constituency. He seems just now to have what is known as "the inside track." That he has some knowledge of the political nature of his German friends—or rather enemies; for he is cautiously addressing a crowd of the adherents of the notorious Schmit, his opponent—seems to be tolerably evident from this passage which we take from the speech referred to:

> "Und to mine Sherman liperal I might mention in dis shpot,
> Dat I hear an confoundet rumor dat der Schmit peliefe in Gott;
> Und also dat he coes to shoorsh, mit a brayer-book for salfadion:
> I vould not for die welt say dings to hoort his repudadion.
>
> Und noding is more likely dan dat it all a shlander pe,
> So also de rumor dat ven young he shtoody divinidy:
> I myself, as a publican, moost pe a sinner by fate,
> Und in dis sense, I denounce myself ash Re-publi-candidate!
>
> Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglares here in dis hall—
> Und I shvears menself to hold to it votefer may pefall—
> Dat any man who gifes me his fote—votefer his boledics pe—
> *Shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py me.*"

Mr. Leland, after having long had a reputation among his friends and, indeed, among a good many people who only knew him by name and by some of his productions, as a man of wit and humor, has had the good

fortune, which does not always, nor often, fall to the lot of such men, of proving conclusively to the world that his friends' partiality was by no means overstrained. The Hans Breitmann ballads are a genuine addition to American literature. Those who best know the "Biglow Papers" will be most willing to give the "Dutchman" a place near Mr. Hosea Biglow and Mr. Sawin. There is, to be sure, less in the new-comer—less wit and mother wit—than there is in the two everlasting representatives of the everlasting Yankee and their clerical adviser; and there is no poetry in Hans or his biographer except so far as sentimentality soaked with seas of lager is poetic: undeniably, for these reasons the new claimant for honors must be satisfied with less than belong to his predecessor; but, nevertheless, the Breitmann ballads are a wonderfully good and amusing portraiture of a real and very amusing creature. We hope Mr. Leland may not make too many of them too rapidly. To cram them a little more full of meaning, and to finish them with a little more elaborateness, would not hurt them. The picture which Dr. Primrose thought might have been better if the painter had taken more pains was neither the first nor the last of its kind. For the rest, this number of *Lippincott's* is better than usual. Mr. Calvert's article on "College Education" goes a good deal deeper than most of the countless articles that are now being made on that subject, and almost anybody may read it with profit. Sidney Hyde, who may be a man or may be a woman, but whom we suppose to be a woman, is the author of a story and a poem, the latter showing study of Miss Ingelow, and the former being newer and more clever. Its title is "The Prince's Surprise." Mr. W. W. Crane takes up the "Traditional Fish Stories" (so called) and shows that the Arabian Nights' tales of rocs and Old Men of the Sea, and valleys of diamonds, were not the mere fablings that not long ago they were universally taken to be; but were as well founded on fact as the accounts we all now believe of dragons and giants and anthropophagi. "Sam's Sermon" is a very comical sketch by a new writer, S. W. Tuttle. "Beyond the Breakers" goes on, and the part of it before us ends with a more spirited scene than we have had hitherto.

If any one is too much bothered by the question of why the earth and the world were made, one might suggest to him as an answer—till he gets a better one—for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. Nothing happens anywhere that does not get into it sooner or later; and there is even a drawer for things, which, it may be suspected, or some of which, may perhaps have never really happened at all. This month we have an article (borrowed from the English translation of De Fonvielle's "Thunder and Lightning") containing a dozen illustrations of the freaks of electricity. Next follows some extracts, with pictures, from Mr. Frederick Whymper's "Alaska." The third illustrated paper is an apparently original account of the great South American earthquakes of last year. Then follow on a dozen pieces, unborrowed, borrowed, and "lifted"—Mr. Justin McCarthy's clever story being the best of them, and somebody's "Catherine the Second" being the worst, and a reproach to the editor. We do not know what our friends over in Jersey and up the river will say to Mr. Curtis this month; he appears to be full of envy and jealousy, and to have almost no critical ability whatever.

In *Hours at Home*, Count Tolstoi's "Sevastopol in May" is as interesting as ever—indeed, more so. In one of these chapters there is a very remarkable description of the death of a man who is instantly killed—as the living say, "instantly killed"—by a piece of a shell which strikes him. But to him, the dying man, his death seems a different affair. This surely is extremely powerful writing:

"Michailof looked behind him. The shining point of the bomb seemed to stand at the zenith—in that position where it is impossible to tell its direction. But that lasted only a minute; the bomb came quicker and quicker, nearer and nearer, so that you could see the sparks from the tube and hear the fatal whistling, and directed its course straight at the middle of the battalion.

"'Lie down,' cried a voice.

"Michailof and Praskukin lay down on the ground. Praskukin, tightly closing his eyes, heard only how the bomb fell heavily somewhere very near on the hard ground. A second passed—it seemed an hour—and the bomb did not burst. Praskukin began to be afraid that he had done a cowardly act without any reason, that perhaps the bomb had fallen far away and that he only thought he heard the fuse fizzing. He opened his eyes and saw with satisfaction that Michailof lay immovable on the ground near his legs. But his eyes at that moment met the sparkling fuse of the whirling bomb not a yard from him. A horror—a cold horror excluding all other thoughts and feelings—took possession of him. He covered his face with his hands.

"Another second passed—a second in which a whole world of feelings, thoughts, hopes, and recollections passed through his mind.

"'Whom will it kill; me or Michailof? or both together? If it hits me, where will it hit? in the head, then it's all over; if it hits my leg, they will cut it off and I shall ask them to do it by all means with chloroform—and I can still get through alive. But perhaps it will only kill Michailof—then I can tell how we were walking together, and he was killed and I was spattered with blood. No, it's nearer to me—it will kill me!'

"Then he recollected the twelve rubles that he owed Michailof; he recollected also another debt at Petersburg that he ought to have paid long ago; a gypsy air that he had sung in the evening came into his head. The girl whom he loved appeared to his imagination in a cap with lilac ribbons; he remembered a man whom he had insulted years before and who had never paid it back, although at the same time with these and a thousand other remembrances the feeling of his present circumstances—the expectation of death—never for a moment quitted him. 'However, perhaps it will not burst," he thought, and with despairing decision wanted to open his eyes. But at that instant through the still shut lids he saw a red fire, and with a horrible noise something hit him in the middle of the breast.

"'Thank God! I am only bruised,' was his first thought, and he wanted to feel of his breast, but his hands seemed to be bound down, and a weight to keep down his head. The soldiers shone in his eyes and he unconsciously counted them: 'one, two, three soldiers, and that one whose overcoat has slipped down is an officer,' he thought. Then he saw flashes, and he thought, 'what are they firing from, mortars or cannon? Probably cannon. They are firing again; and there are more soldiers: five, six, seven soldiers, and they all go past.' He all at once became afraid that they would leave him there. He wanted to cry out that he was wounded; but his mouth was so dry that his tongue stuck to his palate and a horrible thirst tormented him. He felt how wet he was about the breast. 'Really I fell into some blood when I lay down,' he thought, and yielding more and more to the fear that the soldiers who were going past would leave him there, he collected all his forces and tried to cry out, 'Take me along,' but instead of that he groaned so horribly that it was awful to hear his own voice. Then some red fires danced in his eyes, and it seemed to him that the soldiers were laying stones on him; the fires danced quicker and quicker, the stones which they laid on him oppressed him more and more. He made an effort to throw off the stones, stretched out, and then neither saw nor heard nor thought nor felt. He was killed on the spot by a fragment of shell in the middle of his breast."

Professor Evans writes clearly about Bismarck's career, and Doctor E. C. Wines makes a succinct but comprehensive and agreeable essay on the "Present State of the Prison Question in the United States." Professor Seelye's article on "Punishment" we do not advise any reader to begin upon: and what the reader will get if he begins upon "Spiritual Problems" and gets as far as we got, he may judge from this brief extract, which relates to the upholders of what is called the theory of development: "The so-called philosopher, who adopts this theory, has deliberately made up his mind to be a fool." Anything so indecent as this we have not seen for a long time in any respectable periodical.

OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES.*

WHOEVER receives the "Executive Documents" accompanying the President's Message for 1866, 1867, and 1868 will find inthe reports of Quartermaster-General Meigs to the Secretary of War, and in those of Gen. J. J. Dana and Col. C. W. Folsom, accompanying them, on our National Cemeteries, many suggestive facts and figures. He will learn from them that Government has assumed the charge of the graves of 316,233 Union soldiers in 72 special or "National" cemeteries, and in 320 of the local cemeteries of the country.

The names of 175,761 (more than one-half) of the dead have been preserved and attached to the graves. Of the rest it is only known that they died fighting in the Union armies; their graves marked with the sad inscription—"Unknown United States Soldier." Of the whole number less than one-fifth now repose in their original graves. 257,520, or more than four-fifths, have been removed from the rude trenches of the battle-fields, or from their roadside graves, to the orderly enclosures where the national flag floats over their long rows. This has involved a vast deal of labor. First put in practice at Chattanooga in 1864, a general system of removal and protection was adopted by Mr. Secretary Stanton, and carried out with much devotion by Quartermaster-General Meigs and his assistants; especially by Gen. Donaldson and Col. Whitman in Tennessee, and by Col. J. M. Moore in Virginia. Three years have been spent in the work. Often the bodies were carried many miles in wagons over rough roads; and the search in tangled swamps and obscure mountain passes was attended with much difficulty. Every pains was taken to preserve all memorials of identity, from the scrap of a letter hastily pinned on the breast or buried in a can or bottle with the remains, up to the rudely-ornamented headboard which comrades provided where more time was allowed.

The sites of the cemeteries have been generally well chosen. Many of them may eventually become, with taste and care, equal in beauty to Greenwood or Mount Auburn. At Arlington, one mile across the Po-

* "Reports of the Quartermaster-General to the Secretary of War, for the years 1866-'67-'68." Washington: Government Printing-Office

"'Roll of Honor.' Names of Soldiers interred in National Cemeteries." [Vols. I. to XVII.] Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1865-'68.

"Statement of the Disposition of the Bodies of Union Soldiers removed to National Cemeteries." [Vols. I. to III.] Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1867-'68.

tomac, in view of the City of Washington, nature and the former owners have done much. A noble Virginia mansion, embowered in ancestral trees, keeps guard over the endless ranks and files of headboards which, for thirty acres, tell of an army of 15,000 men slumbering beneath. On a moonlight night the visitor is irresistibly reminded of Zedlitz's beautiful poem of the "Midnight Review," where the dead Napoleon, in his grey surtout and little cocked hat, reviews the shadowy host, "die blutigen alten Schwadronen," whom the Nile mud and the ice of Russia have released for an hour of ghostly homage to their dead leader, on the Elysian fields. At Pittsburg Landing, on a bold bluff which commands a view for many miles up and down the beautiful Tennessee River, and shaded by magnificent old oaks, repose the remains of 3,600 soldiers of the North-west, who fell fighting under Grant and Buell in the battle of Shiloh. An almost patriarchal stillness broods over the scene; it is but rarely that a passing boat breaks the glassy quiet of the river; and the rugged knolls, where for the two terrible days of April 6 and 7, 1862, the tide of battle rolled stubbornly backward and forward, are now as lonely as a moor in the Scottish Highlands. At Chattanooga, immediately after the battle of September 20, 1863, the thoughtful care of Gen. Geo H. Thomas selected, as a burial-place for the Union dead, a hill commanding a view of the whole battle-field, and with the bold outline of Lookout Mountain, where Hooker fought his "battle above the clouds," looming in the distance. Careful hands have laid out the whole forty acres with great beauty; and when the young trees now growing shall have replaced the original forest destroyed by the armies, it will be a fitting resting-place for the 13,000 heroes who lie there.

But our space forbids further mention. Suffice it to say, that whoever is interested in our late struggle for nationality will find ample repayment for a tour to the principal battle-fields, and to the cemeteries which now form the most visible memorials of the conflicts there. Beginning at Louisville or St. Louis in the month of March or October, let him visit Nashville, Murfreesboro', Corinth, and Shiloh, and pass down the Mississippi by Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, and Port Hudson to New Orleans. Thence to Chattanooga, Marietta (near Atlanta), Andersonville, Beaufort, S. C., Wilmington, Raleigh, Petersburg, Richmond and its neighborhood, Yorktown, Fredericksburg, Arlington, Antietam, and Gettysburg. (Or he may reverse the order of the journey; taking, so far as possible, the warmer stations in the cooler months.)

What remains to be done in the future? Only that the country make these sacred grounds her care for ever. The perishable wooden headboards and fences must soon be replaced by marble, granite, or iron; and for this Congress has made adequate appropriations. But that is not enough. The grass must be made to grow its greenest, and flowers to bloom their freshest, over these graves; trees must be planted now, that the next generation may sit in their shade; care is needed that weeds and brambles shall not spring up and hide the mounds. For these and similar purposes a direct appropriation by Congress of $50,000 annually for the next five years is desirable. If the spirit of our institutions does not countenance any *national* expenditures for mere artistic decorations, it becomes the fitting duty of our State legislatures to erect suitable monuments to testify their respect to those of their sons who sleep a thousand miles away from home. These brave men died for us: most of them in the bloom of youth, with the joys of home before their eyes, and the rewards of industry and talent within their reach, they sacrificed all for the benefit of us, their survivors. Let us begrudge no expense to place the lesson of their self-devotion so attractively before the eyes of American youth as to give the surest earnest of American liberty.

A Manual of General History; being an Outline History of the World from the Creation to the Present Time. Fully illustrated with maps. For the use of academies, high-schools, and families. By John J. Anderson, A.M., late Principal of Grammar-School No. 31, New York City, author of an Introductory School History, a Common-School History, a Grammar-School History, and a Pictorial School History of the United States. (New York: Clark & Maynard. 1869.)—This book is designed to supply a "convenient manual of general history, with the necessary geographical and chronological accompaniments." Maps, brief explanatory notes, map questions, "questions designed to draw attention to single facts," "review questions," tables of contemporaneous events, and the pronunciation of names, are some of the features by means of which the author has endeavored to make his compendium an easy companion to both teachers and pupils. He has achieved this, obviously not without painstaking. The external appearance, too, of both text and maps is rather satisfactory. So, in the main, is the style, and so also the subdivision of matter. We say *sub*division, for the division and arrangement of the whole according to countries, which the author has preferred to the chronological or mixed order, we must decidedly condemn, and especially in modern history, the very part in which he has consistently adhered to his plan. But the manual before us has greater defects than this. "The most important facts to be learned in history"—we read in the "Introduction"—"are those that refer to the progress of mankind in civilization—in the arts, sciences, literature, political freedom, social culture, and religious truth. Whatever events have no immediate bearing upon these, though often affording matter for curious reflections and interesting research, are of little value." This is, in the main, a very sound maxim, but has the writer observed it? He finds room in his sketch of Grecian history to speak of the capture of Amphipolis and Olynthus, of the battles of Cnidus and Coronea, of Craterus, Polysperchon, Ptolemy Ceraunus, and Antigonus Gonatas, but he has no room for even a bare mention of Hesiod, Pindar, or Euripides; of Thales, Pythagoras, or Zeno; of Phidias, Euclid, or Apelles. The entire mythology of the Hellenes is passed over in silence. The legislation of Lycurgus is delineated in the following colorless words: "Lycurgus by his laws designed to perpetuate the primitive simplicity and hardihood of the people, by preventing the spread of luxury, and by educating the youth so as to make them brave and patriotic soldiers;" and this is all we learn about the laws, social institutions, and customs of the Lacedæmonians! There is not even an allusion to either Spartan semi-communism or Spartan slavery. Of the "social culture" of the Babylonians, of the "arts and sciences" of the Chaldees, of the agricultural and industrial development of the Euphrates region, we hear *absolutely nothing* — though there is enough room for "Nimrod, the son of Cush, and grandson of Ham," the "mighty hunter," who "is supposed to be the same as the Belus of whom the historians speak," "or the Bel," and whom "the constellation Orion is thought to represent" [*sic.*] Of the ancient Etrurians we hear that they were "the most important and the most advanced in civilization" of the pre-Roman tribes of Italy, but this is *all* we read about them. Of ancient Hindostan or China there is no mention. Neither is there a single word about the laws of Moses, or about the "literature, political freedom, social culture and religious truth" of the Hebrews. Their early history in Palestine is thus related: "Into this region they had been led by Joshua, Moses being only permitted to catch a distant glimpse of the promised land. After the death of Joshua, followed the period of the Judges, which lasted about five centuries. The last of the Judges was Samuel, who, when the people demanded a king, anointed Saul." So much and no more is said about Moses, Joshua, the Judges—including Samuel—and Saul; Isaiah, Jeremiah, and all other prophets remain unmentioned. The post-Babylonian history of the Jews is equally poor. It contains no mention of Sanhedrim, Pharisees, or Sadducees; of Mishna, Talmud, or Rabbis. Moslem culture is treated in the same way. We must be satisfied with learning that Mohammed "pretended to have a divine mission, and a new revelation from God;" that the cardinal principle of his creed was, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and that the collected fragmentary writings of "the impostor" are "called by his followers the Koran." The cardinal principles of the Reformation are perhaps even less fully explained. Of wars and warriors, kings and empires, there is, of course, incomparably more given; parts of the political history are well told; the long lists of reigns are certainly ample enough, and still more ample are the chronological dates. But even the purely political narratives are disfigured by want of historical symmetry, by grave omissions, and here and there by blunders, not to speak of the general paleness of delineation. Thus, for instance, we can find no reason for giving the reigns of such mediæval German monarchs as Henry II., Conrad II., Conrad III., Henry VII., and Albert II., and omitting the incomparably more interesting reigns and names of the modern Emperors Maximilian II., Rodolph II., Mathias, Ferdinand III., and even of Joseph II. The predecessor, in Austria, of Francis Joseph is forgotten, together with his Metternich. The history of Hungary may be said to be totally wanting, though this name occurs here and there in connection with Austria or Turkey. Of Russia and Poland in the Middle Ages we have a few lines. Servia, Roumania, Montenegro, are not even alluded to among the recent events of Turkey. Nor is Ypsilanti, or the destruction of the Janizaries by Sultan Mahmoud, though Navarino is three times spoken of. The whole history of struggling and independent South America is given on half a page, without a mention, of course, of such names as San Martin, Paez, Francia, Rosas, or Lopez. Nor can it be learned that there is a republic in that part of our continent. The narrative of the secession war, though designed to be comparatively fuller than most others, contains

no mention of the battles of Shiloh and Williamsburg, of the sieges of Yorktown and Charleston, or of Stonewall Jackson. The dates of the events stated are in several cases incorrect. The battle of Fair Oaks was not fought on "May 31" alone, but also on the following day; the "seven days" before Richmond were not "June 25—July 1," but June 26—July 2; McClellan was not superseded by Burnside "in October," but in November; the latter was not repulsed at Fredericksburg on "Dec. 12," but on the 13th; Atlanta was not taken on "Sept. 20," but at the beginning of that month. Similar mistakes occur in other parts of the book, though less frequently. Such are "215 B.C.," "206 B.C.," and "189 B.C.," as the respective dates of the battles fought by the Romans at Cannæ, on the Metaurus, and at Magnesia—all post-dated by one year. Erroneous or lame statements of facts are equally abundant. Thus Persia, under Cyrus, is said to have been "a vast empire extending from the Ægean Sea to the Euphrates River, and including, besides the original territory, Media, Assyria, Babylonia"—all of which territories lay to the east of the Euphrates, that is, beyond the limits stated. The passage on the religion of the Persians is almost equally incorrect. Palestine is both falsely bounded and defined. Of the Philistine cities, one of the foremost, Gaza, is forgotten. The number of the Messenian wars is reduced from three to two, but the sway of Sparta is extended over the whole of Peloponnesus. Prussia and Austria, by wresting Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark, are said to have "thus confined her sway to the peninsula"—as if Schleswig were no part of the Cimbric peninsula, and Denmark no longer mistress of her islands, her chief possession. Garibaldi is made to overthrow the reign of "Ferdinand II., nicknamed King Bomba," instead of that of Francis II., nicknamed Bombino, the son and successor of the city-bombarder. Of the two last Frederick Williams and the present King of Prussia we learn that they "have ruled with despotic power, steadily resisting all efforts on the part of the people to obtain a representative government." These few specimens may suffice. Of the maps we must state that we find them more useful than correct, and more correct than many similar productions attached to our historical school books, which, as far as universal history is concerned, are, we are sorry to say, rarely better, and often much worse, than the manual before us.

The Sacred City of the Hindus: An Account of Benares in ancient and modern times. By the Rev. M. A. Sherring, M.A., LL.B., London; with an introduction by Fitz Edward Hall, Esq. Pp. xxxvi., 388. (London: Trübner; New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.) — The ancient architecture of the Buddhist races of India is one of the most interesting studies now offered to Europe. It will hardly do to say "to Europe and America;" the study of architecture for its own sake, or for the sake of questions of race and of history, has hardly become a recognized branch of American scholarship. It is not bearing very hard upon our *savans* when we say so; perhaps the newest branch of study even in Europe is this investigation of problems of ethnology by means of lithic remains. The historians have not been eager to consult other documents than written ones; and the students of the buildings, pencil and measuring-rod in hand, have not been inspired with the historical spirit. It is only within a few years that critical enquiry has been turned to the enduring tablets which are only less great and less permanent than the "great stone book" of the geologists. India especially—occupied by British troops and perforce obedient to British law, crowded with architectural remains of remote antiquity and with most noble and suggestive buildings of more recent ages, unexplored except by stray sketchers of the picturesque and roving officers with no more than time enough to measure a detached monument, its populous and wealthy cities as little known to the history of art as the most obscure outlying districts—is a rich field for the admirers of good building, the lovers of graceful ornament, the students of the history of mankind and of religion. Systems of building differing in their primal forms and principles of construction from anything familiar to European art, and combining with these strange devices great boldness and skill in the use of the arch, the dome, the corbelled cornice, and other forms familiar to us; these systems stand embodied in temples, tombs, gateways, palaces, mosques, and unexplained monuments, scattered thickly over a land not so very much smaller than the settled part of the United States. Rich and varied ornament, representing a hundred styles and twenty centuries, carved, painted, and inlaid; the grave and masculine early architectural sculpture; the more fanciful and ephemeral but admirably well-managed later carving, associated as perfectly, and subordinated to, yet ruling, the architectural forms as harmoniously, as in Gothic church building; all the strong and creative art of the past out of which has grown that modern Indian designing of unsurpassed gracefulness and variety which is familiar to us in shawls, muslins, and lacquered and inlaid toys—that refined and powerful art inspires and completes the structural triumphs of the vast peninsula. What the architects might learn from India is tolerably visible, or at least can be guessed from that which is visible. What the ethnologists and historians might learn from architectural examination and critical analysis can only be inferred.

The Holy City of Benares is rich in modern architecture—that is, in Hindoo and Mohammedan buildings of the past four hundred years. It is not in sacred buildings alone that the art of these schools is embodied, but in important civic buildings as well. The water-gates, with steps and tanks for convenience of bathers, the Ghauts as they are called, are the finest in India. All the rivers as they pass through the great cities are lined with these luxuries of a hot climate, many of them stately and beautiful in design, and consecrated by the temples that are united with their mass; but the Ghauts of Benares are the model structures of their kind.

On the other hand, there are not known to be many very ancient monuments within the limits of the city; but in the immediate vicinity are some most ancient and mysterious Buddhist remains, which have been examined and described for us, and photographed in detail.

The book before us seems to be valuable principally on account of the descriptions of buildings, and of Buddhism and its attendant mysteries and ceremonies. It is not well arranged, it is hard to trace the course of reasoning in each chapter, and the different subjects treated of succeed each other about as they happen to come. But a great deal of important information is scattered here and there through the book, and careful perusal, note-book in hand, would be found to pay very well. The illustrations are large woodcuts taken from photographs; the subjects well chosen, and the designs not wholly obscured by the rather careless engraving. The author does not pretend to have been an original investigator, nor is there any technical information, or antiquarian or artistic criticism, attempted. It is a book of traveller's experience of better than the usual character, and in a most interesting region. A very good index helps one's studies; it is a pity, as it is a wonder, that we have to say that this necessary adjunct is very rare in such books of travel and special study.

The Search for the Grāl. By Julia Goddard, author of "Joyce Dormer's Story," "Adriana," etc. (London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)—Honora Wentworth, the heroine of Miss Goddard's story, is a young English girl who, being filled with a good deal of somewhat commonplace romance, which leads her to dress in picturesque but becoming costumes a little out of the fashion, to spend much time in solitary reverie and in reading poetry, and in speculating upon the beauty and mysterious sacredness of life, happens to light upon Wolfram von Eschenbach's poem of "Parzival," and to conceive it to be a mystical allegory of the conduct of life. Like Parzival, she proposes to herself the quest of the Grāl—the search, that is to say, of the secret which shall make plain the riddle of life, empty it of commonplace, and make the world a place worth living in. As she falls in love about the same time that her acquaintance with the poem commences, she naturally concludes that her search has very soon proved successful; and love stands to her for the Grāl for the space of some six months, at the end of which time she finds that she has been flirted with, and that the Grāl has evidently eluded her. She suffers, of course, but has an advantage over most people in like circumstances in that her reading comes to her help, and she finds a certain consolation in noting the resemblance between her case and that of Parzival, whose quest was also in the first instance unsuccessful. She gets a fruitful hint as to new ways of pursuing her search, from the fortunate accident of the failure of a stock company in which the bulk of her mother's property had been invested. She has a chance for a little heroism, and goes to Germany by herself to get an opportunity to forget her heart troubles, and also to try a plan she has formed of becoming a famous author and earning money enough to redeem the house at home which had been mortgaged. While engaged in this laudable enterprise an old lover of hers turns up in an extremely opportune manner, and Honora, after rejecting him once in one of those fits of pride and pique which are, perhaps, rather commoner in fiction than out of it, discovers that she loves him heartily, marries him in due season, and so accomplishes her quest in a satisfactory manner. There is nothing new in the story, except the fantastic parallelism which it keeps up between the ordinary events of an ordinary life and the imagery of the poem to which it constantly refers. Like Honora, Miss Goddard seems to have read more and observed less than is altogether good for her in her capacity of novelist. Honora's despairing question, "If I can't write what can I do?" appears to have perplexed Miss Goddard also, and like her heroine she has "written what was in her heart"—and a little also of what was in her

memory. She describes everyday life and character like one who has walked in a dream all her days. There is a youthful innocence in her way of using the stock incidents of fiction, and in her unsuspecting confidence in the reader's inability to recognize either them or her characters as old acquaintances. But, barring a certain feebleness in delineation which blurs the outlines of most of them, there is not one of the personages of the story who is not perfectly familiar to every one who reads novels.

In conclusion, let us say that whatever else this novel lacks, it is never wanting in perfect purity and in good-heartedness; and its aspiration after the ideal, though strained and youthfully romantic, is refreshing, and in its way is even admirable, when one thinks of the tone of most of the fiction that is produced for us. It is proper to say to Miss Goddard that painstaking, hard labor, and a knowledge, not of what ought to be—or not of that only—but also of what is, and of what is outside us, as well as of what is inside us, are essential to success in the field in which she has chosen to work.

Cast Up by the Sea. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. With illustrations by Huard. (New York: Harper & Bros. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—With each fresh boys' story the question recurs to our mind: Does any harm come from these tales of violence and bloodshed, and ought they to be expurgated as Cruikshank has sought, on temperance principles, to expurgate "Puss in Boots" and other folk-lore? Should we banish brutality and vice, as he would banish wine, from juvenile literature? Or may we freely, within the limits of the probable, depict life in all its repulsiveness for the amusement and instruction of the young? Locke complained, in language nearly applicable to the case in hand, that "all the entertainment of talk and history is of nothing, almost, but fighting and killing; and the honor and renown that is bestowed on conquerors (who for the most part are but the great butchers of mankind) further mislead growing youths, who by this means come to think slaughter the laudable business of mankind and the most heroic of virtues."

However this question may be settled, it is certain that it has not troubled Mr. Baker, who introduces, as often as he thinks necessary to the interest of his story, the most shocking catastrophes, and describes them with even painful fidelity. The life of the wreckers and smugglers is full of horrors; Mother Lee meets an awful fate in the midst of her fiendish treachery; there are desperate and bloody naval engagements, and wholesale slaughter among savage tribes. The good Dr. Jones is murdered in his parsonage; the villain of the story hangs himself after an attempt to fasten the guilt of this crime upon the hero; and the negro Tim, the most faithful of companions, is allowed to perish of thirst in the desert under the most harrowing circumstances, though not without a certain relief in his high devotion to his friend, and deliberate self-sacrifice. In such portions of his narrative we recognize the *sang-froid* which characterized the author in his "Albert N'yanza," a quality which is perhaps indispensable in a good observer, especially when travelling among barbarous peoples with his life in his hands. Nevertheless, in neither work is it difficult to perceive Mr. Baker's goodness of heart and native humanity, and in both he is a capital narrator. "Cast up by the Sea" is, up to the time of the shipwreck in the Indian Ocean—by the way, let us commend particularly the description of the cyclone—a model of counterpoint; everything happens about as you expected, and as is often hinted in advance. But when our adventurers touch the African coast, Mr. Baker is at home, and forsakes the beaten track of other story-tellers. Without offering to sketch the plot or save any one the trouble of reading the book, we may be permitted to speak of the uncommon intelligence and prowess of Ned Grey, who knows how to take observations of the sun when wanted, and what is the best spot to aim at in an elephant when hunted for the first time, and the names of tropical fruits and vegetables as soon as seen, and generally all that it is necessary to know in any given emergency, and does what is necessary to be done; a crack shot like Mr. Baker himself, etc., etc. Artistically considered, the story is creditable to the writer, though not always exact in its endeavors to be realistic. So long as we must have a sea-fight, it was well to borrow an official account of one that actually came off, with due acknowledgments.

Ecce Cœlum; or, Parish Astronomy. By Rev. E. T. Burr, D. D. (Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1869.)—This book consists of a series of lectures giving the leading facts and discoveries in astronomy in an attractive and familiar form. It is not offered as a text-book, but as a means of awakening a more general interest in this branch of science. We have rarely examined a popular work on a scientific subject in which so much real instruction has been given in a form so well calculated to secure and retain the interest of the reader. Many who are repelled by the close reasoning of a scientific treatise will read with pleasure a more popular presentation of the heavens, and may obtain some conception of the reasoning processes by which the wonderful results of Newton's law have been worked out. The accounts of the immense masses, the inconceivable distances and velocities, with which astronomy deals, are often received with incredulity, or regarded as speculations by those who will not give sufficient attention to the subject to convince themselves of the truth of these revelations. The reader of this book cannot avoid the conclusion that the truths of astronomy are as firmly established as anything in the whole world of science.

We do not like the classification introduced into the Fifth Lecture, of "Sun Systems, Group Systems, Cluster Systems, Nebula Systems, Ulterior Systems, and Ultimate Systems." The existence of "satellite systems" forming part of "planet systems" is certain, and there is strong ground for the theory that suns with their attendant planets form parts of more comprehensive systems, which may be called "sun systems"; but it is purely fanciful to continue this classification, regarding "sun systems" as parts of a still more comprehensive system called "group systems," these to be followed by "cluster systems," and so through the entire list. The Sixth Lecture, on "The Author of Nature," might well be omitted. It does not strengthen the impression previously produced of the reality and grandeur of the wonders of the heavens, and the effect of the argument for the existence of a Supreme Being is much weakened by an exceedingly wearisome repetition of it.

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JANUARY 1, 1869.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1868..		$8,774,326 01
Amount of Premiums received during 1868	$3,912,130 07	
Amount of Interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, etc	766,144 13	4,678,280 20
Total		$13,452,606 21

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Losses by Death	$741,043 22	
Paid Annuities and for surrendered and cancelled Policies.	135,863 45	
Paid Dividends to Policy-holders	1,225,865 26	
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses	493,714 72	
Paid Advertising, Physicians' Fees, and Reinsurances	76,978 87	
Paid Salaries, Printing, Office, and Law Expenses	130,558 64	
Paid Taxes and Internal Revenue Stamps	35,107 60	2,839,131 76
Total		$10,613,474 45

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank and in Trust Company	$397,351 51	
Invested in United States stocks—cost (Market value, $3,154,808 75.)	2,978,907 49	
Invested in New York City Bank stocks (Market value, $47,862.)	41,549 00	
Invested in New York State stocks (Market value, $991,070.)	947,856 42	
Invested in other stocks (Market value, $222,500.)	210,579 60	
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks (Market value of securities, $505,745 50.)	408,100 00	
Real estate (Market value, $1,028,806 59.)	878,806 59	
Bonds and mortgages Secured by real estate, valued at over $5,000,000 (buildings thereon insured for $2,055,700, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security.)	2,389,900 00	
Loans on existing Policies	1,257,735 63	
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869	475,066 07	
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.	60,449 44	
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.	2,387 76	
Premiums in hands of agents and in course of transmission.	564,784 85	10,613,474 45
Add excess of market value of investments over costs		387,348 15
Cash assets Jan. 1, 1869		$11,000,822 60

LIABILITIES OF THE COMPANY.

Amount of Adjusted Losses due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869	$92,131 00	
Amount of Reported Losses awaiting proofs, etc	$18,700 00	
Amount reserved for reinsurances on existing Policies: ($86,397,710 10 Participating Insurance at four per cent. Carlisle, net premiums. $1,047,434 65 Non-participating at five per cent. Carlisle, net premiums)	8,473,594 03	
Return Premium 1868, and prior thereto, payable during the year	727,115 40	$9,311,540 43

Divisible Surplus - - - $1,689,282 17

DURING THE YEAR **9,105** NEW POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, ENSURING **$30,765,947 67.**

☞ THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HAS DIRECTED the redemption, on and after the first Monday in March next, of the last and only outstanding Scrip Dividend (that of 1867), and from the Undivided Surplus of $1,689,282 17 they have declared a CASH DIVIDEND, available on settlement of next annual premium, to each participating policy proportioned to its "contribution to surplus."

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The Week.

ON Wednesday week as noticeable a thing as occurred in the Senate was a remarkable speech by Mr. Sprague, who denounced many woes on the country on account of the immoral character of the people, expressed great fear that Grant would turn out but badly, and finally ended by giving "an interesting biographical sketch of himself," the *Associated Press* says. There have been some attempts made to give to this utterance a deep political significance, and rumor said that Mr. Sprague and Mr. Fowler had gone over to the Democrats. The cause of the performance was probably not so far to seek, however. On to-day week, Senator Rice introduced a bill to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment and to regulate affairs in Georgia. It seems likely that Senator Edmunds' bill on the same subject may pass; the Reconstruction Committee of the House is understood to be in favor of it, but there is a report current that a good half of the latest troubles in Georgia are due not more to malcontent Democrats than to Republican politicians who have their own reasons for desiring that the State may be remanded to provisional government. This story may or may not be true; but we should hesitate to pronounce it probably false; Governor Bullock's message submitting the new amendment to the Legislature was admirably conceived if what he wished was to cause the rejection of that provision. But we suppose that there will be provisional government again in Georgia, or rather military government—though for the matter of that the two things are nearly one. On the same day Mr. Sprague was busy again with his bill authorizing a "Council of Finance," to lend money at interest on good security whenever the gold in the Treasury exceeds $75,000,000. He predicted the happiest results to American industry if this bill should become a law. On Friday the supplementary currency bill was discussed, and at the end of the day an adjournment till Monday took place. On that day the principal business of importance was the Senate's refusal to agree to the House's reiterated demand for a repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act; it appointed as a committee of conference Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Edmunds, and Mr. Grimes—two enemies of repeal and one friend.

In the House on Wednesday week, General Paine, who is a Republican of the extreme sort, introduced a bill which provides that an unreconstructed Southerner who, being ineligible to an office, does not take himself out of it, and every official, civil or military, who, having the power to remove such Southerner, does not do it, shall be held to be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding $5,000 and not less than $500 and by imprisonment for not less than sixty days and not more than five years. What is to be done with people who, knowing the formerly disloyal character of the office-holders, do not go with information to the removing power, General Paine does not tell us, though of course he knows. In justice to the soldiers and civilians who will be in danger of jail and of being mulcted when the bill is enacted, there ought to be some provision made in it for the punishment—with death, say—of the inhabitants of the county in which the offenders are resident, and who fail to come forward as secret witnesses. But Mr. Paine's bill will not pass, we imagine.

On the same day Mr. Butler reported a bill to put Mississippi through the reconstruction process, and it is altogether likely that, as the President the other day said, we shall see Mississippi within the Union before next February. There is to be a convention, of course, and a new constitution is to be ratified. On the following day the case of Georgia was discussed, but the Tenure-of-Office Bill prevented any exhaustive debate. On Friday Mr. Banks with a resolution of sympathy for Cuba began the day; and next came the report of the Committee on Elections to the effect that Mr. Covode has the *primâ facie* evidence in his favor, and that the seat which he claims in his contest should be allowed him pending the inquiry. This is the beginning of what the Democratic papers charge is going to be an unscrupulous foisting of the Republican claimants into all the contested seats. Finally the Tenure-of-Office Act came up for brief discussion, and the House, 99 to 70—the latter all Republicans—refused to pass the modified bill. On Monday Mr. Bingham offered a resolution which was adopted, and which charges ex-President Johnson with having used his last few moments of power in ordering the issue of $2,400,000 worth of bonds, $1,400,000 of which were to be paid to the Central Pacific Railroad for a road which, as it now seems to appear, was never finished as the law demands. It will be remembered that it was one of Grant's very first acts as President to remove some of Johnson's railroad commissioners and inspectors. On Tuesday, by a vote of 106 to 60, the House refused to recede from its rejection of the Senate's Tenure-of-Office bill.

The indications now are that the Senate will be defeated, and that the law will be expunged. That would certainly be the result if attention were paid to the wishes of the people outside of Washington. The President is said to have given his assent to the modified form of the present law by means of which Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Edmunds, and their friends hope to escape the necessity of repeal; but nobody knows how much of truth there may be in this report, and the probabilities are that there is much more falsehood than truth in it. Mr. Morton, in his speech on the modified bill, declared that the proposed enactment contained nothing of consequence, and expressed great satisfaction withit; for all that, the President cannot, under its provisions, remove an office-holder while the Senate is in session except by and with the advice and consent of that body: and if he suspends an office-holder during the recess, the Senate after thirty days of the new session are passed may, by vote, affirm its refusal to consent to the suspension. It is true, the suspended officer whose place the Senate thus gives back to him is not to step into it till the *end* of the session. So, then, the President may let the man he has suspended resume his office on the day that the session closes and then at once suspend him again. In this bill the Senateseems to give up

much, and no doubt it does give up something. Nevertheless, practically, it thus would still keep in its own hands the appointment and removal of all officers, and the President would have to do a great deal of "truck and dicker" either to get into office the men that he thinks should be there, or to get out the men that he believes should not. The members of the House whose interests in this matter are not coincident with those of the Senators, are fighting Grant's battle, and the Republicans who are for repeal are aided by the Democrats, or the Senate's modified bill would have already been enacted.

About the "investigation" into the "corruption of the seven senators" conducted by General Butler last summer we expressed our opinion freely at the time. The investigation in indecency and absurdity was only equalled by the "report," in which it was mentioned, as one of the grounds for suspecting Trumbull, Fessenden & Co. of having been bought up by "the greatest criminal of the age," that not a particle of evidence against them had been discovered, the inference being thus suggested, with truly Butlerite impudence and humor, that the cunning rascals had successfully covered up their tracks. It leaked out, however, that some evidence *had* been discovered which did seriously implicate certain senators who voted *for* conviction; but this was disposed of by suggesting that the wicked fellows on the other side had "put it up," as they say in the police-courts, in order to bring the patriotic Wade men to shame. In the course of Butler's rummagings amongst the telegrams which he seized and was allowed to examine privately (another of the impeachment scandals), he doubtless lighted on a good many which afford a man like him plenty of means of annoying his enemies. There are very few whose private correspondence will bear laying before the public, particularly with Butler's gloss and commentary.

He is accordingly now said to be keeping many members of the House of Representatives in a state of abject terror by obscure allusions to what he might tell about them if he chose. A Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, whom we know to be a trustworthy writer, recently explained the whole matter in a letter to that journal, throwing some very curious light on the influences by which legislation in the House is moulded. According to him, Butler has been bitterly disappointed, as might have been expected, at not getting the chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means—the care of the black man in the Reconstruction Committee being, in his opinion, a very poor substitute for the duty of doctoring the tariff and "reporting" against the bondholders. He has accordingly vowed vengeance against Speaker Blaine, and looks at Mr. Schenck with a hungry eye. In the row last week over the omission made in the engrossing of the Appropriation Bill, he gave Mr. Schenck to understand that he could, if provoked, tell terrible things about him, alluding to the barrel of telegrams; and evil-disposed persons at Washington are daily hoping that matters may come to a crisis, and the two foes be induced to make a clean breast of it. We do not suppose Butler has anything to tell which in the hands of any other man would frighten anybody; but he evidently frightened Mr. Schenck, who dropped out of the fray in rather a pusillanimous manner. There is, by the bye, something like poetic justice in having the barrel of telegrams used against those who, like Mr. Schenck, helped to spread the impression that any senator who refused to convict Andrew Johnson failed in his duty, and telegraphed all over the country for prayer-meetings, private letters and public meetings in aid of "the eleventh article." We do not like to have the great trial forgotten, and mean that, as far as our small means go, it shall not be forgotten, because it furnishes an excellent illustration of what comes of letting the "men inside politics" have full swing. The party on that occasion completely lost its head, and joined with the worst men in politics in reviling the best; and the result has been the introduction into political life of a new element of corruption and degradation—and there were enough such elements in it already. To vote and speak with the consciousness that an Old Bailey lawyer has his eye on them, has been examining their private correspondence, and will, if they vex him, do whatever occurs to him as likely to make them seem infamous, must be a new sensation for the legislators of the House, and we wish them joy of it. General Butler is the creature of the majority; they put him in his present position, and when he begins his cudgel-play he can hardly hit amiss.

We believe that if the new Collectors of New York and Philadelphia are willing to try the competitive and probationary system when making their appointments, they will not only have no difficulty in getting the President's permission to try it, but have his hearty approval in doing so. By trying it, too, they would have a chance not only of rendering the State much service, but of saving themselves an immensity of trouble. Apropos of this subject, or at least one nearly related to it, the *Sun* and the *Evening Post* have been having a discussion about the suitableness of "politicians" for Government offices, the *Sun* insisting that the *Post's* objection to these gentlemen as public servants is too "theoretic" and "transcendental" for practical life, that the Government cannot be carried on without "politicians," and that the roguery and incapacity so constantly laid to their charge "find their counterpart in trade and commerce." The fact is that the controversy is here in part one about words. Politicians you must have in the conduct of any government, of course, but there are all kinds of politicians. The *Post's* position, we presume, is that the "politicians" who have grown up since Jackson established the spoils system are not only not fit to carry on a government, but not fit for any employment requiring either industry, honesty, or capacity. Washington was a politician, and so was Jefferson, and so was Madison, but they were not the kind of politicians produced in our day. The old breed has carried the country along tolerably well till now, but it is rapidly disappearing, and where the new breed will land us anybody can guess who consults the reports of Congressional committees or the heads of Departments.

It is true that the rogueries of politicians find a counterpart in trade and commerce, but it is in that portion of the trade and commerce of the country which is carried on by fraudulent bankrupts and "confidence men." The operations of these gentlemen are brought speedily to a close by the exhaustion of their supplies and of public credulity, but if they had the nation to keep them in funds they would carry on business just as successfully as the politicians carry on the government instead of going to the State prison. Society could not hold together if trade and commerce generally were conducted as the government is conducted, and the government is kept going in spite of the politicians by the patience, honesty, and hard work of the people. The *Post's* doctrine, that there can be no reform till the present tribe of office-holders and seekers are thrown out of the business and their places filled by men trained in the ordinary morality and ordinary habits of American life, we believe to be strikingly true, and its truth is becoming more glaring every day. The theory of the *Sun* that the men who now run after government employment have any special aptitude for government work, is one of those bits of imposture from which the country is daily suffering more and more. They have no aptitude for any useful form of human labor, and the sole reason for their seeking office in most cases is their rejection in every field of industry in which character and ability are indispensable. The great duty of every reformer now is to get the public to realize how ignorant and dishonest and how incompetent they are.

There is a movement on foot in this city in favor of having the reading-room of the Mercantile Library, as well as any other reading-rooms that are available, open on Sunday. The question which this raises is an old one and has been much discussed, and there is little that is new to be said on it. The main opposition to the proposal, of course, comes from those who fear the disappearance of the "Sabbath" as a day ostensibly devoted to religious worship. We say ostensibly, because the fact is that it is not really devoted to religious worship, or religious thoughts, or exercises by any but a very small minority of the population. The young men whom the opening of the libraries would most affect spend their Sundays in bed or in suburban taverns, and the alternative which the religious world has presented to it with regard

to them is not whether they shall be allowed to choose between reading-rooms and church, but between reading-rooms and sloth or vice. The Young Men's Christian Associations, however, as well as a good many other missionary and reformatory agencies, are gradually though slowly becoming convinced of the fact that all kinds of refining and cultivating influences increase people's susceptibility to religious influences, and that a man who even reads newspapers on Sunday is, in nine cases out of ten, a far more hopeful object of the missionary's teaching than the man who spends it loafing or drinking. We doubt if there is any lot more pitiable, and on Sunday especially, than that of young clerks in New York, and there is no class for which society does less. They are packed three in a room in wretched boarding-houses, and for their amusement, recreation, and company are left pretty much to their own devices.

The financial excesses of Baron Haussmann are still the principal topic of French news. The Minister, M. Rouher, as we mentioned last week, found himself unable to bear up under the attacks of the opposition led by M. Thiers, and to the astonishment of everybody, after a short effort to brazen the matter out, by maintaining that the city having got good value for the money the violation of law was of little consequence, suddenly succumbed, acknowledged the Baron's errors to have been grave, and promised that if the bill of indemnity on which the discussion has arisen were passed, the thing should never happen again. The minority against him on the decision, however, reached the unprecedented number of ninety-seven, which was, of course, equivalent to a heavy defeat. It was the opinion of some of the shrewdest of the Liberals that if this force could have been kept together, and the attack followed up unrelentingly, M. Rouher would have resigned, and the resignation of the Minister under an adverse vote of the Chamber would, of course, have been equivalent to the re-establishment of parliamentary government. He, however, tried his luck once more by a private canvass of the members, in which he made such strong personal appeals that when the subject came up for debate again he succeeded in reducing the minority to sixty-nine; which seemed to give him relief. One of the strongest arguments he is said to have used privately with the members was, that if he resigned the Emperor would probably put a very reactionary man in his place —such as Persigny. The largeness of the minority, even at the lowest, is said to have increased the Emperor's perplexity; of course it strengthens the hopes of the Liberals. One of the good signs of the times is the sudden and arbitrary release and delivery to the publisher of the Duke d'Aumale's "History of the House of Condé," the sheets of which were seized by Persigny six years ago, when on the point of publication, without assigning any reason. The work contained nothing bearing on contemporary politics, and in fact did not come down beyond the beginning of the seventeenth century. The supposed reason was, M. Persigny's dislike to having an Orleans talked of or admired. Permission to sue the Duke or his agents in the courts was steadily refused by the Council of State; but wiser counsels now prevail, and though no compensation for the loss inflicted on him will be made to the publisher, the restoration of his property indicates a better state of mind in what is called "the highest quarter."

The impossibility of prosecuting a public functionary for any act he may commit, however wrongful, from the ministry of the interior down to the policeman, without the permission of the Council of State, must, of course, render all constitutional rights in France a mockery and delusion. All liberty in every country rests on the power of the citizen to bring the officers of the government into court to answer for their acts. If he cannot do this, his other privileges are of little value, and yet this fact has never been recognized by any régime in France. It has always seemed to French legislators—under Louis Philippe and the Republic as well as under Louis Napoleon—that if everybody who pleased were allowed to prosecute officers of the law, anarchy would ensue. The Liberals are beginning to recognize the absurdity of this idea, and M. Laboulaye, who is a candidate for election from the Department of the Seine and Oise, lays great stress on it in his address to the electors. "Above all things," he says, "we must have equality before the law, and do away with the monstrous privilege which now exempts public functionaries from its jurisdiction. On the day when every agent of authority, from the prefect to the garde champêtre, shall be made responsible before the tribunals for a violation of the law, we shall be in possession of that indispensable liberty which every civilized country should have." Grant's phrase in his inaugural address—"future commanding influence among the nations"—has been mistranslated by the French papers "influence prépondérante," and the result is some very amusing forebodings. The *Débats* sees in this phrase "the germ of many future wars," and utters a piteous lament over the French interference in Mexico which taught the Americans the disagreeable trick, which they are clearly going to practise, of meddling in other people's business. The *Moniteur* says, the "prépondérance" of which Grant speaks "may be big with storms," but hopes he will be more prudent than his words seem to indicate.

The chances seem to be, if we may credit the latest news from Spain, that the Duke de Montpensier will, after all, get the crown. The members of the old Provisional Government, and particularly Prim and Serrano, appear to have come out openly in his favor, while declaring their readiness to submit to the decision of the Cortes; but the decision of the Cortes had probably been ascertained before this declaration was made. Very little is known of the Duke. He has led a very retired life as a country gentleman for many years, but both he and his wife are known to have been disgusted with the court and its doings, and the Duchess's plain-speaking on the subject at last led to their exile the last year. Like all the other Orleans princes, he is believed to be a sensible man, and to have profited not only by the bitter experiences of his father and grandfather, but by that of his brothers. In view of the feelings of the French Emperor towards the Orleans family, however, the Duke's election to the throne can hardly fail to be looked on in Paris as a bit of defiance; it is absurd, perhaps, in these days of sovereigns "by the national will," that it should be so, but when the refusal of the Belgian parliament to allow Belgian railroad companies to sell their lines to foreigners was treated as an insult to France, it is difficult to believe that the French press will allow the Spaniards the right of choosing their own king when their choice falls on an enemy of the house of Bonaparte. The news from Cuba continues to be about as valuable as ever. The kind of incidents reported in detail are skirmishes in which one or two men are wounded, and small street riots. The rest consists simply of rumors of marches and "battles" in the interior, and prophecies of terrible things to come, based on the prophets' high opinion of the chief of the insurrection, both personally and professionally.

The Irish Church Bill has been read a second time and passed by a large majority, which decides its fate in the House of Commons. That the House of Lords should pass it without a struggle seems very unlikely, and yet it is also unlikely that it will venture to take ground on so important a question against the Lower House and the public. The debates over the bill in the House have not been very weighty or interesting, the work of discussion having been done and very thoroughly done out of doors, and everybody's mind being already made up. The main ground of the Tories is, that to take Church property is confiscation, a point which is now hardly worth arguing, and the mere statement of which is almost ridiculous in what is known as a "modern" community—that is, a community such as all civilized communities are or are becoming—in which the rationalistic or realistic treatment of political questions has become the fashion. The measure, as submitted by Mr. Gladstone, seems on the whole well received by the Catholic clergy. One of them, the Bishop of Derry, has written a temperate letter, arguing against the withdrawal of the grant to Maynooth, and the refusal to disturb Trinity College, Dublin, in its possessions. The Trinity College property is, however, mostly landed property, held for nearly three hundred years, and its diversion to some other purpose now could only be justified by the allegation that it is devoted to unworthy purposes or was wanted more for something else—an allegation which nobody makes.

THE DANISH MUDDLE.

Mr. Seward opened negotiations with the Danish Minister in Washington, General Raasloff, in January, 1865, for the purchase of St. Thomas, the want of a naval station in the West Indies having been severely felt by the Government during the war. The idea, if it did not originate with Mr. Lincoln, was approved and encouraged by him. The Danish Minister was taken by surprise when the subject was first broached to him, and when he communicated the proposition to his Government it was by no means favorably received. The King was opposed to it; the Danish people, it was well known, would receive it very unfavorably, and all the leading Danish statesmen were opposed to it for reasons partly of sentiment, partly of policy. The kingdom had been much reduced in size and resources as a result of the war with Prussia, and a further diminution of territory would therefore bear the appearance of increasing weakness and humiliation, and the King had a strong personal repugnance to casting off any body of subjects, however small, who were sincerely attached to his rule. Moreover, it was feared that the cession of Danish territory in the West Indies to the United States would give offence to the two great maritime powers, France and England, and their displeasure Denmark could ill afford to incur.

The negotiations were, nevertheless, carried on at greater or less intervals during nearly three years; our Government pressing for the purchase of the island, the Danish Government holding off, excusing itself, seizing every occasion of delay, and giving every indication short of a point blank refusal, of its unwillingness to sell. Mr. Seward's persistence was at last, however, crowned with success, and the Islands of St. John and St. Thomas were ceded to the United States for $7,500,000 by a treaty signed at Copenhagen in October, 1867, conditional, however, on the assent of the inhabitants to the transfer, to be taken by vote. The vote was taken, and was nearly unanimously favorable. The value of the islands to the United States has been nowhere seriously contested, but the Senate failed to ratify the treaty and the House to vote the money. The time within which the ratification was to take place expired February 24, 1868; Mr. Seward then obtained an extension of the time, and this extension expires in October of this year. In the meantime Denmark has publicly proclaimed the transfer of the islands. The Rigsrad has ratified the treaty, the inhabitants have formally transferred themselves to the United States, and it is the United States which has all along sought the transfer; nevertheless, the United States now refuse to accept the delivery of their purchase. Was there ever a stranger transaction, and can anything be said in defence of the conduct of the Senate and House of Representatives?

The greater portion of the loss and embarrassment of course falls on the Danes. They are in that stage of decayed gentility in which the smallest slight entails a great deal of humiliation, and in which humiliation prepares the way for further material decline. Morally, the position of Denmark has throughout the whole affair been perfect. She has shown no disposition to sell her territory; before finally agreeing to do so, she firmly insisted that the formal consent of the inhabitants to the transfer should be obtained—our democratic minister doing all he could to obtain the inhabitants without their consent, and treating the feelings of the people as of no account whatever; and she has stood ready ever since the treaty was signed, and now stands ready, to execute it loyally. But her situation is, nevertheless, well-nigh intolerable.

By way of bringing the facts of the case before the public in a taking form, the Danish agents in this country have employed Mr. James Parton to write a pamphlet which now lies before us, containing a history of the entire transaction, followed by some comments of Mr. Parton's own on the law and morality of it. For the narrative portion of the work they could not have made a better choice, for a better popularizer of long and complicated stories than Mr. Parton probably does not exist. There is hardly anything he would not make readable. But they should, we beg leave to say, have laid strict injunctions on him not to make inferences from, or in any way philosophize on, his facts. Whenever he attempts work of this kind, and he has of late attempted it frequently, he not only comes to grief, but brings to grief that large body of simple and unwary people throughout the country whose confidence he has won by his power as a story-teller.

The mere history of the negotiations between Mr. Seward and the DanishGovernment is as powerful an argument for the ratification treaty as Mr. Parton is competent to make; the summing up, and the application to the facts of the great principles of morals and of international law, should have been committed to more skilful hands. For instance, Mr. Parton shows frequently in the course of the narrative that Denmark was unwilling to sell, and caused it to be distinctly understood that it was money only that would tempt her to do so, and that this money was in fact to compensate her in part for the risk of offending her allies, France and England; that General Raasloff gave Mr. Seward to understand at the outset that "the preliminary question for Denmark was: Will the United States give us money *enough* to compensate us for the injury which the cession of the islands will certainly do us—the loss of prestige, the loss of property, the weakening of ties which bind us in alliance with powerful neighbors? Finally, that Denmark had, as all nations have, and as all individuals have, objects, desires, dreams, which the possession of a certain sum of money would enable her, as she hoped, to realize. It was, therefore, essential to her, as a preliminary, to have some idea of the amount of pecuniary advantage which she would derive from a transfer of her West India possessions." Mr. Parton himself points out, too, that seven millions and a half in gold is to Denmark what three hundred million dollars in currency would be to the United States—in other words nearly a year's revenue.

The cause of Denmark is not helped, therefore, but hindered by offering us, as one of the inferences to be drawn from the facts of the case, that in selling the islands to the United States "Denmark deliberately preferred a closer alliance with the United States to a closer alliance with England and France." There is not a particle of foundation for this assumption in Mr. Parton's own narrative, or in fact anywhere else. The relations of the Kingdom with the United States were perfectly friendly and cordial when the negotiations began; during the negotiation no pretence was made by either party that there was a sentimental side to the transaction; it was conducted throughout as one of dollars and cents, and as one of dollars and cents it ought to be fulfilled. It ought not to be necessary for the Danish Government to employ a popular writer to tell the American public, as Mr. Parton does, that they ought to pay what their minister promised they would pay, for value received, because Denmark is a constitutional country; because she abolished the slave trade in 1792 and slavery in 1848, and takes excellent care of her black population; and because the King has performed, to use Mr. Parton's words, "the very difficult task of rearing a large family so well that his children reflect honor upon their race and country wherever they go." It is well-nigh disgusting to hear such considerations urged on a great people to induce them to pay what the writer considers a lawful debt. We can hardly wonder at it, however, when one of Mr. Parton's idols whom he eulogizes in this pamphlet as "an efficient member"—"than whom no man in Congress would go farther in fulfilling the conditions of a just compact between the United States and a foreign power"—deliberately made and defended in 1867 a proposition to cheat the foreign creditors of the United States, on the ground that they had not lent their money through "affection"—"with the view of aiding us in our great struggle," but with "an eye to the proceeds." Of course, on this ground, Denmark is entitled to nothing, unless she can show that she sold her islands out of love, and that the King is a good man, and has brought up his family respectably. That a foreign power should think it advisable to address such arguments to the American people, on such a subject, shows the extent to which sloppy sentimentality is supposed to regulate our mode of dealing with some of our gravest concerns.

There is only one question in this matter which needs an answer; only one question that an honorable people should permit to be argued before it, and that is, Do we owe Denmark seven millions and a half for the Islands of St. John and St. Thomas? The case is, in some respects, very like the case of the bondholders who, a year ago, were threatened with payment in paper dollars, according "to the letter of

the law," but then it is weaker. The representations by which the bondholders were led to lend the money, and to expect repayment in coin, were made openly through a period extending over four years. Everybody, in and out of Congress, was cognizant of them; but while the money was needed and was coming in, no one raised his voice in protest and explanation. The result was, no matter what the letter of the law might be, a moral obligation of the strongest kind on the part of the whole of the community to make good the promises of the authorized agents of the Government. The negotiations with Denmark were, on the other hand, conducted with the greatest secrecy, for the purpose, as Mr. Seward said, of preventing the interference of France and England with the bargain. The result was, however, that not only France and England, but Congress and the people, were kept in ignorance of the transaction till it was completed. Mr. Seward, to be sure, was the authorized agent of the nation, and his representations, and the arguments by which the purchase of Alaska was defended and approved in the Senate, furnished the Danish Government with plenty of excuse for believing that there was no danger that the bargain would not be carried out. It cannot then be said to the Senate or the country, "You knew during two whole years that Mr. Seward was engaged in the negotiation of this treaty, and why did you not warn Denmark against trusting him?"

Mr. Parton quotes some passages from the text-books on international law, which he imagines support a theory of his own, that the Senate is morally bound to ratify Mr. Seward's treaties, ratification never being refused to a Minister "with full powers" unless where he has departed from his instructions. No Minister of the United States is, however, a Minister with "full powers" in the sense in which that phrase is used in the text-books, inasmuch as his work has always to be submitted for approval to another power than the one which instructed him. The President may give instructions of which the Senate knows nothing, and the Minister may adhere to them to the letter, and yet the Senate feel bound to disapprove. For the Senate to give its approval as a matter of course might be an improvement on the present system, but the present system is the law of the land, and was established after grave consideration. Nothing concerning the origin of the Constitution is more certain than that it was intended by its founders that the Senate should form an active part of the treaty-making power, and that it was believed by them that the restriction of this power to a President alone, elected for four years, would be in the highest degree dangerous. Hamilton in the *Federalist* in fact disposes completely of the analogy between the American government and monarchical governments, in the matter of treaty-making, which Mr. Parton fancies he has discovered. There is none, and there ought not to be any such analogy. The Senate would be guilty of a grave dereliction of duty if it ever regarded its assent to a treaty as a matter of form merely. Every government which negotiates with the United States is or ought to be perfectly familiar with the constitutional limitations to the "full powers" of all American negotiators, and take note of them in carrying on the negotiations; and although we admit that in this instance the non-ratification of the treaty by the Senate would be a cause of great hardship to Denmark, and some discredit to the United States, we think the Senate has by its delay done the state some service. If there be any species of treaty which enterprising Presidents and Secretaries of State need to be warned not to make lightly it is treaties for the purchase of new territory. A more monstrous doctrine than that which claims for any one man or pair of men the right secretly and suddenly to saddle the people of the United States with fresh territorial acquisitions, inhabited they know not by whom, to be governed they know not how, and to cost they know not how much, has probably never been propounded. We have evidently entered once more on a period of annexation, and our new annexations on the Southern side at least are pretty sure to be semi-civilized additions, whose absorption may exercise a serious influence on our polity. No annexation, therefore, ought to be made till the public has had an ample opportunity to discuss it, and express its opinion on it. We do not want to wake up in the morning and find that the Secretary of State has over night bought us two or three millions of fellow-citizens to be paid for out of our earnings, and provided work for forty or fifty thousand soldiers; and yet if the Senate is bound to ratify all the Secretary's doings this is what we shall see. The temporary failure—we hope it is only temporary—of the Danish purchase, will therefore act as a thorough, a needed warning to our enterprising statesmen, both at home and abroad. It will not be amiss, too, for foreign powers to take careful note of the Senate's place in the Government, and to satisfy themselves as to the relations of the President with the majority of that body before beginning bargains with him. The position of the House with regard to the voting of the money is totally different. A treaty concluded by the Senate and President legally as well as morally binds the nation at large; and to refuse to pay money thus promised is simple repudiation, nearly as heinous as a refusal to repay borrowed money, all of which was ably and conclusively argued *apropos* of the Alaska purchase, in the *Nation* of April 20th, 1868, by a valued and well-informed correspondent.

LATEST PHASE OF THE LABOR TROUBLE.

The spread of combination and the increasing skill in combination which are visible amongst all classes of laborers, and the strong signs which are visible of a tendency amongst the various trades to make common cause against the capitalists, even here, in what is supposed to be the fairy-land of working-men, are gradually convincing people that no political changes will give modern society repose. This is another way of saying that the movement which began in 1776 in this country, and was taken up and continued by the French revolution of 1789, was not a political movement simply, but a social one; that the political reforms which have marked its progress have been welcomed by the working classes rather because they brought with them or seemed to promise radical social changes, and above all a change in the relations of labor to capital, than because the masses in any country share the love of Roman or political "liberty" which brought about the English revolution of 1640, and which Tocqueville in his latest work treats as one of the highest and noblest of earthly objects of adoration. Working-men and women, whether working or not, are in fact, all over the civilized world, trying in a vague and somewhat blind way to get at the fundamental bases of their condition in this life; or, in other words, trying to find out what are the limits which human nature has placed to its amelioration. The working-class meeting in this city last week was a remarkable illustration of their unrest. They will have it that all or nearly all the hardships and inconveniences from which they suffer now are the results of faulty social arrangements, and that if somebody or other would only take his hands off, their lot might and would be indefinitely improved, the good things of life more evenly distributed, and the comforts and exemption from the lower forms of anxiety, now enjoyed only by a very small number, be shared by nearly everybody. A good many of the experiments they are trying have been tried and have failed. Several others do not need to be tried because the certainty of their failure is deducible from existing facts; but there still remains a vast field of unexplored possibility into which they are pushing vigorously, and in which they absolutely refuse to be guided by either historians or philosophers.

A portion, and a very tempting portion of this field is the position of the working-man towards the capitalist. The economical view of these relations we need not here state; nearly everybody is familiar with it. The economists maintain stoutly that "the interests of labor and capital are identical," and that both have to be paid out of the same fund; to which the working-men reply, that the *fact* is, that capitalists, both by combination amongst themselves and the power of resistance which wealth gives them, do endeavor to cut the laborer's share of the fund down to the lowest possible point, and are able, by withholding information from him or positively deceiving him, to deprive him of his just share of the fund even under their economical "law;" and that, however true it may be that both capital and labor are interested in making the results of production as large as possible, it is also true that when labor and capital come to divide the results of production between them, no natural or economic law practically regulates the division, that each tries to get all he can, and that the capitalist's greater knowledge, skill, and

power give him more than his due proportion. The struggle between the holders of these opposing views grows more and more bitter every day, and the laborer's means of asserting his views more and more powerful. The trades are organized into unions. The trades of different countries, as well as of the same country, are making common cause, for the purpose of forcing not only capitalists, but society at large, to accept the working-man's view of the working-man's rights. The working-man has since the overthrow of the Roman Empire risen from the slave into the serf, and from the serf into the free laborer; but he has until now been treated as, in some sense, a servant or hireing. Against this, too, he has revolted with more or less success, and in this country at least is now treated really as what the economists have long affected to consider him, a dealer in labor offering his wares like any other dealer, and entitled to the same amount of consideration.

But he is not content with this either. He refuses to acknowledge that brain labor is of any more value to society than the labor of the hands, and he sees in the greater amount of leisure and greater number of pleasures of the more refined kind enjoyed by brain laborers an unjust discrimination, established by society and not by nature, and against this he is now fighting. But, after all, at the bottom of the whole quarrel lies the question, On what principle, or by what rule, shall the results of production be divided? There are two or three ways proposed of solving this problem. The old one, which may be called the capitalists' way, is to find out in open market, by competition between laborers, the market price of labor, and make that the laborers' share of the profits; but then, capitalists do not abide by this rule themselves; as, if the price of labor thus ascertained does not suit them, they lock up their workshops and wait; and the laborers, in their turn, when they find the price offered for labor by the capitalists does not suit them, leave the workshops and wait, or, in other words, strike. In fact, the rate of wages is now fixed in practice in most countries by a trial of physical endurance, fearfully destructive of property and fearfully productive of bitter feeling. Another plan, and the more modern one, is to make wages, partially at least, bear a certain fixed proportion to profits; and the third is the combination of laborer and capitalist in the same person by means of co-operation. The first of these plans may be said to have failed, and the two last, and especially the last, seem to require an amount of intelligence and self-restraint on the part of the working-men to which they have not yet attained.

One of their best friends, Professor Beesley of London, who has for years been an active supporter of all movements for the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes, has recently delivered an address to a meeting of working-men in England, which has been republished in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he took strong ground against co-operation, maintained that it had failed, inasmuch as all existing co-operative associations had, whenever they succeeded, become themselves employers of labor; that the hiring of labor by capital at fixed wages was an immutable relation, from which there was no escaping; that the natural organization of industry is like the military organization, and requires for success the working of many hands under a single head; and that, therefore, there is nothing more unreasonable in the demand of trades unions that all in the same trade should be paid the same wages, than in the custom which prevails in the army of paying all soldiers in the same regiment the same wages—a custom of which nobody ever questions the justice. The regiment, he maintains, is and must remain the type and model of the factory and workshop; that the growth of intelligence amongst the workmen will no more do away with the necessity of secrecy, discipline, and single headship than the growth of intelligence amongst soldiers does away with this necessity in the army. The citizens who served under Grant and Sherman, he says, had to obey orders without knowing why they were given, just as much as the most ignorant peasants who serve in any European army.

For all improvement in the working-man's condition he looks to the organized action of trades unions on capitalists, and the growth among capitalists, partly under this influence and partly under the general progress of society, of a stronger feeling of responsibility to society, and a stronger feeling of trusteeship in using their money. He says the working classes must have certainty in their lives—that this is of more importance to them than anything else, and this they cannot have as long as capitalists use them as mere counters in the game of speculation. In other words, he relies partly on coercion and partly on moral suasion to make the capitalists better men, and on the capitalist's becoming better men he relies for the improvement in the working-man's condition. But his great reason for thinking that co-operation will not succeed is, that he does not believe working-men will ever be wise enough and good enough to make it work. If, however, we have to look to somebody's moral and mental improvement for the final and equitable adjustment of the relations between labor and capital and not wholly to "the laws of political economy," we do not see why we should place any more dependence on the capitalist than on the laborer, or even so much, and do not therefore even see what the value of Professor Beesley's specific is.

Before his lecture appeared in print, curiously enough, a French lady, Madame Clémence Auguste Royer, had taken the field against the moral right of working-men to engage in organized strikes, treating the various trades as what she calls "collectivities," whose first duty is to society, and whose duty to themselves is only secondary. She denies *in toto*, apart from the material objections to it, which are weighty, the moral right of any large body of persons to stop working, or, in other words, of doing their duty to the community, on any pretext whatsoever; and maintains that whatever the natural working of the law of supply and demand fails to do in fixing the rate of wages or regulating the hours of labor must be effected, as most social improvements are, by agitation, by education, and appeals to public opinion and the individual conscience. In other words, she relies in the last resort on the same agency as Professor Beesley, but repudiates *in toto* his intermediate agency of strikes and trades unions; and, singularly enough, accepting the analogy between the military organization and the industrial organization which he uses, she says, "But suppose soldiers were to 'strike' in the presence of the enemy, it would not be called a strike, but desertion or mutiny, and the strikers would be shot. But why this severity? Is not the soldier a free man? Is he not a citizen, like other men? Has he not the same rights? Why, then, may a regiment not refuse to serve until its pay has been raised?" The answer is of course obvious, that "the interests of society require that it should do its duty, and it is therefore forced to do it. And Madame Royer brings the various trades and professions under the same rule, and argues that if the practice of combining against the community to extort more pay, now so common, should continue and grow, its disorganizing effects will be so great that society will, in the interests of civilization, have to take the same high ground against it that it now takes against mutiny in the field or on shipboard. Her article is on the whole a powerful and suggestive presentation of an original view of the subject.

THE WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL.

For forty years the temperance agitation has been going on in this country and in England, and the end seems almost as far off as ever. Newspapers have discussed it, lecturers have made their living out of it, and philosophers have settled it. But every year it turns out that the conclusions reached during the year before are not satisfactory to all concerned, and accordingly every year sees some new scheme foisted upon the statute-books. Still, there are some signs that a conclusion is one day or other to be arrived at. In the early days of the agitation, the so-called friends of temperance insisted on one thing only, and that was total abstinence. They had no idea in the beginning of controlling legislation; their intention was to effect a moral reform. They had discovered by a process satisfactory to themselves that the drinking of fermented liquors was *per se* sinful, and that total abstinence was a duty. The church joined forces with the teetotalers. The cause of abstinence was so strengthened by moral and numerical support that a new move was made. Legislation was determined upon. Drinking, it was said, must be prohibited by law. This brought the subject out of the moral into the political arena; and if only the character of the discussion had changed as well as the form

in which it was to be carried on, the problems which surround the question might before this time have received some intelligent solution. But the character of the discussion did not change. The arguments which had been found so effective in pulpit and lyceum were thought to be well adapted to the intelligence of political bodies. Prohibition was insisted on as a moral necessity; and all who opposed it were denounced as men in league with the retail liquor-dealers and through them with Satan. As most people are agreed that the solution of political questions depends on considerations connected with the greatest good of the greatest number, and not upon any inner light, it was evident that sooner or later the high abstract side of the question must be abandoned, and the subject be approached in a different way.

There are indications that the Prohibition party are at length beginning to see this, for they have lately shifted their ground greatly. Those who have no moral ideas are given to understand that prohibition is advocated for the sake of the *security of society* through the suppression of crime. The security of society, say the prohibitionists, demands that alcohol, a substance the noxious qualities of which experience proves, should not be left "lying around loose." If it finds its way to the human stomach, pauperism, theft, and murder are the consequences; it is the business of society, therefore, to see that it shall not find its way to the human stomach. This reasoning is perfectly utilitarian, therefore it is legitimate. It is not proposed any longer to prevent the drinking of intoxicating beverages on the ground that all potation is sinful, but to prevent it as we do the ravages of carnivorous beasts or the poison of venomous reptiles. It is hardly necessary for us to go into a refutation of this argument. What we desire to call attention to here is the use of the style of reasoning by the prohibitionists. That they find it necessary to abandon their early dogmatic method and resort to this seems to show that they begin to feel the real weakness of their position. Moralists who wish to be politicians must use politician's tools.

The kind of treatment which the temperance question received, and the character of the people who manage it, are well illustrated by the history of the question in Massachusetts. The Republicans of that State are at present engaged in enacting their biennial prohibitory law to take the place of the license law of the last legislature. Previous to the election of last year the statutes contained a law which in terms absolutely forbade, but in fact universally permitted, the unrestricted sale of intoxicating drinks. This fact became at length so notorious that the prohibitionists determined to put an end to the scandal it occasioned, and as the difficulty was supposed to be caused by the negligence of the local police, called into existence a new force, the "State Constabulary," responsible to the central authority and charged primarily, in the words of the act of 1865, with the duty of using "their utmost endeavors to repress and prevent crime by the suppression of liquor-shops, gambling places, and houses of ill-fame." So well did they perform their duty that the voters of the State became for the first time aware that prohibition could be enforced; and so forcibly did the fact strike them, that they forthwith forsook the Republican party, united with the Democrats, and elected a legislature pledged to pass a license law. The license law of 1868 was accordingly passed; but the friends of license, for reasons best known to themselves, made it of such a character that it proved to be no more and no less than an empty form of words. The licensing statute was no more enforced than the prohibitory statute had been. Unrestricted sale, and according to the temperance people unrestricted drunkenness, became the order of the day.

The natural result followed; a pledged legislature was again elected, this time a prohibitory one. This legislature is now sitting, and the sober-minded people of the State confidently anticipate that the prohibitory law which it is about to enact will cause the election of a legislature pledged to license next year. Indeed, a periodical revolution of feeling on this subject has come to be regarded in the light of a natural phenomenon. House-cleaning, the changes of the season, and a license or prohibitory bill are among the things which every Massachusetts householder annually anticipates. And as we have already hinted, the last of the three gives him the least trouble of all; because, except in very hard years, the last thing in the world which these statutes affect is the sale of liquors. For a short time the State Police did, as we have said, throw obstacles in the way of the wicked; but in ordinary times public bars or licensed victuallers or licensed inn-keepers or retail dealers furnish whatever is required of them. This solemn farce has been going on for years, each year bringing politics and law into greater and greater contempt.

Now it is certainly a great pity that this state of things should continue indefinitely. The problem which Massachusetts annually blunders over is one in the solution of which the whole English-speaking race takes a profound interest. No intelligent man denies that the evils caused by drink are among the most enormous with which our modern civilization has to contend; that the amount of beggary, theft, murder, and ruin the dram-shops breed is enough to make the most enthusiastic believer in the progress of the age shudder with doubt; or that any community which in serious earnest sets about discovering a remedy for the evil will confer a lasting benefit on mankind. There is good reason, too, why Massachusetts should be regarded by the rest of the States as the best field for experiment in this matter; for in none has there been a more animated discussion of it, and in none have so many experiments been already tried. That moral and intellectual pre-eminence of hers, also, the praises of which have been sounded so long and so industriously, have rather inclined people living in less favored parts of the country to look upon Massachusetts as the most fit State to give them a lesson in temperance legislation.

Massachusetts, however, has after all thrown little light on the subject, and her failure has been mainly owing to the supineness of the intelligent classes. They have been accustomed to laugh at the whole business, to sneer at the prohibitionists as visionaries, and to chuckle over the license agitation as mere humbug. The leaders in the battle hitherto have been clergymen, women, and moral agitators on one side, and liquor-venders on the other. The result has been that the "men inside politics" have got hold of the question, and nice work they have made of it. Secret organizations, caucuses, conventions, and pledges have had their legitimate result in laws passed that they may be broken, laws made for the purpose of gratifying one sentiment and allowed to stand unenforced to conciliate another. The prohibitionist politicians know that in half the State their measures cannot be carried into effect without bringing other politicians into place; therefore they frame a law with the understanding that it shall be broken. The license men, shrewdly suspecting that their constituents in electing them rather sought a means of giving vent to their anger than of getting a good law passed, pass anything which occurs to them, without any more earnest intention of enforcement than the prohibitionists had before them. The politician's view of a law is, that it shall not spoil his chances of re-election; and laws they invariably frame with this end in view, unless the community is in earnest. The people in Massachusetts have gusts of passion on this subject, but a serious determination they have for a long time lacked. The great interests of national politics have drawn their attention from considerations of internal reform, and these questions have therefore fallen into the hands of those least able to deal with them—the professional managers. The most signal proof of this was given by the awakening of public interest when for the first time a man of high political standing engaged in the contest; we mean, of course, when Governor Andrew appeared as counsel for the remonstrants against the old prohibitory law. It seemed for a short time then as if the moment had really come when intelligent legislation might be expected; but those who thought so counted without their host; the license legislature of last year ousted every attempt made by the real friends of temperance to create an efficient board of license, and in the end made the Commissioners elective—a proceeding which, as the office is really quite as judicial in its nature as any judgeship in the State, was a singular anomaly to be permitted by a community which prides itself on the non-political character of its judiciary. Massachusetts will confer a real boon on the rest of the country whenever she will make up her mind to put an end to this child's play, and, after discovering what is really wanted, will legislate with a view of obtaining it.

Judging by the light of her failures, it would seem as if two or

three points were pretty clearly proved, and the first of these is that no prohibitory law can be enforced. The prohibitionists in 1865 took every precaution in their power—what could be stronger than creating a special police force?—and actually did, for a very short time, make the sellers and buyers of liquor uncomfortable. But the result was, the law was swept away like chaff. The great fact that man has natural appetites would not be ignored. It may be considered proved that prohibition is impossible. If the prohibitionists were practical men and women they would, on discovering this, do one of two things, either give up their attempt altogether and return to moral suasion, or else do their utmost to obtain a really effective license law. Certainly, a stringent license law would do a great deal for the prevention of crime. But, on the contrary, neither in Massachusetts, nor in England, nor anywhere else, do they show the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind. They still demand the "abolition of sin," and appear to believe that the next best thing to a prohibitory law which is enforced, is a prohibitory law which is a dead letter. A statute of some sort they must have. On the other hand, the license party might by this time have discovered that a rigid enforcement is their only reliance. A license law which is not enforced is precisely what the prohibitionists want.

THE PRESS AND THE ADVERTISERS.

THERE is before the Legislature at Albany what has been called, from the persons supposed to be most interested in having it pass, "the advertisers' bill." Its object is to compel publishers of newspapers to declare in each issue the number of copies printed of the preceding issue. If, as is assumed, this enactment would be for the protection of advertisers, there is no reason why it should not include magazines and all other periodical mediums for advertising, about whose actual circulation the same uncertainty exists, and which have similar motives for concealment and misrepresentation. The opinions of the daily press on this subject have not been remarkable for frankness, but, as might have been expected, papers of unquestionably large circulation have paraded their willingness to comply with the proposed regulations; while some whose circulation is by no means commensurate with their reputation, and which depend for their advertising on a traditional prestige (which often clings to the last to a moribund journal), have argued more or less wisely in opposition. And still others, of limited circulation, have sought to impose on the public by taking sides with the *Tribune* and the other supporters of the bill. In short, each party to this discussion has spoken with a view to the probable consequences to itself of the regulation in question, or to some immediate advantage to be gained by appearing to welcome it.

Now the publishers against whom the advertisers ask for protection are divisible into two classes—those who refuse to tell, or at least avoid telling what their circulation is; and those who, either directly or through their agents, magnify it without scruple. Against the former the advertiser already has his remedy in his own hands; he can simply decline to advertise where the necessary information is refused him; and even now we believe that in most cases if he were to present this alternative he would effect his object—perhaps in all cases, under a pledge of confidence. For it must be considered that making public the circulation of a paper affects subscribers as well as advertisers, both preferring to train with the heaviest battalions, and to follow the fashion; the former, also, running a greater risk of losing their investment because, as a rule, required to pay in advance. However much, therefore, the publisher may desire to oblige the advertiser, he cannot afford to do so at the expense of his subscription list, on which, of course, the disposition to advertise depends. This is especially the case with newly-started publications, whose success hinges much more than is commonly imagined on public opinion in regard to their prospects, quite apart from what their merits deserve. In the infinite catalogue of things that might have been, the list of periodicals which would have lived if the public had felt sure of their living occupies no insignificant place. Moreover, the circulation which would induce an advertiser to patronize any given publication might be far too small, if known, to encourage subscriptions. For instance, in the present competition, a magazine which has less than 20,000 subscribers can hardly feel that it has a hold on life; and yet an advertiser who could be assured of reaching 10,000 readers might be very willing to pay the rates demanded for advertising.

Scarcely any newspaper or periodical is uniformly prosperous; and at the times when least so, there is none to which a public announcement of the fact, in figures decreasing from day to day or from week to week, would not be highly prejudicial and often fatal. Rumor is very efficient in creating a panic, but official information is more demoralizing still. If the *Tribune*, during the period of dissatisfaction in regard to Mr. Greeley's action towards Jefferson Davis, had been obliged to report each day's defection of indignant subscribers, no doubt the number would have been greater than it really was. The letters to "stop my paper" would have grown more and more insulting as each subscriber felt himself part of a mob, and could trace the result of throwing his particular brick. But is there any reason why the newspaper business should be subjected to such a contingency, and not every other? The capital and standing and amount of business of a mercantile house are, or may be, matters of pure conjecture to nine-tenths of those who deal with them, who take their paper, and whose fortunes and happiness in this world depend on their ability to pay their notes when due. Yet nobody thinks of procuring a law that every firm shall post in its counting-room or in some public place the number and amount of its daily transactions for the inspection of customers and others, whether friends or rivals and enemies; or shall publish its daily bank balance, or the amount of paper it has out. Yet this is much what the Albany bill requires of publishers, whose receipts are from two sources mainly—subscriptions and advertisements. The value of the latter can be always calculated pretty accurately from known rates: the value of the former, if their number were made known, could be exactly estimated; the cost of paper and printing is also no mystery; and the affairs of the paper would thus be exposed to a scrutiny such as merchants would be the last to submit to.

On the same principle advertisers might have demanded a constant account of the local circulation of newspapers—a consideration of some importance to them; and an ingenious mind could suggest many other modes of relieving them of all the uncertainty and risk, and all the judgment and forethought, which enter into all other business transactions, where the greatest protection that has yet been invented—the so called "Commercial Register"—is held in odium even by those who make use of it, and looked upon as a necessary evil. In their turn the public might ask to be protected against advertisers, who certainly do not unbosom themselves with absolute sincerity, and who as certainly both keep back what their customers ought to know, and assert what they themselves know to be utterly false. They would hardly relish a law compelling them to affix to each advertisement containing representations of goods or other property offered for sale, an affidavit that they had spoken the truth.

But in all we have said we have not meant to shield those dishonest publishers who thrive by inflating their circulation beyond the reality, and so do deceive many into advertising. But the ingenious plan of obliging publishers of newspapers to make and publish a weekly or daily affidavit as to the amount of their circulation, which the *Tribune* and some other journals advocate with so much heat, is, as a protection against fraud, about as valuable as their comparison of the newspaper frauds on advertisers to shopkeepers' frauds through false weights and measures. The only certain result of compelling publishers to swear to their circulation will be the seduction of the knaves into the crime of perjury. Of honest publishers, advertisers can now obtain the amount of their circulation by asking for it. Dishonest publishers, who lie when asked for it, and permit advertising agents to go about lying on their behalf, will swear to false figures nearly as readily as state them without an oath; and the affidavit will suit them admirably by giving an air of formality and solemnity to assertions which would otherwise be treated as loose or doubtful. A test oath in this case would serve about the same purpose that test oaths usually serve—that of catching the honest men, and furnishing the rogues with an additional means of preying on the public. If the State be under the same obligation to see that advertisers are put in possession of the exact circulation of the journals in which they advertise, as to see that dealers in other commodities use just weights and measures—an idea of which the fallacy must be apparent to anybody who gives it, what the writer who propounded it in the *Tribune* probably did not give it, five minutes' consideration—the proper remedy for existing frauds is the appointment of state inspectors, to go to the various offices and inspect the books, or take such other evidence as to them may seem desirable. Who would be satisfied with a grocer's affidavit that his weights and measures were true? If the legislature really wants to meet the difficulty fairly, it will appoint such officers; if it wants simply to furnish the leading blatherskites and knaves of the editorial profession with additional means of puffing their wares and annoying their rivals, it will pass the bill now before it. But if it appoint the inspectors, we warn it that ten thousand dollars a year will not be one cent too large a salary for each officer; because his virtue will be exposed to trials such as the gentlemen who usually get such offices make no

pretence of resisting, and can hardly be expected to resist except under the stimulus of high pay. Even with ten thousand a year, their struggles would be fearful; and we have little doubt the newspaper "ring" would end in out-doing the whiskey ring, and the innocent advertisers find themselves at the end of two years or so the victims of one of the most ingenious and yet simple cheats of an ingenious and cheating age.

DR. ELLIS ON THE FOUNDERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE two lectures repeated two weeks ago before the New York Historical Society, by Dr. George E. Ellis, of Boston, the first on "The aims and objects of the Founders of Massachusetts," and the second on "Their treatment of intruders and dissidents," had already been read in a course delivered during the winter before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, on the "Early History of Massachusetts," by gentlemen of that city and vicinity, well reputed for legal and historical learning. The entire course is now in press, making one octavo volume, and soon to be published. No subject could be less novel than this, which has furnished matter for a very large proportion of our historical and critical literature. Its freshness is preserved by its visible connection, in the sequence of cause and effect, with a large part of all the social and political action which has succeeded it in this country. Yet, by reason of this very connection, it has been exposed to distortion in its general treatment. The foundation of Massachusetts has often been related by writers professedly either "friendly" or "hostile," and alike ignorant of critical methods in history, or too strongly prejudiced to use them. It may be anticipated from the reputation of the other lecturers in this course that with them, as with Dr. Ellis, the veneration which as citizens of the Commonwealth they must cherish for their forefathers is compatible with scholarly and critical judgment.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Ellis's essays were not heard in this city by larger audiences than the rooms of the Historical Society can accommodate. The purpose of the first lecture was to demonstrate how contrary to the original record of the facts is the idea so commonly received and so persistently maintained by both the "friendly" and "hostile" historians, that the founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony either really desired, or even professed to desire, to make their settlement a refuge for liberty of conscience or for civil and religious liberty, in any sense in which those words are now understood by ourselves or by any who use them. As was shown by Dr. Ellis from the declarations of Winthrop and others, and from the statute law, judicial sentences, and political action of the actual founders of that colony—that is, of those who transferred the chartered company government from England to Massachusetts—they came over with the hope above all others of escaping from what they considered the disastrous consequences of the liberty of conscience which at that very period was exhibiting itself in England in as many forms and aspects as it has ever since assumed in this country. While they proposed to deny such liberty to others, they, in form and theory at least, repudiated it for themselves by recognizing the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as containing a rule of positive law applicable by the magistrate in all matters civil and religious. It was their honest and avowed purpose, from the beginning, to identify church and state in the person of their chartered corporation, under which every person and every thing, even thought, so far as possible, should be controlled by law. Their scheme failed in due time. But the founders could hardly have been pleased if they had foreseen that what was failure to them would be called their design. Strangely enough both the "hostile" and "friendly" historians have agreed in ignoring this failure, and in attributing to the fathers a purpose entirely different from the one they avowed and endeavored to carry out; and accordingly one set of critics interpret their acts on the theory that they are hypocrites, and another set so color their policy so as to make it harmonize with the tendencies of our own day and generation. The Puritan fathers tried to turn back the current of civil society to a station it had left two thousand years before. They despised forces against which they were as helpless as a swimmer in Niagara. The stars in their courses fought against their purpose. Nothing can be more senseless than the common recognition of Providence as exhibited in the designs of the Puritans. Providence showed itself against their purposes, even when it brought great things out of their purposes. The dealings of Providence with the Puritans were like those of the confessor with the Italian lady who painted her face. She said she did it to attract the admiration of the young men, and he gave her absolution because the effect was directly the contrary.

What is wanted is, that the history and philosophy of this failure should be truly written. Dr. Ellis's treatment of the subject was incomplete owing to his not giving more attention to its legal aspect. Perhaps some of the distinguished jurists who participated in these lectures have supplied the deficiency. The operation of English common law, as a law personal to the English subject throughout the countries of the New World held by the British Crown, was an important element in their situation, which the founders of the colony appear to have almost ignored. The historian must notice it as the great obstacle which stood in the way of their purposes, and which by its powerful but almost unobserved action finally brought the colonists into harmony with their fellow-subjects in the other colonies, as it brought them all in the fulness of time to national unity in the moment of separation from Great Britain.

The object of the second lecture was not, as unfortunately misrepresented in one of our daily papers, to reiterate "the trite charge of intolerance;" on the contrary, Dr. Ellis endeavored to show how unavoidable and even justifiable this intolerance was in view of their whole plan. This subject—the treatment of the dissidents by Massachusetts—can never be properly understood without consideration of the rights, public and private, of all parties under the common law of England. It was shown that the words of the charter seemed to sanction the arbitrary powers claimed and exercised by the corporation. But the question always was, whether a British-born subject might not have some rights of person and property on the soil of Massachusetts even though he had no part or lot in the privileges of the charter. It was to be explained how he might lawfully think, speak, and act in England as he might not in the colony. This part of the subject hardly received adequate mention in these interesting lectures.

But Dr. Ellis could not have left the Hall of the Society without serious misgivings as to the possibility of ever dispelling the cherished illusions popularly associated with this oft-told tale. When at the close of the second lecture the thanks of the Society were moved, as usual on such occasions, a reverend and doubtless learned member, who unfortunately had not heard the first, spoke of the settlement of Massachusetts as an instance in which government had visibly and historically been founded on the much disputed "social compact," and moreover that the Puritans recognized no sovereignty and no embodied political personality as lawgiver, but succeeded in being governed by law in the abstract, by law not traceable to any political authority; and these theories, in absolute contradiction of all they had just listened to, mixed up with some popular rhetoric about the late rebellion, were received by the learned society and its friends with more applause even than had been accorded to the lecturer. The Puritan government, vested in corporators named in a royal charter and such persons as they might choose to admit, would seem as unlike the idea of social compact as anything imaginable, unless it is their treatment of the so called "old Planters," who had been on the ground years before them, whose proposal to become members of their association they contemptuously spurned. The lecturer had related how the Founders, relying on the charter, treated these fellow British subjects as squatters on the company's estate, refused them a voice in the government, deprived them of house and lands, and turned them adrift. It is in connection with this that the historian must ask: What became of the common law so much talked of afterwards as accompanying every colonist, and as an inheritance of which his children could not be deprived even by King and Parliament?

It will seem sacrilege in the ears of many people to say it, and yet the truth is, that the "Pilgrims" located ten years before at Plymouth were nothing better than similar "squatters" in the estimation of the "forefathers" of the Bay Colony, who in fact told them so often enough and who would undoubtedly have treated them as such when strong enough, if they had not fortunately happened to be moderately well agreed on points of faith if not on theories of civil and church government. It would be well for every speaker on the Massachusetts colonial history, before a miscellaneous audience, to indicate that the founders of the Massachusetts Colony of 1630 are not in his mind identified with the Pilgrims who settled Plymouth in 1620, even though the two settlements are within the later province of Massachusetts. In all probability the famous compact of the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower* was inextricably involved with the idea of founders of Massachusetts in the minds of Dr. Ellis's audience. There was no more authority derived from "social compact," however, in the case of the Pilgrims than in that of the "old Planters" whom the Puritan corporators expelled from the headlands of the bay. Without patent or charter there could be no legal authority in the settlements except the admiralty jurisdiction, including the military jurisdiction of the crown—an authority which has been strangely ignored by all the historians. All other local authority must be referred to necessity and the sanction of later recognition. But that Rousseau's "social compact" should be made to play any part in the story of the Puritans and their chartered authority, shows that the subject treated in these Lowell lectures is not yet incapable of being benefited by historical criticism.

Correspondence.

THE BELLIGERENT RIGHTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It is with unfeigned hesitation and diffidence that, as a stranger resident in this country, I say a word on any question connected with its public affairs. But I am moved to do so by your reference to the impression prevalent among Americans, and apparently shared by you, that the time chosen by the British Government for the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents was a manifest sign of hostility to the Union, and may be taken as evidence of animus in interpreting the conduct of the same Government on other occasions.

That an irresponsible though large and powerful party in England was actuated by the bitterest hostility to the Union of course cannot be denied. But I speak of the responsible Government of the country. As one of those who believed that the cause of English liberty was bound up with that of the Union, I jealously watched, in the interest of both causes, the actions of our Government. Though perfectly independent of it, and on many questions opposed to it, I had personally good opportunities of informing myself as to the real disposition of its members. And it is my firm conviction that its settled policy from the outset and throughout the struggle was strict neutrality, practical as well as legal; and that if it erred (as I am myself inclined to think that it did) in its choice of the time for the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents, the error was the result not of any sinister bias, but of misconception alone. Of this I assure you upon my honor.

My testimony is that of an Englishman. But it is that of an English man whose feeling on this subject was as keen as that of any American, and who has as little inducement as any American can have to defend against truth and right the conduct of the governing class of England.

I am your obedient servant,

Goldwin Smith.

Cornell University, Ithaca, March 27.

[We did not ourselves believe that the hasty recognition of the Confederates was due to animus. We have always supposed that it was one of Lord Russell's little bursts of blundering impetuosity; but it can surprise nobody that it should, when English society went over to the Confederate cause a year later, have been set down as the first expression of a prevalent feeling of hostility. Americans naturally, and indeed inevitably, viewed the first official act of the Government in connection with its subsequent official acts, and viewed all acts of the Government in connection with the state of public feeling, as revealed by the more influential portion of the press, and by the tone of conversation in society. As far as our own limited experience went, the English public was in a state of doubt and bewilderment until the battle of Bull Run; by that time the despatches of Mr. Seward, and the articles of a portion of the New York press, showing first that slavery had nothing to do with the contest, and secondly that the right of the Federal Government to coerce was at least doubtful, coupled with the appearance of Mr. James Spence's "great work," showing the rottenness of Northern society and the madness of the Northern enterprise—his statements, too, receiving a kind of confirmation from Federal reverses in the field—turned the scale against the North, and prepared the way for the insane demonstrations of hostility which marked the years 1862–3–4. Already in 1862, a man who ventured to maintain in most English circles that the cause of the North was a justifiable one and would probably succeed, was apt to be set down as a mixture fo the silly creature and low fellow. The best he could hope for was to be treated as an amiable enthusiast. Now, those who were on the spot, as Mr. Goldwin Smith was, and, above all, who enjoyed as he did exceptional opportunities of watching the various stages in the growth of English opinion about the war, and the influence of "society" on the Government in its dealings with the belligerents, can readily draw the line between the mistakes of the Government and its wilful wrongdoing. But it is easy to see how and why the American public, looking on from a distance, saw in the whole course of the Government and people one transaction only, and found in the hasty recognition of the state of war an explanation of the escape of the *Alabama;* and in the enthusiasm for Semmes, and the toleration and even applause of Laird, and the monument-building to Stonewall Jackson (a foreign general fighting for slavery), support for the belief which to-day is as strong as ever that the *Alabama* was employed by Liverpool merchants, with the connivance of the Government, to sweep American shipping from the seas, and transfer the American carrying trade to English bottoms. A more maddening belief could hardly get into the heads of a commercial people, but there it is. Professor Goldwin Smith did his part in fighting against the folly which put it there; but we doubt if he, or anybody else who has the faculty of seeing the two sides of a question, can think the present state of mind of the American public anything wonderful. It is not, we admit, the most exalted or philosophical or Christian frame of mind; but there is something thoroughly human about it, and, in our opinion, time only will change it.—Ed. Nation.]

THE AUERBACH CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

If we have read the *Nation* understandingly, one of its principal purposes is to influence public opinion in favor of legislation to protect all rights and interests which the law does not now cover. Therefore, although this note takes its rise in a mere "publishers' quarrel," we feel justified in asking room for it in your columns.

We have just published the first two parts of Auerbach's "Villa on the Rhine." In each copy we placed a slip containing the following:

A STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

From Hon. George Bancroft to Friedrich Kapp, Esq.

Legation of the United States,
Berlin, December 10, 1868.

Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston, proposed to Mr. Auerbach to take Roberts Brothers for his publishers. They, without Mr. Auerbach's consent or knowledge, published one of his works, and filled the country with advertisements of their intention to publish the next which he should bring out. Messrs. Roberts Brothers then made Mr. Auerbach an offer, which he refused to accept without a modification. They, on their part, refuse to accede to his proposal. So that matter stands. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have received from Mr. Auerbach neither manuscript nor proofs of his new work, nor have they from him authority to advertise or to publish.

George Bancroft.

From Herr Berthold Auerbach to Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

[Translation.]

Baden Baden, October 22, 1868.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers:

Gentlemen: I have before me a copy of your letter to Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, dated Boston, October 3. The statements you make therein are absolutely incomprehensible to me. Let me recapitulate the facts. You reprint the translation of my novel "On the Heights," published by Tauchnitz, without my knowing a word of it. Mr. Alger, in sending me his own book, writes me a highly pleasing letter. In thanking him, I enquire whether he can find a publisher there who will pay me a satisfactory *honorarium* for my next book. I then receive a copy of your American edition of "On the Heights," and see that you already state in your announcement that you are going to publish my new novel, when up to that time no word of negotiation, much less of agreement, had passed between us.

A good while after, you make me a proposition. In my letter of July 15th I make my proposition in return, demanding a fixed *honorarium,* to which you object. I telegraphed you that only on condition of a fixed *honorarium* will I close a bargain with you, *else the new novel is otherwise disposed of.* You don't answer by telegraph but by letter, persisting on your previous propositions, though I had decidedly declined them. Herewith *the matter was completely finished between us,* and I really cannot comprehend whereon you base any lawful claim to the new book, "Das Landhaus am Rhein." All attempts at coming to terms having failed, I legitimately made over my new novel to Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, of New York. This is the way matters stand. . . .

I have nothing more to add, and will be confident that you now will not interfere with the authorized publishers, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, of New York.

In this confidence, I subscribe myself, most respectfully,

Berthold Auerbach.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are now publishing an edition of the novel.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers at once issued a similar slip containing the same matter, with the following rejoinder. We italicize certain passages, for which we invite comparison with the statements of Messrs. Bancroft and Auerbach.

"ANOTHER 'STORY IN A NUTSHELL.'

"[*Extract from a private letter of a foreign author to his friend in America.*]

"'You have taken such a strong interest in my literary work that I place in your hand, with entire trust, the conditions for the publication of

my book in the New World. . . . . And it is to me a refreshing assurance that I know you are a good and true deputy for me.'

"There was once an author who lived in Germany, and he wrote a book *which he wished to have published in America. And he wrote to a friend in America*, who was also an author, asking him as a favor to secure him a publisher who would be willing to pay him something. And his friend *secured him publishers who agreed to pay the foreign author more for his book than native authors receive.*

"Now, after many months had expired, and the publishers *had by their money and means assisted to make the foreign author famous in America*, the foreign author, who had hitherto made no objection to the bargain concluded for him at his request by his friend, *bethought himself of different and preposterous terms for his book.* But the publishers declined to accept those terms, having, as they thought, a right to the book according to the arrangement originally made with the foreign author's friend; and *in defence of their rights* published an original translation of their own, in a perfectly legal manner. And the foreign author found another publisher who was willing to take the book, *without saying the customary 'by your leave' to his neighbor.*

"This is a true 'Story,' founded on fact: the names purposely omitted, that private rights may be respected. *And the moral of it is, that foreign authors, without legal rights, should be contented with a compensation which native authors, with legal rights, consider satisfactory.*

Published by ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston."

Before making our comments, we wish to illustrate by examples the method of interpretation necessary to apply to the written statements of Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

On February 6, 1868, we announced a revised translation of "On the Heights." We received from Messrs. Roberts Brothers the following letter:

"BOSTON, February 7, 1868.

"GENTS: We notice your announcement of "On the Heights" in the *Commercial Advertiser* of the 6th inst.

"We beg to say that we announced our edition in The *Commercial Advertiser* of January 23.

"Our edition is now printing, and when we add that we are publishing under a direct arrangement with Mr. Auerbach, we know you will, with your usual courtesy, withdraw. Yours very truly,

"ROBERTS BROTHERS.

"*Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, New York.*"

We found out afterwards that (although nothing but 'On the Heights' had been mentioned between us up to the writing of the above letter) they had reprinted that book without Mr. Auerbach knowing anything about it. We drew their attention to this fact. Their reply was:

"We did not say that we were publishing *it*" (namely "On the Heights") "by arrangement with the author."

Now, not forgetting the principles of interpretation indicated by the above illustrations, we have a word to say in regard to their reply to the statements of Messrs. Bancroft and Auerbach.

They say that they "agreed" (*offered* would be more correct) "to pay the foreign author more for his book than native authors receive," and terminate their statement by the "moral"—"that foreign authors, without legal rights, should be contented with a compensation which native authors, with legal rights, consider satisfactory."

These considerations do not in any way touch the value of Mr. Auerbach's book; he *did* succeed in getting publishers to give him satisfactory terms, and it is notoriously true that Hugo, Reade, Dickens, and others are constantly receiving inducements from American publishers which few if any American authors lay claim to.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers imply a claim on Mr. Auerbach because they "had of their money and means assisted to make the foreign author famous in America." They did this through publishing and advertising "On the Heights," out of which they made a very handsome profit.

They say that they publish an opposition edition of "The Villa on the Rhine" "in defence of their rights." What these "rights" are has already been shown. It is a queer way to "defend" them, though, to publish a book out of which (considering our facilities for finishing the book before them) they certainly cannot make enough to pay for their trouble, and their only possible motive for publishing which is to draw off towards their expenses a portion of the profit which Mr. Auerbach and ourselves would otherwise realize.

They intimate blame to us for not "saying the customary 'by your leave.'" Could we be expected to ask their leave to buy from its owner a thing to which they had asserted a claim which we had every reason to believe they never had?

Now, to our rejoinder let us append our "moral."

I. If the American people owe Berthold Auerbach anything for what his books have done and are to do for them, it would be only simple justice for such as know of this case to do what comes in their way to promote the enactment of a law to defend him and others like him.

II. If the same people care anything for respectable translations of foreign authors, instead of the detestable travesties which now generally go under that name, they had better put it in the power of such authors to select their own publishers, and to get their books on this market at a rate leisurely enough to obviate the necessity of that supervision of translations which few publishers will or can give, and which nothing but our exceptional enthusiasm for Auerbach would have induced us to give, as we have done, day and night for weeks. (We do not mean by this to cast any slur on the translation of "The Villa on the Rhine," which Messrs. Roberts Brothers are publishing.)

III. If society owes any protection to the individual, it owes us, and Messrs. Roberts Bros., and all other publishers, some sanction of law under which we can neither misunderstand nor pretend to misunderstand our rights, and under which we can be protected in the legitimate prosecution of a business which has at least as much to do with human happiness and progress as anything in which mere dollars and cents can enter.

Yours respectfully, LEYPOLDT & HOLT.

BROOME STREET, March 30, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. FELT & DILLINGHAM announce what we take to be the Cassell, Petter & Galpin edition of the monosyllabic "Swiss Family Robinson" and Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home." They are now all but ready. We may properly refer our readers to a literary note of last week, in which we spoke of an obvious injustice done by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin to Miss Mary Godolphin, the originator of the one-syllable literature, whose versions of "Evenings at Home" and "The Swiss Family Robinson" will be published by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons.——Mr. George S. Wilcox, of this city, announces as ready for delivery a work in one hundred and fifty pages, by Mr. E. W. Martin, containing "complete, authentic, and entertaining biographies" of the members of President Grant's cabinet.——On April 10, Messrs. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. will issue "The Diadem of School Songs," a work by Professor William Tillinghast. "Its beautiful illustrations," the publishers say, "make it a decided novelty," and—what is more to the purpose—they announce that it will contain songs "adapted to every possible occasion in every kind of school"—as, for example, "quiet songs," "boatmen's songs," "skating songs," "sunset songs," "rain songs," "May songs," "morning songs," "keep-in-the-right songs," "parting songs," "graded-school songs," "visitors' songs,"—in short, as we have said, songs for every possible occasion. ——In most, indeed we believe all, American editions of "The Old Curiosity Shop," the chapters entitled "Master Humphrey's Clock," in which figures the infant son of Mr. Samuel Weller, are omitted—for reasons best known to the author. In Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's Dickenses—in what is the fourteenth volume of the "Globe" edition, twenty-seventh of the "Riverside," and the fifty-fourth of the "Household" and the "Large Paper,"—this pleasant little last view of Tony and his offspring is restored to its original place. The volume in which it appears contains also some of the later Christmas Stories, a list of "Familiar Sayings" from Dickens's works, and an "Index of Characters and their Appearances," which have been prepared expressly for the editions above mentioned. The latter is a catalogue of all the fictitious personages to be found in Dickens's, characterizing each of them by a word or two, and giving references to all their appearances on the scene of the story. The same house announce that they have in preparation a new edition, revised by the author, of Hans Christian Andersen's works. It will be in five volumes, which respectively will contain his novels, "Winter Stories and Tales," "Sketches of Travel," "Selections from Dramatic and Poetical Works," "The Story of My Life." The last-mentioned book will now be published for the first time in an unabridged form, and the author will supply additional chapters. Hurd & Houghton also announce "Woman in Prison," by Caroline H. Woods, for some years a matron in a state prison; "Among the Trees," by Mary Lorimer; "Stories from an Attic" by the author of "Dream Children," with six illustrations; "An American Family in Paris," profusely illustrated; X. B. Saintine's "Dame Nature, or Talks and Stories about Natural History," "A Little Boy's Story," from the French of Julie Gouraud, by Laura C. Redden; and another work by the same author, "The Little Peddler," "William Gay, or Play for Boys," by Jacob Abbott; a complete and revised edition of "Mother Goose's Melo-

dies," with eighteen full-page illustrations by Mr. H. L. Stephens, and ten smaller ones by Mr. Gaston Fay, and "Country Sports and Scenes," by an anonymous author, with designs by Mr. H. W. Herrick and others.

—We have received too late for previous notice a large volume containing a catalogue of the library of the late Hon. A. G. Greene, of Providence, R. I., which Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. are now selling at auction, and which it will still take some days to dispose of. This library is, or was, rich in "Americana"—a class of works to which the majority of collectors in this country can hardly direct too much of their attention, the market for such books being a sure one, and most of our collectors being willing enough, when they buy, to purchase works relating to the history of their native country, and willing enough—as their heirs are, too—when they sell, to get a remunerative return for what money of theirs has been invested in books. Then, too, this branch of collecting is for many reasons an inviting one to the collector who has in his mind no thought of gain. It is not so well gleaned and thoroughly known a field that the gleaner in it may not feel hope and fear, encouragement in the search, and frequent triumph at the successful result of his pursuit. Mr. Greene—no doubt for the gratification of his historical tastes, although he was a lover of poetry, too—had made an unusually full collection of the writings of American poets and poetesses—"Feathers from a Moulting Muse," as says one of the male singers themselves. It is curiously melancholy to read over the long list of these unfortunate flutterers which might better have been moulted far away from the ink pot, which has served the most of them only as a means of recording their oblivion, of making eternal their transitoriness and evanescence. It is not a cheerful thought that in 1826—a year that somehow seems to have gone further back than most among the years beyond the flood—Mr. Robert Stevenson Coffin, "The Boston Bard," gave the world his "Oriental Harp;" and there is an odor of dusty mortality in the information that in 1843 Mr. Henry Rowe Colcraft brought out "Alhalla, or The Lord of Talladega." Three years before was the date of "The Captivity in Babylon," the admired work of the Rev. Mr. Joseph Clinch. So they go on—two thousand of them, more or less—still-born and dead and dying, which feelingly persuade us what we are, and teach any of us who are in danger of forgetting it that for the *genus irritabile*, also, there is profound rest. Altogether, poetry and all, the collection includes about seven thousand volumes.

—On Saturday evening last Mr. James Harper, the aged head of the world-famous house of Harper & Brothers, died of injuries received in a fall from his carriage. His death was practically instantaneous, for he was unconscious from the time of the fall till his life was wholly gone. He thus ended by what has been called the most fortunate of deaths a life that had been fortunate and happy, long, healthy, cheerful, and laborious. Yet fortunate is hardly to be said of him, his success was so certainly the reward of his industry, which raised him from very low beginnings to affluence and to the possession of a business with which that of only one other American book-selling firm can be at all compared. If we take into account the large number, immense circulation, and high character of the periodicals which the Harpers publish, we shall be obliged to consider them as the most powerful of our publishing firms; more than that, we shall recognize in them some of the most influential men in the whole country. That the influence of the house has upon the whole always been upon the side of good is in great part due to the character of the gentleman just deceased. The other publishers of the city have taken proper measures to show their high respect for the veteran of "the trade," and the day of his funeral was observed as a *dies non* by all the booksellers.

—For reasons best known to himself, the valedictorian at the recent Commencement exercises of the Medical Department of Georgetown College divided his address into three parts, one of which he wrote in what he calls "Anglo-Saxon English," another, shorter, in "Latin English," and a third—so short that we may quote it—in "Greek English." The result of his labors is, that he has produced an oration which is not English at all, his Anglo-Saxon English being no better and hardly nearer our tongue than his "Latin" and "Greek English"—both of which are very much mixed with words of Teutonic origin. The sentences that we spoke of quoting are these:

ARCHIATERS: For the phalanx of giants, PHYSIC, which you, by your zeal, enthusiasm, and energy, have organized with technical hellenic tactics, they, whom you have eclected to be the polemarchs, ever must hymn pæans to you, not, however, in eulogistic rhapsodies in a theatre of the metropolis, but rather in their practice as physicians. An eutrophy and euthanasia to you all.

This nonsense illustrates—of course, in an extremely exaggerated way—the folly of a well-known sort of purism which would assert too exclusively the claims of this or that element of our composite language. And it does it no more forcibly than the two unquoted divisions of the speech. Furthermore, we may be excused for saying that it illustrates pretty well the truth that in some of our American institutions of learning it is not impossible for a man who graduates with honors to make a sort of display which in a thoroughly well-regulated college would neither be permitted nor attempted.

—There are a good many reasons why the graduates of Harvard may look with pleasure on the nomination of Professor Eliot to the presidency of the college. The fact that he is but thirty-eight years old has been spoken of as if it should be a bar in the way of his advancement to an office of so much dignity—to the duty, too, of presiding over the deliberations of men some of whom are old, as well as over the oldest and probably the best of all our American institutions of learning. But some of our most successful college presidents have been young men—as, for example, Nott, and Wayland, his pupil. Professor Eliot will bring to the discharge of his labors great energy, activity, and decision. Very likely he may be something of a strict disciplinarian, but the difference between his government of the college and that of a mere pedagogue will be—we were going to say, infinite. For he is thoroughly in sympathy with the modern views as regards education, and it is beyond a doubt that, so far as he can have his way, Harvard will be put on the road to becoming a true university. It easily might have happened to her to be remanded to the limits of the high-school system. Mr. Eliot's mind is, as we suppose, inclined rather to scientific than to what may roughly be called more liberal studies; but his mind is not one-sided, although his attainments may be of a special rather than a general character. All the graduates of the college, we should hope, will expect of him what most of the younger ones certainly do, a very useful and honorable term of office, and will be devoutly thankful, we should say, that so "available" a man should be so good a one for the place.

—A New England "minister" of the days of 1750 and thereabouts did not necessarily or probably look on marriage as a holy sacrament, and judging from the practice of slaveholding Catholic countries, perhaps there is not much authority for believing that if he had so considered it he would have felt obliged to insist on its sacredness in the case of a colored couple. But still it is a little startling, even to the reader who regards marriage as a civil contract merely, to read a "form of marriage" which was drawn up and used by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Phillips, a pastor in Andover, Mass., for sixty years, from 1710 to 1771. It appears that the negro bride and groom and the witnesses having been gathered together before the clergyman, the latter used first to address the intending husband and require him to promise that "*so far as shall be consistent with the relation which you now sustain as a servant*, you will perform the part of a husband toward her; and in particular you promise that you will love her; and that, as you shall have the opportunity and ability, you will take a proper care of her in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity." The bride for her part was then required to promise the same things, and—as was also required of the groom in respect of her—to say that she would be "true and faithful to him and cling to him, *only so long as God, in His Providence, shall continue his and your abode in such place or places as that you can conveniently come together.*" The minister then declared to them that for such time as God should continue their place or places of abode as aforesaid, and for so long as they "should behave and conduct themselves as obedient and faithful servants"—"not as eye-servants, men-pleasers"—"toward their respective masters and mistresses" they might consider themselves man and wife. "And finally," he used to say them, "I exhort and charge you to beware lest you give place to the devil"—who, when he finds men and women in very prosperous circumstances, is apt to stir them up without distinction of color to great heights of vainglory and haughtiness—"so as to take occasion from the license now given you to be lifted up with pride, and thereby fall under the displeasure not of man only, but of God also; for it is written that God resisteth the proud but giveth grace unto the humble." Prayer used to conclude the ceremony, which seems to have been a tolerably recognizable part of "the great missionary scheme" that used to be spoken of, for bringing the benighted children of Africa to a knowledge of the gospel light.

—In connection with Mason's "Brief History of the Pequot War," we omitted to mention the elegant "Catalogue of the American Portion of the Library of the Rev. Thomas Prince. With a memoir and list of his publications, by Wm. H. Whitmore" (Boston: Wiggin & Lunt, 1868), which

also furnishes a portrait of the distinguished preacher and antiquarian. The whole of his library, left as a public trust in charge of the Old South Church, whose pastor he was for forty years, has been deposited in the Boston Public Library, and by special arrangement the catalogue there made of it has been selected from with a view to uniting the titles which relate to the early history of this country—the most valuable of the collection, numbering 1,519, and a monument to the sagacity of their former owner. Among these is, of course, his own "Chronological History of New England in the form of Annals" (1737), which was reprinted in 1826. "It remains as a standard authority," says Mr. Whitmore, "and can never be superseded." The author's original publications herein enumerated amount to some forty, chiefly sermons, and most of these funeral or thanksgiving. He was able to preach, too, on earthquakes, namely, the "late dreadful Earthquake," 1727, and the "dreadful Earthquake felt in Boston, New England, Nov. 18, twenty minutes past four in the morning," 1755. The latter had two discourses devoted to it, both designed to prove the phenomenon, wherever occurring, the work of God and a token of his just displeasure, but also employed to convey—the one, "A Brief Account of the natural, instrumental, or secondary Causes of these Operations in the Hands of God;" the other, "An Historical Summary of the most remarkable Earthquakes in New England, from the first Settlement of the English here, as also in other parts of the world since 1666." The "distressing drought" of 1749 called for similar moral reflections and a reference to others "which have been known among us in the Memory of any Living." The value of Mr. Whitmore's catalogue may be judged from the list it affords of Cotton Mather's writings alone: they occupy twelve pages.

—A reasonable curiosity may be indulged to learn the price fetched by a small "Raphael"—believed to be, prior to the auction of March 15, the only one that has not been absorbed by the great galleries of Europe—offered last month with the Galerie Delessert in Paris. This little painting, about 12 by 8 inches, on cedar wood, is an unhackneyed study of the Virgin and the Child Jesus, and brought at auction in London £500, but when bought by the late owner in 1843 brought 24,000 francs—nominally twice as much. Nowadays the latter price would be a bagatelle. There have been many engravings made of this "Raphael," and a not unpleasing half-size wood-cut is given in the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*, No. V., Vol. IV., with correspondence in relation to the picture and the then prospective sale by W. Bürger. The same number contains an excellent etching of a small painting by Metzu, the "Woman with the Beer-pitcher," slightly reduced from the proportions of the original. The accompanying text throws light on the hitherto obscure and neglected history of this industrious Dutch artist, tracing the influence of Rembrandt upon him as teacher (in all probability), and changing the commonly accepted date of his birth from 1615 to 1630, with a corresponding postponement of his death. In the Supplement for the 5th of March is an account, by a St. Petersburg correspondent, of numerous objects of Greek art found among the burial tumuli in South Russia, especially those uncovered last summer in the neighborhood of the peninsula of Taman. The excavations there are constantly pursued, under the auspices of the Imperial Government, who carefully preserve the relics thus obtained in the museum of the Hermitage. The recent discovery of ancient remains at Palermo promises to keep alive the interest excited by the discovery of silver ware at Hildesheim, and, together with the Russian and Pompeiian revelations, to add much to our knowledge of the domestic life of both the Greeks and the Romans.

—A good story is just now going the rounds of the press in North Germany in relation to the Bismarcks. The count's son is a pupil, it seems, in one of the Berlin schools, when recently, in accordance with an established custom, the scholars had to deliver orations on a theme selected by the teacher—who in this instance may have leaned a little to toadyism, though one who dislikes to see the elders snubbed by youth will hope not. The subject which he set for declamation was this: "What man has rendered the greatest service to Germany within the last three or four years?" And when he had announced it, he said, "Mr. Von Bismarck, will you speak on this question?" The young gentleman mounted the platform, and amid much silence began speaking with these words: "Not a few men have rendered great services to Germany during the last few years—some in one way, some in another. But one man in particular deserves mention—a man who has promoted a variety of useful undertakings, who has furthered industrial pursuits, increased the facilities for intercourse," and so on, to the surprise of his hearers. "That man," the orator continued, "is Doctor Stronsberg." Doctor Stronsberg is a railway projector and contractor who of late has been very successfully active in constructing railroad lines of importance. Von Bismarck's readiness, and courage, and inclination to sarcasm and superciliousness seem to have descended to his son.

—The best Russian writers are all hard at work this year. Turgenef has just published in the *Russian Messenger* a pretty little novel called "The Unfortunate," a German translation of which is about to appear in the journal *Der Salon*. He is also getting through the press in Moscow a new edition of his works, which will contain his Autobiography and Literary Recollections, the appearance of which is looked for with great anxiety. The number of the *Russian Messenger* which contains Turgenef's novel has an article on the United States Agricultural Department, and a translation in verse of one of the tales in Morris's "Earthly Paradise." Count Leo Tolstoi has finished the fifth and last part of his great novel "War and Peace," and it will be published in a few days. This includes the occupation and fire of Moscow and the Vienna Congress. He is said to be busy on a second part of the "Cossacks," which Turgenef calls the best book in Russian. Gontcharoff, after a long silence, contributes a long novel to the *Messenger of Europe*, with the name of "A Fragment." Pisemsky is writing for the new monthly *The Dawn* a novel called "People in the Forties." It is one of his excellent descriptions of upper middle-class life. One of the latest publications in Russia is a translation of Boynton's "History of the United States Navy during the War." An article on Turgenef will appear in the next number of the *North British Review*, written by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, who recently published an English translation of Krilof's fables (George Routledge & Sons), and who wrote the article on Ostrofsky in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1868. He has recently finished a translation of Turgenef's "Nest of Noblemen," which will be published under the name of "Lisa."

MR. STEDMAN'S "BLAMELESS PRINCE."*

NOTHING is more common than to hear American materialism insisted upon. And this, let us make bold to say, although it is probable that there is no contemporary people better furnished with ideas, and at all events none that sacrifice more to what they have, be they moral, religious, or other, than the sublimated Englishmen who have just fought out the war for "the Union" and for "State Rights," and among whom there will very likely come into existence during this week and next—coming with the usual attendant obloquy and self-devotion—one or two new sects founded on some fine-spun elaboration of Christian dogma, and one or two others founded on some refined idealistic or socialistic principles. It would be curious to trace the origin of the widely extended belief in the materialism of Americans. In the older criticism of "the States," it used to be assumed by the unfriendly critic that we were all so busy in (sybaritically) chopping down trees in the untamed wilderness, and in afterwards greedily sawing them up for "the almighty dollar," that, necessarily, we must care vastly more than other people for the gross things of this present life. Our friendly critic, too, as well the unfriendly, were wont to make much of "the wilderness." Forgetting that a good half of us, or three-quarters of us, used to give up one day in seven and two or three evenings of every week to pursuits about as far removed from materialism as any occupations of rational men can be, he used to make for us the excuse that really we had no time for idealism—an excuse which (considering what the fathers of the country came here for, and what they did when they got here) seems about as necessary for John the Baptist and *his* wilderness as for the men and their descendants who came over in the *Mayflower*, and with fasting and prayer founded towns in their wilderness. Then, there is no denying it, our "chosen people," as seems characteristic of chosen people under both dispensations, were always reasonably sharp at bargaining; it was not usual for the heathen to despoil them much: so quite generally it happened that such persons as came over here from European countries with the intention of weaning us from our almighty dollar went away without any extremely large part of it, and not unnaturally such persons spread abroad the theory that we were thorough-going materialists who cared for nothing but lucre.

But the truth is, we suppose, that neither our foreign nor our native critics took much pains accurately to settle, before they began to talk about it, what was and what was not the true materialism of their day. When Irving invented the one phrase of his which is still current in men's mouths, and charged against his countrymen that the dollar was all powerful among them, he rested content, it would seem, in a pardonable boyish belief that for him and his literary companions immaterialism consist-

* "The Blameless Prince and other Poems. By Edmund Clarence Stedman." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

ed in admiring and imitating the men who had written books in the Augustan age of Anne; and that for other Americans it consisted in admiring the imitations of his favorites which were put forth by him and his companions. And yet during the lifetime of him and his companions, the West carried churches and schoolhouses along the track where he had hunted buffaloes; hundreds of thousands of emigrants crossed thousands of miles of ocean as to a land of promise, because they knew that here among his materialist countrymen the idea of freedom, religious and political, had full scope to work out its last results; and, to say no more, it was during the time of all the sighing about our earthiness that the work was begun, and after a generation of labor was finished, of emancipating a nation of slaves.

In those days we were not, to be sure, producers of literature to any great extent. And yet who of our race and time is much surer of life than Hawthorne, born "in the year of the Independence of the United States" the twenty-eighth? and whereabouts in English-speaking countries shall we find two poets side by side, who, all things considered, can be admitted to be so genuine and durable as Emerson and Lowell? or a poet of so wide acceptance as Longfellow? Yet the life of each of these men covers more than half the period of the national life. There is Bryant, also, to be thought of. So we have not done so ill by liberal letters after all. And in the case of minor poets—the number of whom in a country is a better measure of its general culture than is afforded by the number of their greater brethren—we are beginning, it seems, to be particularly well off in them, that is to say, for a people "engaged in a struggle with wild nature, whose hands are better acquainted with the axe than the pen, whose sledges are frequently pursued to the centre of the hamlets by troops of ferocious wolves," and so forth. The *Saturday Review*, we observe, has recently felt compelled to devote some columns to an American poet—American or of the Dominion of Canada—with whose works, as the Boston *Advertiser* properly insists, none of us over here are very familiar. And besides Mr. Dagnall—whom the reviewer mumbled, to be sure—we have living and active among us Doctor Thomas Parsons, whose name is dear to every lover of true poetry who has become acquainted with his works; Whittier, the greatest literary name that illustrates the history of the Society of Friends; Mr. Leland, the father of "Der Breitmann;" Mr. Brownell, from whom too little has been heard since he wrote battle poetry not unworthy of a place beside any in the language;—and Mr. Forceythe Willson, who died too soon, and whose "Old Sergeant" is as good in its way as Mr. Brownell's "Bay Fight" and "River Fight," is not long dead, as also are "Private Miles O'Reilly" and the promising John Dorgan. Dr. O. W. Holmes, too, we hear, whose poetical works will last as long as there shall be collections of "humorous poetry;" and Mr. R. H. Stoddard, a writer who—though perhaps he has not, or has, worked it out—has sufficiently proved that he had in him once a vein of poetry; and the Misses Cary; and Mrs. Helen Hunt; and Mrs. Akers; and Miss Larcom; Mr. Bayard Taylor; Mr. Boker; Mr. G. W. Curtis; Mr. Weeks; Mr. Sill; Mr. Piatt; Mr. Aldrich; Mr. Howells, who will one day write poetry again, we suppose; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; Mrs. Piatt; and dozens more whom we might mention, of whom not the least is Mr. Stedman, and all of whom beside what other praises we may give them deserve one and all this praise, that they all without exception work honestly and with some success in the cultivation of a liberalizing art, and to a certain extent protect their tuneless fellow-citizens from the particular scoff of which we have spoken.

"The Blameless Prince" is the longest poem in Mr. Stedman's little volume, and is not, we should say, the best. We like better the simple and natural little piece called "The Doorstep," in which Mr. Stedman is fully on a level with his subject, and which is interesting and pleasing not only as a spirited picture of "manners" in New England in the old times, and now, perhaps, but also appeals to sentiments pretty universally diffused wherever young men and young women are to be found walking together in the evening.

"Pan in Wall Street" also we liked; it is a pretty, fanciful little poem, graceful and true in conception, as not all Mr. Stedman's poems are apt to be—for sometimes he reaches after a subject that he can hardly handle or get a good hold upon—and it is characteristically well finished.

"The Blameless Prince" is the heir apparent to a small principality which adjoins the far more powerful and wealthy realm of a youthful queen who chooses the prince, her old companion, for king-consort. As he rides to his future wife's dominions, he halts awhile at the estates of an old nobleman, with whose wife he suddenly finds that he is in love, as she with him. They part understanding each other's hearts, but blameless; and the prince makes a good husband, a good statesman and soldier, and is in all respects a mirror of knighthood, till unfortunately the old nobleman dies, the widow comes to court, and the lovers fall. Years follow, not without their pleasures for the pair, who, however, are after all so dissatisfied with the life of guilt and concealment that they are obliged to live that they agree to separate. Riding away from their last meeting the prince is killed by the fall of a tree, and the queen and the whole kingdom mourn for him. But the queen, after her first shock of grief is over, visits a nunnery where she is told of a novice who desires to speak with her. It is of course the paramour. If this lady had not been represented as a penitent, we should have supposed that her action as regards the queen was dictated by certain so-called feminine feelings not much to her credit. She lets out the secret, and of course makes the queen excessively angry at first, and excessively miserable all her remaining days; and for her only excuse she has the very lame one that she thought God would have her "make confession and to you." The queen shows a proper spirit while she is in the room with this singular convert from the ways of the world, but nevertheless goes home to die—not at once, but afterwards—on occasion of the ceremony of unveiling a grand mausoleum for the dead prince, on which is this inscription:

> "Of all great things this Prince achieved his part,"
> Yet wedded love to him was worth them all."

On reading these words, sardonic enough certainly under the circumstances, the poor queen falls dead; and her loving subjects lay her relics beside the body of the man "she must have loved so much." This final scene is well managed; but the preceding one in which Mr. Stedman seems to have laid out more of his strength is very weak in itself, and in its relations to the plot of the tale. There should have been, and easily could have been, contrived some better way of bringing the queen's wrongs to her knowledge. For example, it is not at all unsupposable—in fact, considering the age at which he was captivated and his after disgust, it would have seemed very plausible—that the blameless prince might have been infatuated with a woman quite capable of telling the queen for the sake of avenging herself upon the lover whose uneasy conscience made him desert her, and of planting a thorn in a successful rival's heart.

But it is not especially for coherent and forcible conception nor for strong thinking that we look to Mr. Stedman, but for the sort of feeling for nature that a man has who is in the country for a month's vacation, for a pretty fancy, for an outward elegance of finish, and, when he can content himself with being simple, for an occasional delicate expression of genuine, common sympathies.

By the way, with such mastery of many metres as he has, it is a wonder that Mr. Stedman's ear could allow him to print many of the hexameters which occur in his translations from Theocritus. As these translations with others are by and by to make a book, unless we are misinformed, we say no more of them in this place.

A CYCLOPÆDIA AND DICTIONARY COMBINED.*

A somewhat grandiloquent and, therefore, loosely written prospectus gives us fuller information about the range and scope of Mr. Zell's cyclopædic publication than would be given on its provisional title-page. The design of the work is "to incorporate into a compact and concise form the vast information hitherto found only in numerous books, such as gazetteers, biographical dictionaries, the numerous volumes of encyclopædias, and the large dictionaries of our language." It will be issued in parts, "at a price so low that it will be within the reach of all," the parts to be nominally weekly or monthly. We say nominally, for the two hundred or two hundred and fifty "weekly" numbers—at ten cents—are to be issued in two years. The whole is to form two large royal quarto volumes, embracing no less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand articles. It is needless to say how useful and convenient an all-embracing and yet compact book of reference like this must be to every more or less educated man, if well executed. Our "well" means here, of course, only "tolerably well;" for vast compilations like the one before us cannot be expected to be done with the thoroughness and accuracy which we justly demand of writers on special subjects, nor to show that symmetry of proportions and correctness of arrangement for which the editors of a collective publication of limited range may be held responsible. The first ten numbers of the "Popular Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary," which we have scanned with the attention of an often disappointed eye, have rather surpassed our

* "Zell's Popular Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary of History, Biography, Geography, Science, Art, and Language, brought down to the present time, and illustrated with over two thousand engravings. Edited by L. Colange, assisted by eminent scientific and literary gentlemen." Numbers 1-10 (A—America). Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. 1869.

expectation. For a book which on one column has to give us information about the biblical personages Ahimaaz, Ahimelech, Ahinoam, Ahiram, Ahithophel, and Aholibamah; about Ahlwardt, "the founder of the Abelite society;" the Eastern princes Ahmed-khan and Ahmed-shah; Ahuitzol, the Aztec emperor, and Ahriman, the Persian deity; about the German towns of Ahlen, Ahrberg, and Ahrweiler; the East India districts of Ahmedabad and Ahmednuggur; Ahnepec, a post village in Wisconsin, and Ahoghill, a village of Ireland; about the nautical terms "ahold," "ahoy," and "ahull;" the botanical species "ahouai;" the Ahrian group in geology, and the "ai, the three-toed sloth"—we find it in the main both full and correct. By this we do not mean to say that it would require a particularly close search to discover omissions, inconsistencies in orthography, or errors. Some such defects, though of the slighter kind, are perhaps but too easily discoverable. Neither the mineral "allochroite," nor the fish "alphest," nor the ancient geographical names of Acherontia and Acte, nor Acoris, king of Egypt, ought to have been omitted, and still less the river Alazon. "Alloquy," the Shakespearean "allottery" and "alnight" might have been given, as other obsolete words are. "Mɛmoir[e]s de la Duchesse d'Abrantɛs" (under "Abrantes"), "Farignana" and "Levango" for Favignana and Levanso ("Ægades"), "Gulio" for Giulio ("Alberoni"), "Tagan rok" for Taganrog ("Alexander I. of Russia"), "Alfonzo" and "Alphonzo" for Alfonso and Alphonso, "Logrona" for Logroño ("Alfaro"), "Cloinias" for Clinias ("Alcibiades"), "Amer" for Omar ("Alexandria"), and "1513 B. C." for 503 B. C. ("Agrippa Menenius"), belong to a class of misprints which a careful revision ought to exclude, and criticism must rebuke. The articles "Alexander Newskoi," "Alexis Michaelowitch," and "Alexis Petrowitch," in which *w* (after the German) and *v* are alternately used to express the Russian *v* and *ff*, ("Newskoi," "Michaelowitch," "Petrowitch," "Wladimir," "Jaroslav," "Novgorod," "Romanov"), and in which both *witch* and *witz* ("Feodorowitz") replace *vitch*, which alone is correct, show that the writers and revisers are still in a perfect muddle concerning Russian names. "Kamtschatka," after the German, is also used (under "Alaska") to the exclusion of the correct English form. "Heb. *almugîm, algûmîn*" (under "Almug") stands very incorrectly for Heb. *almuggim, algummim*. By a very strange anachronism, or rather by a careless process of condensation, the Amalekite, King Agag, who "was hewn in pieces in Gilgal" by Samuel, is made identical with the unknown commander of that people who "on the Israelites coming out of Egypt attacked them in the wilderness and slew all stragglers." The article "Amalekites," however, knows the dates of the two events, separated by four centuries ("B. C. 1491" and "B. C. 1093"), and knows them but too well, for we are at a loss to understand how the precise year of the death of the Amalekite can be ascertained. The date of the death of King Ahab is given, quite exceptionally, according to the era of the world. The Ahasuerus of the Book of Esther is identified with Artaxerxes, contrary to the opinion of most modern critics, who see in him Xerxes. Some of the historical articles are strikingly defective. Such are "Adams, John Quincy," "Ali Pasha," "Alberoni," and "Alexander I. of Russia." In the last named article, the invasion of Russia in 1812 is thus mentioned: "In the latter year hostilities were again commenced between France and Russia, and were actively continued until the downfall of Napoleon." Under "Alexander II." we read the erroneous statement that "peace was concluded the same year" in which "the allies obtained possession of Sebastopol." Most of the narrating or descriptive articles, however, are ample and well-written, no other, perhaps, being as awkwardly done as the sketch of Abd-el-kader, which begins thus without any reference to standing, country, or time: "Abd-el-kader, very renowned by the persevering courage with which he opposed the aggressions of the French against his country, was the third son of a Marabout of the Arab tribe of Hashem, who had risen to influence through his rank coupled with a great sanctity of demeanor. The early days of Abd-el-kader are lost in obscurity; but by 1826 he had not only acquired the reputation of a scholar, but that of a saint," etc. Defects like those we have enumerated are far from being vital, but we believe that they are the more unhesitatingly to be pointed out in the first parts of an extensive work, the editors and publishers of which, as we see in this case, are well able to make it more and more perfect in its continuation. While eagerly repeating, as he does on the covers of the book, the flattering expressions of purely laudatory newspaper notices, Mr. Zell, we trust, will not allow the scanty remarks of criticism to be thrown away, and in this expectation we wish his enterprise full success.

Western Windows, and other Poems. By John James Piatt. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869.)—Mr. Piatt is seen at his best in one of his earliest poems, "The Pioneer's Chimney," which is closely modelled on Tennyson's shorter idyls, but the subject of which is not only such as to make a touching appeal to universal sentiments, but also is such that the painter is able to give us a distinctively Western picture, one with which his life in the West has made him so familiar that he is able to present it with the force of truth, and thus attain to a higher degree of what seems like originality than he has reached in any other of his pieces. It is only—or almost only—in the movement of his blank verse that, in "The Pioneer's Chimney," he distracts our attention from himself to other poets; as regards other things we are in that piece left pretty much alone with him and his subject—very much to his advantage in respect of our estimation of him, and to our own advantage in respect of the pleasure he gives us as readers. A part of the life of the pioneer of half a century ago is given us well and poetically in these verses:

> "He was an elder in the land, and held
> His first proprietary right, it seem'd,
> From Nature's self; for, in an earlier day,
> He came with others, who of old had reach'd
> Their neighbor hands across New England farms,
> Over the mountains to the Western Land—
> A journey long, and slow, and perilous,
> With many hardships, and the homesick look
> Of wife and children backward; chose his farm,
> Builded his house, and cleared by hard degrees
> Acres that years ago were meadows broad,
> Or wheat fields rocking in the summer heat."

After a life of labor, the farmer loses his homestead because of the failure in business of one of his sons for whom he had become surety. He is about to be turned out on the world in his old age, when opportunely and naturally his troubles kill the old man, and he dies peacefully as he falls asleep in the sun at the house door, after wearily contemplating the necessity of going further West and beginning life anew:

> "Perhaps within his sleep he seem'd again
> Journeying far away for evermore,
> Leaving behind the homes of other men,
> Seeking a newer home for those he lov'd,
> A pioneer again. And so he slept—"
>
> "And still he sleeps; his grave is one of those."
>
> "His wife soon joined his sleep beside him there."
>
> "Their children time has taken and the world,"
>
> "The chimney shows enough for memory,
> The graves remain; all other trace is gone,
> Except the apple-trees that linger, loth
> To end their blossoming."

We were thinking more of the general description of the feelings with which the New England family of fifty or sixty years ago took their slow way to the Ohio Valley than of anything else, when we spoke in praise of this poem as a good presentation of pioneer life. Considered as a whole, "The Pioneer's Chimney" describes, sentimentally, but with genuine sentiment, a not necessary episode in the pioneer life—an incident in the life of one family. It would be hard for Mr. Piatt to be anything but sentimental; and it would be making a mistake to look to him for any very powerful handling of the subject which his title suggests. This we say not because he makes any claim in this or other instances, of being more than sentimental, but because it is as well to say here as in another place that graceful sentiment is the field in which he works with the highest success—we were going to say it is the only field in which he works with any success. With what good result he works in this field the reader may judge from the passages quoted above. They seem to us to answer the author's intention; to be faithfully expressive, or at any rate very suggestive, of the pensive feeling which possesses one when in some lonely and silent place, which the sunny day and the near neighborhood of busy haunts cause to seem more desolate still, one comes upon the humble ruins of what once was a human dwelling-place. The tall grass has overgrown the shallow cellar; the dismantled chimney crumbles away in the midst; the tansy covers the ruined fire-place with its yellow blossoms, and near the melancholy hollow the apple-trees of the little orchard, neglected and diseased, blossom ineffectually.

For the rest, it may be said of Mr. Piatt's poetry that it is always refined and full of small graces, and that it is never strong; that if it is nearly sure to be pretty, it is just as sure never to be beautiful. It is the sort of poetry that makes it very evident that its author gets great delight from the poets; and that makes one wish he would content himself with

getting delight, and not himself endeavor to give it by poetical compositions of his own. There are hundreds, thousands, perhaps, of writers in verse of whom this may be said, and Mr. Piatt is one of the best of them; but it is, after all, as true when said of him as when said of any of the poor ones. Say that a given poetical-minded man, with the accomplishment of verse making, is much pleased with Emerson; is that a reason which ought to seem good to him, or which can seem good to any one else—except himself perhaps, and those whom he should disregard—for producing verses like these?

> "Nature gives with freest hands
> Richest gifts to poorest lands;
> When the lord has sown his last,
> And his fields to desert pass'd,
> She begins to claim her own,
> And—instead of harvests flown
> Sunburnt sheaves and golden ears—
> Sends her hardier pioneers
> Barbarous brambles, outlaw'd seeds,
> The first families of weeds," etc., etc.

All of the "Blackberry Farm" is but the most servile echoing; and though there may be cases when that may pardonably be done, yet to do it voluntarily is to become a witness against one's self and to secure certain condemnation. So, too, of the diluted Longfellowism which makes up a good part of this volume. There are some flowers which outside of their own, original, carefully tended garden very easily become the merest weeds, and Mr. Longfellow's poetic blossoms are very decidedly of that sort. Smooth and elegant as Mr. Piatt is, we never as we read him credit him with more than a part of his work, and this would constitute a fatal objection to much solider and more valuable things than any he has hitherto produced. The charge of plagiarism which we were going to bring against "Western Windows," in virtue of certain passages on pages 113, 115, 132, 165, 142, and other pages, it is as well not to bring; for to say nothing of chance coincidences, an essentially imitative writer must more or less unconsciously take from others; his taking of special lines and forms is caused by the same infirmity which necessitates his taking his colors from others; usually plagiarism need not be alleged when general imitativeness has been asserted.

A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado. (By Samuel Bowles. Springfield, Mass. 1869.)—Here is a little book descriptive of a short tour in the Switzerland of America. It is one of the first half dozen of very many works destined to be written on a charmingly picturesque region—a region which for American travellers must eclipse by its attractions the Adirondacks, the Alleghanies, and the White Mountains. Colorado possesses all that these well known resorts can offer, with a wealth besides of far higher mountains tipped with snow, and gigantic natural parks, the like of which few travellers have seen elsewhere. Imagine a level stretch of rich country—a plain "green with grass, dark with groves, bright with flowers"—as large as Delaware or even Massachusetts, set up some eight thousand feet above the sea level, surrounded by an irregularly circular wall of mountains, four thousand feet still higher, black with weather-worn granite and white with virgin snow—all bathed in that clearest and purest of atmospheres peculiar to New Mexico and Colorado, and you have the outline features of a Colorado park. Nor is it mere scenic beauty. There are a fertile soil, game in abundance, beautiful streams full of trout, mineral springs, among which you may duplicate the rarest in the world, from the coldness of ice to the temperature of hottest Geyser, from crystal drinking water to liquids of wonderful chemical combination—and all this overlying an incalculable wealth of minerals. Of these wonderful parks there are four; the North, Middle, South, and the St. Louis. Our author spent from two to three weeks in the Middle and South, but did not see the other two. He gives a graphic and pleasantly readable account of what he saw, but the interest of his work for the general reader would have been greatly enhanced by a map. On some points, too, he might have furnished more accurate information. Thus, in speaking of the Colorado Mountains, he says that the wildest estimates are made by the local population of the high peaks; Gray, Lincoln, Pike's, and Long's, which are all, he thinks, "about 14,000 feet high, but none goes higher than 14,500." Now, information could readily have been obtained to the effect that Pike's Peak is 14,125 feet high, that Long's has an elevation of 14,506 feet above the sea level, and Velin's Peak, one of its points, 13,456 feet. There is one remark of Mr. Bowles concerning the parks which we cannot consent to pass without comment. He says, "most of these parks are of course petite." The affectation of calling an under-sized pretty girl "petite" may pass, though with great difficulty; but "petite" in the use and connection here made is very bad, and we hold it up as a dreadful example. It is to be regretted on Mr. Bowles's account and that of his readers that he did not visit the "Garden of the Gods," of the general features and nature of which he has evidently, from the accounts of others, received a totally incorrect idea. It is an attractive and romantic spot; and Mr. Bowles would, doubtless, have done it ample justice.

Der dritte Deutsche Protestantentag. (Elberfeld: R. L. Friderichs.)—This is an octavo pamphlet of 120 pages, containing the proceedings of the German Protestant Union which assembled at Bremen last summer. Among the delegates to this "Protestant Diet" were some of the most distinguished scholars of Germany. The celebrated jurist, Dr. Bluntschli, of Heidelberg, and Professor Holtzendorff, of Berlin, were chosen presidents. Dr. Bluntschli presented sixteen "Theses on the relation of the modern state to religion," which he exemplified and defended in a speech of remarkable force and clearness. Then followed a general discussion of the same topics, in which Holtzendorff of Berlin, Baumgarten of Rostock, Schenkel of Heidelberg, Schwarz of Gotha, and many other gentlemen took part. The fundamental idea underlying the theses, and advocated in the speeches, is that of a free church in a free state. Most founders of religions have been at the same time law-givers. The Mosaic injunctions for the worship of one Jehovah were the pillars of the Jewish state; the laws of Menu, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mohammed are not less civil and political than religious; only Buddha and, in a still greater degree, Jesus abstained from all civil legislation in order that the purity of religion might not be impaired and debased by the admixture of political interest. All attempts to construct a specifically Christian theory or structure of state from St. Augustine to Bossuet, De Maistre and Stahl, have proved signal failures. No religion can hope to become universal that is not capable of harmonizing with every kind of political constitution; this capability is one of the features of Christianity which makes it cosmopolitan. The professed aim of the German Protestant Union is "to renovate the Protestant Church in the spirit of evangelical freedom, and to bring it into accord with the higher culture of the present day;" and one of the great problems now thrust upon it for solution is to regulate the political and ecclesiastical affairs of Germany in this broad and liberal sense. Not inferior in interest to Bluntschli's propositions are the eleven "Theses on the authority of the Bible," which were elucidated and vindicated by Professor Hanne, of Greifswald. These theses, though reverent in tone, are very radical in substance, and do not differ essentially from those which Lessing embodied a century ago in his "Education of the Human Race." The spirit of the whole is well expressed in the eighth and ninth theses, which affirm the "purely human" origin of the Bible and its amenability to the same canons of criticism as other documents of the past; adding, however, that "notwithstanding the many human errors and defects that appear in it, it still remains the most venerable vehicle of divine revelation, and as such may claim the highest authority." Professor Hanne's speech in defence of his theses reviews the whole subject of revelation and inspiration, and shows the various stages of supernaturalism, deism, rationalism, pantheism, etc., through which it has passed. In the subsequent discussion, Rev. Dr. Schweitzer referred to the boldness with which Luther asserted and exercised the right of untrammelled Biblical criticism, and cited several striking examples of it, *e. g.*, where he stigmatizes the Epistle of James as an "epistle of straw," or is willing to "bet his cap" (*sein Barett wetten*) that Paul and James contradict each other. Dr. Schenkel then answered with much acuteness the question how the Protestant theologians of the seventeenth century came to regard the Bible as a "sacred literary petrifaction." "Having renounced the authority of the Pope of Rome, they made themselves a paper Pope, a new infallible authority—the Bible." A second question, how far and in what sense the Bible is an authority, he answered in the spirit of Lessing, whom he characterized as *einen unserer weltlichen Kirchenväter*—one of the lay fathers of the Protestant Church. We have neither space nor desire to discuss the principles enunciated by the "Protestant Diet" of Bremen, but have endeavored merely to give our readers an idea of their general tendency. To those who wish to study the diversified phases of religious thought, and the metamorphoses of ecclesiasticism in Germany, we recommend a careful perusal of this spirited pamphlet.

Madame de Staël: An Historical novel. By Amely Bölte. Translated from the German by Theodore Johnson. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.)—This novel, which forms the second volume of Messrs. Putnam and Son's "Popular Library of European Literature," seems to us,

notwithstanding certain merits which it possesses, hardly to deserve a place in a series with so suggestive a title. It is the average novel reader, we suppose, who determines the popularity of any given novel; and it is safe to say that it is not the amount of history which they contain which draws that discriminating person to such historical novels as have been most widely read—to Scott's works or to the very amusing stories of M. Dumas—and certainly the current of popular liking which for a while set so strongly toward the Mühlbach series was not attracted by their stern adherence to historical verities. As to the book at present in question, it is a translation of a tolerably uninteresting German novel into quite inelegant English. Madame de Staël is its heroine, and the reader is carried through the various scenes of her life, introduced to most of the celebrities of her time—to Voltaire and Goethe and Wieland, to Condorcet and Constant and Bonaparte, and in fact given a general sense of having taken an improving but not altogether exhilarating stroll through the biographical dictionaries. Madame Bölte has the desire so common and so natural to the makers of historical novels, to present her heroine in an attractive light and to make the most of such elements of romance as were in her life and character. It has been out of her power, however, to draw a pleasant likeness of so unpleasant an original. She does full justice to Madame de Staël's affection for her father, to her enthusiasm, and to her "gifted mind;" and, obliged to concede her ungainliness and her lack of beauty, never loses an opportunity of mentioning her "radiant black eyes" and her beautiful hands. Nevertheless, we think that even readers who will get from this novel their only knowledge of its heroine will be likely to agree with the general verdict which finds her to be perhaps the most unpleasantly unwomanly of famous women.

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Premiums received on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868....	$6,782,969 82
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868.....	2,563,002 30
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	$9,345,972 12
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868.....	$6,807,970 89
Losses paid during the same period.....	$3,081,080 49
Returns of Premiums and expenses.....	$1,383,230 61
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$7,587,435 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise....	2,214,100 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....	210,000 00
Interest and sundry Notes and Claims due the Company, estimated at	290,530 03
Premium Notes and Bills receivable.....	2,953,267 53
Cash in Bank.....	405,548 83
Total Amount of Assets	$13,660,881 39

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next.

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By order of the Board.
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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The Nation.

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ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.
PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

THE Republicans have carried Connecticut—Governor, Legislature, and three Congressmen. The vote was small, probably ten thousand smaller than last year, as there is nothing very exciting going on in the political arena, and people were wearied by the Presidential campaign. But the triumph will, it is certain, secure one thing which is very important—the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, for which people have hardly ventured to count on Connecticut.

A week from Tuesday last, in the Senate, Mr. Sprague made another of the speeches with which he has recently been surprising everybody who knows how silent he has been for a good many years, during which he might have spoken with as much effect as now. He deplored the corruption and misery of this country in such a way that he stands a chance of being quoted in several leading British journals. On the following day by a vote of 48 to 8—seven Democrats and Mr. Sprague making the 8—the Conference Committee's Tenure-of-Office Bill was agreed to. On to-day week Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to facilitate telegraphic communication with Europe. It lays down certain conditions with which all companies must comply before they can be permitted to land their cables on our shores. The principal conditions are that Congress shall have power to fix the tariff of charges for telegrams, and that this Government shall have certain privileges in the matter of transmitting official messages. On Friday nothing of much consequence was done. On motion of Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Harlan's amendment to the bill in relation to the appointment of ten unpaid Indian Commissioners was thus far modified that the new commissioners exercise not an absolute power over the removal of Indian agents and the disbursements of Indian appropriations, but only a joint power which they share with the Indian Bureau. Meantime the Society of Friends are to furnish a certain number of agents, and will probably furnish a certain number of the commissioners; for Grant, whether he learned it in Philadelphia or elsewhere, has evidently been much smitten with the Friends, who, by the way, are not altogether dependent on William Penn, as some of the correspondents seem inclined to suppose, for contemporary respect. On Monday the Senate agreed to adjourn on Monday next. Previously Mr. Wilson had made a motion, of which we may some time see the fruits, to the effect that the Judiciary Committee be directed to report a bill defining the right construction of the eight-hour law. A "workingman's friend" rabidly in earnest might almost have felt inclined to urge the passage of a new law, instead of asking for a dilatory report on an old one upon which Mr. Evarts has already exhausted his ingenuity, without apparently finding out whether or not it was meant to mean anything in particular—after election.

On the last day of March—Wednesday—the House was busy with the bill for reconstructing the State of Mississippi, but no conclusion was reached until the following day, when the debate was very lively—if that is the term to be used in describing a debate in which Mr. Butler shone with an almost morbid naturalness. He was remonstrated with by some of his fellow-members for an unprovoked and savage attack on Mr. Dawes. Mr. Dawes, by the way, got very much the better of Mr. Butler in the struggle for important places on the House Committees. The vote for deferring action on the Mississippi case until next December stood 103 to 62. On to-day week Mr. Noah Davis, of this State—a gentleman who has at once taken a forward place among the new members and bids fair to be a valuable member—introduced a bill defining vacancies in office and regulating resignations. It covers a little bit of the ground which Mr. Jenckes's bill would cover, and which it would cover all the sooner if members such as Mr. Davis would work for it. On Friday nothing was done but discuss Mr. John Covode's case, which, however, was not disposed of. On notice of General Paine the whole subject was recommitted to the Committee on Elections, who were directed to report on the merits of the case. The previous report had been that "the *prima facie* evidence" was in Mr. Covode's favor. Judges in the United States Courts have too much to do, and judges in Pennsylvania, where Mr. Covode happens to come from, are elective, as they are in too many States, or it would seem a good thing to send Mr. Covode and his competitor with their charges and counter-charges of bribery and intimidation before a judicial commission who might try their cause without political partiality. As it is, we hear now from the Democrats—what ten years from now we may be hearing in the sad tones of Republicans—that there is no chance of a claimant who belongs to the minority, getting justice or much pretence of justice from committeemen who are members of the dominant party. And it is so natural that this should be so that it would be highly useful if some legislation on the subject could soon be had. When it is remembered how greatly larger is the power of a two-thirds majority than of a mere majority, and how few votes may make all the difference between a mere majority and a majority that shall be able to overrule a President, the importance is seen of not leaving it in the hands of violent partisans to say which twenty out of forty men shall occupy seats in the House. On Saturday Mr. Butler reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill likely to pass, and which, it is to be hoped, the States may soon severally embody in their statute books, permitting husbands and wives to be witnesses against each other (except as to private conversations between themselves) in criminal cases in all United States Courts, and permitting criminals also in the same courts to testify in their own cases if so disposed. On the same day the House concurred in the Senate's proposal to adjourn next Monday.

The long trouble about the Tenure-of-Office Act came to an end, so far as Congress was concerned, on yesterday week. On that day both the Senate and the House agreed to a bill which had been decided as a sort of a compromise between keeping the present law as it stands and the total abrogation of it. In truth, however, the compromise is of such a character that the Senate still retains much more influence than it ever had previous to ex-President Johnson's time; and the people have less, and the politicians have more power over office-holders than they had when, as formerly, one man singly could be held responsible for the use and abuse of the authority to appoint to office. Under the new bill, which the President has signed, he cannot permanently and unconditionally remove from an office a man incompetent to fill it, or a man who disgraces it, unless first he gets the leave of a majority of sixty-odd senators doing "executive

business," in "secret session," and who give or withhold the reasons of their votes and the record of their votes just as may seem to them best.

Still, if the President is not anxiously desirous of having the public service properly done, if he is not unwilling to be in a state of chronic warfare with another branch of the Government, there is a chance afforded him by the new bill to make use of a legal fiction which may serve the purpose well enough. The "suspension" of office-holders during the Congressional recess is freely permitted him. And when the Senate meets again there is nothing in the law to prevent the President's proving to Mr. Fenton, say, and to Mr. Conkling, if he can, that it is for the political, pecuniary, and all other interests of these gentlemen, and for the public interest besides, that the person whom he has appointed to the place of the suspended person shall be allowed to stay in it. And then, should Mr. Fenton and Mr. Conkling be of opinion that their political and other plans for the future would be better subserved by their inducing the Senate to decline to give its assent to the removal and appointment, and should the Senate so be induced—why, then the President is permitted by the new bill to watch for the adjournment of the Senate, put in the Senate's man for a day or two, and immediately afterwards, at the cost of more or less confusion and expense, resuspend him and reappoint the man of his own choice. In brief, the new scheme gives him power, first, to acquiesce in what appointment Mr. Fenton and Mr. Conkling—to stick to the case of this State—may choose to dictate; or else, secondly, to spend his official term in a succession of more or less profitless suspensions and appointments and resuspensions and reappointments—that is, in a fight with senators about money-making offices; or else, thirdly, it gives him unlimited power to go into office-trading, into secular simony with the two gentlemen who have served us by way of illustration and with senators generally. We should have been gratified to hear that the House had stood out for unconditional repeal; and failing that, it would have been good news, we think, that the President's signature to the bill was unobtainable; as it stands it is an office-seekers' measure.

Senator Sprague's speeches have called forth rather more comments than they seem to merit. The value of his criticisms on the moral and commercial condition of the country seems to have been settled, without any help from the public, by his proposal that the Government should go into the free banking business, and supply the "poor man" with capital in the shape of small loans on good security. Any business man who seriously brings forward a suggestion of this kind in the present year of grace disarms hostility. Mr. Sprague turns savagely on the press of his own State, and has written a letter to the editor of the Providence *Journal* which shows that his opinion of that gentleman, which has long been low, is now rapidly declining. The sole good quality, it would appear, for which he gives him credit, is courage, the existence of which he discovers, strangely enough, in the editor's voluntary revelation of his "dastardliness" and "cowardice." He concludes his letter with the somewhat mysterious phrase, "Show this to Ives & Co.," which, as interpreted by the *Journal*, is simply an insidious stab at "the widely-known house of Brown, Ives & Co." of Providence. "Why those estimable citizens should be thus referred to in such a communication is," says the *Journal*, "beyond our comprehension." We hope our contemporary will not throw the subject aside in despair.

Mr. D. A. Wells has replied to Judge Kelley's attacks on him, producing a large body of the evidence on which the statements were made in his reports with regard to the comparative increase in wages and in the cost of living since 1860. He showed by the returns of the United States Commissary-General that the army rations of flour, which cost $6.77 per barrel in gold in 1859–60, in New York, has cost during the past year $12.72 in currency, an increase of eighty-eight per cent.; that the fisheries of North Carolina had been kept down since the war by the high price of salt, which had risen from eighteen or twenty cents a bushel to seventy cents; that by the table of wages paid to the workmen employed on the Treasury extension in Washington, who are certainly not the worst paid men in the country, the average increase in the wages of workmen has been fifty-eight and one-half per cent.; that, taking Massachusetts as an illustration, while the savings bank deposits in that State were $45,054,000 in gold in 1860, they were in 1867 $59,579,000 in gold also, the increase not being sufficient to cover the simple interest on the amount in bank in 1860, thus showing that the working classes have, during the last seven years, not only not saved, but have actually been eating into the savings of previous years. Judge Kelley, by shrewdly comparing the gold deposits of 1860 with the currency deposits of 1867 of course made out a very fine case for his side of the question. We have here only selected one or two of the points in Mr. Wells's statement. His evidence is equally overwhelming as regards house rents and the price of provisions; and some of his exposures of the small snares in which his opponents have tried to entangle him, are as nearly amusing as anything in a controversy of this kind can well be. He very properly thanks Mr. Kelley, at the close of his letter, for giving him an occasion for writing it.

The *Tribune*, which supported Mr. Kelley in contradicting Mr. Wells, and accusing him of dishonesty of the grossest kind—"jugglery," for instance—carefully refrains from publishing his reply. To his proof about the price of flour, which, it maintained stoutly, was, if anything, lower now than in 1860, it rejoins simply that although the Government paid $12.72 a barrel for flour for the soldiers last year, "*we must say* any shrewd merchant who had wanted as much flour as the Government bought here in 1867–8, and had had cash to pay for it, would have bought it considerably below $12.72 the barrel." This curiously enough reminds the journal of Mr. Edward Young, Mr. Wells's assistant, whose work it once more pronounces "smart" and not "creditable to himself or his master." This too will suggest to most respectable readers a question or two of a disagreeable nature as to the quality of the *Tribune's* performances in this matter. To Mr. Wells's figures touching house rents, it replies that he takes no account of the fact "that the means of cheap conveyance for the masses to and from the outskirts of the large cities have been largely multiplied and diffused." A more ludicrous termination to a rather discreditable controversy is not often witnessed.

A good many appointments have been made during the week, to which—the propriety of making changes being conceded—there is no serious objection to be made. We doubt, indeed, if so many respectable men have been put in government offices at once for many a long day. But they are all inferior officers. The great ambassadorial prizes, except that of Paris, are still undistributed. Mr. Motley is talked of most for England, and Horace Greeley is put up as his rival, but more by newspaper wags than "practical men." Horrible uncertainty still hangs around the New York Post-office, and it is not at all impossible that this goal of his desires, on which his eye has been fixed for so many weary years, Mr. Greeley may eventually reach. Mr. Grinnell has taken possession of the custom-house, Mr. Smythe taking his departure in the usual cloud of mutual compliments. To what extent Mr. Grinnell will adhere to the old custom of giving a fresh batch of citizens a chance to serve their country, we are unable to say; but he has a chance of doing the Government and the country a great service, by appointing nobody without subjecting him to a fixed test, the same for all candidates. He has already delivered a little speech against the acceptance of bribes by custom-house clerks; "in his humble judgment," he says "the practice is wrong and improper." He need not be so modest about his opinion, however, as it is one which he shares with all the noblest members of the human family. He might nearly as well say, that after much anxious consideration he was strongly inclined to the conclusion that burglars and assassins were bad men.

Those who agree with the *Sun* in thinking the government business is done on the whole about as well as private business, and that anybody who declaims against "the men inside politics" is "transcendental," would do well to read the report recently published by the Congressional Committee appointed last year to examine the bond and

note-printing department of the Treasury. We have no space at present to enter into details, but the substance of what the Committee say is this —that they have found, with regard to nearly every description of government securities, discrepancies in the accounts between the number printed and number issued, showing that some of them disappeared after leaving the printing-press; they have found the books kept in the most careless way, no record at all being preserved of many very important transactions, and a very imperfect one of others; that no pains whatever have been taken to secure the proper numbering of the government bonds, the work being actually left, without verification, largely to the memory of the person in charge of the printing machine. The testimony tends to show, the Committee say, that "the numerical registers of issue are rather theoretical than actual records of transactions; that is, that the clerks in charge did not compare each issue of the bonds by their consecutive numbers with the registry entries, or make the entries in the register from such comparison; but that they made up the entries in the register, as a rule, by taking the first and last number of any particular lot of securities, and making the entries from those, and assuming that all the numbers between were consecutive regularly, and not duplicate. It is also suggested as to the duplicate coupons, that as they are numbered at a different time from the number on the bond, they may have been duplicated and the bond not."

A more disgraceful state of things in a large public office charged with the handling of immense sums of money has, we venture to say, never been revealed in a civilized country within the present century; but what is, if possible, more remarkable than the disorder of the revenue is the mild language used by the Committee in describing it. To the grossest ignorance, incompetency, and neglect of duty, they hardly venture to apply any stronger epithet than "unsatisfactory." But they wind up with a sentiment worth quoting, and which we commend to the attention of that large and growing body of persons who are convinced that the present state of things cannot last:

"On a general survey of the operations covered by the investigation of the Committee, they could not fail to be struck with the difference in the management and details, both personal and otherwise, between such operations carried on by paid officers, having certain fixed hours of labor, and feeling no other responsibility at best than that of doing their duty from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and similar operations carried on by private persons or corporations, where the individual property and success of the persons managing the same was involved, and where no other motive for employing subordinates existed than that of obtaining those persons who could bring to their duties the greatest amount of capacity and fidelity. It must be confessed that such a comparison is decidedly unfavorable to the Government engaging in any operations of this character where it can possibly be dispensed with. Of course the committee do not mean to intimate that all or even the majority of the persons employed by the Government in these affairs are either incapable or unfaithful; but, from political and other causes, so large an element of incapacity, carelessness, and unfaithfulness is introduced into the operations as in a considerable degree to derange and paralyze the efforts of those who are sincerely desirous of doing the best possible for the Government."

General Longstreet's nomination for the Collectorship of New Orleans has been confirmed, after some fierce opposition in the Senate from Parson Brownlow, who read a paper against him based on the incidents of the General's campaigns in East Tennessee. Another senator read extracts against him from an old article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, but all in vain. The hostility to the appointment on the part of the Unionist element at the South is of course intense, but it is nevertheless perhaps the wisest and most statesmanlike Grant has made. The principal duty of the Government at the South is not, as many people imagine, to "pay off" transgressors and keep the best offices for the faithful, but to do what it can to make the South peaceful, prosperous, and contented, and there is only one way of doing this, and that is by reconciling the disaffected white population to the new order of things. The objection hitherto usually made to forgiving or forgetting the misdeeds of the rebels has been that they would not "repent," but General Longstreet has humbly "repented," and the very best way of building up a real Union party at the South, composed of the influential portion of the people, is to show that "repentance" really does find acceptance at Washington, and is likely to be followed not merely by pardon, but reward. Of course this is not exact "justice," but then exact justice is not within our reach, while scientific government is. If everybody got his due, Parson Brownlow would certainly not be in the Senate, as he spent a great many years of his life in helping to bring the war about, and a good many Southern Unionists would be engaged in work better suited to their character and capacity and antecedents than legislation for Southern rebels.

We have followed the Cuban news of the past week with such perspicacity as we can command and in a spirit of perfect candor. The accounts of the extent and progress of the insurrection which we have perused in the columns of our contemporaries, as well as the Banks preparations for recognition at Washington, have led us to expect, and very confidently we admit, the overthrow of the Spanish power in the island, not later than the first of April. What the delay is due to, we are unable to say. We have seen, it is true, in one of the illustrated papers, a sketch of a furious battle in a dark and lonesome glen, between the royalist and rebel forces, by "an officer of the Cuban staff," but on the other hand a large body of respectable persons persist in denying the existence of either Cuban army or "staff," and the New York *Times* speaks of "an English gentleman—an impartial observer" —who has been riding through the island in search of the rebellion; but he writes to his friends that at each village they declared it to be raging a few miles off, like the fever and ague in the country districts here, and he never came up with it. He at last got back to Havana without seeing a shot fired. But then he was perhaps a Spanish sympathizer. The Spaniards, however, occasionally report a sharp set-to with insurgents, but where, when, or under what circumstances, never comes out. The news of the last week is that "information from reliable sources" has been received at no less a place than Key West, that two Peruvian monitors are really in the service of the revolutionists; that an English captain had been thrown into jail; two volunteers sentenced to exile; that seven incendiaries had been executed for destroying plantations; and that a revolutionary steamer had been wrecked. We looked with interest for fuller details, too, from Rear-Admiral Hoff's report to the Navy Department, but all he seems to know about the rebellion is that the Captain-General has issued a proclamation directed against blockade runners and sympathizers, and that there had been a disturbance at Havana on Sunday the 21st ult., when several persons were killed; that an American citizen was in prison, and that the election of members to the Cortes would probably not be held till the insurrection was over.

We strongly suspect that the Cuban revolution, like the Irish Republic, is quartered in this city, and that most of the military operations are carried on, as nearly as we can make out, in the neighborhood of the New York City Hall. The insurgent troops converge on the open space in horse-cars about ten o'clock at night, without uniform, and with their arms concealed carefully, and then open vigorously on the Spanish power from several of the adjoining houses, keeping up the attack till the small hours of the morning. How long it will take for the Spaniards to be driven out of the island in this way, it is not for an unprofessional bystander to say positively, but if any faith is to be reposed in military history, it will be a good while. The movement down-town is vigorously supported by Cubans of the upper classes, in the parlors of the up-town hotels, by the utterance of the noblest and most patriotic sentiments. The Cuban committee here have issued an address, setting forth their grievances, which are numerous, as the world already knew. They have also agents in Washington hard at work for recognition, and they have either developed or are availing themselves of the strong annexational fever which now rages there. There is a strong party of politicians in favor of helping the Cubans to achieve their independence as a step towards absorption. The "Dominican Ring" is also busy, for a more promising enterprise than the acquisition of Hayti has not offered itself for many a day.

"CONFIDENCE."

PROMINENT among the senators who really debated the Tenure-of-Office Repeal Bill was Mr. Fessenden. The others, as we pointed out two weeks ago, made orations about it for the benefit of their constituents and the sacred "record," but as for debating, that had already been done in caucus. Mr. Fessenden, however, who has the natural repugnance of an independent man to secrecy and artifice, stood up in his place like those of old time, and gave his real reasons in favor of voting for repeal. His speech contained more of general interest than that of any of his colleagues, and not the least interesting part of his argument was that in which he deprecated the reasoning employed by certain senators who had maintained that the Tenure-of-Office Act ought to be repealed because of the Senate's "confidence in Grant." This confidence, Mr. Fessenden in effect urged (though he did not use just these words), however excellent as a ground for lending money to the general on his note of hand, or for trusting your minor children in his company, or for allowing him to know the key to your burglar-proof safe combination lock, was no reason at all for passing laws affecting the administration of a great country for generations to come. If Congress was to be asked to change its legislation whenever it felt nervous, general laws might as well be given up, and private bills be used in all cases. Mr. Fessenden said that he should vote for repeal for the same reason that he had voted against the original bill, because he had then thought, and still did think, the law a bad one. We need hardly say that we fully believe in the necessity of basing legislation on general principles; that the most dangerous disease that can beset popular government is the passion for basing it on personal or temporary considerations. Nay, we are willing to go much further, and to say that one of the greatest dangers of this particular government at this particular moment is precisely this kind of law-making; it having become the fashion for Congress and for the legislatures all over the country to make use of their powers in the interest of any man or measure in which they "have confidence." Now, they have confidence in a discredited railroad corporation, and show their feeling (just as an indulgent mother would) by "tipping" it. Now, it is a bankrupt steamboat company, now it is some wild-cat philanthropist on behalf of a Western "university," now it is a decayed political artist with a bad picture to sell.

In all this there is not even the pretence of a system; one bill is left and another bill is taken; one petitioner is subsidized and another has leave to withdraw, as the great legislative heart has been attracted or repelled. It is like the granting of favors by an Eastern despot; no man knows why or wherefore. So universal has the practice become that it is now of the greatest consequence to corporations, colleges, and institutions of every sort to have some one in their employ who has the art of inspiring "confidence." In the same way Congress, having full faith in Mr. Lincoln, let him remove any one he pleased from office; doubting Mr. Johnson, it refused him the same privilege, and now half doubting Gen. Grant, it gives him a tether. There can be no doubt that personal considerations were in reality the only ones which governed the two Houses in their recent action; or that the number of those who, like Mr. Fessenden, thought it necessary to vote in accordance with settled political principles, was very small. But, although it is perfectly clear that acts which regulate matters of such gravity as the tenure of office should not be made and unmade on personal grounds, there is another side to this matter. It is not only the President and Senate and House which are interested in this question—there is a fourth estate as vitally concerned in it as any of the other three—we mean the Public. And although confidence or want of confidence in particular persons is in general the poorest of all reasons for making or changing laws, still it remains true that "confidence in Grant" is one of the most potent political agencies at work among the public at present, one which will neither be ignored, nor laughed out of the way; one which may become, and is not unlikely to become, the strongest of them all.

It must be pretty evident to any one who has been observing the course of politics for the last few years, that the political class have lost their hold on the confidence of the people to a very extraordinary degree. Eight years ago, if any one said that politics were running down, that the character of public men was deteriorating, and that honest men could not find a career any longer in political life, he was treated either with good-natured contempt as a constitutional grumbler, or else was denounced as a base-hearted Sybarite. He was requested to look at the imminent downfall of Slavery, and to consider the devotion to country shown by the thousands of patriots rushing on to Richmond. If he urged that the reply did not meet the complaint, and that corruption in the governing class might perfectly well coexist with great nobility of soul in the body of the governed, he used to be silenced for ever by a hint that he had probably been in Paris or else reading the "philosophers" too much of late, and that if he had been attending town-meetings and supporting the institutions of his country instead of filling his head with foreign notions, he would not have sunk so low. Nay, it even went further than that: when the bitter lessons of the war had taught us conclusively that the politicians were not fit for the task assigned them, the upholders of our "institutions" invented, after the usual manner, a theory, which was to explain the peculiar character of our situation, and show to the satisfaction of our friends and the confusion of our enemies that the one need not be so downcast, nor the other so triumphant. And this was—that it was rather a beneficial thing for a republic to have men of inferior capacities and doubtful honor in office, because it increased so much the public watchfulness and interest in politics. To know the history of Fernando Wood was a liberal education to any ordinary voter.

But the theory has not turned out what its authors expected. Strange to say, the idea has been steadily gaining ground that the "epicureans" and grumblers were in the right after all, and that our political class was a very degraded one, and that the popular estimate of a "politician" as being the typical rogue of our day and generation was correct. How long it would have taken in the ordinary course of things for this truth to prevail, it is impossible to say; but the event which more than any other hastened the moment of its triumph, and was the immediate cause of it, was the accession of Grant. When it turned out that Grant was really awake to the importance of getting a new kind of man into positions of political trust, he furnished a rallying point for the vague feelings of distrust and discontent which had been so long growing, and which had hitherto found no means of expressing itself. Colonel McClure's rebuff, and the original choice of his Cabinet put it beyond question that Grant did really mean to see whether somewhere in America there could not be found a kind of statesman better than the sort produced by the caucus system. And the moment it did become evident, the President was assured from one end of the country to the other that he would be supported in his endeavors, and that the country confided in the strength of his desire to purify the public service, to introduce into it efficiency and honesty. This is that "confidence in Grant" which, as we just now said, is one of the most important political sentiments in the country, and may, if Grant pursues as wise a course as he promises to pursue, materially change the aspect of politics and the relations of parties. During Johnson's administration, Congress was the body which public trusted, and that trust was by no means misplaced, as events showed. A Congress elected for the express purpose of maintaining a certain well-defined policy in opposition to another equally well-defined policy, might be trusted to do it. Johnson was to get all the States in that he could, and Congress had been instructed to prevent his getting States in; and they did prevent him. But reconstruction is at an end, and on the new questions which now arise, Congress is not known to have any policy at all. There has been a great deal of talk in both House and Senate about the necessity of reform, but in the nature of things, what is said cannot be meant. It would be as absurd to expect any genuine desire for good government among most of the members of Congress as it would be to expect any genuine attempt at reforming the railroad system from a convention of stock operators. Their constituents have indeed to watch them, from hour to hour, lest some new swindle of annexation, or financiering, or subsidizing, or "claim" of some kind, be foisted upon the country against its will. Can any one have any confidence in the passage by the House of Jenckes's Civil Service Bill, when its enactment would deprive the House of half its corruptest power? It is true enough

that the House and Senate are with the newspapers and the public at large in declaiming about the necessity of purity in the administration of government. But this great point should not be lost sight of, that by "purity" they mean Republican administration, and by "impurity" the holding of offices by their opponents. Now, this is not what the public or Grant means, and the result is that the public distrust more and more the House and Senate, while they confide more and more in Grant. The most curious evidence of the growing importance of this fact is the conduct of the Opposition. The Democrats long ago divined that their greatest danger lay in the chance that the Republicans might by some accident find a leader who would be something more than a mere party man, and accordingly after doing their utmost to draw Grant over to their side, have been spending their energies since their failure in covering him with the vilest abuse—the only possible reason being that they are most profoundly afraid of his reputation for high character. They labor to show that he, too, is a mere politician, that his professions of desire for reform are a hollow mockery, that corruption and intrigue are his tools, as they are those of the party managers. The *World* appears to believe the old reconstruction question a trifle, compared with the question of the villany of the new President.

NATIONAL BANKING LEGISLATION.

Congress is again at work making new laws and amending old ones with a view to regulating that most important financial and commercial machine, our bank system. The bill recently passed in the Senate, best known as the bill to redistribute the National Bank currency, is in reality intended to correct several evils and injustices in the existing laws; but it owes its importance almost exclusively to the last section, which provides that all banks having a note circulation in excess of certain specified amounts, varying according to capital and locality, shall reduce that circulation, in a certain proportion, and that in exchange for the circulation so withdrawn by banks in the great cities and in the Eastern States, a similar amount of notes may be issued by banks in smaller cities and in the Western and Southern States.

The many exciting questions agitating the public mind since the inauguration of the new administration have prevented the proposed bank measure from receiving the public attention that it is entitled to. Many persons have also thought, that it was a measure concerning the banks alone, and hence have not seriously examined it. But it is in truth a very important bill, not so much on account of what it is designed to accomplish, as on account of its being the first serious attack on what have long been considered the vested rights of the national banks, and as the first indication of the coming reaction which must remove from the whole system much of its injustice and monopoly, or lead it to entire destruction.

The bill sets forth, that the object to be accomplished is "to secure a better distribution of the national banking currency." Now the national banking currency has, like every other currency, a very remarkable faculty of distributing itself, without the aid of Congress or any other power. Currency will always go where valuable property is for sale cheap, and it obstinately refuses to go anywhere else. If the South has a large amount of surplus products and offers them for sale at a lower price than the same products can be bought at anywhere else, and is not willing to sell them except for cash, the cash or currency will go to the South just as inevitably as water will run down hill. If the South, after getting this currency, wants silks and satins, or ploughs and wagons, or teas and coffees, from the North, and the North is not willing to sell them except for cash, the currency will come back to New York with as unerring certainty as it first went in the opposite direction. If the South, instead of wanting Northern products and foreign products imported at Northern ports, is satisfied to save, and consume only its own domestic productions, it will retain the currency received for its surplus sold, and will keep it just as long as it pleases, and neither Congress nor its laws can make that currency come North or go West or leave the South, except by downright spoliation. It is precisely the same with the East and the West. It makes no difference how much currency the East has; if the West has plenty of wheat and beef to sell, and will not sell it except for cash, the Eastern currency will go West after the wheat and beef, in spite of everything and everybody. But if the West will not sell its wheat, but, on the contrary, piles it up in barns and store-houses and elevators, or fuses to sell it at the prices at which it can be bought elsewhere, of recourse no currency will go to the West. If the West, looking at these vast accumulations of produce, and valuing them at an imaginary price, thinks itself rich and spends accordingly, and buys of the East large quantities of manufactured goods and imported luxuries, it has to pay for them, and of course not only will no Eastern currency go West, but the West will have to send its own currency to the East to settle its accounts. Can Congress alter or hinder this? Of course it cannot.

The currency movement going on at the present time, which lends a faint show of sense to the new Congressional enactment, is just this: At the close of the war the North had, leaving out of view the interest-bearing currency of the Government and the amount since contracted by Mr. McCulloch, about seven hundred millions of currency. The South had *none*. The limited supply of gold tenaciously hoarded during the struggle, and the few greenbacks smuggled across the lines by the far-sighted, at once came North to pay for absolute necessaries of life and keep an exhausted people from actual starvation. What the cash did not suffice to pay for was sent down on credit, in the anticipation that the cotton on hand and the next year's crop would speedily enable the South to repay these advances. But neither the first nor the second year's crop was at all equal to expectation, and the South has, ever since the war, continued in a state of extreme poverty, which has entirely prevented it from accumulating a supply of currency of its own. But this extreme of poverty taught the South a lesson, once known of all, but apparently long since forgotten, and which the North and West will only re-learn when taught by the same stern teacher—the lesson of economy. Working and saving, the South started last spring on a new career. Favored by a combination of happy influences, it opened the current year with a light indebtedness and a large stock of cotton selling at high prices. The consequence was inevitable. Currency has been going South ever since. At the same time the West, deluded with the belief that the war and famine prices of the last few years could be maintained forever, has refused to part with its grain and has continued to purchase luxuries. The currency of the West has consequently been coming East. In 1865 the South had no currency. It is impossible to ascertain how much it has now, but it unquestionably has an important amount. This currency has been drawn from the North, East, and West, *but mainly from the West*, for the reason that the West, more than any other part of the country, has been unwilling to recognize and accept the changed condition of affairs, and has refused to sell its products at their diminished market value. This loss of currency by the West and North has been the first and best recognized, though not by any means the only or even the most important, cause of the recent stringency in the money markets, a stringency so severe and long continued as to threaten a severe financial collapse. It is one of the most natural, healthful, and intelligible financial movements of the time; but, of course, it presses hard upon all people trading with borrowed capital or dependent upon bank facilities for the transaction of their daily business. It presses hardest of all upon the speculative holders of merchandise, stocks, and real estate all over the country. Just now, as already indicated, the West is most largely engaged in such speculations, and consequently needs its currency most at the very time when it is doing everything to drive it away, and at the very time when the South is doing everything to obtain it. This natural course of the currency movement Congress is called on to stop and correct. It is not the South that asks for the so-called re-distribution, it is the West; and Congress, with its usual sublime faith in its own omnipotence, actually decrees that the laws of nature shall stand in abeyance, and that currency shall flow, not where its owners choose to send it, but where Congress dictates.

It must be evident to every one, not only that Congress cannot possibly accomplish what it pretends to undertake, namely, to secure a better distribution of the currency, but, also, that the measure proposed must be totally barren of the results anticipated. If any of the

districts, States, or Territories, which are to obtain a fresh supply of currency under this bill, have the means to obtain currency under its provisions, they must have precisely the same means to obtain the same amount of currency now, without the aid of the bill. Congress does not *give away* currency, it only gives the privilege of obtaining currency on the pledge of United States securities. If the people of a Territory or of one of the States have the United States securities, they can get the currency for them at any moment in New York or elsewhere, no matter how tight the money market may be. But if they have not the United States securities, the new bill of Congress will not help them to get one single dollar of currency beyond what they have now. If they have not the securities, and still want to take advantage of the new law, they must take the currency required to buy the bonds to one of the money centres, and, after buying the bonds, deposit them in Washington, when they will receive back somewhat less currency than they invested in bonds. Surely the people of that Territory or State gain no additional currency by that operation. It is precisely the same if the bonds are paid for in grain or cotton or produce of any kind, for by the direct sale of the produce the same amount of currency would be obtained. The more closely the question is examined, the more clearly will it appear that nothing that Congress can do will add one dollar to the circulation or currency of any State or Territory beyond what the people of that State or Territory have to-day the ability to obtain without the slightest aid from Congress.

But if the measure of Congress will not give to these districts a larger supply of currency than what they now have, what good will it do them? It gives them the privilege *to issue* the currency, but it does not thereby add to the supply at their disposal, or have the slightest tendency to make money easier or to increase their borrowing facilities. Now as long as this privilege of issuing currency does not make currency cheaper, it must be a matter of absolute indifference to the people using it, by whom or whence this currency is issued. You cannot borrow currency issued by New York banks any cheaper in New York than currency issued by a New England bank or a Western bank. Nor is the money issued by a Chicago bank lent any cheaper in Chicago than that issued by a bank of Philadelphia. If a private banker in Omaha to-morrow acquired the privilege under the new act of Congress of issuing one hundred thousand dollars of new currency, he will not lend the currency thus issued any cheaper than the greenbacks or New England bank-bills which he had been lending heretofore. The people who use the currency do not therefore care one straw where the currency is issued. It is only the people who issue the currency who have an interest in the question. It is only the people who want to issue the currency, that desire to see this bill become a law, that desire to see the "better distribution of the currency secured" by act of Congress. Designing men, taking advantage of the prevailing ignorance on this and similar subjects, have sought to represent the high price of money at the West as due to the imperfect distribution of the currency, and have misled Congress into adopting a bill which can only lead to fresh disturbances of the currency market without accomplishing one object for which it was designed.

The reason why men are anxious to obtain a re-distribution of the currency, and to secure to themselves the privilege of issuing a part of the circulation that is to be withdrawn from the existing banks, is simply, that the issuing of national bank currency is extremely profitable. The person who holds to-day one hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds, draws six per cent. gold interest on them, or nearly eight per cent. interest in currency. If he acquires the privilege of a national bank, and deposits his bonds in the United States Treasury, he receives the eight per cent. interest on his bonds all the same, and has further ninety thousand dollars in currency, which he can lend at six or seven or more per cent., thus making from fourteen to fifteen per cent. interest on his investment. Or, to put it in another shape, the holder of one hundred thousand dollars of United States bonds, if he wants to borrow ninety thousand dollars on them in the open market, cannot do so without paying at least seven per cent. interest on the borrowed money; but if he has a national bank charter, he virtually borrows the same amount free of interest. This evident and palpable advantage that the owner of a national bank charter has over all other holders of bonds, naturally makes the privilege a desirable one, and has had a great deal to do with securing the passage of the bill. A number of individuals in the large cities and in the Eastern States have secured national bank charters, which were granted and received in perfect good faith, but which have since been proved to be very valuable monopolies. There are plenty of people in all sections of the country, both where there are banks and where there are none, who would like to possess a share of these same valuable monopolies. In the sections where banks abound, there is no opportunity to do so, but under the pretence of the unequal distribution of the currency, Congress is about to give that opportunity, to a limited extent, to some individuals in the States where banks are least numerous. This is virtually nothing more than an attempt to take away from the present *bonâ-fide* possessor a portion of monopoly, and to bestow it on some one else, whose only title to it is the activity and loudness of his clamors against the injustice with which the monopoly was originally distributed; as though a monopoly could be evenly divided.

MR. WELLS AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

Mr. David A. Wells has published his reply to his assailants, and the spectacle of their discomfiture, besides gratifying morbid curiosity, furnishes matter for a good deal of profitable reflection. The feature of the attacks made on him which was probably most repulsive, was their presumptuousness, inasmuch as they consisted in simple contradiction on matters of fact, of which he had made a laborious examination, and of which his opponents had not made and never pretended to have made any examination whatever. That Mr. Wells had "juggled," and "misrepresented," and "manipulated figures," and was bribed by "British gold" to make a false report, was simply a deduction made by Messrs. Carey, Kelley, and Greeley from certain doctrines of political economy held by them, and the soundness of which is denied by the vast majority of those who have made economical questions their serious study. Mr. Wells's assailants believe that high tariffs conduce to the prosperity of the working classes; therefore any man who says that in a particular country possessing a high tariff, the working classes are not prosperous, must be a knave, and has probably been bribed to lie by persons interested in the importation of foreign goods. This would be a tolerably cool and impudent piece of inference coming from anybody, but coming from these gentlemen who, whatever else they have done, have not during the last four or five years devoted any systematic attention to the examination of the questions of which Mr. Wells treated in his report, it is hard to know how to characterize it. Mr. Kelley's fitness for scientific investigation of any subject, it is hardly necessary to expatiate upon to anybody who is familiar with his public speeches; and whatever the extent of Mr. Greeley's powers and attainments may be, they have during the last seven years been expended almost exclusively on the popularization, in the columns of magazines and weekly papers, of the question of Reconstruction, which he has examined from every mortal point of view. Mr. H. C. Carey has a theory of the duties of governments and the causes of national prosperity, which has the merit of originality, and which has both here and in Europe obtained considerable circulation and attention. The number of his auditors or disciples amongst men of education may now almost be counted on one's fingers, and his later contributions to social science have been marked by a most remarkable incapacity for the simplest work of logical inference. But he has always enjoyed the reputation of being a gentleman on paper, as well as in private life; and it was therefore a shock both to those who believe in him as an economist and those who do not, to find him using against Mr. Wells one of the rustiest and clumsiest of the wretched collection of weapons with which the *New York Tribune* carries on its warfare. All these gentlemen were placed, for the purposes of the discussion, in the very unfortunate position of having no knowledge, or next to none, of the subject on which they attacked Mr. Wells's accuracy, while he happened to be the only

man in the country who thoroughly understood it. Their venturing under these circumstances to attack him at all was a striking illustration of the growing confidence inspired by glibness and the habit of being listened to by large audiences. If it were not that the public is gaining steadily in its appreciation of thoroughness and accuracy, we should before long witness a state of things in which anybody who for any reason could gather a crowd about him, would pretend and often believe that it was only want of time which prevented him from disposing of the most famous unsolved problems of the higher mathematics.

Another remarkable and repulsive feature of the controversy has been the theory, on which most of Mr. Wells's opponents act and talk, that there is something sacred about the theory of protection, and that any person who attacks it, or even brings to light facts which are likely to weaken its hold on the popular mind, must be a bad man, and ought to have his influence destroyed, like that of a gambler or libertine, not simply by argument but by social persecution, or any other weapons within reach. One Pennsylvanian sage, or saint, was so shocked by Mr. Wells's conclusions, that he gravely, and even with much show of pious wrath, sought to have the wretch's salary stopped in the House, so that the legislature of "our common country" might not be responsible for the diffusion of his pestiferous utterances. Now, protectionists may as well make up their minds that neither their opponents nor the public at large will submit to this kind of assumption It was tried in the slavery agitation, and failed. There was hardly a defender of the institution in the height of its prosperity who did not take refuge behind the Bible, or the marriage relation. It was tried, too, in the reconstruction process, and failed; and in the impeachment process, and failed. Hardly a question of importance comes up in politics, that one side or other does not entrench itself behind religion or humanity or "eternal justice," and proclaim that anybody who assails the position is guilty of sacrilege. But the age for successful performance of this thoroughly profane trick is gone by. Anybody who wants legislation in our day in aid of his schemes, whether his object be his own private aggrandizement, or the regeneration of mankind, must come down into the political arena and maintain his cause, on the same level and with the same weapons as everybody else. We have no privileged opinions in politics any more than privileged classes in society. All opinions and theories are assailable; nay, if anybody knows any reason for thinking that a dominant policy, no matter in what department of public affairs, is injurious, he is bound to declare it.

The pretence to which the protectionists seem to cling, that protection is amongst the settled questions—for some such pretence must be at the bottom of the personal abuse with which they assail their opponents—is a pure delusion. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, there is no question at this moment occupying the attention of the civilized world more unsettled, or more likely to be settled against the advocates of the doctrine. There is no country in which any changes which are taking place in the mode of raising revenue are not made in the direction of freedom of trade. In fact, protection is getting to be looked on everywhere as an ancient abuse, like Church establishments and vendible offices and entails, to be borne with, if at all, out of regard to vested interests and settled habits, but not to be borne with very long under any circumstances. If anybody says that this is a dreadful state of things, he raises a question of opinion; what we here assert is a fact which admits of no denial, and it becomes the adherents of a decaying faith, no matter how respectable, to be, above all things, meek and modest. It is only on the preachers of new and spreading creeds that intolerance and virulence sit well.

Another circumstance which makes it peculiarly improper for protectionist advocates to impute corrupt motives to their adversaries is, that there is no body of men so open to the same imputation. One of the great objects and great results of protection is the creation of monopolies—the closing of the markets to all but a few persons. It is, therefore, one of the peculiarities of a protectionist policy that, however much good, even from the stand-point of its friends, it may do the many, there are always a few who benefit by it immensely, and whose fortunes depend on its maintenance. The English manufacturer is, no doubt, interested in having the American markets opened to him, but so are all other manufacturers on the globe. Anybody who entered our ports with goods to sell, under a free-trade policy, would enter them in competition with the whole human race. Under a protectionist policy, on the other hand, a few dozen manufacturers here—a very small list would contain them—do make great profits which they would lose if the ports were opened. Even if we grant what they will claim, that in making these profits they greatly benefit the country, it is none the less true that the reduction of the tariff would instantly put a stop to them. Their personal selfish interest, therefore, apart from their patriotic interest, in the maintenance of the tariff is immense. They have a reason for bribing people to speak and write in favor of its maintenance, such as nobody has in bribing people to write and speak against it. Nay, many of the tariff writers and speakers—Mr. Carey for one, who degraded himself by his imputation on Mr. Wells—are themselves manufacturers, and interested in protected industry of some kind; and, in preaching protection, are aiding in the increase of their own profits just as much as if they were keeping their books, and superintending their workmen. Now, we do not say they are all actuated by selfish motives in defending the tariff. We do not say that Mr. Kelley gets so much a column for the long discourses in defence of native industry with which he fills the *Congressional Globe*, or Mr. Greeley for the luminous expositions of protectionist doctrine which he contributes to the *Tribune;* but we do say, that a man may believe that they do, and say that he believes it, without showing himself to be a very uncharitable or very suspicious man, or a man very ignorant of human nature. Any one who would say so might consider himself a kindly, tolerant, and pure-minded person compared with the gentlemen who have deduced Mr. Wells's baseness from his writing things which they happen not to like, or find inconvenient. Unfortunately, too, for the Greeleys, and Careys, and Kelleys, the list of preachers of free trade—a list on which such names as Turgot, and Adam Smith, and Cobden, and Bright, and Chevalier, and Bastiat, and Garnier are inscribed, is one on which no man need fear to see his name, because there is no man whom association with such men would not honor; and this not simply on account of their intellectual achievements—though these certainly none of Mr. Wells's assailants can very well pretend to despise—but because for purity of character and devotion to the interests of mankind it would be very difficult for any school of economy or philosophy to produce their match.

THE LYCEUM LECTURE.

In a recently published biography we may read that on a certain June morning in 1864, after having met the late Mr. Halleck in one of our New York streets, the late Mr. Willis went home and, according to his custom, utilized the notable thing of his day's experience by addressing to his younger associate in the management of the *Home Journal* one of his well-known editorial letters. In this instance his performance contained an expression of the writer's keen regret that "the author of 'Marco Bozarris'" had never seen fit to deliver lyceum lectures. "With such advantages of physiognomy and manner, so winning a look and voice, how is it," Mr. Willis enquires of Mr. Phillips, "that Fitz-Greene Halleck has never let himself be known to audiences?" . . . . "Halleck's genial countenance," he goes on to say—in those days everybody and everything was genial—"and still more the full and genial cadences of his voice, suited him especially for a lecturer. What a pity that so admirably formed a creature should die without the eye and ear homage for which nature gifted him!"

From these remarks of Mr. Willis, who lived when lyceum associations were in fulness of glory, it is easy to deduce one or two theories of the aim and end of the "courses of lectures" which constitute an American institution, and easy to see something of the reason of their popularity. One cause, then, of their existence would seem to be, that by means of them the general public gets opportunity to gratify a natural curiosity as to the personal appearance of the men and women who have in one way and another attracted its attention. "The author of 'Marco Bozarris'" no doubt could once have drawn a "paying house" in every town to which the "Academic Speakers" and "First Readers" had introduced him. And from what is said of the graces of Halleck's manner and the charm of his elocution, his ability to please and amuse, and from what is not said

of his ability to teach anybody anything, we may infer that Mr. Willis was not in the habit of thinking of lyceum lectures as being to any great extent a means of instruction.

As regards that matter, few people, we imagine, ever differed with him. Most people will admit that so far as concerns learning anything, listening to lectures is pretty surely a waste of time. They never come very near to being profitable except when, as in the case of college professors and students, the lecturer talks to hearers who are interested in the subject in which he himself is interested, and all of whom are so nearly alike as regards ability that the speaker need not entertain the lecturer's common fear—the fear that turns most lectures into twaddle or commonplace not far removed from it—the fear that unless he points out things which are beneath the regard of the best part of his audience he must point out things beyond the vision of most of it. And in order to learn much from the lecturing of university professors even, it is necessary we should say, so far as our experience goes, that the hearer should transfer it to paper; it is the lecture in the note-book rather than the oral lecture that is of any service to the student.

But if it has no great claim to respect as a means of instruction, which is what it has usually pretended to be, the "lecture" once had a considerable value and still has some value, in certain parts of the country, as a social instrumentality. The days are not yet wholly gone in which some of our friends in Boston and the immediate vicinity betake themselves now and then of an evening to the Tremont Temple to listen to Mr. Phillips while he makes his instructive political epigrams, or attend at the Lowell Institute or the Music Hall to hear Mr. Emerson, and to absorb, not without a sense of profit and a degree of self-complacency, some small quantity of the transcendental philosophy, taking in (to borrow a hint from Miss Bremer and the Fresh Pond Company) their three or four pounds of ice for the purposes of "æsthetic teas" and other parties, and pleasantly fancying that thus they have something of the eternal snows of Concord; and in the remoter rural districts of the valley of the Mississippi, where schools are scarce and good newspapers and books are few, it is possible that not only the political lecturers, but the others, exert a sensible intellectual influence. We doubt it, however; and incline strongly to the belief that throughout the whole country "the platform" is hopelessly decaying as "the stump" has begun to decay, and like "the stump" tends each year to go further towards the setting sun. When Mr. Emerson goes West again, if he ever goes again on a lecturing tour, it is very likely that he will have to go further than before to find the enterprising committee who shall secure him a full attendance by advertising the tickets of admission as good also for a subsequent dance in the hall and "an elegant collation."

In those parts of the country where the social means and appliances are few, where the young people of the two sexes are debarred from seeing each other as often as they would like, our lecture system is pretty sure to flourish. In the Atlantic States, or at any rate on the seaboard, and in all the large cities of the East and West alike, a thousand ways are open for the meeting of that part of "society" for whose sake it is after all that "society" exists. In the smaller Eastern towns there is the stated preaching of the word several times in every seven days; and nobody who hears the continual outcries about the overdressiness of women in church will deny that it is not always nor wholly for worship that congregations gather themselves together. We hear of a young lady in Connecticut who, in feeling it to be improper that she should dance during Lent, rigorously denied herself that enjoyment; she was saved from spiritual pride, however, by the discovery one day that she was "engaged" for evening services for three weeks ahead. So, too, it is remarked of the young ladies of St. Louis, that when they have made a "retreat" and come home again under prohibition to dance round dances, they are observed to be exemplary in the matter of taking constitutionals, and that their patronage of concerts is of a kind to gratify managers. Then in the East there is the singing-school of the villages, and the choir meeting; while in the larger towns the theatre is no longer under ban, nor are balls looked on with anything like the horror that they used to excite, even in the near neighborhood of Boston, so short a time ago as ten years. The chances for "Edward and Almira" to blush in each other's presence are indefinitely greater this side of the Alleghanies than those young persons would find them in the West. In that region, then, the lyceum lecture is eking out the services rendered to the estate of matrimony by the itinerant preacher, the rare troop of actors, the occasional violinist or "minstrel." Some of the young bachelors form the committee of arrangements; and all the other young bachelors take "season tickets;" lecturers are engaged, some of whom, as we know, are men of the most brilliant talents and the most varied attainments, but some of whom also, it is much to be feared, are heard not so much for their powers and acquisitions as because the young ladies and gentlemen wish to do a certain amount of talking with each other, as well as to listen to some part of what the authorized speaker of the evening may be saying.

There comes, however, every now and then from that region—there has come, in fact, within a week—a dismal wail of committees over the winter's receipts, which show that even the bodily presence of the best-looking and most winning and most famous lecturers on the list has failed in many instances to draw full and paying houses, and has left the young bachelors and the "live men" of many rising communities agonizing over a deficit of greater or less dimensions which they will probably have to meet out of their own pockets. No confidence, however great, in the lyceum lecture as an instrument of culture can of course very long survive the frequent recurrence of a pecuniary loss, and what renders the prospects of the institution all the more gloomy is that a certain portion of the Western press, led by that cynical sheet the *Chicago Tribune*, now regularly about this time of the year counsels the committees to cut down their list almost to nothing; in fact—we hate to write it—to give no more invitations to the rising beauties of the platform, and confine themselves to a very few men of established brains and reputation who are sure to have something to say. With this cold, calculating view of a tender and delicate subject, we need hardly say we have ourselves little sympathy; but as lecturers require pay and as somebody has to supply it, we suppose that to the business point of view even the most spiritual of us must come at last. To any committee, therefore, which finds itself seated on the cold "hard pan," as the miners say of a dead loss, owing to misplaced confidence in the power of "advantages of physiognomy and manner," we would advise, in making arrangements next year, to restrict their invitations to specialists of established reputation, men who either have completely mastered some subject and speak on it with generally recognized authority, or men who are gifted with great powers of statement and apply them successfully to a particular class of subjects; and to eschew the simple rhetorician who is ready to treat any theme at a hundred dollars an hour. The body to which he belongs is one which is growing prodigiously, and its influence, whether exerted through the platform, the magazine, or the wholesome and independent family paper, is producing the worst effects on the tender and susceptible minds of both Edward and Almira. His personal charms, instead of heightening his attractions, ought to put a prudent committee on its guard against him, and cause it to question itself straitly as to its motives in asking him to hold forth.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 19, 1869.

IF I were to write upon the topics which most excite the British mind at the present moment, I should hesitate between the two questions of the Irish Church debate and the University boat-race. The latter will, I presume, scarcely retain much interest on the other side of the Atlantic. I will, therefore, spare you any enquiry into the causes which have led to nine consecutive defeats of Cambridge by Oxford, or into the present state and prospects of the art of rowing in this country. I will merely note in passing that the extraordinary interest which the race now excites is a characteristic and regular phenomenon. Every London cabman ties a bit of light or dark blue ribbon to his whip, according to the direction of his sympathies; the little ragged boys in the streets shout, "Oxford and Cambridge for ever!" and the whole of London turns out to see the contest in crowds nearly if not quite equal to those which attend the more renowned celebration of the Derby. I will turn, however, to the official subject of discussion. The grand debate on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's bill began last night. These debates are amongst the most wearisome of proceedings to those who attend, or to the few who do an Englishman's duty by plodding through the reports in the next morning's *Times*. So many of the inferior tribe of orators are anxious to speak for the benefit of their constituents, that the leading speakers are swamped in a mass of inferior eloquence, and the leading speakers themselves are apt to be dull when they attempt to make what are called by their admiring critics "luminous and exhaustive" statements of the arguments. Last night, for example, Mr. Disraeli opened the debate in a two-hours speech, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to the efforts of the members whom no one cares to hear, and to a short official reply from Mr. Chichester Fortescue. There is often ten times as much interest in a debate which springs up unexpectedly, and gives occasion for a few of the best speakers

to go in and strike a few rapid and telling blows, as in the prolix and dismal discussions in which men go prepared in cold blood to listen to the delivery of spoken pamphlets. Nothing, of course, was said, and I may safely anticipate that nothing will be said in Parliament or elsewhere calculated to throw the smallest light upon the subject. Everybody knows all about it and has long ago made up his mind, and this parade of oratory amounts to little more than a kind of conventional ceremony for doing honor to the importance of the subject. Mr. Disraeli seems to have been more than usually brilliant; he began by some of the flaming generalities in which he takes so much delight, but afterwards got on to his own strong ground of sarcasm, and made a very satisfactory onslaught upon his opponents. He got well home and drew first blood in thoroughly workmanlike style. But, to say the truth, the punishment which he administered to the ministry was of just as little importance as the Brummagem philosophy with which he prefaced his speech. It will make them angry, but it will not change a vote or throw a new beam of light on the subject. When he expatiated on the importance of religion and the fact that governments ought to be guided by religious considerations, he was as much and as little to the point as when he called the measure confiscation, and insisted that the state was a trustee for the Protestant Church and was stealing the trust-money, or as when in conclusion he taunted Mr. Gladstone with the inevitable reaction upon the Church of England. Perhaps his best point, and it is one which is really of some importance, is that the effect of the bill will be to hand over a large share of the spoils of the Church to the landlords. Mr. Gladstone proposes to spend the proceeds upon lunatic asylums and secular institutions. Now it is admitted that the effect of this will be in some degree to reduce the county cess, which is paid in the first instance by the tenants but which must ultimately fall more or less on the rents. Take off the burden and the landlords will be able to raise their terms. We should be very sorry to hand over the Church property to the landlords, though it may be doubted whether this particular argument will tell very strongly upon the landlords themselves. Mr. Disraeli, indeed, tried to prove that the effect of confiscation would be to raise further questions as to the security of landlords. Plunder the Church, he said, and you encourage other people to plunder you. If the disendowment of the Church leads to a serious consideration of the land question, I, for one, shall be sincerely gratified; but it is decidedly a blot in the measure that one of its first effects will be to offer what may be delicately called a pecuniary inducement to the landlord interest.

Be this how it may, the measure is in the main well designed, and especially for the great purpose of all, namely, to pass. No one can doubt that it will go through the House of Commons by very large majorities, and the only question is as to its fate in the House of Lords. Whether that body, which has lately been giving signs of impatience under its growing insignificance, will venture to assert itself by throwing out the bill, is a matter on which speculation is premature. Should it venture to do so the result will probably be the raising of some deeper questions than are just now in the field of politics. I confess that the one wish which I can distinctly form is, that the bill may be passed in some shape, so that Parliament may have a fair chance of devoting itself to the incomparably more important matters for which the road is now hopelessly blocked. To mention only one, and that one of secondary interest, a measure has been lately introduced for regulating the endowed schools of England. These schools enjoy a revenue considerably larger than that which will be set free by the disendowment of the Irish Church, but they have been allowed to fall into that helpless state of muddle which is only too characteristic of English institutions at the present moment. The endowments are wasted, misapplied, and put to actually prejudicial uses of every kind. To put them right would be the first step towards providing the country with that of which it is most urgently in need, a good system of secondary education. No one can put them right but Parliament, and Parliament is so taken up with squabbling over a question upon which every sensible man in the country has long ago made up its mind, that we have no hopes of anything but a mutilated and, at best, preparatory measure. Other matters of still more importance, such as the poor-laws, are left on one side altogether; and it is not surprising that some enthusiasts are getting rather disgusted with our system of parliamentary government. The House of Commons insists upon being omniscient and omnipotent; to this one cannot reasonably object; but it ought to hit upon some mode of using its power and its knowledge towards doing business instead of frittering away time of the utmost value on party struggles. That the Irish Church should be put down is right enough; but it is grievous that so much labor should be spent on mere abolition of old grievances, when there is such urgent need of measures for reconstruction. Some greater impulse is required than appears to have come from our advance up to the present time in a democratic direction.

I am, to some extent, talking the language of a school of thought, which, if I am not mistaken, will have great influence on our future politics, and I would call your attention to it the more, because, though generally treated with ridicule, I am convinced that it really deserves serious notice. The followers of Comte, to whom I refer, are a very small and a much abused body. There are perhaps not more than half a dozen genuine disciples prepared to go all lengths; and it has been said that half of them are suspected of heresy. This statement, however, gives a very inadequate impression of the extent to which their characteristic theories have leavened the thoughts of the rising generation. Small as the body may be, it includes men of great ability, of remarkable powers of expression, and, what is most important under present circumstances, of profound faith in the truth and importance of their own opinions. The organ through which they chiefly preach to the world is the *Fortnightly Review*, a journal on the model of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which for a long time led a very precarious existence, and has been compelled to suspend half its issues and to be content with a monthly appearance. The February number, however, ran through five editions; and as a symptom of the present currents of opinion it is worth noticing the articles which gave it so large a circulation. They were chiefly two: one was by Prof. Huxley, in which he started from physiological grounds to prove certain conclusions which would generally be called materialist. It is true that he entirely repudiates the name and saves himself from the supposed consequences of his theory by a remarkable argument into which I have not space to enter. It is enough to say that the general bearing of the essay was to prove that all the phenomena of life would in no remote future be explained by the same scientific principles which we apply in the case of chemistry or astronomy. He went rather out of his way to deny any sympathy with Comte as a scientific authority, but he would obviously agree with Comte in putting theology and metaphysics altogether out of consideration. The other article was a very clever parallel drawn by Professor Beesley, one of the thoroughgoing Comtists, between the French statesmen who preceded the revolution of 1789, on the one hand, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli on the other. There is a still more remarkable article by Professor Beesley in the current number, in which he advocates the positivist theory as to the future of the working-classes, expresses his sympathy with trades unionism, and declares that the solution of our present difficulties is to be found in that curious variety of democratic despotism which forms the Positivist's ideal. Of the merits of these opinions I have not room to speak, but it is worth notice that opinions of this nature should be currently expressed, and meet, if not with general approbation, at least with very widely spread sympathy. It proves, I may say, this, that the men who at present exercise a very powerful—perhaps the most powerful—influence on the able minds of the rising generation, may be divided into two classes: first, the men of science who utterly repudiate all theology, and laugh at the pretensions of all existing religious systems to any authority in the world of thought; secondly, the Comtists, who proceed to build up on the same foundation a new theory of society, the partial realization of which would involve a complete revolution of the whole established order of things; the formation of a new spiritual power; the destruction of the political influence of the present governing classes, and the advent to authority of an entirely new class. It may be said that this second class, at least, are of a wild and visionary order and have few thorough-going supporters; but the influence of a very earnest sect with a definite object and a fanatical faith is not to be measured by the number of its open adherents. Its direct influence is considerable and increasing, and, as a symptom of widely spread discontent with all official creeds, it is a matter of really great importance. It is rather as symptomatic of some future change than as indicating the direction which changes are likely to assume, that I think it is worthy of serious notice. It may suggest some serious reflection when we may fairly say that the cultivated young men are divisible into three classes: those whose creed is simply retrograde, those whose creed is simply negative, and those whose creed is radically revolutionary; yet I think this is a tolerably exhaustive account of the opinions prevalent amongst the rising generation.

In presence of the wider questions that are daily coming to the surface, I look upon the Irish Church measure, "gigantic" as Mr. Gladstone is pleased to call it, as important chiefly because it will in all probability lead to agitations of a far more serious kind; one of those questions is treated with great completeness in a report just issued by the Commission on Trades Unions, of which I hope to give you some account in my next letter.

Correspondence.

VIRGINIAN PEDIGREES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Ordinarily genealogies are exempt from criticism in the daily journals. The public is not interested in the question as to whether Brown claims his rightful great-grandfather or not. In a few cases, however, where families have for generations acted a prominent part in the history of their country, the public has a right, and feels a desire to know something of their history. This investigation becomes the more necessary when the supposed existence of a body of families with far-reaching pedigrees is made an important element in the settlement of great political and social questions. During the late rebellion the claim of Virginian families to represent ancient families of the English gentry was undoubtedly an important aid to the Southerners in obtaining British sympathy and assistance.

Under these circumstances and in the case of so prominent a Virginian family as that of General Robert E. Lee, there can be no impropriety in reviewing a genealogy published and sold in New York. A Mr. Edward C. Mead has prepared a Lee Genealogy which has been published in a very handsome form by Richardson & Co. of New York.

The author undertakes to show that Colonel Richard Lee, the emigrant founder of the family in Virginia, belonged to a family of the English gentry, resident at Cotton in Shropshire. We are constrained to say that he has not produced the slightest evidence of any such affiliation, and that, *so far as this book goes*, the famous Lee family possesses no pedigree beyond that which the descendants of all the early colonists possess, the record of the family after it became American.

As Mr. Mead's book shows a lack of familiarity with genealogy and heraldry, it may not be unfair to point out that the Richard Lee, son of Launcelot Lee, of Cotton in Shropshire, whom he identifies with the emigrant, could not have been the Virginian. The extract from the Herald's Visitation of 1663, which is the foundation of his book, seems fatal to the identification. In that document Richard Lee is called of the parish of St. Olave's in London, and his wife, Elizabeth, is recorded as alive; at least there is no mention of her death. The age of that Richard was not over forty-two years. It so happens that Colonel Richard Lee, of Virginia, made his will in the same year, in which he mentions his wife *Anna* and eight children, and the extracts printed give us no reason to doubt that she was the mother of them. It is highly improbable that the Herald's Visitation would have omitted such important items in the description of Richard of London as the fact of his living in Virginia, his being a Colonel, his having a second wife and eight children, if these applied to him.

For these reasons, if others were wanting, it is evident that more proof than a coincidence of names is necessary. There may be other proofs accessible to Mr. Mead, but at present the weight of evidence seems against the affiliation. If the family here had used the arms of the Lees of Cotton on their seals, their silver, or their tombstones, such evidence might go far to substantiate the claim.

The earliest authority cited by Mr. Mead is a paper of a date later than 1770, drawn up by William Lee, of London, a great-grandson of the emigrant. It is possible that the copy of the Herald's Visitation was also obtained by him; certainly, as the copy was made in 1750, it is of no particular authority.

I have felt the less reluctance to call for some evidence in support of the pedigree as I believe I can indicate the true origin of the family. The most interesting question is this: Are Virginian pedigrees in general based upon such documents as genealogists of the present day esteem indispensable, or are they largely composed of unsubstantiated traditions? The Washington pedigree, after being accepted for over half a century, has totally disappeared under the scrutiny of competent critics. I do not intend to place this Lee Genealogy in the same class, but as it stands, it certainly requires much more support than this book affords.

W. H. W.

QUANTITY IN VACCINATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: As you have a very good article published last week on the efficacy of vaccination, will you allow me to touch upon one very important point omitted in that article? It is in regard to the *amount* of vaccination necessary to afford almost complete protection against small-pox.

In the article "Vaccination," in "Reynolds's System of Medicine" (Vol. I., page 496,) Dr. Edward Cator Seaton (after stating Jenner's views) says, "Observations made since Jenner's day, with remarkable care and ability, and on a scale which gets rid of all sources of fallacy, by Mr. Marson, of the Small-Pox Hospital, have conclusively established that, for *thoroughly* infecting the constitution, a certain *amount* of local affection is as necessary as a perfect *character* of vaccine vesicle. We must therefore so far extend the words 'due and efficient' performance of vaccination, as to make it include *amount* as well as quality of vaccine influence."

He cites statistics to show how much vaccination protects from future attacks of small-pox, and also the following table to show that *the degree of modifying power is in exact ratio of the excellence and completeness of the vaccination as shown by the cicatrices:* in other words, that it is directly as the amount of vaccine marking and as the character of the marks.

Classification of patients affected with small-pox.	*No. of deaths per cent. in each class respectively.*
1. Unvaccinated	37.
2. Stated to have been vaccinated, but having no cicatrix	23.57.
3. Vaccinated, a. having one vaccine cicatrix	7.73.
" b. " two " cicatrices	4.70.
" c. " three " "	1.95.
" d. " 4 or more " "	.55.

And at the present time when most physicians are content to raise one, and at most two, vesicles, it is well to note his remark that "No practitioner will have done his duty in any case in which he is called upon to vaccinate, unless, besides all requisite precautions with regard to the genuineness of the lymph employed and the means of insuring success, he has also taken care to vaccinate sufficiently, *i.e.*, to produce, so far as in him lies, four or five good-sized vesicles, such as result from separate punctures, or if vaccinating otherwise than by separate puncture, to produce equivalent local results."

The same rule will hold true in regard to scars left on those who get small-pox as we stated above. Dr. Seaton quotes several examples to show the greater freedom from the disease, small-pox, by the practice of *re-vaccination*. In regard to the age of vaccination, allow me to say, while three months is the best age, other things being equal, as a child of two months is not *too young* to die with small-pox, so he is not too young to be vaccinated; and I have often vaccinated babies nine days old, without waking them from sleep, and they seem to bear it much better than when older. I would approve a re-vaccination at puberty, and again if desired.

S. G. C.

March 30, 1869.

MR. AUERBACH'S ENGAGEMENTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has been making a little "history" for the book-publishing firm of Roberts Brothers, which we feel called upon to explain and correct, it not being necessary in this instance to entail that duty upon posterity.

The following communication was printed in the *Nation* of April 1:

Legation of the United States,
Berlin, December 10, 1868.

Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston, proposed to Mr. Auerbach to take Roberts Brothers for his publishers. They, without Mr. Auerbach's consent or knowledge, published one of his works and filled the country with advertisements of their intention to publish the next which he should bring out. Messrs. Roberts Brothers then made Mr. Auerbach an offer, which he refused to accept without a modification. They, on their part, refuse to accede to his proposal. So that matter stands. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have received from Mr. Auerbach neither manuscript nor proofs of his new work, nor have they from him authority to advertise or to publish.

Geo. Bancroft.

If Mr. Bancroft had said that Mr. Auerbach *first* "proposed" to Mr. Alger to secure him a publisher, he would have stated the exact truth.

It is true that we "published one of Mr. Auerbach's works" ("On the Heights") "without his consent"—it was not necessary that we should have it—but not "without his knowledge," as we notified him of our intention to do so, accompanied with a voluntary proffer of a portion of the profits.

It is quite true, also, and we thank the United States Minister Resident at the Court of Berlin for the compliment, that we "filled the country with advertisements," by means of which, to quote from Mr. Bayard Taylor, "Berthold Auerbach was first introduced to the knowledge of most American readers" and his name made famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Previous to our bringing out "On the Heights," which book had been in the portfolio of several publishers for publication but rejected, Mr. Auerbach was slumbering in the security of a "Tauchnitz" edition, and for waking him up, clothing him in an American dress, and aiding him to become famous—this is an "outrage" for which we voluntarily offered him payme

We have *never* "made" Mr. Auerbach a *direct* "offer," but modified the original proposition made by Mr. Alger; a proposition we had good reason to suppose he accepted and was bound by, considering that he offered no objection to it for a period of six months, with a full knowledge of all our efforts during that time to advance his interest.

We may, in conclusion, fitly express our surprise that the distinguished historian should have given his name to such a communication, intended for publication; indeed, as humble citizens of the Republic, and, with due deference to his greatness, we question the propriety of the act. He is the servant of a people which has persistently denied to foreigners any literary rights. The right to republish foreign books is common to all, while a translation from a foreign language is recognized by law as an original work and granted the same protection. Our offence, for we consider ourselves arraigned by Mr. Bancroft, is in publishing an original translation, procured and paid for by us, for which we have the sanction of the United States by its official seal. Why, then, should a Minister Resident of the United States lend the weight of his name and the sanction of a diplomatic post, which he holds for the public good, for the obvious purpose of benefiting other parties by injuring American citizens engaged in what the law deems not only lawful but commendable pursuits?

Your obedient servants,

ROBERTS BROTHERS.

BOSTON, April 2, 1869.

DOCTOR'S ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 1, I notice that you very justly reprobate the execrable valedictory address delivered at the recent commencement exercises of the Medical Department of Georgetown College. The person who produced so extraordinary a composition did not "graduate with honors" as you assume, but, owing to a local custom, was elected by the graduating class to represent them. Under such an arrangement, scholarship and good taste have very little to do with the selection of our valedictorians.

The proper use of the English language as a qualification for graduation is practically unknown in nearly all our medical institutions; Georgetown College in this respect is no worse than any other. Every year scores of young gentlemen are sent out into the world, armed with medical diplomas, and licensed to heal mankind, butcher their mother tongue, and torment every sensible ALUMNUS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce "The Velocipede: its history, varieties, and practice, with illustrations."——Messrs. John Wiley & Son will publish "Elements of Machine Construction and Drawing on a New Plan," by Prof. S. E. Warren, of Troy Polytechnic Institute; and a thoroughly revised edition of "Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America," which has the repute of being the very best work of its kind.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have nearly or quite ready a reprint which will give pleasure to the many hundred readers who, having made the acquaintance of Sir Samuel Baker in his two great works on the Nile and its tributaries, will like to get a glimpse of the preparation which made him so accomplished an explorer. We refer to his early work, entitled "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon."——Dr. Daniel G. Brinton is preparing a "Guide-book for Florida and the South," his competency for which will not be doubted by those familiar with his scientific researches in that interesting peninsula.——The Rev. Gilbert Haven publishes, through Messrs. Lee & Shepard, his discourses, lectures, and speeches on slavery and the war, calling them "National Sermons." The same house intend issuing Mr. N. S. Dearborn's "Scrolls, Monograms, Ornaments, Crests, etc.," for the use of artists, designers, and art workmen; also, a new series of children's books by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, linked together as "Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands.' The first takes the little girl "From Boston to Baltimore," in either of which cities Mrs. Dall is quite at home.

—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have replied to the representations of the Messrs. Harper, as set forth in the *Nation* of March 25. In regard to the main issue—the republication of Dilke's "Greater Britain"—they repeat in substance the charge already brought through the *Athenæum*: that the Harpers, after a double notification, through the *Publishers' Circular* in May, 1868, and by letter "immediately on their own announcement," still persisted in reprinting the book in question. They repeat, also, their companion complaint that the same house had previously reprinted Trollope's "North America," although duly informed "through a personal interview" of Messrs. Lippincott's arrangements with the author; and add as a still later grievance their reproduction of Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower" "in an inferior style, at a nominal price." The Trollope, it appears, is at the bottom of the difference between the two houses, for Messrs. Lippincott & Co. now declare that they were bent on making a reprisal for the discourtesy of the Harpers in regard to it. With this in view, they say, they selected "Cast Up by the Sea," which the Harpers had announced—on the strength of sheets purchased in advance, as was supposed by the Philadelphia house. The whole book had been made in their establishment, including the wood-cuts, and was nearly ready when the box containing "ten electrotypes of illustrations, without letterings, for 'Cast Up by the Sea,'" arrived, by mistake, from Macmillan & Co. This was on the 1st of January, not in December, as alleged by the Harpers. On the 8th the book was published by the Lippincotts, who waited till the 13th before writing for an explanation to Macmillan & Co.—on the ground that they surmised a break in the arrangement with the Harpers; and of course being not unwilling to have it so, or to remain in doubt. When word came as to the proper destination of the plates, the Harpers were informed they could have them on receipt of the expenses already incurred. The Bulwer difficulty is disposed of by denying that the "courtesy of the trade attaches to a series of books reprinted by two houses"—viz., Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. (now defunct) and the Harpers, and extending as far back as 1828. A review of the Dickens controversy would probably throw light on this last question. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. conclude by an urgent appeal for an international copyright law; in which both we and, we hope, most other readers of this disagreeable controversy are glad to join.

—No one can read without instruction and delight the admirable "Memoir of Jared Sparks, LL.D.," by Rev. George E. Ellis, which formed a part of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society in May 1868, and which has just been elegantly printed by John Wilson & Son, of Cambridge. Dr. Ellis was a co-laborer of Mr. Sparks in his "Library of American Biography," and in many other ways was intimately associated with him, as a friend and as a scholar of history. He was therefore well qualified to prepare this memoir, which, having had the benefit of access to the private papers and journal of Mr. Sparks, will serve the public at large all the purposes of a biography, containing in the compass of one hundred octavo pages all the information necessary to a just conception of the character of the deceased, his life-work, and the value of his example both as a man and as a historian. That example it would be difficult to overrate on either side; and certainly as a historian, in diligent application and research, sound judgment, delicate conscientiousness, absolute fidelity, and productive industry, he has had no peer among American writers. Dr. Ellis makes the striking remark that "the most expressive tribute of confidence and deference paid to Dr. Sparks for the qualities just ascribed to him, is found in the fact that might be richly illustrated here if space allowed, that in some sharp controversies and personal disputes between later historians and biographers and those who, as representatives of public men, have challenged them for alleged misrepresentations of their ancestors, Dr. Sparks has in every case been recognized as an impartial arbiter. I have read a pile of pamphlets touching the deserts and fame of Generals Green, Sullivan, and Schuyler, and President Reed, and others, as perilled by some judgment of Mr. Bancroft's, brought under question by grandsons and friends of champions, and in every case have noted how valuable to either side is the judicial estimate anticipated in the pages of the editor of Washington." In other fields, too, Mr. Sparks rendered great services: as pastor of a church in Baltimore, and afterwards as professor and president at Harvard College. At a period of intense theological controversy between the followers of Channing, of whom he was one, and the evangelical denominations, his contributions to the literature of the subject were models of temperateness and open dealing, of calm reasoning and earnest devotion to the truth. As president of Harvard, he greatly simplified the office, and impressed upon the college the enlarged views which he held with regard to the functions and proper management of such an institution.

—The originality of Mr. Robertson's comedy "School," now performing at Wallack's and in other cities, after first appearing on the London stage, has been stoutly affirmed by the successful author and his friends. The most that they will allow is, that merely the skeleton of the plot has been borrowed from Roderich Benedix's play, "Aschenbroedel" (Cinder-

ella.) Any one, however, who examines the text of the latter in the Leipzig edition will perceive that Mr. Robertson is much too modest in his acknowledgments, and that the differences between his play and the German original are due less to him than to the stage carpenter and scene painter. He has, with a few "reductions," followed closely the action, characters, incidents, and (in most of the scenes literally) the dialogue of "Aschenbroedel." He introduces no new character, but leaves out one—Elfrieda's (Bella's) foster-mother. Other variations we have noted are these: (1) The bull story and the lost slipper in the first act bring about the meeting of hero and heroine in a different but not more interesting manner than in the original; (2) a more elaborate flirtation between the two "second" characters; (3) Beaufoy's uncle an old fop, instead of the old fogy of the original; (4) the scenery of the first act is "on the glade" instead of in the school-room, and in the last act the "grounds of the seminary" are substituted for Lord Beaufoy's castle; the "realization" having taken place between the third and fourth acts (which causes a corresponding change in the dialogue of the latter); (5) the teacher's bombardment with books by the girls is original with Mr. Robertson; (6) a few witticisms and remarks by Mr. Robertson, mixed *à la salade italienne* with those scenes which he has wholly appropriated from Mr. Benedix.

—The March *Bulletin* of the Boston Public Library mentions the acquisition by that institution, through the liberality of Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, of "the excellent collection of engravings which formed part of the estate of the late Cardinal Tosti. . . . It is understood to contain 10,000 plates, many of them of the rarest kind—600 of them handsomely framed, the rest in richly bound volumes. They are expected to arrive during the spring, along with an antique bust presented by the representative and heir of the Cardinal. As a reinforcement of the valuable collection in the Harvard College Library they will provide the Bostonians with a rich store of material in this branch of art. The use of the library is said to be increasing in a remarkable ratio. In February last, 4,694 books were issued from the upper, or Bates, Hall, and about twice as many from the lower, plus 12,235 periodicals.

—Out and out novel readers will be as much pleased with one of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers' forthcoming books as with anything else that is just now promised by the English publishers. That firm will shortly issue "Breaking a Butterfly: or, Blanch Ellerslie's Ending," which is by no less a person than Mr. George Lawrence who sired "Guy Livingston" and "Maurice Dering." Nothing else of much interest seems to be doing at this moment in English fiction; but we must mention the fact that "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," Mr. Lewis Carroll's most admirable book for children—only the children care little or nothing for it, and it is to grown people that it is so charming—has been translated into German, with the design of making it a lesson-book for students of that language, and a story-book for the young German folk. In theological and religious literature, first in importance is a translation of Professor Ewald's "Prophet Isaiah." Next come two volumes of "Sermons Preached in a Religious House," by that remarkably versatile, able, industrious Anglo-Catholic, Dr. John Mason Neale, who died at forty odd years of age, after having done more, and done it better, in history, poetry, controversy, and other branches of literature, than is ordinarily accomplished by two good writers in the course of four longer lives. A third edition is published of the work by the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hatherley, Sir W. Page Wood), entitled "The Continuity of Scripture as declared by the Testimony of Our Lord, and of the Evangelists and Apostles." It is a work of which its author says that he wrote it to strengthen others as he himself had been strengthened by a comparison of scripture with scripture. In poetry the Breitmann ballads seem to be having better success than anything else. Mr. Trübner announces "Hans Breitmann's Christmas," and "Hans Breitmann as a Politician," which, with "Hans Breitmann's Poetry," make three volumes, each accompanied by an introduction and a glossary. An edition copiously illustrated with etchings by Miss Anna M. Lea is promised. "A very clever and cutting pasquinade on Critics" is the description given of Mr. A. E. Hawkins's poem "The World, the Press, and its Critics,"—the two latter being topics which poets leave alone. Still another new volume of poetical selections is to be made by Emma, Lady Wood, who has chosen the title of "Leaves from the Poets' Laurels." In History and Biography nothing very noticeable presents itself. Mr. Motley's "United Netherlands" goes into a new edition. Another volume, covering the two years from 1595 to 1597, of the "Calendar of State Papers" is published. Mr. Norman MacColl is the author of a prize essay entitled "The Great Sceptics, from Pyrrho to Sextus," which makes a thin volume of 118 pages. Lord St. Leonard is the author of a work which will very likely prove entertaining and instructive reading, it is "Misrepresentations in Campbell's Lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst, corrected by St. Leonard." We hardly know whether or not we ought to place among books relating to Science and Art a "Domestic Edition" of the sumptuous "Royal Cookery Book," written by M. Jules Gouffé, who is the chef-de-cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club, and translated by his equally, or even more renowned brother M. Alphonse Gouffé, who is Head Pastry Cook to her Majesty the Queen. We feel the same doubt as regards another work—Mrs. Georgiana Hill's treatise on the art of "How to Stew, Hash, and Curry Cold Meat in a hundred different ways." This is a little sixpenny book, and housekeepers wanting it may get it for twenty-five cents, we suppose, of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons. Of greater nominal importance than either of the above-mentioned aids to good life and good living, and sound thinking, is "The Origin of the Seasons Considered from a Geological Point of View," in which the author, Mr. Samuel Mossman, undertakes to point out and account for the remarkable disparities that exist between the physical geography and natural phenomena of the Northern and Southern hemispheres. A work that the scientific man, if not the general reader, will very probably find superior in point of interest to Mr. Mossman's, is Mr. Cuthbert Collingwood's "Rambles of a Naturalist on the Shores and Waters of the China Sea, with Observations in Natural History during a voyage to China, Formosa, Borneo, and Singapore, in 1866–7." Mrs. Somerville's new work on "Molecular and Microscopic Science" we believe we have mentioned before—it is, however, no harm to mention it again as a work honorable to the learned writer of it, and of special value just now to the reader whom Professor Huxley, or somebody else, has incited to the enquiry as to the bases of life. On Mrs. Somerville's labors rest, it is understood, much of the more popular discourses on this vexed subject. Under the head of Art proper may be placed a new edition, the second, of the Bibliophile Jacob's (the late M. Paul Lacroix) "Les Arts au Moyen Age et à l'Epoque de la Renaissance," illustrated with seventeen full-page chromos and four hundred wood-cuts. Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston, in announcing this second edition, make the promise of important and valuable additions, and of some new and better chromos in place of such as were not perfect in the first edition. Virtuosi, perhaps, rather than students of art will be interested in an enterprise in which Messrs. Trübner & Co. are engaging—that of reissuing the late William Marsden's "Numismata Orientalia Illustrata." We say reissuing; but the new edition will contain no letterpress, but simply the fifty-seven beautifully executed engravings of the Oriental coins which Mr. Marsden so enthusiastically collected, and the copperplate representations of which in his celebrated work were so diligently and vigilantly superintended by himself and his wife that the pictures have a world-wide renown among numismatists. The work has been selling at prohibitive prices, and this edition without letterpress is intended as a means of testing "the predilections of the antiquaries of the present age." Should they take up copies enough to make the experiment a success, Messrs. Trübner & Co. will put forth a complete and exhaustive compilation in which the work at present in hand will reappear accompanied by "a complete *corpus* of all the Kufic mintages of the Moslem dynasties hitherto made public, an undertaking to be still further extended (always supposing that the public approve), by the publication of a final volume in which shall be given "a more perfect compendium of the latter, or Indian, section" of Mr. Marsden's original work. Among miscellaneous works that almost refuse classification, we observe no less than four editions of the famous "Saurin Trial," which is advertised by some firms with the phrases that were to be expected, such as "startling recollections of convent life," etc. The best edition, and one worth owning, even to people who care nothing at all about the religious aspects of the case, is that published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston, for it contains the very clever and readable speeches, revised by himself, of a very able speaker, Sir J. D. Coleridge, the Solicitor-General. It is said in the English papers that Mr. Deutsch, who made such a sensation a year or so since with his "Talmud" article in the *Quarterly*, has recently gone to Palestine and Egypt on business connected with the study of his favorite subject, and that Mr. Murray will before very long publish a monograph from his hand, in which the relations between the Christian religion and morality, and that of the Jews before Christ, will receive full discussion. Mr. Henry Morley is busy with a continuation of his "Tables of English Literature," which shows all contemporary authors, and all books of note, of any given year. "The Wedding-day in all Ages and Countries," by Edward J. Wood, will please the curious. We do not know how exact its information is.

—We find in the *Weser Zeitung* an amusing account of a book entitled "Moniteur des Dates," by Edward Maria Oettinger, said to be a convert

from Judaism to Catholicism, and author of a number of laborious works of reference, of an historical and biographical character. In the present—a huge quarto, that sells for thirty-five thalers—he pretends to give the origin and nativity, date of marriage and death, of more than 100,000 historical personages of all times and nations, from the creation of the world to the present time, interspersed with curious notes, etc., etc. These notes are indeed curious, as where the compiler, under the title "Locke," names twenty-one distinguished men who like Locke remained single, and adds—with great frankness, considering his own married condition—"These twenty-one *garçons* outweigh at least 21,000 married chaps." "Peace to thy blessed ashes, wise raven!" he says to the bookseller Murray, after relating the anecdote of his doubling for Campbell the price demanded for one of his works. In the difficulty of choosing which every dictionary-maker experiences, Mr. Oettinger has not always selected or omitted wisely, nor is his accuracy in details such as to render his work of much value to anybody. Thus, in one instance out of many, he says, of a mineralogist still living: "date of death unknown." Raphael he describes merely as an "historical painter." And perhaps as ludicrous a mistake as any that could be found is the location of the Galatian Ancyra—where in 1402 Tamerlane and Sultan Bajazet came to blows so terrifically—in Sicily!

—A recent number of the *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie und Sprachwissenschaft*, of Berlin, contains an essay entitled "Zur Moralstatistik: Der Einfluss der Wohnung auf das Betragen," by Dr. Etienne Laspeyres, to which we call the attention of all those who take an active interest in the social welfare of the poorer classes. The author says in the introduction: "Among the various endeavors of our age to better the condition of the lower classes, that of reforming dwellings should be considered first in order by all those who do not chase after chimeras or pursue political aims. This reform should stand first, because here already more than in other attempts to elevate the lower classes the right idea has penetrated, that the principal evil under which the lower, but not the lowest, classes suffer is not a failure in acquiring, but wrong modes of consuming. Seneca says: 'Si quem volueris esse divitem, non est, quod augeas divitias, sed minuas cupiditates.' But it is not so important to increase wealth or to diminish wants as to increase wants, especially those which are most desirable from a moral point of view. Among the wants to be increased stands first the want of good dwellings, for a pleasant home is the mother of all domestic and public virtues. The humanity of our day does not endeavor to obtain for the lower classes such dwellings as they have had hitherto, at a cheaper price, but to awake in them a desire for dwellings which are, it is true, dearer than the former ones, but better by a far higher degree than they cost. The economy attained lies in the fact that a good dwelling prevents the inmates from many expenses outside the house, to which they have been hitherto driven by the discomforts of homes which were scarcely worthy the name. A higher moral condition is seldom reached by a preaching of morals, but by external advantages; and such an external advantage, through which one should aim at the internal, is the procuring of dwellings suitable for men." What is the influence of dwellings on morality, the author points out by means of statistics gathered in the city of Paris. The results gained from the research show that "the greater the number of good dwellings, the more unfrequent becomes immorality; the less the number of good dwellings, the more frequent is immorality." Of course there is here the difficulty of such arguing—the possibility of mistaking cause for effect and effect for cause; bad dwellings as surely come from the immorality of the people dwelling in them, and perhaps much more surely, than the immorality is caused by the bad dwelling. Still it is beyond a doubt that the consideration suggested by the author is a very weighty one. In the number before us are two other highly interesting articles: "Mythological Ideas of God and Soul," Part II., by H. Cohen, and "The National Epos of Russia," by W. Bistrom.

—The idea is mooted of uniting the Universities of Marburg and Giessen and transferring them to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Interesting facts have been adduced relative to the latter university, which seem to show that some such step would become a necessity. In 1847 Giessen had 570 students, of whom 159 were not natives of Hesse-Darmstadt, and who were mainly attracted thither by the high reputation of Liebig, then chemical professor at the university. At that time also there was a complete Roman Catholic theological faculty, which drew its quota of young men. In 1850 Liebig received a call to Munich, but would have staid where he was had the Government consented to certain changes and improvements, which he deemed necessary to the maintenance and heightening of the reputation of the scientific, and especially of the chemical department. He was allowed to remove to Munich. This was the first blow. In 1854 the government of Herr von Dalwigk, a great truckler to the ultra-montane priesthood, allowed the Bishop of Mainz to open a theological seminary in Mainz, and to subject all Catholic students who studied at Giessen to difficulties next to insurmountable. The result was that the Catholic professors in Giessen had to lecture to empty benches, and that the faculty had eventually to be dissolved. This was the second blow. Accordingly, we find, in 1861, only 335 students at the university; in the summer of 1868, only 319, and in the winter semester 1868–'69, only 309, of whom 3 were non-Hessians—the lowest number for the last 46 years. Considering that there are 59 tutors of all ranks: 6 theologians, 6 jurists, 13 medicals, and 34 in the philosophical department, or one professor for between 5 and 6 students, it would seem high time that some change were made.

—We see from a letter of Dr. Petermann's that the second German North Pole expedition is as good as secure, and will probably leave Bremerhaven in the first week of June—if possible, on the 1st of June. It will consist of two vessels—a screw steamer of 120 tons and 30 horse-power and the sailing yacht of 80 tons employed in the last expedition. The end in view is the same as before, namely, to explore the Arctic region, from seventy-five degrees north latitude onwards, keeping along the East Greenland coast. The command of the whole will be entrusted again to Captain von Koldeway. Two astronomers, Börgen and Copeland, of the observatory at Göttingen; the Alpine traveller, Julius Payer, from Vienna, who will make geological and related observations; and a medical man, who will note the zoölogical phenomena that may present themselves, are to accompany the expedition. It is interesting to find that a love of sea-life and adventure seems to be taking hold of the German youth to a degree hitherto unknown. We are informed, for example, that all the vacancies for sailor boys on board the fleet of the North German Confederation, are filled up till 1871, and that Hamburg, Stettin, and other sea-ports, are crowded with youths wishing to join trading vessels. This is significant; it is at all events a healthy omen for the future of Germany.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.*

Mr. Thornton, who is already well known in the world of economists for his book on peasant proprietors, has in the volume before us made a very full and lucid summing up of the discussion touching the condition and prospects of the laboring classes. He begins by admitting, as nearly all who treat the question calmly and intelligently now do, that the laborer's position is one of terrible hardship and discomfort. Probably nothing has done more to sour the temper of the working classes, and widen the breach between them and the more fortunate members of society, than the persistent attempts made by preachers, moralists, and philosophers, to persuade the laborer that his lot was one of "dignity," and might be sweetened by content if he would only look at it in the right way—and that working in a mine or factory was, after all, no worse than working in a bank, or law office, or study. None of those who promulgate these theories ever recognize their soundness, however, in practice. Nobody leads a life of manual labor who can help it, and nobody treats the laborer in social intercourse as a man whose career is one of "dignity." In America these matters have been and are now made worse by the pretence constantly put forward, that not only is the laborer's position an attractive one, but that anybody who pleases can rise out of it; that such is the nature of our institutions that a mechanic has only to be prudent and diligent to become himself a capitalist and employer, the fact being, that the rise of laborers into capitalists is rare, not of course nearly so rare here as in Europe, but rare enough to make the talk of it as a thing on which the laborer may reasonably count, not only misleading but exasperating.

We are glad to see both from Mr. Thornton's book and Professor Beesley's recent lecture, that those economists who discuss the laborer's condition in a purely philosophical spirit, and without putting themselves forward as in any special manner his champions, are laying the foundation of a good understanding with him, by frankly acknowledging that his life is a hard one, and that the chance of ceasing to be a laborer, which is constantly held up before the eyes of "the sons of toil," by way of reconciling them to their toil, is not sufficiently great to be worth consideration by the mass; that, moreover, what is wanted now, as Professor Beesley has well said, is such an arrangement of the relations between labor and capi

* "On Labor. Its Wrongful Claims and Rightful Dues; its Actual Present and Possible Future. By W. Thomas Thornton." London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

talist, as will enable not the energetic, pushing, and sagacious laborers to become capitalists—for the energetic, pushing, and sagacious must always and in every class be but a handful—but the common run of laborers to lead healthier, more comfortable, and more *secure* lives. Mr. Thornton in reply to Mr. J. S. Mill's observation that he does not "recognize as either just or salutary a state of society in which there is any class which is not laboring . . . except those unable to labor, or who have fairly earned rest by previous toil"—well says that "what to him appears so deplorable, is not so much that there should be a class exempt from the necessity of labor, as that there should be one to whom it is necessary to be incessantly laboring." This really touches the kernel of the labor question. The problem before society is not to convert a few dozen more laborers every year into employers or men of leisure, but to give the whole laboring class a larger share of the leisure which in the present state of science the world has at its disposal.

Mr. Thornton in discussing the influence of supply and demand on prices and wages, repudiates the received theory, and maintains that both prices and wages are in practice fixed by competition—as regards prices, between dealers, and as regards wages, between laborers—and maintains that the doctrine of the economists, that the rise in either case is the product of a certain amount of haggling between the purchasers and sellers of either goods or labor, is a figment of the imagination. The chapter on this point is original and striking. He makes a good deal of fun of the "wages fund," of which the economists talk so much, and pronounces it a "will o' the wisp," which has no existence. He says, by way of a *reductio ad absurdum*, that if there be such a fund in existence, it must be composed of small sums in the hands of individuals, and asks triumphantly, where are these sums to be found? By "wages fund," however, is usually meant simply that portion of the capital of a country which is available for the employment of labor, and that is not so difficult to discover as Mr. Thornton seems to think. Nobody keeps "capital" by him in his house, so that it will never be found in the hands of individuals; but everybody who has money invested, or lying at his bank, in reality has made a contribution to the wages fund. Every workingman who puts five dollars in the savings bank, thereby puts five dollars in the hands of somebody who will use it to hire labor in some form or other, because otherwise the bank could not afford to pay interest on it, and, in fact, its yielding interest is one of the signs that a sum of money is somewhere and somehow used as part of the wages fund.

The doctrine of Mr. Thornton with regard to the rights and duties of labor and the rights and duties of capital is as far removed from the Socialist view as the most ardent supporter of competition could desire. He shows conclusively that the laborer has no right to anything but the product of his labor; that to claim for him a right to employment, is simply to claim for him the right to use a part of the product of other people's past labor; that the capitalist owes him nothing but what he agrees to give him, and that he is entitled to nothing except what he can bargain for; in other words, that individual liberty lies at the basis of all healthy social life, and that all theories which diminish it are anti-social in their tendency. But inasmuch as the laborer is entitled to all he can bargain for, and his poverty has always put him at a disadvantage in treating with the capitalist, Mr. Thornton defends vigorously his right to put himself as nearly on a level with the capitalist as possible, by combination. In other words he defends the trades unions, and his chapter about them, showing what good and what evil they have wrought, to what extent they have permanently raised wages, and aided in the moral and social training of the working classes, is one of the most interesting in the book. His exposure of the fallacy so constantly put forward that wages lost by a strike are always dead loss, even when the strike is followed by a rise, furnishes an excellent illustration of the acuteness he brings to the discussion, and his theory that the loss ought really be treated as money sunk in bettering the condition of the laboring class, and the rise in wages as interest on it, is worth everybody's attention.

But for real and permanent improvement in the workingman's condition Mr. Thornton looks, as a greater and greater number of calm observers look every day, to the extension of industrial partnerships and of coöperation only. To the extension of industrial partnerships there are two serious obstacles: one is that their existence must always depend on the will of a few individuals, and that their success is very difficult in any branch of industry in which the sum expended on labor does not bear a very large proportion to the sum expended on material, and machinery, and buildings. In only two instances have they been completely successful in England—the Briggs' Colliery and the Crossley Carpet Manufactory. To coöperative production, pure and simple, there are the old objections that it requires more intelligence and self-restraint than workingmen usually possess, and that a manager competent to take charge of great industrial operations cannot be obtained by popular election and retained by hire. But to this it must be replied that workingmen are every day gaining in intelligence, self-restraint, and skill in combination; that coöperative production has already succeeded in a great number of instances, and that whatever difficulties it now encounters in defects of human character, are no greater than have been encountered and overcome in other fields of activity; and that the difficulty in obtaining business managers for coöperative societies is no greater than the great joint stock companies have to deal with, and may be and will be met in the same way. If it be said that a manufactory is like an army, and has to be managed on the same plan, the answer is that some of the greatest generals the world has seen were picked out of the crowd by the popular estimate of their ability, were hired to do their work, and did their work well, partly for pay, partly from love of reputation, and partly from love of the cause. The coöperative army can surely find its generals in the same manner.

Anybody who desires a clear and candid statement of every phase of the labor controversy, a decidedly vigorous, though by no means dry treatment of all the points of political economy which this controversy raises, as well as a very full and interesting account of the working of the trades unions, industrial partnerships, and coöperative associations, both in England and on the continent, can hardly do better than read Mr. Thornton's book. There are several passages which we had marked as open to exception, but which want of space prevents our discussing; such for instance as that in which he accepts in its ordinary form the prevailing doctrine that high profits raise wages, by causing a flow of capital into the business in which they are made, leaving out of sight, what is to the laborer the most important element in the case, the element of time. Capital is attracted to a business by large profits, but it flows into it slowly, and rarely affects wages in less than two or three years. The rule therefore, as a consolation for laborers, or as an argument against strikes, is about as valuable as the old saying: "Live, horse, and you'll get grass."

TWO NEW BOOKS OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.*

In a pleasant letter prefixed to his recent volume, "By-Ways of Europe," Mr. Bayard Taylor tells the public in confidence that this is, probably, the last book of travels he shall publish. A few interesting portions of the globe remain unvisited, and circumstances may occur to draw him toward them; but this he does not anticipate and does not desire. He loves the repose of domestic life, on the spot where he was born. He is not a traveller by profession, though his profession as a journalist has made him a traveller. He is not a traveller by choice, though practice, in time, made travelling pleasant, and at moments the passion of the explorer came over him. He has no inordinate fondness for adventure; no restless desire for change; no over-mastering curiosity to behold all the aspects of nature; no ambition to be a discoverer of new worlds, or of new beauties in old worlds. He puts a modest estimate on the value of his journeyings, and on the pages that record them; regards the entire nomadic period of his career as incidental, not more than tributary, and hardly that, to his real work, which is that of a man of letters. Mr. Taylor's judgment of his eleven popular volumes of travel, evidently sincere, is far more just than such judgments usually are. The value of his books is not scientific in any sense; they do not aspire to be scientific; they are not written with any purpose to instruct mankind on any technical matters touching the globe or its inhabitants; they are made up mainly of newspaper correspondence, letters, diaries, and popular lectures, prepared by the way, or worked up from materials collected on the road, and are faithful records of incident, rather than labored productions of thought. But lest this should seem to be rating them lower than they deserve, it should be said that for books of their kind they are remarkably good. Few men take such pains to do secondary labor as well as they can. Had Mr. Taylor made travelling a profession, he could scarcely have done it better. His powers of observation have been cultivated; his style has been carefully trained; he has learned many languages; he has gathered the requisite information from authentic sources; he has read much about the countries he visited; he is awake, intelligent, ready and always capable of telling his readers whatever it may be interesting or agreeable for them to know. His pages are not learned nor brilliant, nor fascinating, nor remarkably suggestive. They contain no fine writing; no elegant passages; no highly wrought descriptions; no profound theoriz-

* "By-Ways of Europe. By Bayard Taylor." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869. "The Old World in its New Face. By Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D." Volumes I., II. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868, 1869.

ings. They give an even, steady flow of agreeable talk about things that come under the eye of an accomplished man. Careful, sober, business-like, they leave on the reader's mind an impression of entire accuracy. The author makes a point of painting details one by one, setting down each fact precisely as it existed, in form and color and relations. He dresses nothing up; he tosses nothing down. No intellectual vapors distort, cloud, or glorify his scenes. He is as fair as the photograph. To the romantic or sentimental reader this is not interesting; it is tame and monotonous, rather. But to the sober, rational reader it is satisfactory. We can understand what Humboldt meant when he said to the modest, self-depreciating traveller, "You paint the world as we explorers of nature cannot. Do not undervalue what you have done. It is a real service; and the unscientific traveller, who knows the use of his eyes, observes for us, always, without being aware of it."

The present volume contains a series of sketches of interesting places not commonly visited by the tourist or traveller. They are done in the author's painstaking manner. The reader detects in them a hardly perceptible trace of weariness, as if travelling had become an old story. But saving this lack of relish, the book is as good as any of the preceding ten. A few of the chapters are very engaging. We enjoyed especially the "Grande Chartreuse," of which one gets a different but more satisfactory impression from Mr. Taylor than from Mr. Matthew Arnold, and the "Island of Maddalena," with the distant view of Caprera, and the admirable portrait of Garibaldi. No one can read those two chapters and then charge the writer with being either an inaccurate observer, a careless narrator, or an incompetent critic. Indeed, it is because of his excellence in these cardinal respects and his conscientious adherence to what he deems the traveller's duty that to many he appears restrained and dull. He aims at presenting the simple truth, with pre-Raphaelite accuracy. His imaginative and speculative faculties find play elsewhere. As literary productions these volumes of Mr. Taylor may easily be surpassed. But as books of observation their value will be permanent.

On opening the second volume of Dr. Bellows's Letters from Europe, fancifully, and not very appropriately called "The Old World in its New Face," we find ourselves in another atmosphere entirely. The qualities that distinguish Dr. Bellows and shine all over his pages, Mr. Taylor either lacks or discards. Dr. Bellows is brilliant, Mr. Taylor is sober; Dr. Bellows speculates, Mr. Taylor observes; Dr. Bellows always has a theory to account for what he sees, Mr. Taylor keeps his theories to himself and contents himself with telling what he sees. Intelligent, eager, swift, his brain teeming, his mind running far in advance of his information, Dr. Bellows incessantly interposes his personal feelings and judgments between the reader and the scenes through which he takes him. Mr. Taylor, more careful and experienced, more conscientious as a narrator—more modest perhaps—keeps himself studiously in the background. One volume, therefore, is a magazine of facts, the other a collection of criticisms. Dr. Bellows's volume is the more fascinating of the two, but we are forced to pronounce it by far the less useful. It is composed of a multitude of letters written by a rapid traveller in great haste. The information his volumes contain must have been picked up by the way. The descriptions of natural scenery are of the slightest character, fleeting and shadowy; a hurried touch here and there is all we get; an immense reach of ground is traversed; but when we close the book, instead of a series of firm, well-wrought pictures of scenery, life, and manners, we have the remembrance of a flying figure with a trail of light behind him. The trail of light is remarkable. The chapters sparkle with good things. An ingenious fancy, a lively conceit, a bright surmise, a pious morality, a quick-witted explanation or conjecture, meets the reader in almost every sentence. The agile, discursive intellect so anticipates the sterner faculty that investigates, that when the latter arrives on the ground it finds its work all done—at least it finds its place preoccupied, and no time or patience for its methods. This evident preponderance of the speculative over the observing power, throws the historical and statistical portions of the chapters into the shadow of a perplexing distrust. Dr. Bellows's statements of fact may be entirely correct; but where correctness of statement is a secondary consideration, we soon learn to question it, and the bare suspicion of inadequate knowledge destroys the confidence that knowledge alone can justify. This suspicion crosses us so frequently in perusing these pages, that it at last becomes a permanent state of mind.

It seemed likely that a clergyman would supply some interesting information in regard to Jerusalem. But there also the same predominance of the speculative over the investigating faculty showed itself. We have but little description and no fresh knowledge. Robinson is once or twice referred to on matters of topography; but no reference whatever is made to Lieut. Warren, the able explorer who is employed by the Palestine Fund and whose excavations, opening a new era in Palestinian research, cast discredit on very much that has been discovered or surmised before. The chapter is interesting, but it certainly puts no new face on that portion of the Old World.

Remembering the author's zeal for the Cretan cause, we turned naturally to the chapters bearing on that question. But here, too, the same dazzling uncertainty of view confuses us. We read in one sentence: "What business has the Turk in Europe any longer? Two or three millions of Turks and Moslems govern, at present, all the rest (from eleven to thirteen millions), who not only have the intelligence but the enterprise and wealth of the nation in their hands." The question is partly answered in the next sentence, which admits that "the Christians have not as good a name for integrity, veracity, and frankness as the Turk himself, who, lazy and conceited as he is, slow to learn and dull at that, is proud, sticks to his word, and disdains to cheat. He loves and practises his religion, too, and despises Christians for neglecting theirs." In the next chapters the Greeks get no more praise for their civilizing, than has just been awarded them for their moral qualities:

"Beyond a circle of a few miles about Athens, there is no such thing as a public road in Greece, and of course there can be no development of commerce, no inducement to agriculture, no safety in rural districts, no home out of the towns." "Out of a few towns like Athens, Syra, Nauplia, Patras, Missolonghi, their houses are rude, unfurnished, and inconceivably comfortless; men, women, children, dogs, sheep, goats, pigs, often herding in a common sty—for their rude huts deserve no better name." They are so satisfied with what Greece has done and been, that they love their name and country, independent of what it now is, and respect themselves independently of what they now are. "They will fight for ever for their liberties, but they will not submit to the drudgery, the painstaking imitation of European customs, and slow, well-considered methods by which alone their country can be restored, their soil recovered, their houses improved, their finances reinstated, their mechanic arts and agricultural industry renewed. They import twice as much as they export, and are always running deeper in debt."

This is true, and it is well said; but is it quite consistent with indignation at the Turks abiding in Europe, or with enthusiasm in behalf of the Greeks as their antagonists and successors?

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.

Heinrich Blankenburg's "Internal Struggles of the North American Union down to the Presidential Election of 1868" (*Die innern Kämpfe der Nordamerikanischen Union bis zur Präsidentenwahl von* 1868. Leipzig: Brockhaus) is another sign of the intense interest Europe has begun to take in the history of the United States, since the happy termination of the great civil war. The book is divided into three sections, headed respectively: The causes and development of the internal struggle till the Southern rebellion; the war of secession; the political struggles since the termination of the war of secession. An appendix contains a complete German translation of the Constitution with its amendments, and a clearly executed map of the States. The opening sentences give one a favorable impression of the author's spirit and intelligence; he refers to three historical phenomena as having determined the character and course of events during the present century; viz., Frederic the Great, the French Revolution, and the foundation of the United States. Of the last-mentioned event he rightly remarks that its significance was never fully estimated till after the late war. Friederich v. Raumer was the first to put it on a level with the French Revolution; but whereas the latter was mainly a negative movement, the foundation of the great Republic was a grand positive movement towards the solution of social and political problems, which for Europe are encompassed with almost unconquerable difficulties.

Attention should be called to two theological works which have just appeared, namely, "Christian Dogmatics" (*Christliche Dogmatik*) by Prof. Biedermann of Zürich, and "God, World, and Man" (*Gott, Welt und Mensch*) by Eduard Baltzer. Professor Biedermann may be regarded as the scientific head of what is known in Germany as the *Zeitstimmen* party. *Zeitstimmen* (Voices of the Time, is the name of a popular theological journal, edited by Lang, a Swiss pastor, the object of which is, in the main, to impregnate the public with the views of religion, Christianity, God, man, time, and eternity known as the Tübingen views. Professor Biedermann is the principal scientific theological co-operator of Pastor Lang. The system of theology to which we are here referring may loosely, if not strictly, be described as Hegelian in its philosophic basis, Straussian in its critical character and results, and practically Pelagian as opposed to Augustinian. The author of the second book is a preacher of the so-called *Freie Ge-*

meinde (Free Associations) and probably their ablest man. As to these *Free Associations* there is little difference between them and the English *Secularists*:—one might say that if the two were to exchange nationalities they would exchange characteristics also. Herr Baltzer believes that a new religion or, perhaps rather, a new form of Christianity has become necessary; and has written his book for the purpose of expounding and preparing the way for the adoption of what he holds to be the religion of the future; to wit, the religion of the *Freie Gemeinde*. In an introduction he discusses the nature of religion, and in six further chapters the doctrine of the Beautiful, or Æsthetics; the theory of the world, or Dogmatics; the doctrine of self-knowledge or the Philosophy of Religion, Ethics, Art; and the doctrine of work, or Biology.

A work praised as learned and impartial, though decidedly Protestant, is Barmann's "Politics of the Popes from Gregory I. to Gregory VII." (*Die Politik der Päpste von Gregor I. bis auf Gregor VII.* of which two parts have appeared. A good view of the Life and Times of the Emperor Diocletian is presented by Theodor Preuss in his *Kaiser Diocletian und seine Zeit*, just published by Dunker & Humblot. It is said to do violence occasionally to the sources for the sake of establishing harmony and certainty where they are not realizable; but light is also thrown on such events as the burning of the Egyptian books of witchcraft, on the exclusive persecution of the Oriental religions, and on the reasons of Diocletian's special antipathy to Christianity. Professor Dr. Wagner's treatise on "Russian Paper Money" (*Die Russische Papier-Währung*) published by Kymmel of Riga, in which he makes suggestions as to the best mode of returning to silver or gold payments, deserves the attention of all who understand German. The author stands high amongst German writers on banking and financial questions. The work consists of a theoretical and a practical part:—the former developing general principles; the latter relating specially to Russia.

The first volume of a new, and what promises to be a very full, history of the Seven Years' war (*Geschichte des Siebenjährigen Krieges*) by Arnold Schaeffer, has recently been published by Hertz of Berlin. It is divided into three books, the first discussing the origin of the war: the second, the war itself from its outbreak to the Austro-French treaty of spoliation; the third, the war-year 1757. The account given of the European state-system prior to the war; of the politics of the great powers after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and of the general position of Europe at the time, is marked by great clearness, correctness, and judgment. The course pursued by France, in particular, is shown to have been decidedly influenced by Madame Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV., who was irritated at Frederic the Great because, when Voltaire came to express the great respect she entertained for him, he replied, "Who is she? I don't know her,"—a contempt which forced from her the genuine woman's threat, "I'll make him know me!" Herr Schaeffer has had access to, and has made good use of, all sorts of archives. Among other important documents adduced by him is one whose existence has been repeatedly denied—recently, for example by the Hanoverian historiographer, Klopp, in his work on Frederic the Great—namely, the offensive treaty formed between Austria and France against Prussia: the Russian Government put him in possession of it. Those who wish for an able—though naturally Prussian—history of this eventful war cannot do better than consult the above work.

It has hitherto been popularly assumed that whilst the German language is greatly indebted to the French, the latter owes very little to the former. A German writer of the name of Brandes, in a work entitled, "Words derived from the German in the French Language," (*Die Wörter deutschen Stammes in der französischen Sprache*) and published by Meyer in Detmold, has undertaken to show that this is a mistaken notion, and seems pretty successfully to establish his position. Who would have thought that warlike, glory-hunting France owed so many terms relating to war, to peaceable, philosophic Germany? and yet such words as bataillon, brèche, garde, bivouac, blindes, guerre, can be traced to German roots. The same thing may be said of sea-terms, like avarie, ballast, bord, cajute, espaure, ètai, harpon, houle, mât, matelot, prame, rade, semaque, guinder, haler, hisser, toner; of many titles of office, as, *e.g.*, landgrave, marquis, maire, sénéchal, maréchal, sergent; of feudal expressions like barre, bourg, hameau, hanse, fief, félonie, vassal; of architectural terms, like balcon, bouge, digue, salle, seuil, stalle; of the names of animals, like bison, bècassine, caille, choucas, chouan, chat, écrevisse, escarbot, gerfaut, grillon, hamster, héron, mouette, rat, renard. One is not surprised to find that words for eating and drinking have passed from the German to the French side of the Rhine, as, *e.g.*, bière, bouteille, cruche, douve, fourrage, hanap, soupe, tonne, rôtir: but it is curious that the French, whom no one credits with the gift of keeping their tongues in order, should owe or get their designations for chattering, etc., to the solemn Germans; for example, chaqueter, causer, flaboyer, haranguer. It is not strange that the French mignon, with its compounds, is derived from that distinctively German term *minne*.

The following is a classified list of the books published in Germany during the year 1868 as compared with 1867. A similar list is published every year by the bookselling firm of Hinrichs in Leipzig—the publishers of the weekly, quarterly, and annual catalogues of all the new books that appear in every department of science and literature.

	1867.	1868.
1. Encyclopædias, Collected works, Bibliography	183	196
2. Theology	1365	1440
3. Jurisprudence, Politics, Statistics	920	970
4. Medicine, the Veterinary art	493	528
5. Natural Science, Chemistry, Pharmacy	575	636
6. Philosophy	85	126
7a. Pedagogics, German Schoolbooks, Gymnastics	932	966
7b. Children's books	228	246
8. Classical and Oriental languages, Mythology	470	440
9. Modern languages, Early German literature	320	323
10. History, Biography, Memoirs, Correspondence	648	710
11. Geography	249	290
12. Mathematics, Astronomy	119	134
13. Military matters, the Horse	272	281
14. Commerce and Trade	330	425
15. Architecture, Machinery, Railways, Shipping	168	190
16. Arboriculture, the Chase, Mining, etc.	88	83
17. Agriculture and Horticulture	245	280
18. Belles-Lettres (novels, poetry, etc.)	852	958
19. The fine arts (painting, music, etc.), Stenography	397	437
20. Popular works (tales, etc.)	212	237
21. Freemasonry	12	14
22. Miscellaneous works	422	381
23. Slavic and Hungarian literature	36	48
24. Maps	224	225
	9,855	10,563

According to this comparative list there were 708 more works published in 1868 than in 1867. It will be seen that the greatest increase has been in the department of belles-lettres—probably in consequence of the publication of a great many tales and poems of little value. The next largest increase is in books relating to trade and commerce—a circumstance which might be taken as a sign that the Germans are becoming less idealistic in their pursuits. Whether such a deduction would be right or not, I believe it is a fact; and the well-wishers of the nation cannot but rejoice if it take a more realistic turn. Next comes theology. If one were not aware that an awful number of pamphlets—each reckoning of course as a separate work—had been issued during the year on the subject "What will Prussia, the all-devouring, do with the Lutheran churches in the annexed provinces?" one would be inclined to exult, and say, "Surely the reports of Germany being over-run with materialism, atheism, deism, tendencies not favorable to theological productiveness, must be either groundless or exaggerated!" As might have been prophesied in view of the legal changes that have been going on in North Germany, the law department shows also a not inconsiderable augmentation. But the men of science have been still more active. There is one question the list does *not* suggest—how many of the above works are mere waste paper? We fear a larger proportion than most believe. It is impossible to answer the question, for the publishers bury their still-born offspring in the silence and dead of night. Of one thing, however, we are sure, that the *bookbuyers* bear no proportion to the *bookmakers*: *how*, this is not the place to explain.

Abriss der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte. Von Dr. E. P. Evans, Professor der neueren Sprachen und Literatur an der Universität von Michigan. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869. 12mo, pp. 235.)—The German language is now a regular study in all our respectable colleges, and in some of them a required study. After the first or second year of the collegiate course, students have their option whether they will keep on with Greek or substitute this modern tongue. A very large number avail themselves of this privilege, and probably two thirds of the Junior and Senior classes choose German as one of their principal studies. In the distraction of college society, and in the short time allowed for the study, it appears to be impracticable to teach students to *speak* the language with fluency or grammatical accuracy. What a wise teacher most cares for is, to give a general knowledge of the language and literature, and enable the student to see its treasures. Three months of residence in Germany will ensure more familiarity with the spoken tongue than three years of study in one of our colleges, even under a competent master. The most important aid to a teacher in giving a knowledge of German literature, its varieties, its growth, and its characteristics, is a good historical sketch of that literature, which shall be at once comprehensive, concise, well-balanced, and accurate in its judgments. Every experienced teacher feels the need of such a help

in his work. The model book for German teaching will be one which can be used as a text-book for study, while it tells the story of the language itself. Such a book, we are of opinion, Professor Evans has produced in his "Abridgment of the History of German Literature." He gives in it, without extracts, not only pleasant and easy reading in a clear and pure German style, but an amount of information concerning the German novelists, dramatists, and poets, from the earliest records of the people, that can scarcely be found elsewhere in the same compass. While there are in the book none of those pedagogue notes which mark the ordinary text-book, there are others embodying very useful references, as well as marginal guides to keep in mind the order of time and place, and hinder the student from confusion; though we think it would have been better if these last had been reserved for authors only, and not also for the titles of works. The table of contents is very full, and is much more than a bare statement of the subject. The index at the end is all that could be desired. A more useful book for practical instruction has not, for a long time, come under our notice.

But we should do injustice to Professor Evans if we should leave the impression that he has made here nothing but a school-book. On the contrary, many who consider themselves German scholars will thank him for this compendium of literary history in which there is not a word of irrelevant matter, and very few judgments to which any candid scholar will take exception. Some will perhaps be disappointed that more notice is not taken of their favorite authors. Others may find that names that they expected to see are wholly omitted. But in a work of this kind some names must be omitted—on a principle well defined in the introduction—and others must be passed with a bare mention. Every really important name in German literature will be found in the volume, and every significant author appears in his place. The book does not profess to be exhaustive. It is an "abridgment," which may easily be read in two months by a college class, and, of course, cannot have the completeness of such solid treatises as those of Koberstein and Gödeke, of Kurz and Gervinus. But many of the criticisms of these authors appear here in the sharp and clear sentences of the American professor. Instead, however, of the single long chapter of which the book consists, it seems to us that greater clearness would have been attained by distinguishing typographically the epochs which the author has adopted. It would have added nothing to the bulk or cost of the volume.

Our Charley, and What to do with Him. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—Mrs. Stowe discusses the question of childhood in the essays which give a name to this little volume with her usual good sense and good feeling. The book is not a new one, and its intrinsic worth was not probably the primary reason for reprinting it, although, to be sure, appropriate occasions for talks like these about Charley to Charley's mother and other natural guardians, are, we suppose, perennial. It is only of Mrs. Stowe's portion of the book, however, that we are inclined to speak with any praise. The little fairy tales contributed by a friend are rather sad examples of the ineffectual efforts of the imaginative faculty to blossom into luxuriance under chilling influences.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Alcott (Miss L. M.), Little Women	(Roberts Bros.)	
Auerbach (B.), The Villa on the Rhine, swd., Part II	(Leypoldt & Holt)	$0 50
Baker (Sir S. W.), The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Edwards (E.), The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh, 2 vols	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Ellis (Rev. G. E.), Memoir of Jared Sparks, LL.D., swd	(Cambridge)	
Francko, (A.), La Morale pour Tous	(L. Hachette & Cie.)	
Hinton (H. L.), Booth's Acting Plays, No. 8, Othello, swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 30
Koner (Prof. Dr. W.), Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, No. 19	(D. Reimer)	
Packard (Dr. A. S., jr.), Guide to the Study of Insects, Part VI, swd	(Essex Institute)	0 50
Raymond (R. W.), The Mines of the West	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 75
Rodrigues (H.), La Justice de Dieu	(Michel Lévy Frères)	
Rydberg (V.), The Last Athenian: A Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 50
Scott (Sir W.), The Talisman, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 20
Highland Widow, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 20
Walsh (J. H.), The Horse, in the Stable and the Field	(Porter & Coates)	
Wiley (C. A.), Elocution and Oratory	(Clark & Maynard)	
Wythe (Rev. W. W.), Pulpit Germs	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	

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The Week.

THE House on Thursday last defeated a bill to keep in existence the educational department of the Freedmen's Bureau until January, 1871; and that institution, which has done so much good, but which probably has now done pretty much all the good it can, comes to an end in June next. The bill in regard to Mississippi, Virginia, and Texas also was discussed on Thursday and passed, only 24 votes being given against it—all thrown by Democrats—and the Reconstruction Committee being unanimous in its favor; the Democratic members, however, approving of it only because they thought it "the best they could get." There will be, apparently, no real opposition to it anywhere, South or North. On the same day the Indian Appropriation Bill came up in its last form, and, the Senate having receded from all its amendments, the President now has power to expend two millions of dollars as he may deem best in giving peace to the Plains. The "ten persons eminent for intelligence and philanthropy" who, with the President, shall exercise joint control with the Indian Bureau in the management of Indian affairs will probably be chosen from the "Orthodox," as distinguished from the Hicksite, Quakers. This is the worst of bad news for the Indian Ring.

During Friday's session the House was treated to another of the little scenes with which the country is occasionally favored by Mr. Butler, Mr. Logan, and Mr. Schenck. Mr. Schenck, whom the "barrel of telegrams" seems not to frighten very much after all, took occasion to remark, in the course of a speech on the Whiskey and Tobacco Bill, that there is a class of people who are not fond of making open attacks on an enemy, "but insinuate lies, thus adding cowardice to falsehood." Upon this Mr. Logan, who is no less easily roused than fearful when roused, enquired of Mr. Schenck if "he alluded to him," and if he was the cowardly liar of whom Mr. Schenck was speaking. Mr. Schenck said that Mr. Logan was not. Then Mr. Butler, who must have been very much puzzled that there should be discussion of this point, wished to know "if it was not the Pharisee who said 'I thank God that I am not as other men are'"? He got no definite reply to this question, Mr. Schenck only feeling able to say that "he thought it very probable." He seemed to think, however, that his honorable friend would not languish in a state of ignorance. "Anything that hypocrisy may have uttered, I dare say," Mr. Schenck continued, "will be familiar to the gentleman in whatever form it may come"; and he went on to express his opinion that the imputations that had been cast on him personally, or on the Committee of Ways and Means, have in all cases been the coinage of base minds, which charge others with crimes of which they feel themselves to be capable. It will be remembered that Mr. Holman, of Indiana, holds a similar belief in respect of imputations that Mr. Butler not long since cast on him and another one of the House Committee. On Saturday, after having been up all night, the House passed a resolution expressive of sympathy with Cuba. Nearly everybody of both parties voted with Mr. Banks on the occasion, and that gentleman added another "gratifying trophy" to his other similar treasures.

The Brown family of Rhode Island occupied four hours of the Senate's attention on to-day week, Mr. Sprague on that occasion explaining at length to a large audience the meaning of the mysterious postscript to a recent letter of his which has been the subject of a good deal of conjecture. "Show this to Ives & Co." meant, it appears, that Mr. Sprague desired the Browns to understand that, rich and influential as they are, they do not terrify him, and that he intends still to resist them and their allies. Mr. Anthony's remarks in evening session may possibly keep Mr. Sprague quiet for the future, but it is hardly probable; the workingmen of Washington have serenaded him, as being, to their apprehension, a true enemy of aristocracy and a friend of toil and virtue. Furthermore, the Democratic press begin to hail him as a man whose course during the war was not what a patriot could approve, but who now shows indications of possessing a statesmanlike mind. This last speech closed with "a general statement of what he would do if he were President." On Friday the Senate, by a vote of 44 yeas to 9 nays, passed the sixth or seventh reconstruction bill. It was framed in compliance with Grant's last message, and reads as if it might lead to a speedy restoration of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas to the Union. In brief, it authorizes the President to direct the military officers in command to enlarge and revise according to law the registration lists in the three excluded States, and to designate a day for the election of legislatures, members of Congress, and State officers of all kinds, and for the ratification of the constitutions already prepared.

Under an amendment offered by Mr. Morton and accepted by a majority of the members of the Senate, though opposed by some of the best heads among the senators, the legislatures must adopt the Fifteenth Amendment before the proceedings under the bill shall operate as "a complete restoration." That is not all, for Congress expressly reserves to itself the power to declare all the proceedings unsatisfactory. This threat will secure, it is probable, the ratification of the new constitutions and the selection at this first election of State officers and Congressmen with a reasonably good "record." After that, things will be as they may be. The hardship which Mr. Trumbull and others foresee in the Morton amendment consists in this, that it is not by the fault of the people of Texas and Mississippi, still more emphatically it is not the fault of the people of Virginia, that they did not pass on the terms of reconstruction offered, a year and more ago, to the South in general; and that, therefore, it is practically breaking faith with them to take advantage of this misfortune of theirs to impose on them new conditions. On the same day a bill was passed which provides for a thorough examination of the Pacific Railroad companies—an im-

portant measure, from which good results may the more reasonably be expected in that the President is empowered to appoint five men of probity to form a commission of general enquiry. Anybody who wants to know whether the commission will have anything instructive to say may turn to an article by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the younger, in a recent *North American Review*. On Saturday the Senate adjourned *sine die;* but on Tuesday, in special session, after a two hours' speech from Mr. Sumner, rejected the Alabama treaty with but one dissenting vote.

The great diplomatic appointments have at last been made. Mr. Motley goes to England, Mr. Jay to Vienna, and Mr. Curtin to Russia. Mr. Bancroft, we presume, remains where he is, and so does Mr. Marsh. In favor of Mr. Motley's and Mr. Jay's appointment there is everything to be said; they could hardly have been improved on, taken for all in all, though, of course, it would be easy to suggest changes for the better in both gentlemen if human beings could be made over. Mr. Curtin labors under the disadvantage of coming from a State in which every prominent man is suspected of corruption. It may seem unbecoming to make this remark in a New York paper, considering the condition of New York morals, but the truth must be told. It is to be hoped that the Mr. Curtin who has been already figuring in the legation at St. Petersburg, and who is, we believe, a relative of the ex-governor, is not to figure in it again. If so, we protest in advance and ask for an enquiry. Amongst the minor diplomatic appointments are those of two colored men, one Mr. J. R. Clay, of New Orleans, who goes to Liberia, and the other Mr. E. D. Bassitt, of Philadelphia, who goes to Hayti.

The nominations are not remarkable so much for the persons who have got them as for those who have not. Mr. Greeley apparently is to have nothing diplomatic, but the New York postmastership is still amongst his possibilities, and the public will for more reasons than one heartily wish he may get it—or something of at least equal dignity and emolument. A good illustration of the way the President or anybody else is liable to be imposed on was afforded by the nomination of a Mr. Wadsworth for the United States marshalship of this district. He presented a recommendation signed by a great number of prominent politicians, but after his name had been sent into the Senate it came out that he was a bankrupt of a very doubtful kind—a large number of his debts being of the Jeremy Diddler order, and one or two cases of distinct swindling being produced against him. There is this, it is true, to be said in defence of the present system of appointments—the work of government has hitherto been done either by the strong and overbearing, or the upright, able, and generally respected; the weak, good-for-nothing, seedy, drunken, and shiftless, and knavish are now, at last, having a chance, and one has to have his heart cased in oak and triple brass to declaim against the poor fellows.

It is noticeable that in the distribution of the offices nearly every member of the Fortieth Congress who failed to be re-elected has been provided with a berth of some kind. Even the unhappy "original impeacher," Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, in spite of his poor "record," got the governorship of Montana, but by only one vote. There is hardly one of these unfortunates, however, who was not turned out by his constituents for excellent reasons. We should protest against this mode of consoling them, if there was the least likelihood that under the present system any better men would be put in their places. The Western men have got nearly all the South American appointments—the more polished European posts being reserved for Eastern "dilettanti" and "epicureans," as the War-horses are doubtless saying. Mr. Hale comes home from Spain. Mr. Sanford, of Belgium, takes his place. As Mr. Hale's diplomatic career is closed, we shall not go over the history of his troubles. He has behaved tolerably badly, and has subjected a very worthy man, Mr. Perry, to great humiliations and annoyances, and we are sorry that Mr. Perry cannot succeed him; but, after what has happened, his usefulness, too, is probably destroyed. One can hardly carry on warfare for several months with a War-horse on foreign soil without being shorn of a deal of dignity and respect, and thus a new man is needed. Mr. Meredith Reed, Jr., will, doubtless, turn the consul-generalship at Paris to good account for historical purposes. We cannot take leave of the subject without saying that thus far the newspapers have been shamefully treated. But a single editor or publisher, to our knowledge, has got the smallest office as the reward of his last summer's "working for Grant."

Mr. Boutwell, who, by-the-bye, began his administration of the Treasury by the issue of perhaps the clearest and most comprehensive quarterly statement we have ever had since the news from the Treasury became interesting, seems likely to be troubled with a plethora of gold in the Treasury. The opinions which have from time to time been put forward as to the use the Treasury should make of these accumulations of gold would, if collected, be interesting reading through all coming time. For a long while the Secretary was supposed to be making the proper use of them when he held them *in terrorem* over the heads of the naughty gold speculators. When the fellows were running the premium too high, he was to come into the market, and sell out like mad, as the boys say, and frighten the wits out of them. This view was really based on the curious economical theory that the discount on inconvertible paper is simply the result of human wickedness, like war risks on ships, and, when the means of resuming specie payments was under discussion last summer, and everybody was furnishing his "plan," it produced from one writer the suggestion that we should get back to specie payments if the Secretary would use all the gold he could get hold of to surfeit the gold brokers, cramming them with it day by day, till they had lost all heart and stomach for speculation. Then Mr. Boutwell himself came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do with the surplus gold was to pay the interest on the bonds before it was due, deducting a proper discount, and asked for legal authority to do so, which it was found he had already. It is proposed now that he should use the gold, of which he has or will soon have $80,000,000, in buying up Government bonds in open market. Would it not be well to apply to this, as to so many other problems of national finance, a few of the rules which regulate individual conduct? This accumulation of surplus gold is simply revenue over and above outlay. Now, a debtor should use his surplus income in paying his debts, and should pay them in the order in which they are due. The United States bonds are not due; the legal-tender notes are long past due, and the failure of the Government to take them up is believed by the most intelligent financiers to be one of the greatest evils of the day. What if the surplus gold were to be used in redeeming greenbacks? What is the objection to it? Who will lose, and what harm will be done by the Government honoring its own promises to pay to any extent it can? What excuse can it offer, when it has surplus gold in the Treasury, for not using it in this way?

The principal news of the "insurrection" in Cuba during the past week consists of an enquiry by Admiral Hoff into the seizure of the American brig *Mary Powell;* a report that several farms in "the interior" had been burned by the "insurrectionists;" the garroting at Havana of two insurgents, followed by a brutal onslaught on the crowd around the scaffold by the armed Spanish volunteers; and an assertion in a private letter received at Key West that the Government was going to "confiscate the property of all suspected parties;" a rumor that the rebels had decapitated one young girl and shot two others; a complimentary speech by the Captain-General; another rumor that the insurgents had set the woods on fire in the neighborhood of Puerto Principe; an assertion that the insurgent bands are "operating" Cinco Villas, and that their numbers are increasing near Santiago de Cuba, and a supposition that the Santiago de Cuba rebels are going to Cinco Villas, where they will "mass their forces." Our private opinion is—the grounds of it we shall not state—that the "massing" will not take place at Cinco Villas, but in another place—what place, it will be useless for the Spanish authorities to try to extract from us; the Cuban "staff" may count on us. But we do not mind saying that the operations of the insurgent troops in Washington and this city have during the week been as vigorous as ever. Several distinguished Cuban leaders expose themselves recklessly

every day on Pennsylvania Avenue and Broadway, to say nothing of Printing House Square, and some idea of the demoralization of the Spaniards may be formed from the fact that not a single attack has been made on them — showing that the acknowledgment of Cuban independence by the mother country cannot be very far distant. One great Cuban leader, Mr. Nathaniel P. Banks, is about this time "operating" on the line of the Jersey, and New York and Boston railroads, and the Spanish staff will probably hear of him during the summer along the Charles River.

The Supreme Court has pronounced—three judges dissenting—a very important decision during the week, in the case of the *State of Texas agt. White et al.*, being a suit by the State for an injunction to restrain certain parties from receiving payment of certain United States bonds belonging to the State, and to compel the surrender of the bonds. The first point was whether Texas was a State under the Constitution, and could therefore sue and be sued in the Supreme Court—in other words, whether the court had jurisdiction. The court decided that it had—that the union of States effected by the Constitution was indissoluble, and that Texas is now, and had been ever since her admission, a State in the Union, and that there was no way for a State to get out of the Union except by a constitutional amendment. Next, the court held that the state of things prevailing in Texas during the rebellion was a state of anarchy, that the setting up of a government by the President on the cessation of hostilities was a lawful act, and the government a valid government, though only provisional, and that the government substituted for it by Congress was also a valid government. The minority dissented on the question of jurisdiction. The famous McCardle case has been dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

The foreign news begins, after a period of great dulness, to be tolerably interesting. It is positively asserted in Paris, and in the best-informed quarters is believed, that a treaty has been concluded between France and Austria, and—though this less confidently—that Italy is included in the agreement; and that the object of the alliance is the humiliation or diminution of Prussia; Italy's reward to be, of course, Rome; that of France, the left bank of the Rhine; and that of Austria, any of the hundred possibilities which present themselves in Eastern Europe. Private advices represent the uneasiness of the Imperialists over the state of things in France to be much greater than the newspapers indicate, and a war as becoming every day more and more desirable. On the other hand, in the debate on calling out the new contingent of 100,000 men, Marshal Niel and M. Rouher, while saying one or two sharp things about Prussia, were very plain-spoken in their assurances of peace; and the Bourse seems to be tolerably tranquil. Among the smaller means of recovering his declining popularity to which the Emperor has resorted is the abolition of the workmen's "livret," a small book which each was obliged to carry, containing the record of all his previous engagements, and which is now held to be a badge of inferiority. The Emperor gave his views on the subject in very strong terms at the opening of a sitting of the Council of State, and the Council then went through the formality of discussing them and adopting them; and a bill abolishing *livrets* is accordingly to be introduced into the legislature. Unfortunately, the workingmen are said not to be grateful for the reform. They do not feel the degradation involved in carrying the book, and they do feel that it gives a man of good character a better chance than others.

With the middle classes the Emperor is adopting a different style of treatment, which can perhaps best be described as counter-irritation. The *Pays*, the semi-official Government organ, conducted by Paul de Cassagnac, the Imperialist bravo, has been reporting the wild speeches at the much-talked-of meetings at the "Redoute," but has reported them very much in the style in which the New York *Herald* used to report those of the Abolitionists in the old days before the war; and 100,000 copies of the report have been struck off, and are distributed by the Government for the purpose of frightening the owners of property and fathers of families in the country districts, preparatory to the general election. One statement made by M. Picard in the late debate on the army, however, speaks volumes as to the state of French politics and society and the nature of the Imperial régime: between 1853 and 1866 there have been eighteen hundred millions of dollars spent on the army and navy, and on education sixty-five millions.

In Italy the dominant questions of the day, apart from the Austro-Franco-Italian treaty, are social rather than political. Duelling has become so prevalent that even Nino Bixio, himself a duellist of some renown, has raised his voice in the Parliament for the enforcement of the law against it, and has vigorously denounced his own conduct in ever having fought a duel. The minister declared, and probably with truth, that it was useless to attempt to enforce the law as long as public opinion remained in its present condition. An offence which everybody in the community does his best to screen, of course can rarely, if ever, be punished; and it will only disappear either before a general sense of the sin of it or of the absurdity of it—or, in other words, before the spirit of religion or of rationalism. Both have played their part in putting an end to it in our Northern States and in England; how it manages to survive in France, in the presence of the French sense of the ridiculous, is one of the curious problems of French social life. On the other hand, the "forces of the age" are fighting for Italy. Commerce is growing, real estate rising; the Archbishop of Salerno has been summoned before a court of justice for a libellous and inflammatory pamphlet attacking the Government; a convention of "come-outers" has been summoned to meet at Naples on the 8th of December, the same day that the Œcumenical Council meets at Rome; and, though last not least, a public meeting of the English Bible Society has been held at Naples, at which a report was read stating that 276,000 Bibles and 55,000 portions of the Bible had been sold in Italy—$250,000 worth having been disposed of to Catholics alone. Even in Sicily, the colporteurs have been protected by the magistrates. We are so used to wonders that nothing seems wonderful. The Italy of to-day is not in all respects satisfactory, but to an Italian patriot of 1820 it would have seemed impossible that it should exist within half a century.

The news from England is all favorable to the early passage, even in the Lords, of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill. The discussion of the principle of the bill had been kept up in a desultory way down to the departure of the latest mails, but without throwing any new light upon it. The Tories have really made no defence of any weight. The attack on the hereditary principle of the peerage, for so it must be considered, has been renewed by the introduction of a new bill, authorizing the creation of life peers. That the crown once possessed the right to create peers for life is not doubted, but when the attempt was made to exercise it in 1856, in the case of Lord Wensleydale, the Lords held that the failure of the crown to use the right for over 400 years amounted to an abrogation of it, and passed a resolution denying the new peer's right to take his seat. The Lords were so determined on the point that Palmerston had to give way, and make Lord Wensleydale's title hereditary. The subject has never since been revived, but the necessity for some change, owing to the laziness and neglect of their duty of the hereditary peers, has become more and more apparent, while the political weakness of the House of Lords has steadily increased. The main reason for the attempt of 1856 was the necessity of providing a decent supply of law lords to hear appeals; there is now an additional reason, namely, the necessity of providing some means of letting the Lords "down easy." The fear that the new constituencies will not very long stand the hereditary peers, coupled with the fact that the hereditary peers show no signs of growing more industrious, is satisfying the moderate reformers of the necessity of furnishing some show of justification for the existence of the upper House, by introducing into it a larger number of men able and willing to work. It is most probable that the revival of the practice of creating life peers will lead gradually to the conversion of the House of Lords into a Senate composed of men of distinction drawn from the various professions—law, army, navy, literature, and science, and holding their seats for life. The hereditary peerage will be lucky if it is not allowed to die out by successive extinctions.

THE CUBAN "INSURRECTION."

As our readers know, a resolution has passed the House of Representatives offering to "support" the President whenever he thinks it proper to exercise the discretion vested in him by the Constitution to recognize the Cuban insurgents as lawful belligerents; and we need hardly say that it was introduced by Mr. N. P. Banks, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and that it was voted for by an overwhelming majority, under the influence of much the same motives as secured the passage of a similar piece of bunkum two years ago, on behalf of the Fenian "Republic." As far as the President is concerned, of course the resolution is simple bosh. It will be the duty of the President to recognize the existence of a state of war in Cuba whenever there *is* a war; and in discharging this duty he will need the support of the House to the same degree, and no more, as he needs its support in signing bills or composing his annual message. It was not, therefore, to encourage him in using his own eyes and exercising his own judgment that the resolution was introduced, but to help the speculators who are now trying to persuade the American public that there is a desperate "struggle" going on in Cuba, and that it is their duty and interest to help it. These speculators—for there are speculators in politics as well as in stocks—of course went to Mr. Banks as their best and surest friend; and he, of course, "reported" a resolution that would be likely to increase the excitement about the "revolution," and diffuse the impression that something tremendous was shortly going to happen in Cuba. The resolution, too, was so worded that it committed the Government to nothing, and was, therefore, pretty sure to be voted for by everybody who did not care to have his "record" defaced by even seeming opposition to a "war of independence" anywhere, and above all in one of the West India islands.

Now we have not a word to say against the recognition of the Cuban insurgents as belligerents the minute that authentic intelligence is received at Washington that they have organized a government, and that the government has an army at its orders, and has armed vessels at sea, which have sailed from its own ports. Whenever this state of facts is perceptible, the President will owe it to American citizens, and to the Cubans and Spaniards, to proclaim the neutrality of the United States, and we hope he will do it without fear or favor. There are some people in Washington who oppose his recognizing the Cubans as belligerents, as soon as Banks & Co. would like to have him, lest it should prejudice the American case in the *Alabama* controversy. But this, with all respect be it spoken, is not a proper or a creditable reason for holding back. In the *Alabama* controversy, as any one may see who will take the trouble to read the Adams-Russell correspondence or Mr. Bemis's pamphlets, the United States Government stood firmly on the law of nations, and under this law now asks for judgment. Its conduct toward Cuba ought therefore, and we doubt not will be, to be governed by the same rule, and not by considerations of temporary advantage. If it only refrains from premature recognition of Cuba lest it should furnish the English with a strong *tu quoque*, the whole claim against England must be founded in humbug and not in right. The application of the cunning of practitioners in criminal courts to the regulation of international relations, is just as objectionable as Mr. Parton's sentimental method. Our duty to Spain and the civilized world remains the same whether we want Cuba or not, just as we ought to pay the King of Denmark for his West India islands if we have really agreed to do so, without any regard whatever to the fact, which Mr. Parton gravely urges on our consideration, that his Majesty has brought up a large family with respectability.

The known weakness of Spain, the nearness of Cuba to the United States, and the known desire of a large body of persons here to see the island annexed, and the high ground the United States has been taking with regard to the duties of neutrals, all render it, however, extremely important that the public here, as well as the Government, should be kept well informed with regard to the facts of the alleged insurrection. Even if it have not as yet attained the proportions of a civil war, it is desirable that we should have the means of judging whether it is likely to do so, and, if so, how soon, and govern ourselves accordingly. If there be an insurrection, but it is plain that it has no chance of success, it is criminal in writers or speakers here to encourage it, and thus drive hundreds of poor wretches to destruction, and keep the island in a state of turmoil; if there be no insurrection, or even the simulacrum of an insurrection, it is immoral, degrading, and ridiculous of Americans to play into the hands of Cuban adventurers and native filibusters, by pretending to believe that there is one. We lay no claim to special knowledge in this matter, and refrained for some weeks from expressing any opinion on the conduct of the performances of the Cuban refugees and sympathizers, in the expectation that they would, before long, produce some facts in support of their statements, and in justification of their attempts to drag this country into acts of hostility to Spain; but we have waited in vain.

We can now say with great, if not perfect, confidence, that the Cuban movement closely resembles the Fenian movement; that the seat of the "national" government is in the United States, and not in Cuba; that the leading "chiefs" of the revolution are to be found in the hotels and boarding-houses of Washington and New York, and not on blood-stained fields in the island; that they have furnished no evidence whatever that they are able, or even expect, to throw off the Spanish yoke themselves, and that the work they are now engaged in is an attempt to drag the United States into the quarrel; and that the sole support for their pretensions to be considered the representatives of a struggling nationality lies in the fact that the island is in a disturbed condition, that the bonds of authority are greatly loosened, and the interior a good deal disturbed by brigands and filibusters, or small parties of partisans, just as Ireland was while O'Mahony and Stephens were raising the wind amongst the servant-girls and laborers in 1866–7, and getting resolutions of sympathy from Banks. We venture to assert that in no official despatch, newspaper correspondence, or private letter from an intelligent and trustworthy source, is there anything to be found, thus far, to warrant a belief that the Cuban malcontents have either an army, or navy, or government, or revenue. Considering what desperate efforts Cuban sympathizers are making to put a good face on their affairs, one would expect to hear from them accounts of great slaughter of Spaniards, at least; but though we get occasionally highly foggy accounts of "victories" and "battles," we have looked in vain for a positive assertion from anybody that he has seen a single Spaniard who had been either killed or wounded in open fight. The "casualties" of the rebellion, thus far, appear to have occurred in riots in Havana.

The New York *Tribune* is one of the best friends the Cubans have, and it has within the last week felt bound to give some explanation of the non-appearance on the visible horizon of the Cuban troops and government, and it is so curious, and so strongly confirms all we have been saying, that we feel bound to quote it entire:

"Given, as a seat of popular insurrection, a long, narrow island, with unhealthy coast and a backbone of mountain fastnesses, with thousands of situations admirably adapted to an isolated defensive warfare, but without ready means of communication through a territory which, though not so large as New York, presents distances between its leading cities greater than from tide-water to Chicago—given a population ill-armed and too scattered for a close organization, but generally in sympathy with the insurgents—a power three thousand miles away, itself in the later stages of a revolution, with few troops and less money, straining its resources and its credit to the utmost in the effort to reduce this island to subjection—the government forces unacclimated, ill-fitted for active operations, and comparatively ignorant of the country, the insurgents hardy, familiar with the regions through which they move, and exempt from the terrors which the approaching unhealthy season brings to new-comers.

"With such conditions, what features would a campaign be likely to exhibit? The problem does not seem one of remarkable difficulty; the journals which complain so vehemently of the confusion in the Cuban news might almost, in Emersonian style, evolve its solution from their own consciousness."

Now, it is impossible to deduce "the *features* of a campaign" unless, amongst the data, there is a campaign, and at least two armies in the field. The *Tribune* here assumes the very thing in dispute, that there are insurgents "in the field." We say there are not. As soon as we are satisfied that there are, it will be time enough to construct a theory of the nature of their operations. The *Tribune* saves us the trouble of speculating further about what is going on now, however, by the following admissions:

"We have been treated of late to a great many sneers at the Cuban insurrection. That the ready organs of the Slave Power, while it lasted,

and of the bogus Democracy which now inherits its vices without its virtues, should make haste to oppose any struggle for liberty anywhere, was to be expected. But that journals which sympathized with the effort of Spain to secure popular government for herself should sympathize also with her effort to deny it to her richest and most important possession, is inexplicable. When these seek, therefore, to make light of the struggle in progress on our neighboring island, we are forced to believe that they cannot have sufficiently considered the conditions under which it is made. We have had no reason to expect great battles thus far, *and there certainly have been none.* We have had no reason to expect even a *fully organized insurrectionary army,* and *there is none*—no reason to look for the capture of important towns, or *for any effort,* save to nurse the flame of hostility to the Spaniard, and prolong the revolt into the unhealthy summer months. It is too soon yet to pronounce the insurrection a success; but it is not too soon to say that these aims have been attained, and that, with them attained, the prospect for Cuban independence was never brighter than now."

This ought to end the Cuban agitation for sensible men. To ask for sympathy and money, and even recognition as belligerents, for insurgents who have no fully "organized army," have fought "no great battles," and do not expect to "capture any important towns," or in fact to make "any effort," except to "nurse the flame of hostility," whatever that may mean—and it may mean anything from singing a revolutionary song to murdering sentinels—till the yellow fever comes and kills the Spaniards, is carrying coolness and audacity a little too far. The first duty both of "the organs of the Slave Power" and of "the journals which sympathized with the effort of Spain to secure popular government," is to truth; and the worst foe of states and men is humbug and pretension and falsehood. Those who are now blowing the Cuban bellows in this country would do well to read what we were all saying in 1861, when Messrs. Yost, Mann, and Yancey were asking Lord Russell to recognize the Southern Confederacy, after its organized army, in obedience to the orders of an organized government, had defeated the Federal troops within a day's march of Washington and put the capital itself in danger, and when the Confederate writs ran, and flag flew, over a third of the continent.

THE ANNEXATION FEVER.

Anybody who, with the condition of the civil service of the Government in every department, and with the condition of the courts and jails all over the North, fairly before him, and with even a faint conception of the magnitude of the problems now awaiting solution—known to us as the labor question and the educational question—still desires the speedy annexation of Cuba and St. Domingo, with their semi-barbarous populations, to the United States, is a person with whom there is perhaps not much use in arguing. His view of the mission and destiny of the American Republic, and even of the nature and objects of civil society, is so different from ours, that we should be unable to discover even that small piece of common ground on which men must stand, in order to differ rationally about any question whatever. That there should be plenty of people smitten with the fever of expansion, and ready to swallow anything bearing the name of new territory, no matter what the moral effect of the acquisition, is nothing wonderful. The accession to power of a new and much trusted President; the gradual disappearance of all fears of a financial convulsion; the prodigious growth of the country under the most adverse circumstances, are naturally producing that exuberance of hope and that satisfaction in material enjoyments which form the greatest difficulties in the way of political reform. It is hard to persuade people that there is anything wrong, and harder still to make them care whether there is anything wrong or not, when they are themselves well-fed and well-clothed, and find their balance in the bank swelling, the lines of railroad increasing, and the Government's receipts growing. It was this hope and satisfaction which made slavery so hard to kill, and which enabled it to flourish till it defied the world in arms, and it is this same hope and satisfaction which, now that slavery is dead, is making the work of rational reform in all other fields so difficult. Ask anybody who is laboring in it, in some other way than making speeches in defence of abstract propositions, what he finds the greatest obstacle in his path, and he will tell you it is the decline or absence of that public spirit which shows itself in righteous indignation, and makes public abuses to a certain extent private griefs; it is the growing familiarity with, and the growing disposition to accept as inevitable, the grossest abuses, and derelictions, and malfeasances, and the growing disposition to occupy one's self with remote evils, and treat the immediate and pressing ones lightly. It cannot be such a serious affair after all, young men are beginning to say, that judges should sell justice, that thieves and murderers should go unwhipped, and that convicts should be superintended by shoulder-hitters and pimps; that a fourth of the public revenues should be stolen by knaves and adventurers, and the public offices gambled for by the very worst portion of the community, if our incomes are growing every year, our comforts increasing, and our children healthy, our wives more and more gorgeous to behold, and our persons and property on the whole tolerably secure.

We find in this feeling, too, a partial explanation of the rise and progress of the bands of unscrupulous speculators which have within the last five or six years begun to seize on the railroads, and use them first of all as a means of enriching themselves, and secondly of corrupting the courts and the legislatures, and concentrating in their hands a kind and degree of political power such as no aristocracy has held in any civilized country since the seventeenth century. It partly accounts, too, for the increase of sensualism in the great cities—for the fact that New York is already drawing to it the most famous cyprians of the world, as the best market they can now find—that in which most money is found in company with most grossness and indecency. To increase the area of rich territory, inhabited by people far below the great body of the people of the United States in political and moral development, would certainly be to stimulate the rapacity and increase the power of the very class from whose performances whatever is good or promising in American life has most to fear. That they know this, there is little doubt. One has only to watch the way the Cuban "insurrection" rages in Washington and New York, to feel sure that if the "throwing off the Spanish yoke" were left to Spanish subjects, General Dulce would have little to disturb his peace. The loudest complaints of Spanish rule, and the threats against its Government, come, we suspect, from gentlemen who can lay nothing worse to its charge than that they themselves are "hard up," and are in need of a little excitement.

Of course these arguments, in the main, are not applicable to annexation on the side of Canada. The accession of British America to the United States would not only mean the addition of a vast extent of fertile soil, but of several millions of a hardy and industrious population, of the same origin as our own, speaking the same language, and imbued with the same social and political ideas, and already used to self-government. That they would gain by annexation far more than the United States we verily believe, for their gain would be real, while that of the United States would be largely in the imagination; and that the annexation would close up one great fountain of contention between the English Government and ours is also true. But then to make the annexation a gain to Canadians, their consent to it should be asked, and given; and to make it, as is proposed, a healer of the breach between this country and England, England should make it fairly and voluntarily, and not under compulsion. There is something a little comic in the position just now taken by those who are arguing for it, as a means of restoring a cordial relation between her and the United States. What they say to England is substantially this: "Your conduct has been villanous and depraved beyond description, and the amount of mischief you have wilfully and maliciously done is simply incalculable, and therefore we shall not allow you even to attempt to pay damages. We should give you a sound thrashing if we were not otherwise occupied just now, but our intention is to give you one at some future day, when we find you in a fix. However, if you make us a present of Canada—which we shall take from you by force if you don't—we shall look upon it as full satisfaction for all the wrongs we have suffered at your hands, and shall not only not lick you, but shall greatly esteem you, and shall live with you through all coming time on the most cordial terms."

Now, nations sometimes do make cessions of territory after being addressed in this way, but it is when they are in bodily fear, and Eng-

land may make a cession of Canada, on the protocol which is now laid before the public by the advocates of the scheme; but to say that the foundation of a cordial understanding with her can thus be laid is simply ridiculous. To give the negotiation for Canada a chance of success, as a healer of wounds, it should be conducted on its own merits, and, in form at least, separate and apart from the Alabama question. On its own merits, we think its success would be simply a question of time. Everything is in its favor but English feeling, and English feeling could, doubtless, be reconciled to it by a certain amount of talk, showing it to be no material loss, and a great moral and political gain to England. Arguments from this side of the water have a weight now they have never had before; but to be really effective, they need, like all political arguments, to be framed with a strict regard to the qualities of human nature, its weaknesses as well as its virtues. Between taking Canada by force, and insisting on having it given up as a penalty for bad behavior, there is no essential difference, and attempts to make it appear that there is will impose upon nobody, and will simply lessen the influence of American diplomacy. It ought to be remembered, however, that if Canada be annexed, Canadian goods will come in duty free, which, if we understand rightly the doctrines of the dominant school of economists, would be an unmitigated calamity, even if the Canadians were subjected to the same rule of taxation as ourselves. If the free introduction of Canadian lumber and Nova Scotian coal would now ruin us, calling the Canadians and Nova Scotians Americans, and parcelling their country out into Congressional districts, will not take the poison out of their commodities.

"THE RICH RICHER—THE POOR POORER."

Mr. Wells has drawn fresh attention, in his late report, to the rapidly-growing separation between the extremes of poverty and wealth, and the rapid accumulation of riches in the hands of the rich, and growth of poverty amongst the poor, and seems to ascribe it solely to the reckless tariff legislation, and the irredeemable paper currency. The same phenomenon is constantly dwelt on by the workingman conventions, and it was, during the late crusade against the public creditors, a favorite theme of the repudiators, and still furnishes Andrew Johnson with what he evidently considers the strongest point in his denunciations of the Radicals. In fact, every political party and school of economists takes notice of it, but each offers a different explanation of it.

Without disputing the general accuracy of Mr. Wells's conclusions as to the effect of the tariff and of the currency on the distribution of wealth, it ought to be borne in mind that the *natural* tendency of wealth is to accumulate in few hands. That is to say, riches draw riches after them inevitably. To acquire money is to acquire power, and one of the first uses, in a modern commercial community, which a man makes of his power, is to acquire more money. Everybody sees, within the range of his own observation, abundant illustrations of the truth of this. The more capital a man has, the greater the number of ventures he can make; the longer he can wait for the returns from them, the better agents can he employ; the more reliable the information he can procure, and the more frequently is he sought out by those who have promising speculations in hand, and the more force can he bring to bear to crush troublesome rivals. Therefore, let the tariff be ever so well regulated, or the currency ever so good, rich men will have an immense advantage in the field of trade over those who are not rich.

The tendency to the accumulation of great fortunes, too, is increased in our day by the widening of the area over which speculations can be carried on. What with the telegraph and the railroad, a New York or London capitalist can now invest with as much ease and safety in Mesopotamia as he could have invested in the last century three hundred miles from his home. There is really no way of preventing the accumulation of fortunes by legislation, and what we cannot prevent, it is the duty of wise men to stop whining over, and leave to the regulation of Providence, who orders all things wisely, and nothing more wisely, if only men would not meddle, than the flow, through the channels of human society, of the products of human industry. There is only one kind of property the amount or ownership of which legislatures can successfully control, and that is real estate.

The amount of personal property a man shall hold cannot be fixed, though, of course, his income may be diminished by systematic robbery or heavy taxation. But though there were fifty acts on the statute-book fixing the maximum amount of personalty one individual might possess, not one of them could be executed. What with covert trusts and divisions among relatives, and corruption and sympathy of officers, the amount of fortunes would remain about the same. Many persons would, doubtless, be led to invest abroad, and content themselves with a smaller amount of interest, in order to avoid annoyance; and then, to prevent them from dividing the income, we should have to open their letters. To make sure work, the foes of great fortunes would have to get possession of the government of every civilized country, a triumph which they are certain not to achieve. Every civilized country is, and always will be, governed in the interest of property, and indeed must be in order to remain civilized, because the family and property are the two bases of society. Moreover, in order to supply the great mass of mankind with a motive to exertion, you must let them accumulate as much property as they can by honest means. You may, indeed, and all states do, regulate the means of bequeathing it, but if you say a man shall not enjoy the fruits of his own toil, or foresight, or good fortune, you paralyze the whole community. Turkish pashas used to do this in one way, for the gratification of their own greed; some of the philanthropists who figure in the workingmen's conventions want to do it, in another way, by way of helping the poor; but it would not help the poor to have everybody poor. Even if cases occasionally presented themselves in which it would be possible, and might seem wise, to strip a very rich man of part of his wealth, no general rule could be devised that would not inflict grievous injustice on a vast number of others.

But then, it may be asked, where is all this to end? Is modern society going to be converted into a simple plutocracy, and every civilized country made the prey of great speculators? Has Providence left the race wholly without protection against that most odious form of tyranny—the tyranny of money? Not at all; Providence has made ample provision against this very evil, in gifting men and women with the greatest diversity of character, both moral and mental. The effect of this diversity, if governments would let men alone, would be that wealth would be accumulated in the hands of individuals, fast enough and long enough to stimulate human exertion; but large fortunes, after they had done their work, would break up under the thousand disintegrating influences which in a busy community constantly assail them. In the first place, the ordinary uncertainties of human affairs render them difficult to keep; idle, lazy, and stupid or dissipated heirs waste them; the energetic and industrious are constantly contending for a portion of the rich man's wealth, by offering temptations to his palate or his eye, or by outdoing him in skill, or foresight, or vigor. In short, a more perfect machine than a civilized community, producing and dividing wealth under the guidance solely of individual tastes and instincts, does not exist. Wonderful it is, as we see it, cramped, distorted, and disarranged by the blind legislation of blind men; but how wonderful would it be, if legislators had never taken it into their heads to improve on the Almighty's work!

It may be said with perfect safety that the accumulation of wealth in a few hands, to an extent to be really injurious, has never been witnessed except as the effect of ignorant or wicked human legislation. Among the ancients, great fortunes were built up and perpetuated by caste, or conquest, or slavery. In the middle ages, careful provision was made for their creation and preservation by the land laws of every European country. Everything was done that could be done, to concentrate and perpetuate the possession of the soil in a few hands, and always on grounds of public policy; so that the feudal aristocracy was, after the period of anarchy had passed away, simply and especially a wealthy class, its wealth consisting in land. Of course, as long as such a class monopolized all the wealth and power of a country, the trade or manufactures did not grow, and governments undertook to encourage them, and this they did by rigidly

copying the customs of feudalism. They fixed each man's place in the commercial hierarchy, the time he should devote to learning his trade, and the tests he should undergo prior to admission to the order in which he was to live, the kind of work he was to do, and the markets in which he was to buy and to sell. In other words, they extended to trade and commerce the monopoly system which they had established in the ownership of land. It is, in fact, only within the present century, that the doctrine that God made man an industrious and trading animal, and that legislators could no more teach individuals how to make money than teach beavers to build dams, has obtained currency. All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every government in Europe was engaged in the creation of trading and manufacturing monopolies—that is, in preventing the natural diffusion of wealth through the community at large, and they finally succeeded in creating the type of society known as the manufacturing type, and which is to be seen all over the north of England, and in eastern and northern France and North Germany —and which we are only too faithfully reproducing in this country: large masses of work-people huddled together in cities, and living from hand to mouth on wages paid by great capitalists, engaged in branches of industry built up, in part, by the aid of legislation, and kept going still by legislative protection against competition; a society in which the power of capital grows in geometrical ratio, its natural tendency to accumulate being strengthened by incessant artificial stimulus. It is impossible for anybody who is familiar with this type of society to say that it is either superior or equal to the feudal and agricultural type which it is supplanting, and the evidence is every day accumulating which shows that whatever the big mills and forges may be doing to increase capital, they are not, in the present organization of industry, doing much, if anything, to increase the sum of human happiness.

THE DECAY OF THE "FAMILY AFFECTIONS."

So long ago as the 30th of April, in the year 1827, the Count Carlo Vidua, taking occasion to write to the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio, on the subject of American manners, used these remarkable words:

"Paternal and filial affection is not much more lively among them. In a large family the sons gather together at meal time, each coming from his business; each enters the room, says not a word to father or brothers; opens not his mouth, in fact, except to put something therein; devours in a few instants the few ill-cooked dishes, and whoever is first satisfied, without waiting till the others have finished, rises, takes his hat, and is off. . . . A son who goes off. . . to establish himself in Kentucky or Missouri has no more to say in the way of adieu than if he were going to see a *festa* in a neighboring village. The father on his side, welcoming some other son returning from China, will say to him, cool as a cucumber, 'Good day, John,' and at the very utmost do no more than throw in a shake of the hand."

In short, the worthy Italian was extremely disgusted with that imperturbability of our character, of which he seems to have been one of the first observers, but which has since received so much attention from foreigners, and of late years been so much criticised even by ourselves. We have no need to write an article to prove the existence of the peculiarity, for every one, we take it, is willing nowadays to admit the general fact that the Yankee is a man with whom *nil admirari* is the great maxim for the conduct of life, and a dozen stories are known to every one which illustrate it. For example, that hackneyed story of the son who, for some reason, feeling aggrieved at the treatment he received under the paternal roof, on being sent out by his parent to bring in a birch-log for the fire, went out West, and returning some twenty years later, a grown man, and bethinking himself of the twenty years'-old errand, re-entered the homestead with a log in his arms, and resumed relations with his family by placing it in the ashes, without remark on either side. But what we do wish to call attention to, because we do not think it sufficiently attended to by poets, novelists, essayists, and others who deal with the problems of the soul, is this: that it may be very seriously questioned whether this imperturbability is not the indication of the much deeper and more important fact—that, owing to many causes, certain emotions which have heretofore played a great part in the history of the world are, in reality, on the decline. The emotions we refer to are the "family affections." Reserving all our inalienable right to differ from those who think so, we merely wish to say that an idea is abroad in the community that the ties of kinship—the relation of brother and sister, father and son, mother and daughter—are gradually losing their hold upon us, and that all involuntary bonds of this sort are growing irksome. And this notion has more to rest on than assertion. Ask your acquaintances, and you will find that all of them will admit the necessity of "cultivating the affections," an admission which seems to imply that their native strength is not found to be very great. Ask any one you happen to know intimately, and he will tell you that the most serious misgiving he feels is that he does not sufficiently love those with whom life has thrown him into involuntary contact. Read the literature of your time, and you find the most fascinating story your acquaintances have read for many a day, was that concerning one "Mme. de Neilhac," which touched the fortunes of a lady whose peculiarity it was that she could never discover that she had affections of any kind, "family" or other. To explain these curious facts, the advocates of the theory we are speaking of maintain that the "family affections" may as well be admitted to be on the wane.

The truth is, they say, that after doing all in our power to abolish "the family" altogether, we yet expect the affections which were incident to the relation to remain in full force. The old-fashioned *family* has just as completely disappeared as the old-fashioned stage-coach, or the old-fashioned periwig. The father at the head of the board, with his wife and twelve stalwart sons about him, and with the aged grand-sire and grand-dame in the corner, are as much an institution of the past as the wide-throated chimney round which they gathered after the day was over. If the twelve stalwart sons are good for anything, they are running machine-shops and mills, studying law or medicine in various quarters of the earth, and such of them as stay at home have a "study" to themselves, where they live such lives as pleases their spirit of independence. As for the aged grand-sire and grand-dame, they take the best care in the world, whatever else they may do, to have a home of their own, and the last place in which they would care to compose themselves for their final rest would be the "old homestead." It might be said that the only unhappy American homes were those in which three generations attempted to live together. The first thing the genuine modern man (can any one any longer doubt that the American is your genuine modern man?) ought to do is to get rid of "the family," to stand on his own legs, to work with his own head, to be independent. The first thing the genuine modern parent wishes is to have him go. Early adolescence, therefore, is the period when the family tie begins to be loosened. Happy are those households in which the new necessity is early recognized. If the door is opened, and the boy directed on his way into the wide world, ten to one but he will think his father a very good fellow, and remember him and mention him to his wife as a "splendid man;" otherwise, woe be unto him; he has shown a want of confidence in his son, and want of confidence is the unpardonable modern parental sin, and he straightway finds himself called "governor," and is fortunate if he does not discover some fine morning that his son is clandestinely married to one or other of his female acquaintance whom common philanthropy will not permit a father-in-law to allow to starve.

Then, again, there is marriage; that used to be a parental function, and children used to find themselves married by a family council and to consider it as much an operation which they had no authority to prevent as children under twelve now do vaccination. But we have abandoned that system, and introduced that of "natural selection." Now the direct effect of this is to weaken the dependence of children, and "family affection" was strictly the affection of dependence and support. The family was bound together as are the links in a chain, and each link felt the absolute necessity of each other link to the completed whole. But how is a modern father necessary to his son, or how is a modern son necessary to his father? They are mutual encumbrances. Each could make more way in the world alone. Each could make his separate deduction from his income-return. The opening of occupations to women must sooner or later have the same effect

on them; their individualism must increase, and their family tie be weakened. Whether the maternal instinct is going to die out altogether it is not necessary to enquire; but to suppose that the family tie of mother and daughter can be as strong when one is a telegraph operator and the other a treasury clerk, as in the good old times when they led one and the same life in one and the same room, taking turns at one and the same spinning-wheel, is absurd.

Nor does the practice of divorce strengthen family ties. The other day two people were married in one of our most flourishing Western States, and a local journal in announcing the fact stated that on such a day so-and-so and so-and-so had been by such a clergyman "united for life." This, a contemporary said, "was the first time, within their recollection, such a ceremony had been performed in that section of country." Now according to the theory which we are attempting to lay before our readers, one of the most substantial reasons for the existence of the old family sentiments was that the bond was indissoluble; but now that the contract of marriage is every year making a closer and closer approach to the ordinary civil compact, which can be broken on the consent of both parties, children who should accustom themselves to jeer at the "sacredness" of the relation ought not to be dealt with too severely; and in families where several divorces have occurred, fraternal affection cannot be expected to be of the most lively kind. Suppose, for instance that some progressive Westerner marries, has children, and is divorced, and keeping his children, marries again, has children, is divorced again, and this time the children go with the step-mother. She now marries again and has children; what do the children of the three marriages think about the "home circle"?

Hawthorne used to say that in his opinion the tendency to repress all feeling which was characteristic of our race might fairly be expected to result in a total extinction of feeling. The intellectual life of our age might be expected to swallow up and destroy the sentimental life. Hawthorne was unquestionably fearless of any conclusions to which his reflections might lead, and of all the melancholy fancies which he spun, this is perhaps the one which is most shocking to the average man or woman. In order, however, to support the theory of the decay of the family affections it is not necessary to go as far as he; we need only believe that there is one class of sentiments which has been materially weakened by the changed conditions of modern life. The complete independence of the individual in our system, the early separation of families, the ease of locomotion, the destruction of parental and conjugal authority, the laxity of the marital tie, all these things combine to make the idea of "family" rather conventional than real. With one member in Oregon editing a newspaper, another in Florida planting cotton, another in Central Asia studying Buddhism, the family tie is almost as little felt as that which connects each one of us with the great human family. But let no one despair. Suppose these ties be on the wane; it is not necessary on that account to adopt the misanthropic conclusion that the human heart is on the wane. May it not be that we are substituting for these old feudal feelings new and improved ones? An observing friend has suggested a solution of the difficulty which we think has a great deal of evidence in its favor, and is supported by excellent authority. This theory is that we are substituting for the old involuntary family affections of our forefathers voluntary affections, based on the infinite veracities; in whose precise language, people will, in the future, care for one another, not according to the fortuitous connection of a common ancestry, but will love or hate one another as they find one another amiable or detestable; that parents will care for their children as they are to their taste or not, and that children will ground their feelings toward their parents on the same circumstance. We shall no more see the disgusting complications which now arise in families from incompatibility of temper, but the most frank relations in the world will take the place of the false and hypocritical ones established by tradition. Friendship will come to occupy a more exalted place than she ever has before, and the "family tie" will be relegated to the limbo of exploded ideas. The conjugal relation, being now based on mutual esteem and natural affection, will continue only so long as that esteem and affection last, and it ought to continue no longer. Does not Laugel say, "With her, [the American wife] alone perhaps in the world, the conjugal is stronger than the maternal love"? Our friend was quite warming to his theme, in thus picturing the millennium of the American sentiments, when we interrupted him with what still seems to us a simple enough question, but which, nevertheless, brought his eloquence to an abrupt termination; our question was this: how soon he proposed introducing the new system into his own household?

ART-STUDY AT THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL IN PARIS.

My first feat on arriving had been to fly against the Arch of the Star, in a vague quest of the American Embassy, whose pressure I wanted in forcing my candidacy for the School of Fine Arts. When I had dropped my name into the feathered ear of a faint young secretary in a pale room that was little and wooden—not quite unlike a segar-box—I became an applicant, and my first concern was fulfilled. Then a good deal of time passed, Paris began to lose its rapidity and strong idiom, the days rarefied and became almost as long as untravelled days at home, I got nothing from the Minister but his ordinary card of ceremony, while as for *my* card—the name I had left got on tolerably without me, and amassed in the Legational pigeon-hole a little property of dust creditable to its proportions. I lost hope of admission, and had immersed myself in Celtic antiquities on the Biscayan coast, when, lately, an official note from a Chargé reversed me. I threw the Druids over, for the epoch of *La Lanterne*. The note said, with a certain free candor of margin, that upon some renewed urging from this Legation, my application had been accepted by the Ministry of the Imperial Household and of the Fine Arts, and gave color to the good news by an over-roasted but cogent red seal.

Paris, and especially La Rive Gauche, permits herself to be seen in marked demi-toilet by him who will stir by seven or a little after. As I crossed the Pont des Arts early on the following Monday, the only loungers upon it were the desperate and frosty Leporellos who make it their cloister for the meditation of the matin Grisette. The German sweeping-girls who described with lean-looking brooms their monotonous geometry in the paste of its asphaltum floor had no more figure, in their neutral-tinted wrappings, than has a stick of kite-line. The carved nymphs on the Pavilion of Flora looked into the nasty Seine and shuddered. The fog upon the river seemed a sponge of ice. Restaurant-waiters on the Rivoli or on the quay, without a trace of their professional nattiness, lounged in broken slippers and centrifugal hair among the heavily-splashed shutters. They are at such an hour totally unproductive of coffee and *petits-pains*, and when applied to by the fasting stranger yawn, I recollect, and indicate a crêmerie. Clean across the narrow footwalks of the Rue Bonaparte, fountains of mud were spouting from under the furious morning carts against the print-shop windows warmed with the sunniest pastorals of Watteau and Boucher. Finally, amidst all the architectural bric-à-brac with which Alexander Lenoir has begemmed the courtyard of the Palais des Beaux Arts, animals with blue blouses and faces were busy at quite a mountain of winter firewood for the schools; from the wall over their heads Raphael's *Galatea* in mosaic smiled—I know not how—with some sort of Mediterranean sense that she was not a dryad and had no congenital antipathy to wood-saws.

"C'est un nouveau," said the stout young porter. The observation, which seemed to discriminate my shiny portfolio as much as myself, was thrown by him, while in the act of mitigating the judiciary terrors of his uniform with a smock, to his potato-frying wife within the lodge. Through an outer and an inner courtyard, on whose inlaid marbles the stertorous saws were laboring through the firewood, and whose walls were encrusted with carved bits from all sorts of places, like an architect's delirium, I approached the dignified façade, where marble copies of a number of famous antiques were ranged like a line of sentries. Even at the outer gate, the bronze doors of this façade had their keepers —a brace of gendarmerie-dragons in arched hats, inside a great hall coldly furnished forth with Elgin casts complete on tables. The dragons partook of the society of Phidias without relish, and looked, as they made muffs with their overcoats, capable of exchanging the Theseus, the Ilissus, and the Parcæ together for a horn of the porter's fried potatoes. Through a vista was seen the inner court of all, with gigantic statuary and a crystal roof.

Mounting a broad stair (I am conscientious in graduating this imposing arrival step by step, that I may never have it to do again), I found myself on the first floor, entering upon a loggia whose essential beauty not even

the drab morning had power to disfigure. It wore for embroidery the pure authentic legend of the Renaissance. One side looked out upon the glass-roofed garden, between pilasters frescoed with the arabesques of the Vatican; the more solid inner parallel wall was pierced, between rich panels, with the doors of the three ateliers of painting; and the ceiling was nobly checkered with the divine epopee known as Raphael's Bible.

I walked down this considerable corridor in ignorance which of the three entrances to choose. My particular professor was Gérôme; the masters of the other schools are Cabanel, and Pils, the battle-painter. As I passed each successive door, a mixed murmur, as of great doings within, permeated the panels and reached the ear. How I have passed them since, and fancied that there was something special and characteristic in the noise from each—a warlike roar from the military school of Pils—something far and Grecian, as of bees in Tempe, from the disciples of Cabanel! As for us of the atelier Gérôme, I believe we make a riot equalling the others combined, which it may be my province to analyze hereafter. Through the palpable fog I dimly groped along, past these doors that severally roared like the by-way to hell in Bunyan; bearing for a shield the glossy portfolio, and watched over from above by the corpulent personnel of Raphael's Bible. Niched in the utmost extremity of the passage, and darkly bloated by the mist, I soon perceived a being in uniform whose hands went through the constant motion of twisting, like Lachesis with the thread. The singular existence of this functionary is passed in simultaneously nodding authority from the cocked hat, and twisting grey paper into little screws. He is by no means implacable, but is willing to vend the twine of fate at a gros sou the half-dozen *tortillons;* they are fine stumps used in chalk drawing. An acquaintance which has heaped upon me enough paper screws to spiralize all my future path-way in life was then and there commenced by a question to this honest fellow.

When, on his direction, the proper door-knob had turned in my hand, there was a striking change from the cloistral order and loneliness of what had just been passed. A scene of turbulence was passing in a naked hall, the air of which was blue with cigarette smoke, whose level webs could be everywhere traced settling upward. In barns, etc., may have been occasionally noticed the odd effect when a space is illuminated from one sole aperture; to this chamber the cataract of thickened light from the solitary arched window gave the broad, unifying results of moonlight. On a rotary platform in the focus stood an olive-skinned youth, balanced in the attitude of the Antinoüs of the Campidoglia. A descendant, maybe, of one of the Æneades, nature had dowered him with sleek Greek limbs and bosom, and then irresponsibly despatched him to make his fortune with that exclusive capital. In Paris, among the studios, he thrives well enough, with his nakedness for his best suit of armor.

The pictorial composition—and it was pictorial, quite satisfying and complete to the artistic eye—had for its high-light this statuary figure, floating above the floor in eddies of smoke, and bathed in a blue solid radiance shaped like a flying-buttress. Around, and partaking of the unfathomable obscurity which hung beneath the window, were vortexes of students, with silvery outlines and invisible faces. They were proceeding to range themselves, with the maximum of noise, in a crescent around the model. The nearest semicircle squatted, embracing their drawing-boards; those behind them sat, with the natural circularity of back, upon *tabourets;* another range were standing at easels; while over their shoulders loomed a number of isolated, daring spirits, based upon various pedestals of an impromptu and more or less precarious nature. Aware of the punctilios of student-life, I made a comprehensive salaam, (in which salute I believe I found it handiest to get my hat on to my portfolio and bow it round like lemonade,) and the constellation straightway sang together. "C'est un nouveau," was their song, an echo of the porter's; and a cheery yell it made, for it included all the possible joy of hazing a freshman.

The descent of a *nouveau* into the school was like that of the meal into the pot, which subsides for an instant, and then boils up a great deal higher (my phenomena are taken from Prof. Faraday, and are irrefragable). "*Un nouveau! un nouveau!*" arose, in the accent of thankfulness after manna, from the students; followed, on somebody's part, by "cependant, c'est un cornichon d'anglais." A sly little marmoset in spectacles, painting and singing within the door, who was a type of several others, interrupted Thérésa's song, "*Ça me chatouille,*" just at the sneezing refrain—sneezed in a pointed and affable manner at the new-comer—and resumed, "*dans le nez,*" with his chin an inch further out and his pitch rather higher. Though not much given to small revenges, I had a soothing feeling as I passed him, in directing with my elbow his own brush (loaded with blue) to the feature he had mentioned. He issued from the contact azure and crimson, and an appreciative youth who caught my eye the same instant took the trouble to show me the hat-room. Here an antique Faun was playing his solo in a tabernacle of overcoats, the silken *cache-nez* or neckerchief of a student hanging with decorum from his tail. This alcove was so grimy with ends of chalk and charcoal, that my new friend quite improved the part of Sir Walter Raleigh by offering his own cloak for my wrappings to hang over.

"Now we re-enter," said he. "Choose a view as quickly as possible for the good places are being occupied while we consume the time. The pose is strongest, to my taste, from the left quarter. The easels you will find in the corner, the stools are piled into yonder barricade, and the charcoal, when there is any, is in a little box on the ledge."

The easels, from having served in many Troys as instruments of aggression and defence, were little but a pile of inarticulate lumbe . After a rummage I found the front part of one, the shape of the letter A; and made it the initial of my career in the École des Beaux Arts, binding a spare prop and ratchet to it with a handkerchief. Choosing one of the few crevices visible in the close ranks of humanity around the model, I managed my wounded easel thither with care and sympathy, and finally got it to stand upright therein, though in a fluttering and hypochondriac manner; claiming location in the usual way by describing with chalk the triangle measured by its feet, I loaded it with materials and began to pro. file the classic attitude before me.

I had been triangulating and protracting for some time, and had lost the pervading hubbub in that utter abstraction which is one of the spells of art, when the model was suddenly displaced in my view by a darkly shaded object rising directly in front and intercepting it; if I had continued to copy mechanically, my line would have swerved into the oval of a large and swarthy face, full-bearded and capped with fur, which had come into focus apparitionally, like Robinson Crusoe in a magic lantern.

This was my friend Blanc—my whilom friend; poor fellow! I need not respect him, for he has married since—I will portray him remorselessly. His beauty had the idiom, derived from the lengthened nose and pinched nostrils of the goat, which gives so much of what we call the Hebrew character to the ancient statues of satyrs. His brown skin, huge form, rude rug of hair, unmannerliness, and grace would have convinced Keats that it was god Pan in person. Blanc had the mental thickness, dispersed in the abundant and dramatic gestures, of the South; his accent, too, was rustic and Southern. If the most Parisian Paris be indeed the Latin Quarter, I constantly find there the most real and circumscribed sort of rusticity; and the discovery of rusticity as the essence of Paris, of all cities, has ever gratified my sense of antithesis and of the picturesque. Blanc has been the best of fellows with me, returning incessant loans of six or ten sous with painful scruple; I presently found a pleasant way of satisfying this nice conscience by contracting an avidity for the "Rembrandts" and other rack collected in his portfolios. His dress had the peculiarity of a single button, imperishable and lonely, to the pantaloons, and the eternal fur bonnet, which out-watched the seasons; but his athletic figure was a favorite in the studios, and I know him best in the toilet used by his peers in the *chaparral* of Arcadia. Girt with a disappointing concession to modesty in the shape of a steel brace, he moves in my memory through the marked light and shade of the ateliers—not unlike the sylvan shimmerings—a guttural god wooing perpetual Antiopes and Syrinxes, which always turned out to be painted canvas.

"You will give us a good gross welcome, a hundred francs, a hundred and fifty francs, comme ça?" That was the way he opened acquaintance, rising to all appearance out of the ground and squatting flexibly on his hams. It was the rough, threatening coquetry of Arcadia. In reply I offered cigarette paper and *blague-à-tabac;* "Marchandons," I said, and it began to be, I fancy, quite like a bazar-scene in Cairo. He secured a liberal conveniency of paper and weed, and twisted up a cigarette like magic. The studio, apprised that the game had commenced, assisted the spokesman with suggestions that were loud in the ratio of distance and obscurity.

"That he sing his song!"

"That he pay a worthy *bien-venu*, the ideal *bien-venu*, the *bien-venu* that one dreams!"

"How does he draw, the Englishman?"

"That he go for wood!" (This from a small and frightened boy, who squeaked and ran to a corner. He had been replenishing the stove as I entered.)

"His song! His song! The English pater-noster! Got safe ze Queen! Dam!"

Rather confused by all these attentions, I found my best remedy in minding my work. Blanc got his head round, followed by its own private aureole of smoke, to the front of my easel. He complimented me by a narrow and patient perusal of what I had done, and reported a kind criticism to the rest.

"What is your name, *le nouveau?*" he said, in his oddly magisterial way. The chalk triangle at my feet was vacant of the letters with which each claim is usually marked. I wrote my name in it legibly, and Blanc made chaos and dreamland of it in interpreting it to the studio.

"Now you must sing us *Got-safe-ze-Ouine!*" said he.

The chalk being still in my hand, I stopped again and added "*Amérique*" to what I had written. The effect was pleasant, and far more marked than I should have imagined. "Why, it is an American!" he shouted. "Bring up the other American! Let us see the Americans kiss each other! They will say *Vive Vashington*, and their faces will melt together. We have not to do with the English coldness."

In the meantime the marmoset, who had been anxiously washing his face at the sink, approached with an empty Kirsch-bottle. He was nearly clean, and he put on a cunning and pleasant dryness of manner. "You will go out and buy two sous' worth of milk, and four sous' worth of black soap." I was not unprepared for this incongruous demand, and not too silly to have executed it literally at need. Milk is the cement used for fixing a charcoal design to the canvas; a soft black rosin soap is used for cleaning brushes: and the last *nouveau* is always the Mercury until relieved by a successor.

"Where is the money?" said I quickly. The poor vagabond searched pocket after pocket to no effect; he took it hard, even in that parliament of the impecunious, and blushed painfully. "Look, *mon petit*," he got then in his ear, "wait until the recess, when the model rests; then choose six of your friends, buy soap enough to last a week, and drink to America in a bottle of respectable champagne at the nearest *marchand's*. Then bring the milk in the bottle for a proof."

Meantime there was a commotion. They were dragging up the "other American." Lo! it was mine old familiar friend, Tom East, who had been watching, with a spice of viciousness, to see how I got on, from an obscure part of the room.

Tom is a cultivated creature, dressed like a fireman. This is a combination which pleases the Latin Quarter, and I found him high in favor. He is, however, a laconic companion, and, like Count Moltke, "silent in seven languages." Like all silent people, though, he has occasional bursts of talk, when no one can reduce him; and one of these explosions had occurred in my favor during the past summer. In the baking, blinding Paris heat, when I was rusticating by the Bay of Biscay, East had undertaken to manage the American applications for the Beaux Arts, of which his own was one. He had passed guard after guard with invincible determination and convenient misunderstanding of etiquette; had burst veil after veil, to find himself at length in the presence of Nieuwerkerke, the Minister. The Minister had yielded incontinently to East's merry eyes, his excessive perspiration, and a few of his seven languages, and Tom had passed me in passing himself. A second jet of his eloquence apprised me of all this now at the recess, when we streamed out for refreshment, leaving the room dull and vacant, with smoke hanging in a canopy over the poor model, who spread exhausted, like spilt cream, over his platform.

THE TALK OF THE UNLETTERED FOLK.

Our friend, the conscientious schoolmaster, made an excellent impression upon us the other day, when visiting his school. In what may be called the crisis of the session that afternoon, we are bound to say he bore himself well. His erudition over the digamma, called out by the question of the girl in blue, surprised us. His skill in detecting the whisperer on the back seat, and the well-sustained frown with which he awed him into silence, were fine. We are also bound to say, however, that in his dealing with the boy called Giles, our friend was either not wise or too wise. Giles rebutted the charge brought against him in the following terms: "I hain't hooked his handkercher neither. 'Twan't his'n. Ax Bill." In the wrath betrayed by the teacher it was plain that he felt far more keenly "the outrage upon the mother tongue," as he called it, than Giles's moral delinquency which presently became evident; and he threatened the lad with the ferule if he did not reform his language. We are moved to enter a plea in Giles's behalf. The theft was only for mischief, and we do not want him feruled for his English. Why we do not want it done, and what amount of discipline we consider proper, let us now state.

Our schoolmaster, we fear, knows more about the ancient tongues than about his own. Is he aware that many expressions which we set down as intolerable for their grammar or pronunciation were once strictly proper, and in many cases have been given up for poorer forms? Many a rough word, according to our ideas, or instance of uncouth syntax or bad orthoepy, is really like the vicar of Wakefield's good sturdy colt, which Moses has swapped for a most worthless lot of green spectacles in the shape of inferior expressions. Trench says, the uncouth popular talk has many forms once sanctioned by good usage, which may at the same time retain a freedom and freshness that are now lost from the more polite speech. Take poor Giles's double negative: "I hain't hooked it neither." It recalls Mrs. Gamp's "Mrs. Harris, I says, leave the bottle on the chimley piece, and don't ask me to take none." Perhaps, however, we shall be challenged to cite any other considerable authority to justify the redundant negative. Let us assure our friend that it may be paralleled countless times in our best old authors including Shakespeare, who does not scruple to employ it again and again. Here are two instances from Julius Cæsar:

"Yet 'twas not a crown neither; 'twas one of these coronets." (Act I. 2.)

"Publius, good cheer.
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else." (Act III. 1.)

Professor Lowell says the double negative is so common in old authors that he does not think it worth while to cite examples, and he gravely doubts whether the language has not lost in giving it up. As to *handkercher*, too, the same high authority questions whether it may not be as good as *handkerchief*. Its second and third syllables may come from *couverture* as well as from *couvrechef;* and Giles's word is not without precedent of the best. As to the offence in the expression: "Ax Bill," our friend will blush when he comprehends how far out of the way his reproof was, "that no decent talker ever did or ever had said anything but *asked;*" for the word for centuries, in the best company, was *axed;* and that is much purer than its modern substitute. One may see any day in Bosworth the *axian, axode,* of Alfred's days. "'Twan't his'n." There are respectable scholars who conceive that even *his'n* may be merely a contraction of *his own,* once entirely in conformity with the habits of the best society; or possibly the relic of an old pronominal dative of similar sound formerly in universal use. Really, in view of Giles's shortcoming, one might do worse than quote to him the following couplet, ascribed to a London poet. We suggest it with enthusiasm as being the appropriate thing:

"Him what hooks what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched will go to pris'n."

As there is good reason to think that *his'n* is no vulgar corruption, we could show, with the help of Rask's Grammar, a better way of accounting for *ourn* and *yourn* than to suppose them the mere blunders of boors.

We have cited Mrs. Gamp; we believe the services of this great lady in behalf of British population are abundantly recognized at home and abroad, but the world has been too blind to her merit in a different direction. As a restorer of pure old English forms, she deserves a monument more enduring than brass. Aside from her happy revival of the double negative, she has rescued other venerable felicities that had fallen into decay. "But, Betsey Prig, try the cowcumbers, God bless you!" Appealing to the authority of our best American critic again, *cowcumber* is nearer the French *concombre*, the original of the word, than the pronunciation which has been allowed to gain currency, whether Mrs. Gamp arrived at the fact by a careful tracing of the word, or an inspiration of genius. But it is perhaps in her immortal use of the relative, that she has most claim upon the scholar's gratitude. "Mrs. Harris, I says, at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person." Again: "Whether I sicks or monthlies, ma'am, I hope I does my duty; therefore I do require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg'lar and draw'd mild." And still again: "If she had abuged me bein' in liquor, which I thought I smelt her when she come." Prof. Child, in his very learned "Observations," calls attention to the fact that this is strictly Chaucerian, and quotes in proof the following passages:

"Him whiche that wepith."
"The place whiche that I was inne."—(C. T. 10891.)
"'I have a brother,' quod Valirian tho,
'That in this world I love no man so.'"—(C. T. 12164.)

We recall still another enormity on the part of Giles, perpetrated later in the afternoon. When, after recess, the boys stood at the stove warming their fingers, red with snow-balling, we heard Giles—luckily the teacher did not—whisper to his neighbor: "Old fellow, we had a high old time, didn't we?" Now in that use of *old* there is something interesting. The observation was made to a hearty chap of fifteen—the impersonation of ruddy youth; yet, in the circumstances, he was not at all improperly

addressed. There is, in truth, an ancient, most respectable use of *old* in the sense of great. We may find it in Shakespeare, as:

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English."—(Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. 4.)

"If a man were porter of Hell-gate, he should have old turning the key."—(Macbeth, Act II. 3.)

Let us trace the word back. In the Gothic, *old* was *alt*, which our Teutonic cousins still retain. Rub up your college German a little, and make out this short sentence from Grimm's "Wörterbuch": "Alt stammt von alan, Lat. *alere*, dessen part. *altus* ist." The old verb from which *alt* and *old* come, means the same thing with the Latin *alere*, to nourish; and no doubt was once identical with it. The course of development, we observe, in the Latin and Teutonic, has been different. *Altus* gives the quality of size—that which has been nourished until it has become big or tall. *Alt* and *old*, on the other hand, give the quality of age—that which has been nourished until it has become ancient. Yet side by side with the ordinary meaning of the Gothic adjective, there has come down in an obscure way, clear from the primeval time, no doubt, this other meaning, the very same which was preferred in the Latin derivative. When Giles said "old fellow," he meant "great fellow," a term of rough and ready endearment. When he said "old time" he meant "great time." He loved his friend and game, and magnified them.

While we are writing on these matters, we recall what happened in those old days (old in Giles's sense and in the ordinary sense) when the schoolmaster and we were rusticated together. He perhaps remembers the valentine from that merry mountain girl he took to the sleigh ride, and so deeply impressed. It ran thus, copied from somewhere, in painful chirography, with much trouble:

"By these four lines of metre,
I'd have you for to know,
That I to seek a lovyer
Am a goin' for to go."

The antithesis in which we then conveyed to him our congratulations, seemed to us so gracefully framed that we have not yet forgotten it. "How can a girl who shows so much taste in selecting an admirer, show so little in the selection of the language with which to address him?" All this we now retract, and propose to vindicate Patty's taste in English. There is not a thing in these lines that was not once held to be strictly correct. That *for*, in "for to know," "for to go," came in with the Normans, and is in the French to this day; as "pour savoir," "pour aller." If Chaucer had written otherwise than:

"On bokes for to rede I 'me delyte."—(Leg. of Goode Wom., 30)

or,

"He made his shippe a-londe for to sette."—(Ib., 2164)

or,

"The holy blisful martir for to seke." (C. T. Prologue)

can we suppose he would have kept his place in the court circles of his time? As for *lovyer;* a Saxon word for man was *wer*. It is said to be still in use in Scotland, where a lawyer is sometimes a *law-wer*, or law man. Many of our words ending in *er* originally had *wer*, and *yer* is the transition from *wer* to *er*.* Your *lover* then is the full-grown frog. *Love-wer* is the egg from which he came; and *lovyer* is the tadpole on his way forward to maturity. We could show, if we had leisure, a fine specimen of this interesting batrachian, disporting himself with his graceful tail in the limpid verse of the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. Patty "builded wiser than she knew." As we remember our friend in those callow days, there was a wonderfully fine appropriateness in her application of the word. For the propriety of the *a* before *goin'*, and for the termination *in*, in the present participle as an interesting relic of the old ending *end*, we will only refer to Marsh's twenty-ninth lecture in his first series.

Truly the talk of the unlettered folk is for the most part very old; and where it differs from the polite speech, the advantage is not seldom in its favor. The authority that determines what is right and wrong in these things is simply the fashion of good society, as we hardly need say. From the dicta of this authority there is no appeal, and we suffer if we do not obey them. To be uncouth discredits a man with the influential part of the world; yet we do not fear to say that the fiat of good society in many a matter connected with language is capricious and out of place in the same way with many a prescription of fashion with regard to dress. Not that fashions in speech are unreasonable to the same extent as in dress; for it is good society whose prescriptions we seek to follow when we talk and write, and not good society that we heed when we adopt garments. Yet even good society is often enough changeable and unwise. Says a historian of the French language, with some qualification indeed, yet none that affects the declaration in any important way, the polite speech "n'est non plus qu'un patois ou dialecte élevé à la suprématie; et elle a, comme les autres, ses fautes et ses méprises"—is only a dialect which chances to be uppermost. "I'll ventur to do it," would almost shut one out of a polite parlor now, yet seventy years ago it was the only thing that was tolerable. If good usage seventy years from now commands that the letter *r* shall be ignored, as is possible, making people remark during these spring east winds, "Waw and wough weather, fwiends!" then for ears polite must the letter *r* die.

Quæ cum ita sint, (this trite old husk we throw into the teacher's trough for his especial satisfaction; for nothing is so distasteful, we know, to the race of pedagogues as to have Giles and his friends casting before them these pure pearls of old English) *quæ cum ita sint*, then, we counsel him to treat the enormities of Giles with patient correction by word of mouth alone. The boy has good points, though he cannot be called an elegant person in any but a Hibernian sense; and it will be too bad to have his inelegance hurt his success. We hope, however, we have shown that he does not deserve to come to any such grief as the ferule. We own that when his broad Yankee came twanging through his nose, as he repelled his accuser's charge, Lowell's verse began to run through our head:

"An' yit I love th' unhighschooled way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger;
Their talk wuz meatier an' 'ould stay,
While book-froth seems to whet your hunger.
For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt humbug's eyes, ther's few can metch it;
An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet."

It is not the part of good taste and high culture to see nothing in popular uncouthness but what is absurd. Many pure and strong old idioms, buckets of the sweet, good Saxon milk, lie up among the springs and coolness of the country farms, while usage peddles out in their place mere chalk and water to the urbane crowd, who swallow and swallow until the taste is perverted. We choose the poorer by preference, and come to loathe the unadulterated mother-tongue.

Here, in fine, are the words of a great scholar just dead, which are as true of the provincial dialects of English as of the great language of which he writes: "Die Mundarten nun sind die natürlichen, nach den Gesetzen der sprachgeschichtlichen Veränderungen gewordenen Formen der deutschen Sprache, im Gegensatze zu der mehr oder minder gemachten und schulmeisterisch geregelten und zugestutzten Sprache der Schrift. Hier ist eine reiche Fülle von Worten und Formen, die, an sich gut und echt, von der Schriftsprache verschmäht wurden; hier finden wir manches, was wir zur Erklärung der älteren Sprachdenkmale, ja zur Erkenntniss der jetzigen Schriftsprache verwerthen können." Or, to translate freely, we go for refreshment and instruction to the popular language, and find in the forms which grammarians and authors discredit an inexhaustible wealth of suggestion and illumination.

Correspondence.

"ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I beg leave to say that Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is liked by many children who, according to the *Nation* of April 8, "care little or nothing for it." The copy which was brought into our family by means of a notice in your paper, more than two years ago, is a standing refutation of your statement, for its covers are al ost worn off, and it has been lent to at least twenty children. It was listened to eagerly, besides, in a school where the pupils were allowed, once a week, to read from books of their own choosing; and one little boy, who read it with great delight, and tried in vain to get a copy in Boston, has just been made happy by one from London. Almost every hour I hear the children quote it, or see a grin like that with which the Cheshire cat vanishes, or a milder and more kitten-like one, on the lips of a child too young to read.

Let me say, also, that Foote's "Grand Panjandrum," and the other guests at the barber's wedding, of whom you spoke as almost unknown characters, in a review of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," several months ago, are old friends of the same children. I cannot find the paper, and therefore cannot quote your statement in your own words.

Very respectfully,
C. M. H.

West Roxbury, Mass., April 9, 1869.

[We probably generalized from too limited an experience.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

It is announced by the publishers of the proposed *Record of American Entomology*, for 1869 (Salem: Essex Institute), that the number of subscriptions warrants the publication of the work, but that the increased size of it will cause the price to be raised (for all except original subscribers) from 75 cents to $1.——Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. will publish Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's novel, "The Curse of Gold," after it has run its course as a serial in the New York *Weekly*.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have nearly ready the "Life of Audubon," by his widow, already announced by us, and the following works: "Norman Leslie," a novel by Hon. Theodore S. Fay, late United States Minister to Switzerland; "On Color," from the French of Mme. E. Cavé; "Sacred and Constructive Art," by Calvin N. Otis, architect; "The Principles of Psychology," by Professor John Bascom, of Williams College; and "Our Admiral's Flag Abroad." The last-named describes the cruise of the United States flagship *Franklin*, in 1867–68, with Admiral Farragut, and is, say the publishers, to be handsomely printed and largely illustrated, so as to resemble in appearance the *Artists' Sketch Book*, published by the same house. For a frontispiece, we would suggest that a copy be made of Page's portrait of the Admiral, if the artist be willing.——Books which we may soon expect from Messrs. Lippincott & Co., are George Lawrence's "Breaking a Butterfly," of which we spoke last week; new editions of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby;" "Over Yonder," by the author of "The Old Mamselle's Secret." They have also in press: "The Stomach and its Difficulties," by Sir James Eyre, M.D., which is now in its sixth edition, and treats of a subject which ought to secure it an endless sale; three novels, namely: "The Quaker Partisans," of the Revolution; "The Gold Key," from the French, called a dramatic story; and "Busy Hands and Patient Hearts," from the German, translated by Annie Harwood. Finally, Mrs. Maria Webb's companion volume to her "Penns and Peningtons," "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall, and their Friends, with an Account of their Ancestor, Anne Askew, the Martyr." We venture to predict that this will be found a readable and entertaining book, and well deserving its second edition.——Mr. Samuel Bowles is making a third book of his experiences beyond the Mississippi, to be called "Our New West," and to be sold only by subscription, by the Hartford Publishing Company.——Mr. Edward McPherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, is preparing a "Political Manual for 1869," in continuation of his invaluable series. It will not appear before August or September, but will be strictly up to date. Mr. McPherson's leisure, if he has any, is devoted to a life of the late Thaddeus Stevens.

—It is a great question, in the race between books and periodicals, as to which shall prevail, and which is to contribute most to the diffusion and elevation of knowledge. However this may be, it often appears to us as if the most useful service we performed, in these notes, was calling attention to articles of moment in the monthly journals of one sort and another. The *American Naturalist* for April, for example, contains in its opening article on "The Aboriginal Mound Builders of Tennessee," by Dr. Joseph Jones, information which ought to be widely shared, and certainly by all who take an interest in the early settlement of this continent. The writer speaks from personal experience as an explorer of these pyramidal earth-mounds, and proves that the race which constructed them were yellow-haired sun-worshippers, allied to the Mexicans, and enjoying a considerable degree of civilization. It is a curious fact that this characteristic of yellow hair was determined from the remains of two bodies buried in a cave with the garments they had worn while living. As to the age of the mound-builders, Dr. Jones has assured himself that those whose works are still visible in Tennessee, "possessed the country with a numerous population, even as late as the exploration of De Soto." In confirmation of this belief he adduces the relics which have been discovered in these mounds, of the cross and other emblems of the Catholic religion. The article may be read in connection with Mr. Catlin's *O-Kee-pa*. It concludes that "the inhabitants of America have, at various times, come in contact with the civilization and religions of Europe, even before the recognized era of the discovery and exploration of the American continent." Professor E. D. Cope treats, with the aid of a plate, of the fossil reptiles of New Jersey. Of one of this group of monsters, it is said that New Jersey possesses six of the ten known species, and in relative abundance of individuals also "is much in advance of any other part of the world where excavations have been made"—a distinction between Jersey and the rest of mankind which is constantly cropping out. Persons who are familiar with the curious tracks on the sandstone of the Connecticut valley, will be glad to see figured here the creature that represents the transition from reptiles to birds, and was for a long time a puzzle to the palæontologists.

—The *Historical Magazine* for February contains an important document, contributed by Mr. William Swinton, and never before printed—General Lee's report of the Pennsylvania campaign and battle of Gettysburg, from the original manuscript. It is brief and modestly written, but in other respects we cannot speak for its merits. Mr. Swinton promises the editor "to follow it up with a paper by way of comment and elucidation." The weakness of the Confederates in cavalry is more than once referred to in this report, and undoubtedly had a great deal to do with deciding the fortune of the three-days' battle. General Meade's report of his operations on the Rapidan, May 4 to November 1, 1864, will be printed, for the first time, in the March number of the *Magazine*. Other papers in the present number relate to the everlasting Popham (Me.) controversy, the Rowan County (N. C.) controversy, and the Ethan Allen (Ticonderoga) controversy. There are entertaining letters, printed *verbatim*, from distinguished women of the Revolution. Mrs. Caroline Gilman contributes a pleasant account of her kinsman, Major John Lillie, a brave and intelligent Revolutionary officer. And finally, Mr. George H. Moore turns up, as we knew he would, and shakes Parson Phillips's slave-marriage formula, which we printed in part the other day, in the face of hypocritical New England. It is surprising what peculiar atrocity negro slavery assumes when practised north of Mason and Dixon's line; at least if Mr. Moore's fine frenzy is to be taken for genuine.

—The Boston *Advertiser* refers to a letter that lately appeared in the London *Times*, showing, from a recent record of all the English judges from the earliest times, the frequent instances in which eminence at the bar and on the bench has been attained by several members of the same family, often in direct descent. The *Advertiser* was led by it to examine the traditions of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and the result was sufficiently remarkable to bear exhibiting. The list is, however, too long for us to reproduce except by specimen. Reckoning the whole period from 1692 to the present time, the Court has had seventy-five justices, and among them six Cushings—the last three related—together with their kinsman Robert Treat Paine; five Sewalls, of whom three were related, and three chief-justices; two Lyndes, chief-justices; two Hutchinsons, etc. The following are also striking examples:

"Francis Dana, the fourth chief-justice [after 1775] and minister to Russia, was the son of Richard Dana, judge of the provincial court of Common Pleas, and nephew of Edmund Trowbridge, the ablest and most learned of the judges of the provincial Superior Court; and was also father of Richard Henry Dana, the poet; grandfather of Richard Henry Dana, jr., one of the present leaders of the Boston bar; and uncle of General George Kinnaird Dana, of the English army.

"Daniel Dewey, judge 1814–15, was the father of Charles Augustus Dewey, judge 1837–66; and a son of the latter, Francis Henshaw Dewey, is one of the present judges of the Superior Court. The late Daniel Dewey Barnard, of Albany, minister at the court of Prussia, was their cousin."

It is impossible not to respect a judiciary which can point to such a succession; and it is equally impossible to expect anything of the kind from an elective judiciary.

—Prof. Goldwin Smith has presented to Cornell University his private historical library, just arrived from England, which numbers 3,000 volumes, and has been insured for $6,000—about half its value. The *Ithacan*, from which we borrow this intelligence, adds that the gift is peculiarly appropriate, inasmuch as President White's book-purchases in Europe were mainly of a scientific character. Of the act itself there can be but one opinion, and as a living legacy it will be all the more appreciated. What it may betoken in regard to the author's future studies and place of residence we do not know; so long as he remains in this country and at Ithaca of course his library is as available as if he still held possession of it, with the obvious difference that it is also accessible to the students of the University.

—There is abundant evidence of the progress making in regard to education, for both sexes, in England. The new college for women in London, whose object is what is now generally called secondary education, has set up a standard of examination for admission so high that it seems to have been regarded in some quarters as injudicious. Mrs. Davies, however, the honorary secretary, explains, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that examination is waived in the case of girls who have passed the Cambridge or Edinburgh local (senior) examination. For such candidates have already been tested, equally with the boys, in regard to their elementary knowledge—of arithmetic and grammar, for example; branches

which the women's college is not designed to teach, and therefore requires to be satisfied that they have been already mastered. The results of the senior examination at Cambridge prove the wide neglect which these simple studies suffer in the preparatory schools. Out of eighty-two "senior" girls who were rejected last year, Mrs. Davies says that fifty-nine failed in the preliminary examination, viz., forty-one in arithmetic, thirty-two in English grammar, twenty-nine in history, twenty-seven in geography. But the senior examination is passed by a large and increasing number of girls under eighteen. The boys, on the other hand, at the great public schools, are in a fair way to be sensibly relieved of some of their present burdens. At Harrow, at least, a so-called modern department is contemplated for the benefit of scholars whose destination is the military or the civil service. Only a limited proficiency in the classics will be required of them, and they can proceed to finish the practical training of which the foundations were laid in the schools of humbler grade. Heretofore Harrow has been resorted to on account of its facilities for cramming the classics, which of course have been insisted on by the examiners for military and civil places. The reform, therefore, will be a limping one unless the examiners alter their standards, and this the *Pall Mall Gazette* intimates will be the case. We have in this country an analogous state of things, the colleges setting the mark for the classical schools, and the high schools setting the mark for the grammar; and the evils of superficiality and cramming which have grown out of these relations are evidently not to be corrected from below but from above.

—Unpractical teaching was the theme of complaint of Mr. Froude's late address at the University of St. Andrew's. "What I deplore," said he, "in our present higher education is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to subjects which have no practical bearing upon life." Instancing the concentration of appliances at Oxford for producing clergymen, he spoke of the unexampled clerical activity for the last thirty years, and the astounding production of theological literature in every shape. Against this he set the corresponding increase of commercial immorality and its widespread infection, which the clergy view with absolute indifference while wrangling over vestments and doctrines of faith. In all this time, said Mr. Froude, among hundreds of sermons he had heard, he did not recollect ever to have heard one "on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, 'Thou shalt not lie' and 'Thou shalt not steal.'" The closing words of the historian on this subject are quite significant:

"What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds every acre of land appropriated, a universal 'Not yours' set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a Government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled—such a child, I say, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low."

—The unprofitableness of the clergy finds a curious illustration in the extent to which the manufacture and sale of sermons have been carried in England. The advertisements of the venders of this ready-made orthodoxy have frequently been exposed, and the inference is irresistible—since advertisements cost money—that the enterprise has been a paying one. Perhaps, however, too many have entered the business, or the speculators, grown bolder, have aspired to vaster gains. At all events, a private circular has been sent to the clergy announcing the approaching issue of a periodical to be composed entirely of sermons, and to be sold exclusively to gentlemen in holy orders. The *Guardian* has been so shocked by this development that it repents ever having admitted this kind of advertisements to its columns, and solemnly resolves hereafter to exclude them, at whatever pecuniary loss to itself; rightly remarking that "if the laity once come to the conclusion that preachers are commonly indebted to others for their sermons, few clergymen will be above suspicion, . . . and a taint of insincerity will attach to hundreds of excellent clergymen who have done nothing to deserve it." This state of things lends additional piquancy to the anecdote borrowed by Mr. Froude of the late Bishop Bloomfield, who, on seeing at the University church at Cambridge a verger whom he remembered many years before when he was himself an undergraduate, congratulated him on his healthy appearance at so great an age. "'Oh yes, my lord,' the fellow said, 'I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still.'" We are not sure that the sermon periodical is not a "Yankee" invention. Certain is it that in this city a monthly publication, called the *National Preacher*, has reached some thirty volumes (unless we err), each number consisting of about four sermons, and these (hastily glanced at) seeming to be printed for no earthly reason except that perhaps they were furnished gratuitously and have a market among the clergy "exclusively." But perhaps we do the publication and the clergy injustice.

—It is easy to agree that intellectual stagnation is one of the worst results of a repressive government and one of the most powerful arguments against it. The extent to which this stagnation exists in France is seldom realized, owing to the fact that Paris is France for the outer world. Attention has recently been called in a German paper to the condition of Cette, a wealthy commercial town with 30,000 inhabitants, which has not a single newspaper of any kind, nor—what is certainly surprising—an advertising sheet. The bourse quotations it gets from a lithographic list (the common substitute for news enterprise on the Continent), and with this it is satisfied. Montpellier, the capital, has the only two political newspapers in the department of the Hérault, which contains 400,000 inhabitants. These are but echoes of the Paris press, one being a Government organ, the other an Opposition. And the city has but two non-political papers, which are described as "unspeakably silly and trivial." That the repressiveness of the Government is not traditional merely, but active, the case of M. Louis Ulbach too clearly demonstrates; and it is, indeed, as has been said, almost incredible that for a fanciful interpretation of the word "Napoleon" as meaning "Exterminator," this well-known and generally cautious writer was prosecuted, and fined three hundred francs for *lèse-majesté*. With this sentence of the police court, however, the authorities were not satisfied, and carrying up an appeal they got a new valuation of this "offence against the Emperor" in six months' imprisonment for the etymological editor, and severe fines for his printers; and, after all, it was Napoleon I. who was in question.

—It must be a very ordinary Frenchman of whom some good story cannot be told after his death. Of Lamartine the Paris *Public* tells the following, which is said to be authentic. He was a poet before he was a statesman, and so it happened that in 1848, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was still open to the divine afflatus, and never neglected the inspiration of the moment. If it caught him in the midst of his official duties, his habit was to note it down in his memorandum book, no matter how it consorted with the business entries which preceded and came after it. One day he had recorded a number of applications for subordinate offices in his department, from persons who had either been recommended to him, or in some way had recommended themselves. Soon after, he was seized with the idea that he would devote his "meditations" to King David, the psalmist, for whom, as an immortal poet, he had already expressed his rapturous admiration. He accordingly jotted down in his book, without minding where, the single word "David," which chanced, however, to fall among the applicants for consulships. In due course the list went to the bureau which made out the appointments, and finally the *Moniteur* announced that "Citizen David" had been made consul at Bremen. Naturally the lucky applicant failed to put in an appearance, or in any way to signify his acceptance of the post or his gratitude for the favor. It then became a question who had recommended him; perhaps the memorandum-book would tell. A single glance was enough for the poet-secretary. The next day the *Moniteur* had a fresh announcement: "Citizen Marchand has been named consul at Bremen, *vice* Citizen David, transferred to other duties."

—The Asiatic Society of Bengal is doing a great work for the historians of India and for Oriental scholars in general. The Sanskrit publications of this society in its *Bibliotheca Indica* since 1848 are well known to have had an important influence on Sanskrit studies in Europe. In 1862, at the instigation of its president, Mr. A. Grote, and Mr. Thomas, the numismatist, it published the first volume of a series of Persian chronicles which throw contemporary light on the periods of which they treat, and cover the Mogul and the pre-Mogul rules. Seven volumes have thus far appeared, the first three in close chronological sequence, and the reigns they describe reach from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the seventeenth century. Some Beejapoor MSS. recently found in the India Office probably contain very valuable material, though as a collection they had suffered greatly before the Company undertook to preserve them. They are said to be the remains of one of the royal libraries existing at Beejapoor in the Deccan prior to its capture by Aurungzebe in 1686. That Emperor carried off cart-loads of manuscripts, and only respected a portion attached to a Mohammedan shrine. Among the fragments are books in Persian and Arabic, beautifully written and illuminated, and some in Mahratta and Sanskrit, in Canarese and other southern languages, along with black-letter English and Spanish books in not great abundance.

BICKMORE'S EAST INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.*

In the none too extensive list of American works, half scientific, half popular, of which Agassiz's "Brazil" is a recent and first-rate example, Mr. Bickmore's travels will take a creditable place. We owe the present work to an expedition which had for its object to restore the scattered and impaired collection of shells from the East, made in the last half of the seventeenth century by the German naturalist, Rumpf or Rumphius, a description of which was published after his death, in 1705; and to procure a duplicate collection for American museums. Mr. Bickmore attributes his complete success in these particulars to the liberality of certain persons in Boston and Cambridge, and to the uniform and singular courtesy of the Dutch authorities throughout his journeyings in the Archipelago. The facilities thus afforded him by the latter enabled him to extend greatly his observations, and to visit islands which he could hardly have expected to approach before he had experienced so friendly a reception. In fact, the reader is anything but wearied or perplexed with conchological details, thinly distributed as they are through six chapters only out of seventeen. The other topics which go to make up the contents of the book are the natural features, formation, and probable origin of the several islands visited; their resemblance or unlikeness in respect of inhabitants, of fauna and flora; their political history; official statistics as to population, productiveness, commerce, etc.; and the Dutch rule and Dutch society as they appear to a stranger, who is treated with distinguished consideration wherever he goes, who does not stay long in Batavia, and who leaves the island domain within thirteen months after entering it, having, as he says, travelled six thousand miles in the meantime, and fulfilled his scientific mission.

Our author not only reports to us all that he saw, but shows his acquaintance with the works of previous explorers and travellers in the same field, so that, altogether, he offers a very considerable amount of information, which will be fresh to most readers. With the exception of his experiments in regard to hot-water vegetation, he makes, perhaps, no original contribution to our knowledge of cosmical development; but he represents in a very striking manner the extent of volcanic upheavals, and indicates very clearly the probable connection between the Archipelago and the Asiatic and Australian continents. He notes also the strict limitations of their fauna and flora where only narrow straits separate adjacent islands, and indicates what products are exotic and from whence derived—in settling which latter question comparative philology plays an important part. To hear the English speech in those countries ought to have caused scarcely greater delight than to meet with maize, and cocoa, and pine-apple, and reflect that these are America's gifts to the Old World. Even coffee was introduced into these islands, in which pepper and cloves and nutmegs are indigenous, though, strange to say, the natives have never discovered any use for them. How the endowed compare with the endowing countries, Mr. Bickmore's contrast of Java and Cuba illustrates; and though the colonial policies of Holland and Spain have too often run parallel, the latter may perhaps justly be charged with the inferiority of her favorite island:

"Java is to the East Indies what Cuba is to the West Indies. In each there is a great central chain of mountains. Both shores of Cuba are opposite small bodies of water, and are continuously low and swampy for miles, but in Java only the north coast borders on a small sea This shore is low, but the southern coast, on the margin of the wide Indian Ocean that stretches away to the Antarctic lands, is high and bold, an exception which is in accordance with the rule that the higher elevations are opposite the greater oceans, or, more properly, that they stand along the borders of the ocean beds or greatest depressions on the surface of our globe. In Java, where the coast is rocky, the rocks are hard volcanic basalts and trachytes, which resist the action of the sea, and the shore-line is therefore quite regular; but in Cuba there is a fringing of soft coral rock, which the waves quickly wear away into hundreds of little projecting headlands and bays, and on the map the island has a ragged border. In its geological structure, Cuba, with its central axis of mica slates, granitic rocks, serpentines, and marbles, has a more perfect analogue in Sumatra; for in Java the mountains, instead of being formed by elevations of pre-existing strata, are merely heaps of scoriæ, ashes, sand, and rock, once fluid, which have all been ejected out of separate and distinct vents. The area of Java is estimated at 38,250 square geographical miles; that of Cuba at about 45,000. The length of Java is 575 geographical, or 666 statute miles; that of Cuba 750 statute miles. But while the total population of Cuba is estimated only at a million and a half, the total population of Java and Madura is now (1865), according to official statements, 13,917,368. . . . . In Cuba, of a total area of thirty million acres, it was estimated in 1857 that 48,572 were under cultivation, or, including pasturage, 218,161 acres. In Java and Madura last year (1864) the cultivated fields and the groves of cocoa-nut palms covered an area of 2,437,037 acres. In Cuba, from 1853 to 1858, the yearly exports were from 27,000,000 to 32,000,000 dollars, and the imports of about the same value. In Java, last year, the imports amounted to 66,846,412 guilders (26,738,565 dollars); and the exports to the enormous sum of 123,094,798 guilders (49,237,919 dollars)."

Dutch kindness and hospitality, in the case of Mr. Bickmore, could only protect him to a certain extent from discomfort and danger. Earthquakes and volcanoes he had always with him; more than once in Malayan canoes he came near being swamped at sea or in the furious surf, or stranded on coral reefs; in descending from the cone of a crater his life hung for a moment on a single fern; even in a Boston carriage, his horses being untrained, he was like to have been hurled from winding cornice roads into bottomless abysses; he braved the pirate *Shenandoah* in the Indian Ocean (spring of 1865), and ventured into the cannibal district of Sumatra; he walked with fear and trembling—or, as he is apt to say in such cases, "with a shudder"—among tigers and snakes, and at the very last, at Singapore, had a deadly engagement on ship-board with a "specimen" python, which a malicious acquaintance had given him "on sight, unseen," as the phrase is. His adventures with the "American," as the Boston carriage was called, are worth quoting, both in themselves and as specimens of the author's best narration. Having had a sufficiently alarming experience with horses on the narrow and precipitous mountain descents, Mr. Bickmore contrived to have coolies assigned to draw him instead:

"I selected three of the tallest and fleetest and placed them between the thills, and ranged others outside to haul, by means of long rattans fastened to the forward axle, and a suitable proportion behind to hold back by a rattan secured to the hind part of the carriage as we went down hill. All being in their places, I jumped into the carriage. A wild yell was raised, and away we dashed down a gradual descent, as if we were drawn by a race-horse; the road became steeper and steeper, and we flew faster and faster; those behind had evidently forgotten what was expected of them. Those in front, who were outside of the thills, dropped the rattan and leaped aside for fear of the rattling wheels behind them, and those in the thills shouted all sorts of implorings and execrations against those behind, who seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of their fellows too much to hold back at all. When we reached the bottom of the long hill, the men in the thills were the only ones near the carriage. The others were scattered at intervals all the way down the hill, but were coming on as fast as they could. All seemed in the best of temper, except those in the thills, who gave a spirited lecture to the others; but at once all formed as before and took us up the succeeding hill.

"At noon we came to the famous suspension bridge of rattan, of which I had been hearing the most frightful accounts for the last hundred miles. At once I took off my shoes to avoid slipping, and hastened down the airy, oscillating way, without allowing myself to look down and become giddy at the fearful depth beneath me. . . . . At each bank the bridge is some eight feet wide, but it narrows toward the middle until it is only two feet, where it vibrates the most. I had been directed to go over, if possible, at a hurried walk, and thus break up the oscillating motion, and particularly cautioned against seizing the side of the bridge, lest it might swing to the opposite side and throw me off into the abyss beneath. When I had gone half way across the first span I found that one of the cross-boards, on which I was just in the act of placing my foot, had become loose and slipped over to one side, so that if I had stepped as I intended, I should have put my foot through, if indeed I had not fallen headlong on the rocks in the torrent more than a hundred feet beneath me. I therefore stopped instantly, and allowed myself to swing with the bridge until it came to a state of rest, and then again went on slowly, and safely reached the opposite bank. My companions, who stood on the bank behind me, became greatly alarmed when they saw me stop in the midst of the long span, and were sure that I had either become giddy, or was frightened, and that, in either case, I would grasp hold of the side of the bridge contrary to their express orders. The difficulty in crossing this bridge, which is as flexible as manila rope, is so great, not only because it oscillates to the right and left, but because there is a vertical motion, and its whole floor, instead of moving in one piece, is constantly rolling in a series of waves. . . . .

"Although I am not one of those who allow themselves to be constantly tortured by presentiments and omens, I could not rid myself of an impression that some accident was going to happen to those who were bringing over the carriage, and went back to see for myself what they were doing. The wheels and the top were over, and six natives were bringing the body, which, though large, was very light. They had already crossed the long span, and were coming on to the short one. Is it possible, said I to myself, that such a slight structure can hold such a weight at such a great leverage? We shall soon see, for they are rapidly coming to the middle of the second span. At the next instant there was a loud sharp crack, like the report of a pistol. One of the large rattans that went over the high branches of the camphor trees and supported the sides, had parted at one of its joints. The officer who had charge of the bridge, and was standing by my side, seized me by the shoulder in his fright. As soon as the rattan on one side broke, the bridge gave a fearful lurch in the opposite direction, but the natives all knew they must keep perfectly quiet and allow themselves to swing, and, finally, when it had become still, they came on carefully and reached the bank."

Mr. Bickmore's observations on the various tribes he met with are

* "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago. By Albert S. Bickmore, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Madison University, Hamilton, N.Y., etc., etc." New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869. Pp. 553.

interesting and suggestive. He is, apparently, reluctant to confess that his cannibals invented an alphabet of their own, since he thinks it very inconsistent with their mode of living. But this is, in our opinion, to lay too much stress on the value of letters. Men have been found to argue that it is as repugnant to roast an ox as to roast a missionary. The fact that maize was not found by Europeans in the Archipelago is considered by the author as partial evidence that the American aborigines never came in contact with those of Oceanica. But the hideous distensions of the ear which he describes are an ancient custom of the Indians on our North Pacific coast as well as in the interior of South America. The trick of cutting down elephants from behind, as practised occasionally in Sumatra, is, boldness apart, the same that makes the glory of Mr. Baker's Hamran agageers; but it is quite possible that this has been learned of the Arabs. The proficiency of the Javanese in the making of musical instruments is a sufficient distinction from our copper-colored friends on the Plains.

We may note one custom which the author relates with some gusto, or rather with a naïveté which is amusingly visible in other portions also of his diary. He is speaking of a sumptuous entertainment given, on the island of Nusalaut, to the Dutch officer known as the Resident, and himself:

"The process of demolishing had fully begun, when the dark beauties who had been dancing before the house, came in, and ranged themselves around the table. My first impression was, that they had come in to see how Europeans eat, and I only refrained from hinting to that effect to the Resident on my right, because he had already smiled to see my surprise at our novel reception; and besides, I was anxious not to appear to be wholly ignorant of their odd customs. Soon they began to sing, and this, I thought to myself, is probably what is meant by a sumptuous banquet in the East, and, if so, it well deserves the name. As the song continued, one after another took out a handkerchief of spotless white, and folding it into a triangular form, began to fan the gentleman in front of her. This is indeed Eastern luxury, I said to myself, and while I was wondering what would come next, the damsel behind the Resident reached forward and gave him a loud kiss on his cheek. 'That was intended as an appetizer, I presume?' *Natuurlijk*, 'Of course,' he replied, and I leaned back in my chair to give way to a hearty laugh, which I had been trying for a long time to restrain, when suddenly I was astonished by a similar salutation on the lips! It was done so quickly that I had no time to recover from my bewildering surprise, and coolly explain that such was not the custom in my land. Instead of my laughing at the Resident's expense, the whole party laughed at mine; but my confusion was dispelled by the assurance of all, that even the Governor-General himself had to submit to such treatment when he came to inspect these islands. Besides, I was made aware that the fault was largely my own, and that when I leaned backward to laugh, the fair one behind me had misinterpreted the movement as a challenge (which she certainly seemed not loth to accept). At every village we had to run a similar gauntlet, and I must confess that several times it occurred to me that the youngest member of the party certainly received his share of such tender attention, and that many of these beauties, *nona itum*, were determined to improve their present opportunity for fear that they might never again have the privilege of kissing a gentleman with a white face."

The real explorations undertaken by Mr. Bickmore were in the peninsula Minahassa, of the island Celebes, and in Sumatra. Thence, as we have intimated, he went to Singapore, *en route* to China, on which we may expect, we trust, another book in due time. His experience among the Celestials was of excellent service in preparing the work before us, as it enabled him to determine the origin of many customs in the Archipelago which might otherwise have passed unnoticed or unexplained. But he seems unprepared to account for the fact which struck him, that the Chinese of the Archipelago are content to be buried there, unlike their brethren in California. Two tolerably full maps and copious wood-engravings after photographs, complete the satisfaction with which Mr. Bickmore's travels may be followed; but the chapter on Sumatra would have been much clearer if accompanied by half a dozen interleaved sketch-maps of the several excursions described in it.

FOREIGN POLITICS.*

Mr. Grant Duff is member of Parliament for the Elgin Burghs, in Scotland, and holds an office in the Indian Administration under the Gladstone Government. As he enjoys—and, we believe, deservedly—the reputation of knowing more about foreign politics than any other man in England, indeed of being the only man in England who has made it the subject of close and systematic study, it was naturally hoped and expected by his friends that he would have been offered a high position—the Under-secretaryship, say—in the Foreign Office, but this he did not receive, because, according to the wags and the ill-natured, he knew so much more than Lord Clarendon, that he would have proved an uncomfortable subordinate.

The volume before us, which has now been lying on our table for some time, consists of a series of four addresses composed with the view of being delivered to audiences of his constituents in the Elgin Burghs during the year 1868, but which, owing to the pressure of other engagements, were not actually delivered. The "Glance over Europe" is a pamphlet containing a lecture which the author gave at Peterhead in December, 1867. The nature of the "Political Survey" may be best described, by saying that it is a kind of condensation or extract of all that was really trustworthy concerning the political condition and prospects at the close of that year, of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Central Asia, Interior Central Asia, China, Japan, Siam, Egypt, Abyssinia, Zanzibar, Madagascar, West Coast of Africa, Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, the United States, and the States of Central and South America.

The first question that will naturally suggest itself to any one on reading this list is, how could the author find room to say anything worth saying, within the limits of a moderate octavo, and how could he acquire the knowledge necessary to say it, on such a vast range of subjects? As regards the space, he dismisses each country with a few pages, but those pages deal with the most prominent feature or tendency in its politics; in other words, the feature which an ordinarily intelligent foreigner would be likely to talk about, or be interested in, but about which the opinions of even the most intelligent foreigners are apt to be of the vaguest kind. As to the knowledge necessary to speak with authority on so varied a theme, Mr. Grant Duff has acquired it, first of all as regards European countries, by frequent and protracted visits, and inter course with the leading statesmen and politicians of all parties, and as regards others of which he has had no personal knowledge, he has boiled down, if we may so speak, the diplomatic and consular reports, the most recent travellers' books, and the newspaper articles and correspondence. The result is an exceedingly valuable sketch of the political condition of the civilized world, accompanied with very useful suggestions as to what may reasonably be expected during the next few years with regard to each country, and all done in a perfectly calm and judicial spirit, and with a complete exemption from English leanings. We have been informed that it was the author's intention to publish a similar volume every two or three years, bringing his information down to the latest dates, but we fear his official duties may interfere with the execution of this design.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the service which he or any equally competent man, with a social or political position high enough to secure him the ear of the public, would render to Englishmen by the regular and persistent prosecution of such studies as Mr. Grant Duff has furnished, because there are, perhaps, few nations which have greater difficulty in understanding foreign politics, owing partly to want of imagination and partly to want of sympathy. The politics of a foreign country can hardly be understood by anybody who has not, in an eminent degree, the faculty of putting himself in other people's places, or who has not resided in it so long as to acquire familiarity with his neighbors' points of view. It is to this defect in the English character that we owe the extraordinary blunders of the English press, and the English public men, upon nearly all the great questions of continental politics (to say nothing about the blunders about the American rebellion), since the French Revolution of 1830. Upon that, and upon the Greek revolution which immediately preceded it, they were in the right, and as a rule they have sympathized warmly with all the great liberal movements on the Continent during the last thirty years; but they have almost invariably, when the moment of action came, been seized with some crotchet which has dried up the fountain of their benevolence, and presented them to their protégés in the light of cold-hearted deceivers. They encouraged the Poles, and Hungarians, and Italians, and Danes, in succession; but somehow, when the crisis came, they were never ready to do anything but criticise and find fault; and what has most exasperated the Continental liberals is, that most of the criticism has rarely had any basis in knowledge. A few Englishmen study foreign politics as it is rarely studied, but the mass of Englishmen do not take pains to be well informed, which would make no great difference if they had not so much to say about it; and what with ignorance and want of the sympathetic quality, their judgments drive foreigners nearly mad.

It must be admitted, however, that the difficulty of getting at the truth about foreign politics is not trifling. The leading London papers take, in ordinary times, considerable pains to get good information, but then the

*"A Political Survey. By Mount Stuart E. Grant Duff." Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1868. "A Glance over Europe." Second Edition. Same author.

mere labor of reading all, or half, what the newspapers or travellers say about foreign countries in our day, or reading the diplomatic reports or despatches, is something from which most people shrink. It would probably be found on examination, that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, both in England and America, rely on the telegraph now for all they learn of what is going on abroad. A book like Mr. Grant Duff's, therefore, which gives the key to some of the leading problems, or even a thread to carry one through the labyrinth of a revolution or "question," can hardly fail to be in the highest degree useful.

Americans, as regards knowledge, are by far worse off than Englishmen, but then their greater sympathy and imagination, and greater distance from foreign countries, prevent their ignorance from doing as much mischief. Within the range of our observation the New-York *Times* and *World*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the Boston *Advertiser*, and the Springfield *Republican*, though this last has weak, gushing moments, are the only papers which make any attempt to see, or even any pretence of seeing, foreign affairs as they are. Most of the others either eschew the discussion of them altogether, or else feel it to be their duty to take, of every event or movement of importance occurring abroad, what they are pleased to call the "American view." To the "American view," three things are necessary—first, complete ignorance of the facts of the case; secondly, a firm conviction that all rebellions are justifiable, and will end well; thirdly, an equally firm conviction that monarchs and nobles are the only persons in Europe who do not look at government and society from the American standpoint, and who do not wish to see society remodelled in exact imitation of that of the United States. That human character can have been affected in Europe by the habits, traditions, and education of two thousand years, and that a German, or Frenchman, or Spaniard, can really and truly take a different view of the ends of existence and of the elements of happiness from an Illinois farmer or "railroad man," they treat as an invention of aristocrats and tyrants. As we have said about Englishmen, this would be all very well if the love of talking about foreign affairs, and meddling in them by speeches, and resolutions, and reports, and subscriptions, and filibustering, were not rapidly growing. But it is growing, and therefore it is in the highest degree important that a greater number of persons should make the condition of foreign countries a subject of conscientious examination, and a greater number of journals should take realistic views of foreign politics, and give us, not what they "feel" or "hope" about them, but what they *know*, and what the public ought to know, before it begins to halloo over them, and sign petitions and addresses about them. The "American view" we get in abundance from N. P. Banks and George Francis Train.

The matter is all the more important because, now that our domestic troubles seem in a fair way of settlement, the disposition to meddle in foreign troubles seems to be rapidly reviving, and with it comes an enormous amount of folly and absurdity and self-stultification. In the late controversy with England, the advocates of the United States clung firmly to two positions of vast importance, both to political morality and public law; one was that a rebellion was not justifiable because it *was* a rebellion, or because the rebels were "the weaker party," or "the minority;" that it was the duty of every man, before encouraging it, to enquire faithfully, whether it had any better grounds than caprice or passion, or whether its ends were justifiable, or *whether it had a reasonable chance of success*, or of setting up something better than what it sought to overturn. The other was, that in the matter of according belligerent rights, or recognizing the independence of rebels, a state should be governed strictly by the rules of international law, and not by its own desires or sympathies; and on England's departure from this position our charges in the Alabama case are based by those who make them with most bitterness. Yet it would be hard to discover in the speeches or resolutions of the Cretan or Cuban meetings, to say nothing of the votes of the House of Representatives, the least trace or sign of our ever having been the champions of any such doctrines.

A History of Lowell. Second revised edition. By Charles Cowley. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.)—The acknowledged value of local histories, when prepared with even a moderate degree of accuracy and painstaking, will serve as our excuse for reviewing a work published several months ago, from which our attention has hitherto been diverted. We take it up the more readily as it is unpretending both in scope and appearance, and is, considering its brevity (pp. 235), as well done as could be expected. Its literary workmanship is not high, and the proof-reader has neglected many errors in the types; but the book is orderly in its arrangement and may be read with interest even by those for whom many of the statistics will have no attraction whatever. The author we take to be a lawyer by profession. In the late war he was a paymaster and judge-advocate in the navy, and was wounded in the attack on Fort Johnson in Charleston harbor in July, 1864.

If it is difficult to gather from obscure and meagre records the early history of our first American settlements, it is hardly less difficult to write the annals of a town which began its corporate and independent existence less than fifty years ago. The very obscurity of the former is an incentive to diligent research and offers a fascinating field for speculation; the notoriety of the latter, in an age of newspapers which leave nothing concealed, forbids indulgence in the illusions of fancy, or much departure from a simple narrative and summary. In the first instance we have to deal with a few characters, of marked individuality, and have plenty of leisure to devote to them; in the second, we may also have a few more prominent than the rest, but then their career is well-known and amply recorded, and their very faces are remembered by those still living, while the generation succeeding the founders is yet active on the stage, and is not a proper subject for the historian. All this is to be said of Lowell as compared, for example, with Salem Village, and the more so because the city may at this day be described as inchoate and unfinished. Mr. Cowley says of the people, in a misapplied but intelligible phrase, that "the *genius loci* is not in them,"—in other words, the municipal spirit is wanting. This defect we are too familiar with in New York, and partly for a similar reason—the immense influx of foreigners. This has had the natural consequences in politics:

"It must be confessed," says the author, "that Lowell has become a political Bœotia—that her politics, her office-holders, and her office-seekers are the opprobrium of the Commonwealth. She is cursed with miserable 'bummers,' of both parties, who, were they suddenly placed in the Common Council of New York, would have nothing to learn of political chicanery, but might be able to impart some valuable suggestions to Fernando Wood himself."

On another page he states that "in the first years of Lowell, three-fourths of the men placed in public authority were among the best men living there [here]. But none will pretend that such has been the fact during the last twenty years." In this period a great revolution has taken place in the character of the factory hands, who, when M. Chevalier visited the mills in 1834, were almost all New England girls, but in 1860, at the time of Prince Napoleon's visit, were "a motley crowd of Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, and French Canadians, who were hardly likely to arouse that exquisite poetic sentiment which Chevalier felt for the factory girls of 1834." Mr. Cowley fixes the date of political demoralization in Lowell at about the era of the first great European emigration to this country, of which Lowell must have early felt the effects; but "its grand impetus was derived from the Know-Nothing movement of 1854, which suddenly changed all the loafers of the city, of native birth, into scheming politicians." The California fever and emigration to the West still further reduced the native element, in spite of which, it is encouraging to observe the excellence of the public school system of Lowell. A noticeable part of its history is the arrangement effected in 1835 by the Rev. James Connolly, the Catholic priest, and the School Committee, for including the Irish schools with the other public schools—an experiment which at first was coupled with the condition that the teachers of the schools thus included should be Roman Catholics. "In a few years, however, the jealousies which rendered this arrangement advisable subsided, and differences of creed ceased to be recognized in any form in connection with the public schools." Lowell also for a time adopted the free evening schools, but failed to keep them up; and the author claims for it the honor of being the first town in which school-reports were regularly read at the town-meetings.

Something of the old stock still remains in Lowell, or at least the spirit of those Chelmsford men who at Bunker Hill steadied themselves from a panic, on their leader breaking forth with "Old Hundred;" or their brother militiamen who, during Shays' Rebellion in 1786, "served under General Lincoln in the western counties, and, 'on the memorable thirtieth of January, performed a march of thirty miles, without refreshment, through deep snows, in a stormy and severely cold night'"—a march to which, as Theodore Parker once remarked, if the Boston "Tigers" of his day had been subjected, nothing would have remained of them at the end but their bearskins. The Lowell men of the Sixth Massachusetts honored their ancestors in being first to answer the summons to Washington, and in facing the Pratt Street mob in Baltimore, by whom three of their number perished; Corporal Crowley, a native of Lowell, bearing the colors "with a steady courage that attracted the admiration of all," and surviving that peril only to offer up his life in another place. To Lowell we also owe Generals Butler and Banks, both as politicians and as commanders—the

balance of whose services to their country in either capacity can be struck by posterity more justly than by any living. Of Banks we read very little in this history; the only unfamiliar reminiscence of him being his editorship of a Democratic newspaper after he had ceased to be the "bobbin-boy." General Butler figures a good deal more and not always reputably, but is on the whole treated leniently by the author. Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Fox is the third conspicuous sharer in the conduct of the war whom Lowell produced, and there is perhaps some limit to her just pride in him. The merit of the younger Abbotts is duly emphasized by Mr. Cowley, and is known to all readers of the "Harvard Biographies."

Other distinguished men not a few, from the Apostle Eliot down, have had a more or less immediate connection with the spot now called Lowell, but the real interest attaches to the trio whose names will never be forgotten in the traditions of that city. American energy, inventiveness, boldness, and executive ability cannot be better illustrated than they were by Francis C. Lowell, Patrick T. Jackson, and Kirk Boott. The last was the Titan of them all, and his tremendous will, which had been indulged as a soldier under Wellington in the Peninsular War, naturally carried all before it in a new and growing town where his powers of direction and achievement had the freest scope. There are, accordingly, stories to be told of his imperious supervision of the religion and politics of his employees, and of his interference in town affairs when public sentiment was likely to cross him. But the reader wishes that both he and his associates could have been portrayed more minutely, not only as men worthy of study in themselves, but as throwing light on the development of the gigantic industries with which they are for ever identified. The national bearing of their lives is hardly touched upon, except where mention is made of Mr. Lowell's part in making the tariff of 1816 protective of cotton goods.

Society in a community so heterogeneous as that of Lowell may not be scrutinized very closely. It has always furnished, says the author, "an attractive field for quacks. Not to mention political quacks, who are common everywhere, we have had quacks of one class, who have flourished at the bar; we have had quacks of another class, not less numerous, who have flourished in the pulpit; but the faculty most prolific in quacks is the faculty of physic. Here the vender of every nostrum, the empiric, and the abortionist have reaped a luxurious harvest." In ministers the town has been particularly unfortunate, not less than five having been publicly disgraced for their licentiousness or connection with bad women. It is the exceptional case when the author says of the Kirk Street Congregational church that, "in the substantial elements of parochial strength, this church is one of the strongest in Lowell. Yet four lines suffice for its history—it having had no changes in its pastorate, no schism, no scamps, no scandal. 'Happy are the people whose annals are barren.'" The large female operative population may have had something to do with the immorality which infected even the pulpit, and still more with the prosperity of the quacks referred to. Lowell, we are reminded, is the city of Dr. Nathan Allen, who contends that, so far as his observation goes, the native population is far behind the foreign in ratio of increase—in fact, is dying out. To this cause he ascribes the total excess of deaths over births (695 to 654) in Lowell in 1863. To his more general conclusions, however, we have already taken exception, and we do not feel sure that even on his chosen ground he is altogether a safe guide in this branch of social science.

Tribune Essays. Leading articles contributed to the New York *Tribune*, from 1857 to 1863, by Charles T. Congdon. With an introduction by Horace Greeley. (New York: J. S. Redfield. 1869.)—An acute reasoner on the origin of wit and humor, and the distinction between them, has concluded that the mind sometimes criticises its own classifications of the objects presented to it, and is witty when it detects similarities between things which it accepts as different, and humorous in noticing differences in those things considered alike. "Pity and sympathy," he still further speculates, "are evidently compulsions laid on us, and a just and benevolent nature could not need them, so that we may suppose that in a higher state of existence they disappear; perhaps the passionate hate of guilt may be lessened, too, in those no longer subject to temptation, . . . and as, to an advancing moral insight, crime must seem more and more the height of absurdity and abnormality, the vision of the evil world will steadily change more and more into an intense and tremendous farce."

In this analysis we discern the just appreciation of the work which lies before us. "When I began to write for the *Tribune*," says Mr. Congdon in his forcible preface, "there was hardly a political virtue, hardly a fundamental social truth, hardly a time-honored maxim of humanity, hardly an elementary principle of justice, which we did not have to fight for as if they had been discoveries." In other words, wrong had become right, humanity inhumanity, conscience hypocrisy, robbery property—language was not only perverted but subverted, wherever slavery held sway; and that was everywhere. There was, therefore, an inexhaustible spectacle of incongruities—of contradictions, as we have just said; and, according to the definition, an infinite field for humor for whoever had perception of them. Many had the perception who were spell-bound and tongue-tied; many more, however, who were stirred by the monstrous cruelties of the slave system, and filled with overflowing sympathy for its victims, could only cry out wrathfully and tearfully, like prophets of retributive justice. Slavery, too, was so clothed with respectability, and so entrenched in the reverence felt for the Constitution, that to raise a laugh against it was almost to commit sacrilege. Satire directed against it returned with ten-fold effect upon the North; for, so far as slavery was concerned, the South was eminently consistent. Being also thoroughly fanatical, it never produced a humorist.

The North produced but few; their trade was unpopular, and the Abolitionists were for the most part too grimly in earnest. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Edmund Quincy alone, as we now remember, habitually so divorced themselves from their sympathies as to regard slavery, its doings and its pretensions, (first at all events) with the eyes of a humorist. Mr. Congdon is worthy to rank with them, not as a technical Abolitionist, but as a natura humorist with anti-slavery instincts, and a powerful co-laborer from the day of small things to the triumphant end. In this volume he has gathered but a part of his contributions to the *Tribune*, but they serve very well to show the character of his writing, and, what is of some consequence to the historian, the truth of the statement which we have quoted from his preface. Since the war other humorists have arisen, and have even taken possession of the comic prints, on the side of morality; but Mr. Congdon had been long in practice when "Doesticks" reported the Butler slave sale on the Sea Islands, and afterwards "Orpheus C. Kerr" and "Nasby" planted the stings of their satire in the dying institution. Some gratitude, therefore, is due him as a pioneer, and we hope this collection of articles will secure it for him.

They are, to be sure, not so funny reading now as when they originally appeared. Many of the public incidents they discuss have fallen out of memory, and scarcely excite the interest necessary to a full enjoyment of the humor with which they are treated. But, on the other hand, all is not jesting with Mr. Congdon. Though not used to solid argumentation, he is by no means incapable of it, and as a cultivated and well-read writer he is able to afford a good deal of pleasure. It would be impossible by extracts to convey a just idea of his style, but we cannot resist giving two or three that we have marked. He is telling how Deacon Netherland caused "Old Anthony" to be flogged, on suspicion, with a saw:

"Joseph was a carpenter. Hence the theological propriety of using a saw. . . . . Well, they were rather hard on the 'boy.' The neighbors closed their windows that they might not hear his cries. The women whimpered—as the women will—till the owner of the stable stopped the proceedings, probably being ashamed to have them noticed by his horses."

Mr. Benjamin Screws, of New Orleans, a professional negro dealer, is described as "the man who deals in the cerebrums and the cerebellums, the skulls, the wind-pipes, the chests, the abdominal regions, the legs, the heels, the great toes, and the little toes of his fellow-creatures." Judge Parker "does not appear to be one of your brilliant men, the sort of person to hang up in a dark alley." And this is good sense and sound learning

"It is a great mistake to suppose that the opposition to slavery-extension which the Northern States exhibit is purely a Puritan feeling; for a deal of it is of old Dutch origin; and more of it has grown up in spite of Puritan predilection for a liberal interpretation of, and a strong respect for, the Hebrew Scripture. The truth is, so far as the Scriptural argument is concerned, that the Puritanical spirits are at the South, and holding slaves there by virtue of perverted texts out of Genesis and Deuteronomy, and fine-spun theories about the curse of Canaan."

The occasion for such writing as is most of Mr. Congdon's has pretty nearly abated, and the genius which he had for it is not shared by everybody. He has not lacked for imitators, however, and their forced jokes and pedantic citations often fill too large a space of the paper for which he did so much. It is due to him that the public should have his genuine and probably his best productions set apart by themselves, and placed among the historical documents of the thirty years' warfare against slavery.

The Solace of a Solitaire: A Record of Facts and Feelings. By Mary Ann Kelty, author of "Visiting My Relations," etc. (London: Trübner & Co. New York: John Wiley & Son.)—This is a loosely-written book, with but little to commend it on the ground of artistic merit. Its author is an

aged lady, who has published a good deal in her time, but whose works have not hitherto been deemed of sufficient interest to justify a reprint of them on this side of the water. The volume before us is, in its way, a plea for the doctrine of an infallible inward guide; though the author is not a Quaker, nor does she treat her subject from the Quaker point of view. The book can hardly be called an argument, nor does it rise to the dignity of a formal discussion. It is what it professes to be, a "record of facts and feelings." It is an unmethodical, desultory statement of the author's experiences and opinions, chiefly touching the doctrine of an inward light; with quotations from authors of high authority on other subjects in corroboration of her positions.

The frankness of Miss Kelty's personal disclosures, the unreserve with which she tells us the heart-secrets of her history, give to her pages something of that sort of interest which is found in books of a lighter character, while the gravity of her purpose and the importance of her subject make her work, as a whole, not unworthy the attention of the most serious and thoughtful reader. She is a warm admirer of the old mystics, and from her quotations and allusions it is evident that her chief "solace" has been found in such writers as Cudworth and Henry More, Madame Guyon and Fénelon, Jacob Boehme and Fichte, and such modern religious philosophers as our own Ralph Waldo Emerson. Perhaps the chief value of this book is found in the apt quotations it contains from these and other writers.

Stories for Eva. By Anna E. Appleton. (Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1869).—*Father Gabrielle's Fairy.* By Mrs. Mary C. Peckham. (American Unitarian Association. 1869.)—The Association which publishes these stories offered in May, 1867, three money prizes for "the best three manuscripts of books calculated for Unitarian Sunday-school libraries, and adapted to children under ten years of age." Twenty-nine manuscripts were sent in to the committee, of which number eight were judged worthy of publication, and five out of the eight have already seen the light. The two which give occasion for this notice are, however, the only members of the series which we have seen. Miss Appleton's belongs to the ordinary Sunday-school type—it is not so full of technical theology and precocious piety as some of the stories published in the same field, but it has, notwithstanding, a "goody" flavor which is not quite pleasant. "Father Gabrielle's Fairy" is much better, and we find on trial that it answers the end of giving innocent amusement to little children in quite an admirable way. It is a story of peasant life—the peasant life of children in Brittany at the time of the French Revolution—and in writing it Mrs. Peckham has evidently worked more under the influence of the idea that any work of fiction, however slight, is an artistic opportunity, than under the special inspiration of a Sunday-school prize for a Sunday-school book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Alger (H., jr.), Mark, the Match Boy	(Loring) 1 25
American Newspaper Directory	(G. P. Rowell & Co.) 5 00
Auerbach (B.), The Villa on the Rhine, Vol. I., Author's Ed.	(Leypoldt & Holt) $1 75
Child-World: Poems for Children	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 75
Craven (Mme. A.), Anne Séverin: a Tale	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 50
Conybeare (Rev. W. J.), and Howson (Rev. J. S.), The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, 2 vols in one	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 3 00
Griffiths (T. S.), Songs for the Sanctuary, Baptist ed	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)
Hannay (J.), Studies on Thackeray	(Geo. Routledge & Sons.) 1 25
Hale (Rev. E. E.), The Ingham Papers	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Huxley (T. H.), On the Physical Basis of Life, swd	(New Haven *Courant*)
Lever (C.), That Boy of Norcott's, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 25
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XII., Jan.-Mar., 1869	(Littell & Gay)
Lawrence (G.), Breaking a Butterfly: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 50
Locke (J.), Thoughts on Education, 2 vols., swd	(J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) 0 40
Martin (E. W.), The New Administration, swd	(Geo. S. Wilcox)
Murray (W. H. H.), Adventures in the Wilderness	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Scott (G. C.), Fishing in American Waters	(Harper & Bros)
Smith (Dr. W.), Dictionary of the Bible, American ed., Part XVII., swd.	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
Tischendorf (C.), The New Testament, Tauchnitz ed., swd	(John Wiley & Sons)
Tytler (Miss S.), Girlhood and Womanhood	(Geo. Routledge & Son)
Trench (W. S.), Realities of Irish Life	(Roberts Bros.) 1 00
The Velocipede, swd	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 50
Thackeray (Miss), From an Island: a Tale, swd	(Loring) 0 20

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The Week.

THE Senate has been constantly at work during the week, but has done nothing of importance except to confirm and reject nominations. It has not done very much rejecting, but rather more of what it has done is highly discreditable to it than creditable. It is a good thing that Mr. Stephens—the son of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens the novelist, who can do a little lobbying on occasion—was refused the consulship at Leith, where we already have in Mr. Fiske a worthy representative, in whose interest we hope it was that the rejection of Mr. Stephens took place. But there seems to be nothing to rejoice at in the rejection of a certain nominee for a postmastership in Kansas because he was "personally obnoxious" to Mr. Ross, and because Mr. Ross's fellow-senators recognize his right to half the patronage in his State. In fact, it is simply disgraceful; it illustrates the motives which governed many senators in refusing to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act—a measure which allowed them to buy their own places with other places, that is to say, with the people's money. On Friday Mr. Brownlow obtained a victory like Mr. Ross's. Mr. Ashley's confirmation as Governor of Montana is another scandal. We suppose Mr. Sumner gave his support to the "original impeacher," and not to the ex-congressman and ex-committeeman of whom such stories are told as very thoroughly justify his district for dispensing with his services. The story goes that Grant did not feel free to decline to nominate Ashley, because he had the united support of the Ohio representatives and senators. The fault of the Ohio members does not, however, seem at all a valid excuse for the President's action.

The President has shown, however, every disposition to correct mistakes when pointed out to him. For some of the worst ones, such as that in the case of Wadsworth, for instance, he can hardly be called responsible, inasmuch as Wadsworth experienced no difficulty in getting any number of signatures of prominent men to his testimonials—politicians, editors, and others apparently considering the signing of their name to a recommendation for office to be something they owe to any of God's creatures who chooses to ask for it. The case of Original Impeacher Ashley is, perhaps, the worst of all, and in this the public would be justified in being very severe on the President, if it were not that the Senate has done in cold blood, and after full debate with all the facts before it, what the President may have done through ignorance and inadvertence. Ashley, while Chairman of the Committee on Territories, entered into agreement with a land speculator, named Case, agreeing to supply him with information as to the Committee's intentions, and so to enable him to speculate successfully, exacting half of any money Case might make. The affair was examined by a Committee of the House, Ashley's letters to Case produced in evidence, and the charge fully proved, but he was let off because it did not appear that he had received any money under the agreement. This was eight years ago, and he has since been endeavoring to cover up his misconduct by "soundness on the main question," roaring for impeachment, and denouncing the wickedness of Andrew Johnson; and the Senate appears to have accepted these and the recommendation of one hundred and fifty Congressmen as a sufficient atonement for one of the most disgraceful abuses of his trust of which a legislator could be guilty. The worthy is now provided for by the Governorship of Montana. There is, of course, some consolation in the fact that he was only confirmed by one vote, but then when such a man as Mr. Sumner might have changed the result, and did not, one cannot help expressing the earnest wish that somebody of Mr. Sumner's standing would explain the principles on which they understand this Government to be based. If they really believe that moral character is of no consequence in the servants of a republic, they ought to say so frankly, and give us their reasons, and not beat about the bush as they have done in Butler's and Ashley's case.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr. Anthony had read by the Clerk a letter from Messrs. Brown, Ives & Co., in which those gentlemen did what all Rhode Island seems to be doing with great vehemence—"repudiated" Mr. Sprague's recent aspersions. If their house is in need of advertising they may certainly be much obliged to the young senator. By Mr. Anthony's device the Browns' "card" goes into the *Globe*, and posterity, reading that paper in due course, gets the Browns' defence at almost the same time that it gets the calumnies of their enemy. On Saturday Mr. Sherman introduced a resolution passed by the Ohio Legislature which expostulates with Congress for its grants of land to railroad companies, and protests against the longer continuance of the practice of making them. When one or two more of the powerful States shall have given their representatives to understand that "robbing the public of its patrimony" must not be done by the help of their votes, there will be hope that the lobby may no longer be able to resist successfully the wish of the people. As things are now, the lobby buys up a majority in Congress, or enough of Congress to put their friends, honest or otherwise, in a majority, and these steal land for the Rings. The acres are counted by millions that have already been corruptly got in this way, and it is time we should wake up to the

fact that even the "boundless West" is considerably smaller than the "all creation" it is commonly called.

On Monday, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, offered one of his habitual resolutions to the effect that the President be authorized to negotiate with England for the transfer of the British North American possessions to this country and the consequent abandonment by us of all claims against her. The speech in which he supported his views was tremendous. The Canadians and Nova Scotians and other Provincials would, however, have something to say in the matter of such a transfer; and we may tell Mr. Chandler that we have been in the Provinces, and that he himself personally, by name, and in his specific character of senator, constitutes an obstacle to our happy union with the Dominion; he points a moral, sometimes, in Nova Scotia, against the admirableness of American democratic government. His speech confirms us in the impression that the opposition to his re-election in Michigan last summer was due to "British gold." The agents of the British Government naturally enough spread abroad the report that he drank too much, but this calumny was promptly refuted, as our readers may remember, by General Butler. We wonder what that corrupt and unscrupulous power will now bring up against this distinguished man, when its minions read this last speech and feel his lash on their miserable hides.

Those of our friends in Pennsylvania who had their doubts if we were not too civil to our own legislature when we called theirs the corruptest in the Union, may have some of those doubts removed by looking into the Harrisburg *State Journal*. "Anything that had money in it," says that paper, "however unfair, disgraceful, and destructive it might be, was sure to pass." And again: "Divorce bills were openly sold in the lobbies; the Tax Bill was bought through the House, and when it reached the Senate $2,000 a vote was freely offered for its passage." The *Independent* takes up the tale also, and appears to suspect the members of many crimes besides bribery and corruption. "We simply mean to characterize it," it says, "as the most suspicious-looking public body we ever saw." "Never before," it continues, "have we seen so squalid an array of low brows grouped together in any one legislative body." Solid Pennsylvanians, it appears, do not hesitate to say, with profanity, that the present legislature is "the most corrupt that ever preyed upon that bleeding commonwealth." This beats Albany a little; but things there are getting so bad that the careful *Times* calls names, and tells of five or six Republican senators whom it openly charges with being purchasable and purchased. The Democratic members are not precisely to a man counted on as a matter of course to sell their votes, but nobody thinks of the majority of them as not being in the market. What is to be done about it all nobody seems to know. The abolition of all "special legislation" is advocated by some, and the covering of all the legislative ground by general enactments—a remedy which, to be thoroughly efficacious, should be coupled with another change in the constitution which should give us non-elective judges to interpret our general statutes. As for the greater but less glaring rascality of Washington, one newspaper correspondent of character and sense, not afraid to tell all he knows, might do a great deal in the way of putting a stop to it, to say nothing of what he might do for his paper.

The Rhode Islanders seem to have gone clean daft over the attacks of Senator Sprague on "Ives & Co." and on General Burnside. The Providence papers contain little else than replies and denunciations of the fiercest kind directed against the senator. Nothing more foolish or malignant than Mr. Sprague's speeches was probably ever uttered in a legislative body, and the assault on General Burnside would deserve punishment of some kind if uttered by anybody else. But the speeches have been, on the whole, so wild and incoherent, that it is quite plain either that he is not fairly responsible for them, or they are not worth answering. The tempest they have stirred up has really given them nearly all their weight. Besides, there is always something ludicrous in the sensitiveness of a whole community, and if we might be allowed to offer advice to the Rhode Island press, it would be to drop Mr. Sprague and let him get up his "Poor Man's Bank."

Mr. Boutwell is busily engaged in anticipating the May and July interest, and has, it is reported, paid off half a million in this way, and has thus far effected a saving to the Government through the rebate of $1,700. We have little doubt that, by close attention to business, he may before the first of July bring this amount up to $3,000, and then we shall all be happy and prosperous. What pleases us most in this financial operation is that it will in some degree furnish a set-off to the millions of waste which will probably take place during the next half year through the appointment of new and untried officers to nearly every post of importance connected with the revenue. Mr. Wells calculates that the regular waste and stealings of these functionaries in an ordinary year amount to about $75,000,000; the year when they are all changed, we are satisfied $25,000,000 is a small sum to add to this amount for the loss caused through the total derangement of the machine; but against this nefarious system Mr. Boutwell has not a word to say, or at least has never said a word. He has, however, done one good thing in cutting down the force at the Treasury Department, where supernumeraries are reported to have abounded.

What with Cuban rumors and the *Alabama* question, gold has crept up three or four per cent. and is now close on 135—and it will probably stay there for a while. Mr. Motley is getting his instructions for London, and they are said to be very precise and extensive, and leave little play for his discretion, Messrs. Sumner, Evarts, and Caleb Cushing lending a hand in framing them. The tone of the English press, however, leaves little ground for the expectation that the negotiation is likely to be soon renewed. There is no reason to believe that the present Ministry will offer anything more than Mr. Johnson got, and the prevailing sentiment here is in favor of letting the matter lie as it is. Anybody who supposes that England is likely soon to offer an apology for the issue of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality we believe to be greatly mistaken; and so is anybody who supposes that Americans will be satisfied unless they get one. Mr. Sumner's use of the case of the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake* as an illustration shows how far apart the two parties still are. No ministry would venture to put the issue of a royal proclamation on the same level with an unauthorized outrage committed by the captain of a frigate, and apologize for it to a foreign power. We therefore cannot help believing that the introduction into the case of the issue of the proclamation, not simply as an unfriendly act and as evidence of animus in the *Alabama* matter, but as a positive wrong in itself, needing atonement, makes a friendly settlement indefinitely remote and opens up a smiling prospect to the gold gamblers.

We spoke last week of the singular indifference to "the claims of the press" displayed by General Grant in his appointments. But one leading editor has been offered an office, and he has declined it. When one contrasts this with the lavish distribution of places amongst editors and publishers which marked the advent of Mr. Lincoln's administration, it looks, at first blush, as if the moulders of public opinion had not been fairly dealt with. But the circumstances are different. Mr. Lincoln's election was due to the triumph of certain ideas, and to this triumph the editors had contributed more than any other body of men. If the proposed use of offices, therefore, be to reward those who have done most for the party, the editors were entitled in 1861 to a very large share of them, and they got it. To Grant's election they have contributed comparatively little. Some of the principal newspapers have accepted him as a *pis aller*, and, at all events, his triumph was simply a continuation of the process which Mr. Lincoln began. The consequence is that they have now been confined to the humble and obscure task of recommending people for office. Some of them have made the usual number of journeys to Washington, and done the usual amount of lobbying on behalf of their protégés, but, we are glad to say, got nothing for themselves.

The practice of editors taking office is reprehensible in more ways than one, but principally in this, that it throws an air of gammon over all their denunciations of the faults of politicians proper, and makes their articles, at least for some time before election, pass for so much hackwork done in expectation of substantial pay. There is, we know, a pleasant theory amongst themselves that the compliments paid them by politicians are due to an appreciation of their services to the community; but the truth is that nearly all the praises of editors and of the editorial office one hears come from editors themselves. The reverence of the public for them has a strong infusion of devil worship in it; that is, people are deferential to them through pure fear of being abused and made odious by them. They will never get any higher claims to respect till they keep out of the scramble for office, and stop "recommending" their creatures and hangers-on.

We are glad to say, however, that the repetition of this scramble and the shocking abuses which it reveals, combined with the rapid growth and spread of corruption, and the exclusion of editors from office, has done a good deal towards directing public attention to the necessity of a change in the system. The press of both parties has within the last week or two spoken more strongly than ever in favor of the adoption of the Jenckes plan, or something like it. Mr. Jenckes brought the subject up once more in Committee of the Whole on the 9th inst., and will bring his bill in once more in December. In the meantime everybody who has any regard for the country, not to speak of decency or morality, ought to do what he can toward frightening Congressmen into supporting it. We say frightening, because appeals to the reason of a large number of them seem utterly useless. The war, it is popularly supposed, "saved the Union." It did nothing of the kind; it simply gave the people another chance of saving it from the attacks of enemies compared with whom Davis and Lee were but fleas.

Mr. Boutwell's offer of the Appraisership of this port to Mr. Dana of the *Sun*, an offer which Mr. Dana declined, is a curiosity in its way, inasmuch as it was in reality an offer to turn Mr. McElrath, a faithful and efficient officer of whom no complaint has ever been made, out of an office with the duties of which he is perfectly familiar, for the purpose of giving it to Mr. Dana, who had not asked for it, and who, according to Mr. Boutwell, "probably had neither taste nor inclination for it." It is "a point on which," adds the sagacious Secretary of the Treasury, "our success in collecting the customs revenue turns, and I know of no way in which you can render so efficient aid to the Government." Begging Mr. Boutwell's pardon, his "success in collecting the customs" turns on nothing of the kind. It turns on his ability to keep men in office, and encourage them, who are doing their duties honestly and faithfully; and the idea that the collection of the revenue can be helped by putting them out and putting in others who have "neither taste nor inclination" for the duties would probably have entered the head of nobody but an ingrained politician. Mr. Dana, would, we know, have discharged the duties of the office faithfully, but he has rendered the public a service in refusing it, and sticking to his editorial post, where, we are glad to hear, he is going to "denounce and expose political immorality."

The Cuban news—and we are careful to take it from sources friendly to the "insurgents"—consists of a report of the arrival in Washington of letters from prominent Cuban leaders "in which the utmost confidence in their ultimate success is expressed;" of a rumor of the close investment of certain Spaniards in two fortified convents by Quesada's forces, 6,000 strong; of an announcement that the "provisional government" is going to issue "an important manifesto;" of the seizure of several lots of sugar at Havana, and of the killing of two negroes by a mob in the same place; of the receipt of a letter in Savannah (Ga.) announcing the arrival of "three volunteer expeditions" from Florida, and of great desertions amongst the Spanish forces; and of a rumor of a "heavy engagement"—of which, we need hardly say, "no particulars have been received." There is also a report of the sudden disappearance of a patriot army of 12,000 men on the approach of three converging Spanish columns of very inferior force—an exploit which the Cuban sympathizers seem to think very remarkable and even hopeful; but it is hard to see what the insurgents gain by the assembling of themselves together if they dissolve when the enemy appears, because the use of armies is generally supposed to be the attack and destruction of other armies. As we have said before, however, the military "operations" on the island are mere by-play; the real contest is going on in Washington and New York, and in those places the Spaniards always get the worst of it. General Dulce's senseless proclamation, threatening to treat filibusters as pirates and immediately execute them, has of course furnished the Cubans with abundant materials for rumors. Of this the President had to take notice, and its execution would, of course, cause trouble; so the Cuban agents have during the week filled the columns of the organs of the Lie Power with stories of recognition, of the fitting out of fleets and armies, and the despatch of envoys requiring the Spaniards to quit the island. All sober observers, however, agree in representing the disturbances in the island as subsiding; and as reinforcements of troops are constantly arriving from Spain, it will probably be before long so thoroughly policed that even the burning of plantations will become difficult.

The Belgian difficulty with France was supposed to be settled by the appointment of a mixed commission to pass upon all matters in dispute, but it is now announced that the proceedings are arrested by the inability of the two governments to agree upon the questions to be submitted for its discussion and decision. What the precise nature of the difference is, the despatches do not say, but the probabilities are that the French are not disposed to be accommodating, owing to the increasing pressure of the opposition at home. The attacks in the Corps Législatif increase in weight and violence, and the resistance of the ministers appears, since their check on the Haussmann affair, to grow feebler. M. Thiers has been unusually active during the last few weeks, and is gradually throwing aside the air of respect for the Constitution which marked his speeches in the earlier days of the opposition. The power of concluding commercial treaties without consulting the Legislature, which the Emperor retains, and has exercised with England, as well as more recently with other powers, is proving one of the most exasperating incidents of the Imperial régime. The manufacturers, who are suffering from the treaty complain of it all the more bitterly because it is the result of an exercise of arbitrary power, and the telegraph tells us that a great scene has recently taken place in the Chamber in consequence of M. Thiers pronouncing "the political liberties of France, like her commercial liberties, a farce."

The feeling of soreness has doubtless been aggravated by the recent publication, in an appendix to Professor Bonamy Price's new book on the currency, of a letter from M. Michel Chevalier, giving an account of the way the treaty was framed, and it must be admitted that the story is, for Frenchmen, a little provoking. He says the idea of entering on a free-trade policy was first conceived by the Government in 1855, after the Exposition, and it proposed to the Legislature to remove all prohibitory duties; but the proposal was promptly rejected, and it was evident that no progress in that direction was possible with the sanction of the Chambers. Being in England in 1859, M. Chevalier mooted with Mr. Cobden the plan of a treaty of commerce in the interest of free trade, talked it over with him and with Bright, and obtained the warm support of both; then settled the basis of it in three-quarters of an hour with Gladstone, and then started for Paris, followed *secretly* by Cobden. They were received separately by the Emperor in order not to excite suspicion, and after a few consultations, regular negotiations were opened by Cobden and Lord Cowley on behalf of England, and MM. Baroche and Chevalier on behalf of France, and by January, 1860, the treaty was signed. Then it was for the first time revealed to the world, and there was a regular rush of protectionists to the Tuileries, but it was too late.

MR. SUMNER AND THE PROCLAMATION OF NEUTRALITY.

THERE is little doubt that Mr. Sumner's exposition before the Senate of the so-called "*Alabama* claims" receives the approval of a great majority of the people of the Northern States, including many who have no sympathy with his favorite ideas, and who generally skip his classical allusions with some contempt and more impatience. His argument was, in closeness, directness, and legal force, happily superior to many of his recent speeches. The character of the subject appears to have revived in the senator's mind the effect of that juristical training to which it was subjected in earlier days. In rejecting the Johnson and Clarendon convention it is clear that the Senate has acted in accordance with the general sentiment of the country. It was very desirable to have some generally received statement of the foundation of that sentiment, and it is likely that Mr. Sumner's argument will stand as such, at least for the present. Even those who differ from him as to the extent of the claims of the United States may agree as to the objectionable form or character of the convention, and its failure to correspond to the circumstances on which those claims must be founded, even supposing them limited to compensation for the vessels and cargoes actually destroyed by ships of the *Alabama* class. The English journals, in charging the Americans with unreasonable dissatisfaction with the proposals on the English side, have often represented these proposals as including a positive consent on the part of England to make such compensation. From the confessions which have been publicly made in England during the last four years, and the compliments which Mr. Johnson's appearance at British feasts as our representative has elicited, the American public had been led to believe that this consent, with at least an implied acknowledgment of something very like wrong-doing on the part of the British Government, was virtually given. They do not look upon the offer of an opportunity to refer the question of payment for such and such a ship or ships and cargo to some accidental arbiter, on the same footing as any private claims which may be brought forward on the other side, as being a fulfilment of expectations hitherto entertained. There is a general feeling that in this respect the national sentiment has been trifled with.

The difference between the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents according to their actual military and naval force, and the concession of belligerency to the Southern States in their confederacy, so as to give nationality to armed ships issuing out of a neutral port, has not hitherto been made sufficiently prominent in this discussion. Mr. Sumner's argument is good for its statement at least, if not for its application, of this distinction, which we are inclined to regard as giving the key to the controversy about the "*Alabama* claims," so far as it involves a question of strict international law. But we are by no means confident that in this controversy our Government should insist that this distinction was overlooked by Great Britain in taking international cognizance of the rebellion by the Queen's proclamation of neutrality May 31, 1861; as Mr. Sumner says,

> Close upon the outbreak of our troubles, just one month after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, when the rebellion was still undeveloped, when the National Government was beginning those gigantic efforts which ended so triumphantly, the country was startled by the news that the British Government had intervened by a proclamation, which accorded belligerent rights to the rebels. At the early date when this was done the rebels were, as they remained to the close, without ships on the ocean, without prize courts or other tribunals for the administration of justice on the ocean, *without any of those conditions which are the essential prerequisites to such a concession;* and yet the concession was general, being applicable to the ocean and the land, so that by British fiat they became ocean belligerents as well as land belligerents. In the swiftness of this bestowal there was very little consideration for a friendly power; nor does it appear that there was any enquiry into those *conditions precedent* on which it must depend. Ocean belligerency being a "fact," and not a "principle," can be recognized only on evidence showing its *actual existence*, according to the rule first stated by Mr. Canning and afterwards recognized by Earl Russell. But no such evidence was adduced; for it did not exist and never has existed. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the rule that belligerency is a "fact," and not a "principle." It is, perhaps, the most important contribution to this discussion; and its original statement, on the occasion of the Greek revolution, does honor to its author, unquestionably the brightest genius ever directed to this subject. According to this rule, belligerency must be proved to exist, it must be shown. It cannot be imagined or divined or invented; it must exist as a "fact" within the knowledge of the world, or at least as a "fact" susceptible of proof. Nor can it be inferred on the ocean merely from its existence on the land. Unfriendly in the precipitancy with which it was launched, this concession was more unfriendly in substance. It was the first stage in the depredations on our commerce. Had it not been made no rebel ship could have been built in England. Every step in her building would have been piracy. Nor could any munitions of war have been furnished. The direct consequence of this concession was to place the rebels on an equality with ourselves in all British markets, whether of ships or munitions of war. As these were open to the National Government, so were they open to the rebels. The asserted neutrality between the two began by this tremendous concession, when rebels, at one stroke, were transformed not only into belligerents but into customers. In attributing to that bad proclamation this peculiar influence, I follow the authority of the law lords of England, who, according to authentic report, announced that without it the fitting out of a ship in England to cruise against the United States would have been an act of piracy. This conclusion was clearly stated by Lord Chelmsford, ex-Chancellor, speaking for himself and others, when he said: "If the Southern Confederacy had not been recognized as a *belligerent power*, he agreed with his noble and learned friend (Lord Brougham) that, under these circumstances, if any Englishmen were to fit out a privateer for the purpose of assisting the Southern States against the Northern States, *he would be guilty of piracy.*" This conclusion is only according to analogies of law.

Exception may well be taken to many of these assertions. Up to the time of the proclamation any American might have been a customer for ships or munitions of war in British ports. The Southerners had been buying in preparation for the war, and if no notice whatever had been taken by the British Government of the existence of a rebellion, as Mr. Sumner appears to intimate was possible, any person, British or American, Northerner or Southerner, might have gone on exporting ships and munitions to Southern or Northern States; provided she took them as articles of commerce and not in a ship under a new flag, not known in commerce or hostile to the United States. Of course our consuls must soon have begun to refuse the necessary papers, and our minister would have begun to call for the arrest of the parties engaged in the commerce with the South, as persons engaged in piratical enterprises, or as subjects of Great Britain engaged in unlawful designs against our peace and safety, and, as such, coming within the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. Mr. Sumner insinuates, rather than affirms, that it was the duty of England to have taken this course throughout the rebellion. But this would not have been to ignore the rebellion. That was impossible. Unless we assert that by the rules of international law every government, in case of a rebellion, is entitled to receive the commercial assistance of every friendly power, without reference to the actual strength of the rebellion, it must be admitted that the British Government would have been justified at some time or other in taking the position of neutrality. Mr. Sumner's argument is, that if this position of neutrality had not first been taken there would have been no such belligerency *in fact* as could justify this position on the part of any foreign power.

On this point, which we cannot now properly consider, we may be obliged to differ from the prevailing opinion. We have recently said that there were circumstances attending the proclamation of neutrality and the progress of the rebellion which have made the question between the two countries one of feeling, and we readily concede the force of Mr. Sumner's exposition of the reasons for the feeling on the American side. But it must, we think, be admitted on the part of the United States, if we propose to negotiate at all, that the proclamation of neutrality, at some time before the issuing of the *Alabama*, could not of itself be a ground of international complaint. Mr. Sumner says, "That England became an 'arsenal' for the rebels we know, but this could not have been unless the proclamation had prepared the way." But it was the violation of the proclamation and of English laws that made England an arsenal for the rebels. The effect of the proclamation was to close "the markets of ships and munitions," not to "open" them, as Mr. Sumner states it, to the two "contending parties," as the proclamation styles them.

The concession of belligerency, if it may be called by that name, which violated the principle laid down by Mr. Sumner, was not made by this proclamation. It is now urged by the English jurists that a violation of the municipal laws can be no grievance to another nation, unless the act itself is also contrary to international law. They claim further that as this law now exists, privateers, or armed cruisers in the service of a foreign state, may lawfully issue out from neutral ports. Now it is here, we think, that the principle which Mr. Sumner has

brought forward becomes applicable. The proclamation must be, because it can be, interpreted as recognizing belligerency according to the fact. The point we would make, and which Mr. Sumner states elsewhere in his speech, is, that the Confederacy had no such status that it could make a privateer of a ship equipped in a neutral port. The American Government did not accord this status to the Confederacy by proclaiming a blockade of Southern ports, because that was a recognition of belligerency only according to the "fact."

The United States had that status, and might, as the law of privateers now is, have sent out such a cruiser. This is a superiority which every recognized nation must have, if there are to be such things as recognized nations. Mr. Sumner argues as if a proclamation of neutrality between the two "contending parties" on the part of England could give the Southern Confederacy this status. Of course it may be that in the minds of Mr. Laird and the British public, the proclamation was taken to have this effect. But that is not our affair. Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Seward before him, have erred, we suggest, in making the recognition of the *Alabama*, as a lawful cruiser the legal consequence of that recognition of a civil war which was made by the British proclamation. According to this reasoning, France is equally responsible with England for the issuing of the *Alabama*.

With the view we here take, we can admit that cruisers sailing from a Southern port and putting into English harbors were properly treated as belligerent ships, and not pirates. We can even admit that, had the *Alabama* been run out to a Southern port as a mere article of commerce, though in violation of English municipal laws, and had thence sailed as a cruiser, she might have been entitled to like consideration. The ship once identified, *in fact*, with the Confederate force, would admit of belligerent recognition to the extent of the fact. But, on the other hand, there could be no recognition of the belligerency of the Confederacy by land and sea as a "principle," which should apply to an armed ship issued out of a neutral port, least of all by the neutral from whose ports and against whose law she had issued. It is from insufficiency of legal terms that we connect "belligerency" with the *Alabama*. The ship, on the facts, was in the same category as if the English proclamation had never been issued, and no "contending parties" had been recognized by the English Government. Mr. Sumner says, with justice:

> The dedication of the ship to the rebel service, from the very laying of the keel and the organization of her voyage, with England as *naval base*, from which she drew munitions of war and men, made her departure as much a *hostile expedition* as if she had sailed forth from her Majesty's dockyard. At a moment of profound peace between the United States and England there was a hostile expedition against the United States. It was in no just sense a commercial transaction, but an act of war.

Mr. Sumner's speech has the old ear-mark of the emancipationist. He seems to think that England was bound, by ancient anti-slavery ties, to render assistance against the Confederacy. Southern secession was in the interest of slavery, therefore, etc., etc., says Mr. Sumner. But if he really means to maintain that nations are bound by the professions of their public men, who is to answer for Messrs. Banks and Chandler?

While generally agreeing with Mr. Sumner in his argument for the rejection of the Johnson and Clarendon convention, we cannot wish that it should be a foundation for future negotiation. It was understood that Mr. Seward had abandoned the position that the "*Alabama* claims" are founded on the proclamation of neutrality, and we hope that the present Administration will not return to it.

We agree with Mr. Sumner, that we are entitled to a convention, giving reparation on the ground that a principle of international law has been violated on the part of England; and if it is clear that that has occurred, the acknowledgment is perfectly consistent with national honor and dignity. We would confine our claims to the limits of fact and international law; the existence of a certain national feeling or sympathy may have been an ulterior cause of greater losses, but it cannot be made a basis of demands and reparations.

"TIGHT MONEY," AND WHAT MAKES IT.

The high rates of interest paid by borrowers of money during the last few weeks, the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply even at these high rates, the steadiness with which the rates have been maintained for an unusual length of time, and the prevalence of this scarcity at all the leading financial centres of the country, have had so decided an influence on so many varied interests, and have brought "the money market" home to so many firesides, that many people outside the business world are interested in the phenomenon.

Everybody asks, What makes money scarce or tight at one time, and abundant or easy at another time, when we at all times have precisely the same amount of money in circulation? When we speak of money being easy to borrow, we do not mean easy to borrow in sums of five or ten or twenty dollars; we mean easy to borrow in sums of thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands. Large sums of money can, of course, only be borrowed from large institutions, like banks, or private banking-houses, or trust companies, or similar corporations. To say, therefore, that money is easy, is merely another way of saying that the banks and other financial institutions have large accumulations of money in their hands. To say that money is tight, is merely another way of saying that the accumulations of money in the hands of banks and other financial institutions are light. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this other question, What makes money at one time accumulate in the banks, and at another time leave the banks and go elsewhere, and where does it go to?

The amounts of money controlled by banks and other financial institutions are so overwhelmingly large compared with the amounts at any time under the ordinary control of private individuals, that we are apt to think that a very large share of the whole money of the country is in the possession or under the control of the banks. Nothing could well be more erroneous. The total amount of paper money (greenbacks, fractional currency, and national bank-notes) in circulation in the whole of the United States has, for the last two years past, been, in round numbers, seven hundred millions, and has not during that time ever materially varied. The largest amount held at any one time during that period by all the banks in the country was $133,000,000, in January, 1868, or not quite one-fifth of the whole. The smallest amount held at any one time during that period was $99,000,0000; in April of the same year, or somewhat less than one-seventh of the whole. Of all the currency in circulation in the whole of the United States, the banks throughout the country hold on an average one-sixth, or say, $125,000,000. The other five-sixths, or say $575,000,000, the people carry in their pockets, or hold in their money-drawers.

Every wholesale merchant has some money in his safe, from which he makes the ordinary minor payments incidental to his business. Every retail merchant, from the owner of a dry-goods palace to the smallest news-stand or corner-grocery, has some bank-notes in his drawer when he closes the store for the night. Every housekeeper that goes shopping or marketing carries a roll of bills more or less large. The mechanic or the laborer carries a week's wages in his pocket until they are spent, or deposited in the bank, or laid aside in some safe place towards paying the rent. The cattle-dealer has his belt, the farmer his stout wallet, every traveller his purse, the railroad-conductor his handful, the expressman his envelope, every man, woman, or child, from the prince to the beggar, carries a porte-monnaie, or receptacle of some kind, all more or less full of greenbacks, or national bank-notes, or fractional currency, all holding a certain part, however small, however large, of the grand total of the money in the country. The money thus held by the people amounts to about five sixths of the whole money in the country. When the banks hold $125,000,000, the people hold $575,000,000. The true bank of the country is the people's pockets. The so-called banks hold only the surplus which the people do not need. When, therefore, money accumulates in the latter, it is simply evidence that the people are using less money in their business, are carrying less money in their pockets. When money leaves the banks it is simply evidence that the people are using more money in their business, are carrying more money in their pockets. When the people are using little money, money accumulates in the banks. When money accumulates in the banks, money is easy to borrow. Therefore, when the people are using little money, money is easy to borrow. When the people are using much money, they withdraw the surplus from the banks, and the accumulations in the banks decline. When the accumulations in the banks decline, money is difficult to borrow. Therefore, when the people are usng much money, money is difficult to borrow.

The bulk of the money is in the hands and pockets of the people. What the people do not require, is temporarily left in the banks. This surplus, temporarily left with the banks on deposit, is the money that the banks have to lend. When the owner calls for it, the bank has to call upon the borrower to return it. The bank never lends it all, never lends, or never should lend, more than a portion of the surplus left with it. If, then, only one or two or a few owners call for their money, the bank is not necessarily obliged to call upon the borrowers to return it; the bank has probably enough on hand to pay these owners without calling in its loans. Or if the bank has not enough surplus on hand, and does have to call in some of its loans, other banks will probably have surplus enough on hand to lend a little more, and the borrower can thus be accommodated elsewhere. But if the bank, or a number of banks, should have been so foolish as to lend the whole of the surplus deposited with them, or if a great many of the owners of this surplus should call upon the banks at one and the same time to have their money returned, the banks would then be compelled to call in their loans, and the borrowers would find it extremely difficult to borrow elsewhere, and money would be in very active demand, and difficult to get, and the papers would chronicle daily for their readers, and "gloomy husbands would report nightly to disappointed wives, that money is very tight."

The amount of money kept in daily use by the people is so very large compared with the amount of money held by the banks, that it becomes easy to understand how a very slight increase in the amount required by the people causes a very large decrease in the amount at the disposal of the banks. When the people hold $575,000,000, or five-sixths of the whole, and the banks one-sixth, or $125,000,000, an increase of one per cent. in the amount used by the people is equal to a decrease of five per cent. in the amount at the disposal of the banks. When the people hold $575,000,000 or at a rough average sixteen dollars apiece, an increase of the average holding from sixteen dollars to seventeen would deprive the banks of over one-fourth of the whole amount of money at their disposal. In January, 1868, the banks held $133,000,000 in currency, and money was so abundant, and so easy to borrow, that people scarcely knew what to do with it. All the money that any body needed could be borrowed, on good security, at six and even five per cent. By the 1st of April of the same year the banks had lost $34,000,000, that is to say, the people had taken into use, in addition to what they had before, the sum of $34,000,000, or less than one dollar each. Yet by the 1st of April all the money markets were in a panic, money was worth one-quarter of one per cent. a day, or over ninety per cent. per annum, and could scarcely be obtained even at that price. Of course every one familiar with Wall Street operations knows that these extreme rates were to a great extent artificial, and in many cases even fictitious, but neither artifice nor fiction could well have put the rates to such extravagant figures, if the scarcity had not been real; and indeed there is no doubt that the scarcity was real and very severe. The quarterly reports of the national banks, which were not published until long afterwards, showed that not only the banks of New York, which alone could be affected by the artifices of speculative combinations, but all banks throughout the country, had lost large amounts of currency, or in other words, that the amount of currency in the hands of the people had really increased, and that the scarcity, however aggravated by artificial means, was in itself natural, and was really caused by the increased amount of money required by the people in some way or other for the transaction of their daily business.

Not only is it apparent that the stringency in last April was natural and real, but there is every indication that the same influences which affected the money markets then are still at work now, and brought about in the same natural way the stringency of the last few months. We cannot well avoid a few figures, which tell their own story. The following are the amounts of currency (greenbacks, national bank-notes, and fractional currency) held by all the banks of the United States at the dates given:

July 1, 1867.	Oct. 1, 1867.	Jan. 1. 1868.	April 1, 1868.
$119,000,000.	$113,000,000.	$133,000,000.	$99,000,000.
July 1, 1868.	Oct. 1, 1868.	Jan. 1, 1869.	April 1, 1869.
$116,000,000.	$107,000,000.	$106,000,000.	?

On the 1st of July, 1867, the amount in the banks was very near to the average, one-sixth. The grain crop was good, and the cotton crop was thought very good, and both crops were rapidly brought to market, requiring the use of a good deal of money, and the supply in the banks fell off to $113,000,000 in October. But business as a general thing was not prosperous, prices of most articles had materially declined, the cotton crop as far as sold had brought very low prices, the planters had refused to sell the balance, winter set in early and stopped the transportation of grain, and people throughout the country found themselves less well-off than they had anticipated, less able to spend money, and with less business and less opportunity to use money; money, therefore, rapidly returned to the banks, and by the 1st of January, 1868, had accumulated to the extent of $133,000,000, the largest amount the banks had held for some time. During January and February the condition did not materially change, but the poor crop of breadstuffs in Europe caused a renewal of the active movement in our own crops; the West were sellers of cereals and meats at high prices, without buying many goods in exchange, the farmers were getting more greenbacks than ever, and were holding them firmly. At the same time the movement first began to develop itself which more than any other has influenced the course of the money market during the last twelvemonth. The low prices realized for the cotton crop in the earlier part of the season had very much discouraged the Southern people; they felt poor and were poor, and were neither in the mood nor the position to spend money. They had held back a portion of their crop, and had managed to live on the proceeds of what they had sold. When the cotton market rapidly improved, they had still a fair supply to sell, and as they were not in debt, they could exact and receive payment in money, which accordingly went South in considerable quantities, and has remained there ever since.

When the banks held $125,000,000 of money, and the people held $575,000,000, and it was calculated that the whole people of the country held on an average sixteen dollars, it was not of course implied that the money was distributed with any degree of regularity. Individuals held amounts far exceeding the average, and whole classes of people held amounts far below the average. In the same way the people of certain parts of the country were holding and using in their business more than the people of other parts; while the people in other parts, from choice or accident, or from any other cause, held or were using far less than the average. It is notorious that the amount of money held or used by the people of the Southern and Southwestern States in the spring of 1868 was almost nominal. We have seen that the average amount held by the whole people was sixteen dollars. It is certainly not an exaggeration to estimate that the average held by the people of the Southern and Southwestern States did not exceed eight dollars. Now, if we suppose that the unsold balance of the cotton crop and the lands sold at that time to Northern purchasers had furnished the South with sufficient money to enable each individual to increase his average holding from eight to twelve dollars, which would still be far below the average of the whole country, and supposing the States in question to contain eight millions of people, we could at once account for the total loss incurred by the banks between January and April, 1868. Since the latter date, the amount in the banks has, with natural fluctuations, steadily decreased, until the amount held by them on the 1st instant—judging from the condition of the New York banks alone, the figures for all the banks not having been published—must have sunk even below that held at the same time last year, causing the extreme stringency that has for weeks past been the subject of so much discussion.

It must be evident that the increased amount of money held by the people at large in consequence of the increased holdings of the Southern people, is very different in its effects from any ordinary increase brought about by temporary causes. When the people withdraw from the banks a portion of their surplus in order to employ it in bringing their crops to market, they do not withdraw it permanently, but, on the contrary, as soon as the crops are sold they return it to the banks, where it helps to swell the banks' accumulations and to make money cheap and easy until it is needed for another crop. But the money which the South has received within the last fifteen months is scarcely yet sufficient for their ordinary wants on the lowest

possible basis. There is for them no surplus to be returned when no longer needed; the money which they have received they will retain. Yet the whole money business of the whole country is based upon the calculation that the currency withdrawn from the banks for use by the people during the spring and fall is gradually returned during the summer and winter. It is a question of no slight importance what the consequences may be of disappointment in this expectation. But we have not left ourselves room to discuss it here.

A FRENCH "LEAP AHEAD."

The competition amongst a certain class of radical reformers for positions in the extreme front seems to be as keen as ever; in fact, as the years roll on, it grows keener. Our readers may remember—some of them, no doubt, with amusement—the curious forms which this honorable rivalry assumed in this country during the contest between President Johnson and Congress. First, when it became apparent that judgments could not be obtained from the Supreme Court, in accordance with what was pronounced to be "the spirit of the age," a loud cry was raised for the abolition of that tribunal, and the persons who first raised it, enjoyed for some weeks an apparently assured position as the most "advanced thinkers" on this continent. But their pre-eminence was very short lived, for somebody else bethought him of abolishing the Senate, and the enemies of the Supreme Court at once sank into insignificance, as timid and half-hearted men, out of sympathy with the people and unworthy of their confidence. But there was no security even in this position, for before long the abolition of the presidency was demanded, and the man that wanted to get rid of the Senate saw his laurels fade on his thoughtful brow. After this there was nothing for it but to try Andrew Johnson, and the great object of ambition then became the invention of the strongest terms for the definition of his guilt, and for the description of the importance of the impeachment trial, and of the dreadful consequences to the human race that would result from his acquittal. Since the trial the competitors have turned their attention mainly to social questions, and they are occupied at present with the very bases of society—property and family.

The mode of dealing with these subjects resorted to by the more advanced of them is worthy of close attention on the part of all sensible men, who seriously propose to themselves to take part in the great work of setting the world to rights. One of the peculiarities of this mode we can best describe by saying that in it the one constant element in all sociological problems—human nature—is treated as if it did not exist. In other words, in dealing with large masses of men, they utterly discard the rules and tests which they invariably employ in dealing with and judging individuals. If an individual comes to them for assistance or advice, in trouble or misfortune, one of the first things they do is to form an opinion based on what they can learn of his history and antecedents, touching the extent to which his difficulties are due to inherent defects in his character. But they never conclude, or never act as if they concluded, that, if circumstances were made favorable for him, he would never do wrong or come to grief again. In counselling or helping him, they make large allowances for natural weaknesses; they recognize not only the existence of temptations around him, but of a liability on his part to fall a victim to temptation; in all they say to him and do for him, the prejudices, passions, meannesses, of human nature are present to their minds just as well as its strength, and greatness, and nobleness. In marrying their daughter to a man, they are not satisfied with learning that he is earning enough money to support a wife, and is likely to earn more. They do all they can to find out what qualities enter into his composition, whether his nature is such as to make him a pleasant and reliable person to live with; and if, from what they hear of him, they conclude he is likely to go off with another woman, or set a bad example to his children, they do all they can to prevent his becoming connected with them. If they have a friend, or protégé, employed at a small salary in a bank or counting-house, they acknowledge in the fullest manner his subjection to the laws of morality and the existing social arrangements; and if they hear some fine morning that he has forged a check, or robbed the till, they ascribe it unhesitatingly not to his employer's refusal to divide his fortune with him, or even give him a larger salary, but to his being himself a scamp.

In dealing with men in the mass they totally discard these rules, however, and generally refuse to allow that any of the great social evils are due to anything but the abuse of power on the part of somebody. If workingmen are not all comfortable, forehanded, and intelligent, the reason is, they say, that the legislature has not fixed the hours of labor, and capitalists are not willing to pay higher wages. That the workingmen's want of prudence, economy, or natural ability has much, if anything, to do with the evils of their condition they never will admit. In like manner, they find married life in a very unsatisfactory state. Husbands and wives, in a great number of cases, live together very unhappily, and have many more children very often than they can support or educate, or than the wives' health will allow; but if you tell the class of reformers of which we are speaking, that a large portion of the evils in marriage is due to the same causes as all the evils of life, as the deceptions, and frailties, and passions which embitter all human relations, and constitute the great mystery of the universe, they set you down as an epicurean or selfish conservative, and refuse to listen to you.

The workingmen, they see, have little and suffer much; the capitalists have a great deal and enjoy much; the remedy, therefore, is, either to print off capital, and give it to the workingmen, or else compel the capitalists to go shares with them. Embody these arrangements in a bill, bring in your bill, read it three times, let the Governor sign it, and the great labor problem, which has perplexed mankind for four thousand years, is solved. Marriages are unhappy: husbands and wives won't suit each other, and wives do not like having all the trouble and danger of bearing children. Now, you cannot deal with this problem, as with the labor problem, by legislation. There is no use in bringing a bill into Congress, providing that every second child shall be borne by the husband, and that women shall be naturally equally competent with men for all duties now performed by men, and that all women shall be tolerably happy. A two-thirds majority in both houses, powerful as it is, would be unable to give such a measure any real validity. The population would still be kept up in the same way as now, and a very large percentage of women "would still want what they hadn't got," and suffer a good deal from "general debility," bad teeth, and bad servants, and a deficiency of money. Being fully aware of all this, and seeing that there is in marriage a great deal of unhappiness, the reformers are now, by way of removing it, doing what they can to abolish marriage, and substitute for it what we really must call promiscuous intercourse. We know very well that they would protest against the application of this term to their grand plan; but then this is really what their grand plan would result in, and what the partial adoption of their plan by a portion of the population is resulting in. The theory of marriage as an institution of civilized society has always been, and is now, in most countries, that the contracting parties owe certain duties to society, and are bound, for its sake, to submit to certain sacrifices, or even hardships. These are to live together, and form one family, except in the case of grave breaches of the contract on the part of one or the other, and to provide a home, maintenance, and education for their children, until the children were able to take care of themselves. The new theory is, that society has nothing to do with the marriage contract, except to provide a form for its celebration and attestation, and that its duration should depend entirely on the will or caprice of the husband or wife; that as to the children, one of the parents—it is not clear which—owes them a maintenance of some kind, while all that the community owes them is "the ballot;" and that a child who asks for more than this, and complains of not having a home or parental care, is an unreasonable little creature with feudal tastes.

What our reformers plead for here, however, and what a good many of them practise, is simply easy divorce—in other words, the dissolution of the marriage contract by a judicial tribunal, whenever either of the parties alleges that he or she has had enough of it. To deny a person this, they say, is to cut him off from the "pursuit of happiness," which is well known to be one of the "inalienable rights." This is, it must be admitted, tolerably advanced ground, and they have greatly enjoyed standing on it, but they will be pained to hear that a French sister has got ahead of them and now leads the march on that line; and she is not one of the ignorant declaimers, or fanatics of the "Redoute," but an exceedingly acute thinker and powerful writer, of whom a very large proportion of our woman's rights champions here might profitably take lessons in logic and rhetoric. We mean Madame Clémence Royer, of whose able argument against the right of combination amongst the working classes, in the December number of the *Journal des Economistes*, we spoke some time ago. Her remedy for the evils of the workingman's condition we waited for with some curiosity, and she has produced it in a long article in the March number of the same periodical.

Her remedies are, first, the revival of the old trade corporations of the middle ages, but on a different basis, master and workman to be included in them; secondly, the "mobilization" of the workingman, that is, the supply of every possible facility for his moving from place to place in search

of work; and under this head she condemns in strong terms all movements which encourage him to become an owner of a house or real estate, as this mode of investing his savings naturally ties him down to one place. But then the workingman cannot be mobilized very much under the best of circumstances, unless you also mobilize his family, and the "mobilization" of a wife and children involves great expense and trouble. Upon reading her statement of its difficulties, we felt that she was face to face with an insurmountable obstacle, but we were mistaken. Here she takes her great "leap ahead," and leaves Ben Butler, Ben Wade, and the whole fraternity of our social explorers literally, in the language of the turf, nowhere. Her mode of mobilizing the family is to abolish the family. Woman, she says, needs and must always have a permanent abode. She cannot rove, as man can and must do; therefore let her be no longer tied to any man in particular, or any man to her.

"We must then," she says, "mobilize the family, destroy its indissolubility. This is the only way of saving it from shipwreck; it is only in reforming courageously that we can prevent its falling into complete desuetude." So she proposes that the marriage-contract should be dissolved on the simple request of either of the parties, and that there should be instituted a kind of marriage corresponding to the *confarreatio* of the Romans, sufficient to legitimize the woman's position and the birth of her children, but not binding on her or her husband longer than he or she pleases. The woman being the more permanent person, Madame Royer proposes that she, and not the father, should give her name to the children and be the legal head of the family, the father being relegated to a secondary position, and constituting in domestic life a kind of shadowy auxiliary, of no moral influence or weight, and not necessarily known to his children; and the mother taking as many husbands in succession as her fancy or circumstances suggested; the result being, we need hardly say, perfect happiness, purity, and freedom for all concerned, and an end, total and complete, to the quarrellings, falsehood, and oppression of the present system. The scheme is worked out with much ability, and its bearings on property and other social arrangements are fairly considered.

The editor of the *Journal* half apologizes for inserting this portion of the article, which he styles "passiblement excentrique;" but he justifies himself on the ground that his readers are "philosophers" to whom "the most delicate combinations" may be submitted with safety. We commend it to the careful consideration of our American reformers. Many of them will naturally peruse it with mortification, for there is no denying that Madame Royer is at present far in advance of them all. The most fearless of them has never proposed to make the mother the head of the family, giving her name to the children, and consigning the father to a nomad existence in which his domestic relations would bear the closest possible resemblance to those of the domestic animals, and through which indeed the condition of the whole human race would have made one step toward the freedom and exemption from degrading conventional bonds and restrictions now enjoyed by the brute creation.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 2, 1869.

YOU will have heard long before this that the second reading of the Irish Church Bill has been carried by a majority of 118. The number is probably sufficient to insure that the bill will pass the House of Lords, and that the efforts of its opponents will be limited in future to the attempt to save as much as possible out of the fire. Resistance to the principle is henceforth hopeless; but a good deal may be done in the way of altering details. I will only add that one consideration must not be forgotten in considering this subject. The Conservative party has many reasons to be anxious for a settlement; so long as the question remains open, the Liberal party have a definite bond of union; when it is closed there is strong probability that there may be a schism in the ranks of the majority. So acute a leader as Mr. Disraeli has his eyes perfectly open to this fact; and though hot-headed Tories of the old school, represented by Mr. Gathorne Hardy and his like, will be for fighting "to the bitter end," the cooler headed section of the party would be only too glad of any conclusion. Victory is hopeless, and they will be content with a safe retreat to some position in which their chances of fighting to some purpose may be very different. For this reason, I feel little doubt that the House of Peers will be induced to consent to mangling the measure as far as they dare, without directly opposing it.

I will now turn to a question which I noticed in my last letter, and the practical importance of which to the future of this country is probably far greater than that of the Irish Establishment. The Commission which has for two years been receiving evidence as to the working of trades-unions has at length published its report. Any one who desires to understand the present position and prospects of the English artisan will find materials of the highest interest in the ten folio volumes (they are very thin volumes) of evidence published by the Commission during the course of its labors. Nowhere, I may say in passing, is more interesting information to be found on a vast variety of subjects than in the mass of blue-books annually published by Parliament and generally thrown aside as waste paper. Any one who will dip into them will find a quantity of original evidence which it would be hard to discover elsewhere, and this series is specially suggestive on many matters. The main results of the investigation may be stated very shortly as follows. In the first place, trades-unions, though subject to various legislative disadvantages, have spread hitherto, and are still continuing to spread, in a most remarkable degree. To mention no other example, the Society of Engineers, which has branches all over England, in our colonies, and in the United States, has increased in ten years from 15,000 to 33,000 members. In the same time its expenditure has amounted to nearly half a million of pounds sterling; and it is so powerful as to be able to fight almost any combination that can be brought against it. The total number of unionists in the country, although there are many discordant calculations, has been put by one observer as high as 860,000. The organization of these great societies is remarkably complete and perfect, and the scale on which their operations are conducted is equal to that of a first-class commercial enterprise.

In the next place, a large number of the functions which they discharge are admitted to be really useful. They act, to a large extent, as friendly societies; they support members out of work; they have sick funds, besides what are called "accident" funds and burial funds. Some of them maintain also reading rooms, libraries, and give charitable subscriptions. The great society which I have just mentioned spent only about six per cent. of its whole revenues upon disputes, and the remainder in benefits. It is said that the tendency of these large societies is, on the whole, to make strikes less frequent than before, as they produce an increased sense of order and subordination. The richer unions, again, do a useful work in distributing labor; they keep elaborate reports of the state of trade in different districts throughout the country, and transfer workmen to the places where their labor is wanted. On the other hand, it was proved beyond dispute that they sanction many objectionable and tyrannical practices. The number of actual outrages—such as those which have made the name of Sheffield infamous—seems to be diminishing; yet it is true that in Sheffield and Manchester there has been an atrocious system of organized crime which is a disgrace to the country. Blowing men up with gunpowder, maiming them seriously, and stealing their tools have been frequent occurrences. Besides these practices, which are happily confined to a narrow district and which appear to be dying out, there are others of a more outrageous kind. The general imputation upon the trades-unions is that they endeavor not merely to raise the rate of wages, but to level them; to bring down the best workman to the level of the worst. Thus they object very frequently, though not invariably, to piece-work; in one notorious case they maintain a rule against what is called "chasing," that is, they will not allow a man, however able he may be, to do more than a given quantity of work in a day. They fall in with the spirit of that ancient device of the monkeys, who would not talk, for fear they should be made to work; and restrain the energy of their best men lest their performances should be made into a precedent for all. There are many other modifications of the same general principle, which have been sufficiently denounced in the papers of the day; as, for example, the extreme jealousy of each class of artisans to allow any part of its work to be done by a rival class, even when extreme inconvenience is produced in consequence; the limits put upon the number of apprentices allowed to be employed; the resistance to machinery, which is happily becoming rare, and various other practices of which it is at least the *prima-facie* tendency to restrict production by restricting the freedom of labor.

The farther question as to how far the trade of the country has actually suffered from these societies appears to be a very difficult one; and after all that has been said as to the driving away of trade from our own manufacturing districts, it is at least possible to attribute the result, so far as it has taken place, to other causes. The iron trade, which is generally quoted, has steadily increased, in spite of the fact that German and Belgian competition has certainly become far more dangerous than formerly. Upon this very important matter the Commissioners do not express any distinct opinion.

The real question, so far as legislation is concerned, is of a very narrow kind. Till the present time, the law has been rather vague. It has on the whole been directed against combinations of workmen, and combina-

tions leading to a strike are now illegal, unless for the purpose of raising wages or reducing the hours of labor. The workmen may not, for example, combine against a shop rule or against the employment of a particular foreman. Moreover, they may not employ "intimidation, molestation, or obstruction." Workmen have been punished for shouting "baa-baa" after a man or telling him that he is a black sheep; for giving an employer notice that his workmen will strike unless he dismisses particular workmen; or for telling a workman that if he goes to work "there will be a row." Moreover, the law will not protect the funds of any association which uses them "in restraint of trade." Thus, if an association forbade its members to work in a factory which was unhealthy its treasurer might carry off its funds with perfect impunity. As a fact, it has been held that the rules of some of the largest associations operate "in restraint of trade," and therefore they are unable to recover their property in case of embezzlement. The law is very hazy and difficult to interpret distinctly; but, as a rule, trades-unions are unlawful societies, incapable of public recognition or registration, and without any legal title to their funds.

Now it is plain that the result of thus placing them outside the law has by no means been to discourage them; on the contrary, they have increased and flourished in spite of all disqualifications. Indeed, the absence of legal protection has intensified the evils; it has led them to resort to those irregular modes of enforcing their authority which are the natural resource of secret societies. Being unable to bring an action at law, they have taken to gunpowder, or at least to bullying of various degrees of intensity. They are so powerful that it would be perfectly idle to attempt to suppress them, even if it were now possible; any such attempt would, in fact, be far more likely to produce a revolution than to secure its object. Legislation against trades-unions would be equivalent to giving six months' warning to the British constitution. There are, in fact, only two courses open to the practical legislator. One is that which is accepted by the majority of the Commission. They would give legal protection to societies which did not admit certain objectionable practices into their rules. Those which favored the restriction of the number of apprentices, the limitation of the use of machinery, the prevention of piecework, or the support of other unions in strikes, would still be illegal. The minority say that as these rules are, at worst, foolish, the unions which adopt them should be protected against fraud and crime like other societies. The state is not to interfere in order to make men moral or wise after its own fashion; and if the unions choose to act foolishly they must be punished like other foolish persons by taking the consequences of their actions. To this the stronger argument may be added that as unions formed to secure these purposes exist in spite of the law, and will not give them up for any good which the law can offer them, the legislation would be simply useless. The unions exist, and are going to exist, whether we like it or not, and if they attain objects which are not criminal without the use of criminal means, there is no reason for exposing them to exceptional legislation. One proposal is to repeal the power which the magistrates at present enjoy of inflicting summary punishment for molestation and obstruction. This, in the view of the minority, is an exceptional legislation, and therefore unfair to the trades-unions. The justice of this is, perhaps, doubtful; but it is certain that the law is at present in a vague and unsatisfactory state, and allows certain actions to be punished at the discretion of a magistrate, which do not seem to go beyond a fair action which is open to employers as well as artisans. If the workmen publish intimidatory lists of those who work in disobedience to their orders, the employers equally combine to keep out of employment all who have been concerned in a strike; and the employers, as being a smaller body, have greater facilities for combination than their men. In short, as trades-unionism for good or for evil is an established and a growing fact, which has made head against all previous attempts at legislation, it is better to allow it protection, unless in distinctly criminal actions, which can be reached by the ordinary laws of the country. This is the main conclusion, and it is one which shows what great power is already exerted by those bodies, for if the employers had any prospect of success in a direct attack no one can doubt that they have the will to undertake it. The strict political economists in the Commission were thoroughly hostile to trades-unionism, but even they were compelled to propose a relaxation in the laws by which it is at present hampered. Perhaps the most remarkable evidence given was that of Mr. Mundella, the gentleman who has turned out Mr. Roebuck, for Sheffield, who gave an account of the remarkable success of the boards of arbitration lately instituted at Nottingham. The masters have there met the leading members of the unions, and all questions interesting both parties have been fully discussed. By a quaint regulation the board of arbitrators decided that as carrying a question by majorities generally produced some jealousy, they would always agree unanimously. Since 1860 they have succeeded in doing so, and every difficulty that has arisen has been satisfactorily solved without strikes or locks-out. This suggests one mode in which the unions, if sensibly managed, may ultimately work for the conciliation of masters and men. The plan has been followed with success in many trades, and some efforts are now being made to settle the dispute between masters and men at Preston, where a great strike in the cotton factories has just commenced, by the adoption of some such scheme. Amongst many less pleasant symptoms this is, I hope, a proof that we are beginning to look at such disputes from a rather more reasonable point of view; that trades-unions are better managed, less violent, and less stupid than in their infancy, and that the upper classes do not look upon them with simple and unqualified aversion.

Correspondence.

"THE WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: A constant reader of your journal, I notice in your issue of the first instant an article headed "The War against Alcohol," which states that after forty years of temperance agitation "the end seems almost as far off as ever;" that "every year it turns out that the conclusions reached during the year before are not satisfactory to all concerned, and accordingly every year sees some new scheme foisted upon the statute-book;" which charges advocates of temperance with having "brought the subject out of the moral into the political arena," and with general inconsistency in their aims and doings, and represents them as fanatics more devoted to the scheme of prohibition than to the cause of temperance itself—as those who "appear to believe that the next best thing to a prohibitory law which is enforced, is a prohibitory law which is a dead letter."

Such statements as to the movements and aims of, and of the results attained by, the friends of a cause so auspicious and so highly accredited in popular esteem, are well calculated to excite surprise, and should not be expected to pass without remark.

The friends of temperance insist that much has been accomplished by the agitation referred to. The early "so-called friends of temperance" had a great and unwelcome truth to present to mankind, namely, that the use of ardent spirits as a beverage, then almost universal, was hurtful to both body and mind. Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, in 1804, first awakened enquiry upon this fundamental point, by the publication of a tract entitled, "Enquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind." He maintained that it had a positively injurious effect upon both to persons in health. The remedy which the demonstration suggested, and which the extent of the evil clearly demanded, was total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. This the pioneers in the temperance reform inculcated and sought to enforce as a clear moral and Christian duty. From the beginning, the American mind and conscience were in a state of unbelief and insensibility as to the real character of alcohol, and its effects upon the human system and on society. The "so-called friends of temperance" did, however, succeed in establishing in the public heart and conscience a right credence upon these points, against all disbelief, all odds, all opposition, prejudice, and interests. To this historic fact our worthy President, in accord with his predecessors, bears willing testimony: "Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, are not only needless but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world."

The history of the movement, on its every page, attests the truth of this general statement. This may well be claimed as an achievement of no doubtful import, kindred in its effect to the anti-slaveryre form in England, which, having convinced the English mind of the inherent wickedness of slavery, prepared the way for emancipation which followed. The friends of temperance and prohibition may well take courage. A great advance has been made. The intellect of the nation yields its assent to the proposition that ardent spirits as a drink are hurtful: the popular conscience declares abstinence to be a high moral duty. These are the harbingers of better days; and the end, it may be hoped, is *not* "almost as far off as in the beginning."

It may be conceded that the pioneers in this movement approached the subject with caution. The preacher of temperance of the early time was

denounced as meddling with that which did not belong to him; and true it doubtless is, that, conscious of the magnitude and power of the evil to be encountered, the whole truth was not at once, and boldly, declared.

First was the "conclusion" that ardent spirits, as a drink, were hurtful; then disapprobation of the custom of drinking; then pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits; then total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. If these show hesitation, as doubtless they do, it is submitted that it was a hesitation not unnatural, when the novelty of the movement, and the unfriendly, nay intolerant, character of the times are considered. It exhibits no conclusions reached and abandoned, but rather other stages of the same movement in advance reached in succeeding years.

Having attained the high vantage-ground of a popular judgment against ardent spirits as a beverage, and in favor of abstinence as a moral and Christian duty, the friends of temperance claimed the legislative interposition to inhibit the traffic for such use, as pernicious to the public health and morals, and as prolific in pauperism and crime. Surely it may not be contended that this "brought the subject *out* of the moral into the political arena." Was it ever supposed that the friends of moral and social reform were liable to the charge of having abandoned their cause by an appeal to the legislative authority to prohibit practices acknowledged to affect injuriously the public well-being? It is not easy to concede this implied isolation of politics from morality. They are deemed to be quite inseparable. Morality teaches the rules which *should* govern the relations of men. It is the office of politics to develop and prescribe the laws by which human action shall be determined, so far as men interfere with each other. It would seem, therefore, that whatever morality reprobates it may properly invoke legislation to inhibit, without abandoning its legitimate province.

In defining the position of the friends of temperance a misapprehension of fact is apparent. "Drinking must be prohibited by law," it is said. When, or where, or by whom was it declared that "drinking must be prohibited by law"? It may be questioned whether any such resolution was ever adopted, declaration made, or "conclusion" reached, by any body of temperance men, or that any such "legislation was ever determined upon," or invoked, under the direction, influence, or lead of the friends of temperance anywhere. Laws against *drunkenness* exist in most, probably all, of the States; but these laws are not chargeable to the temperance movement. The friends of temperance aim to prohibit the *traffic* in intoxicating drinks as a beverage. They hold that all experience shows that the fruits of such traffic are drunkenness, ignorance, brutality, waste, pauperism, crime, impaired health, shattered intellect, premature decay, and untimely death, constituting at once a gigantic moral, social, and political evil, and they do not doubt the authority of the civil power to declare that such traffic ought wholly to cease. Nor is prohibition, thus considered, a novelty in American legislation. The traffic has always been prohibited by and to certain persons. It was open only to the "respectable," according to the formula of "license," excluding minors, idiots, and Indians, as ineligible to the privileges of drinking. With increasing intelligence and the lights of experience and observation, it has come to be seen that not even the "respectable" may properly be privileged to enjoy a traffic to the public detriment, and that as to the vending of a deleterious article the law has no exception of age, or capacity, or condition—its protecting shield is over all alike.

L. M. M.

Augusta, Maine, April 14.

[Against the temperance agitation, in so far as it consisted or consists in moral suasion, we have said nothing and have nothing to say, as long as it is conducted with a proper respect for individual liberty of thought and action. We must remind "L. M. M." that though much has been "maintained" as to the injurious effects of moderate quantities of alcohol on the human system, nothing has been "demonstrated," and it is to the confusion which exists in the minds of most temperance advocates as to the meaning of these two terms that most of the hostility to the temperance agitation is due. Every man is bound, doubtless, to abstain from any article of food or drink which is injurious to his mind or body, but the test must be supplied by his own understanding and not by that of some other man; that is, he must be convinced either by experiment or argument. Moreover, the question how far I, who can take alcohol in moderate quantities, am morally bound to refrain from it altogether because other men take it in immoderate quantities, is a very knotty question, which a great many platform orators think they have answered; but then the greater portion of the civilized world, and of the most enlightened men in it, are not satisfied with their answer. From "L. M. M.'s" deduction "that whatever morality reprobates it may properly invoke legislation to prohibit, without abandoning its legitimate province," we dissent *in toto*. To agree with him, we should have to discard nearly every one of our notions as to the province of jurisprudence, and our reasons for declining to do this are too numerous to be given here. The experiment of making law and morality convertible terms has been frequently tried, and with the most disastrous results, both to the one and the other. We have not a word to say against prohibitory legislation, *if it can be enforced;* what we condemn is the almost childish delight which some reformers take in embodying their ideas in legislative acts, which nobody or only very few obey, and which the majority laugh at. The civil power, doubtless, has "the right to declare that the liquor traffic ought wholly to cease;" but it has also the right to declare that all knaves and evil-disposed persons ought to betake themselves to some honest calling, and live by it. Anybody who enjoys calling on the civil power to make such declarations, is welcome to do so, but he must not insist on our believing that he is making a good use of his time. The distinction between prohibition of the traffic in liquor and the prohibition of drinking, is of course a distinction without a difference. It is not to the traffic temperance men object. As an article of commerce alcohol is not half as dangerous as oil of vitriol. To prevent the drinking is, of course, what they really aim at, as indeed "L. M. M." admits.—Ed. Nation.]

A letter-writer to the editor of the *Nation*, signing himself "Citizen"—a Republican to whom the party has owed a good deal—made the following remarks, in our issue of March 18, speaking of Grant's appointments:

"Sir: Your article upon the Cabinet this week hints in very mild language that which, for General Grant's own good and for the interests of the country, needs to be plainly stated. The President has made a great mistake, and is following it up with a series of mistakes, which, if persisted in, will involve him in difficulties and disasters.

"Neither Grant nor any other man knows enough to manage this Government without advice. It was very well for Grant to keep out of the ordinary struggle for Cabinet places; but the total failure of his first arrangement has shown that he needed the counsel of a few well-chosen persons upon that subject.

"The mistake about Mr. Stewart's appointment is only one error among more serious ones. The nomination of Mr. Stewart the day after he had presented General Grant with a check for $65,000, for a house given to him by a number of gentlemen, of whom Mr. Stewart was one, was very *mal apropos*. The appointment of Mr. Borie, who subscribed to the purchase of a house for General Grant in Philadelphia, is open to similar comment. The appointment of Mr. Washburne to the State Department was a compliment that could only have made him ridiculous, if he had not been sensible enough to ask for a change which, while it put him in a place for which he is marvellously ill-fitted, will not make him so conspicuously absurd as he would be in the State Department. . . .

"What we have thus far seen of the disposition of minor offices is not encouraging. General Grant's avowed determination to bestow a number of valuable offices upon his personal friends is not wise or just, and will necessitate compromises with other men having personal friends, and power to support them, in which the public interest will suffer. And it is with some curiosity that I ask whether Mr. Montgomery Gibbs is one of Grant's personal friends; for I see him among the early favorites for a fat office. Binckley was a poor specimen of Presidential favorites, but Gibbs will make the memory of Binckley honorable. Indeed, I do that honest, though very incapable, gentleman sore injustice in putting his name and Gibbs's together."

On this, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, talking of political corruption in America, based the following singular bit of misrepresentation:

"But still more striking circumstances are stated affecting General Grant himself. They are told, not by an enemy, but by a Republican, in the columns of the New York *Nation*. He says that the President nominated Mr. Stewart to an appointment 'the day after he had presented General Grant with a check for $65,000, for a house given to him by a number of gentlemen, of whom Mr. Stewart was one.' Another of his nominees, Mr. Borie, subscribed for the purchase of a horse for General Grant in Philadelphia. 'General Grant's avowed determination,' says the writer, 'to bestow a number of valuable offices upon his personal friends is not wise or just.' He mentions one or two other instances. This is not corruption on the part of the President, but it is very remarkable indiscretion."

This is bad enough, inasmuch as it leaves the impression on the mind that the *Nation* had made a charge of corruption against General Grant; but now comes the London correspondent of the New York

Tribune, and, with characteristic unscrupulousness, makes the following comments on it, the dishonesty of his performances being about equally great whether he had or had not seen the letter in the *Nation*—though most probably he had not seen it:

"It may interest you to see what kind of ammunition is furnished to enemies of America by the New York *Nation*, and what use they make of it. The following is from to-day's *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, after charging bribery upon Governor Fenton, says [as above quoted from the *Gazette*]:

"The malicious ingenuity with which facts, in themselves innocent, are wrought into an accusation against President Grant, could not easily be surpassed. The indecency and untruthfulness of the libel may fairly, perhaps, be divided between the two guilty journals."

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE late Mr. Calvin Blanchard—who for years made his name notorious in many parts of the country by means of an advertisement, in which he offered to send through the mail postpaid, on receipt of price, such works as respectable booksellers do not ordinarily urge on their customers—left behind him at the time of his death the manuscript of a work which his widow, Mrs. Anne Eliza Edwards Blanchard, has revised and condensed, and which will soon be published. It has a title as formidable as that of the great work mentioned by us the other day, which Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews and his friends have in preparation. It is as follows: "The True Principles of Positive Sociology; An Announcement of the Religion of Society; and an Exposition of the Statics and Dynamics of Humanity, being the Religio-Political Physics: Or, an Answer to the Great Question: If you take away my Religion and Politics, what will you give me in their stead?" This seems as successful a combination of two fashions of titles—an old one and a modern one—as our English bibliography has to show. Once a title-page was a *résumé* of the contents of the book, and to be "learned in title-pages" was, after all, to have some considerable learning. At any rate our great-great-great-grandfathers could, by turning over books, acquire that sort of learning—a knowledge, namely, of where to go for a completer knowledge—for the sake of which Dr. Johnson once recommended the perusal of the mere backs of books on shelves. Now, the way of many book-makers is to make the titles of their works undescriptive, and even enigmatic. Mr. Hale's "If, Yes, and Perhaps," serves as an example. The method of being full and unintelligible at the same time is not often so well exemplified as by Mr. Blanchard's name for his posthumous offspring. Mrs. Blanchard we presume it is who writes the life of the author, and the "review of his writings and career," which are to be prefixed to the "True Principles." It would be a mistake, we may remark, to look upon Mr. Blanchard as simply a purveyor to the general public of such literature as it would be better the general reader should let alone. He was not a wise man; in fact, he had the habits of mind of a reformer of the long-haired type, who has become almost crazily in love with his own mental vagaries; but the selling of corrupting books was not his end, but a means—a way he took of getting his peculiar philosophic and sociological ideas before the world; the obscenity was the bait, and the hook, as he fondly hoped, was the treatise on greenbacks, or marriage, or war, or what not, which it was his custom to append to the works which he chose for publication. It is probable that he, too, would have regarded it as unfortunate that, practically, his labors served the cause of immorality. But it is likely that he never perceived that.——Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. announce "Hymns of the Church, with Tunes," selected and arranged by a Committee of the Reformed Church.——The Catholic Publication Society have in press Mr. J. Spencer Northcote's translation of De Rossi's "Roma Sotteranea."——Mr. G. W. Carleton adds to his library of American humorous literature a volume which has recently appeared in England, containing "Artemus Ward's Lectures." Whether all the lectures are given, or only a part of them, we are not informed, but in any case there is a large public ready for the volume, for it will be wanted by those who heard the lectures delivered, and by those who have known the lecturer only in print.——Mr. M. W. Dodd announces a new edition, in one volume, of "The History and Depository of Pulpit Eloquence," by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Fish.——Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. have made into an octavo volume the series of phonographically reported sermons, by Mr. Beecher, which they have been publishing for the last few months, and which they will continue to publish.——Mr. George A. Leavitt announces "New Annuals for 1869 and 1870," by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stoddard; a "Life and Campaigns of General U. S. Grant," and "An Account of his Election and Inauguration, etc.," by Mr. P. C. Headley, a writer of the J. S. C. Abbott school, who once was better known than now, though he may still be in favor with that public, very profitable but more obscure nowadays than formerly, which gets its reading matter from "book agents."——A second and enlarged edition of an admirable book, Dr. George Derby's "Anthracite and Health," is announced by Messrs. A. Williams & Co.

—Of the books just published, or just announced as forthcoming, in England, a good many are of interest and value. Poetry offers us but little that is new or good; still, we have "Child World," by the authors of "Poems Written for a Child;" and, as the *Telegraph* says, "the grown-up person who does not fall into raptures" on reading the works of the two authors in question "must have led a strange life," or else he must be destitute of tenderness and, what is nearly as bad, "all sense of metrical sunshine must have been omitted from his composition." Seriously, however, "Child World" is highly to be praised, so far as we can judge by its predecessor and by extracts that we have seen, as being really poetical, and as being pleasant reading for adults, whatever it may be to children. Mr. George Augustus Simcox, a writer worthy of attention, has written a new volume called "Poems and Romances." Schiller's "Song of the Bell," which possesses so intelligible an attraction for the tribe of translators, finds still another translator in Mr. J. H. Merivale. Mr. Edgington's "Odyssey" meets with a cool welcome from the critics, and apparently deserves nothing better. In accordance with a theory which he holds, that in times of primitive antiquity men used unpictorial, unadorned language, Mr. Edgington employs a diction which may be called simple to baldness, and which makes one of his assailants say, that if it is by the lack of adornment that we are to judge of the antiquity of poetical works, then Mr. Edgington is "more ancient than Homer—or than Lord Derby, which would be saying something more." That Mr. Edgington's remarkable theory was made to fit the dimensions of his own rather than Homer's vocabulary, even a reader who had no views on the general question might be inclined to suspect when, to give a single example for many, εὐῆρες ἐρετμόν he finds to be rendered "well-built oar." Why he should not say "steam-refined oar" or "hemstitched oar," instead of "well-built," Mr. Edgington could probably give a reason altogether satisfactory to himself. An English Odyssey that is doubtless a good deal worse than Mr. Edgington's is "A Nearly Literal Translation of Homer's Odyssey into Accentuated Dramatic Verse," by the Rev. Mr. Lovelace Bigge-Wither. Mr. Bigge-Wither has done the whole of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" into English since the appearance of Lord Derby's "Iliad," in 1865! But his "accentuated dramatic verse" is not a particularly hard vehicle to manage. A man might be able to do in a day a great many lines such as these:

> "He's gone out-of-sight—out-of-mind! and-to-*me* hath left
> Woes-only-and-tears: nor only *him* I weep for
> Now."

The words connected by hyphens are to be read, the translator says, as one foot, with the emphasis on the last syllable.—A new poem with what seems an oddly self-contradictory title, "Oswald the Hermit: a Domestic Drama," is by an anonymous author. We may mention under the head of poetry the fact that Mr. Charles G. Leland's Hans Breitmann's ballads having become popular enough in England to have gone through six or seven editions, are now the subject of an unseemly quarrel between Messrs. Trübner & Co. and Mr. John Camden Hotten, who has laid unauthorized hands upon them and gets out editions that will seriously diminish the author's profits. Mr. Hotten gives with the ballads "editorial and illustrative notes," but Messrs. Trübner & Co. are, it is said, soon to have the advantage of Mr. Leland's own supervision of their editions, and, moreover, they are able to offer to their customers certain pieces which Mr. Hotten cannot offer to his without an infraction of the English law of copyright. Whatever may be Mr. Leland's right to complain of the treatment to which Mr. Hotten has subjected him, the rest of us Americans should remember the continual robberies that may be charged against us, and that it is our own fault if we have not international copyright laws.

—Of new theological works recently published in England the one most likely to be interesting to our cisatlantic religious world is Mr. James Martineau's "New Affinities of Faith," a little pamphlet which is described as "a plea for general Christian union." Cobbett's "Legacy to Parsons" is now thirty or forty years old, but its republication under the editorship of the present William Cobbett is timely, the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland being recognized as the sure forerunner of the total separation of Church and State in all the British Empire. Certainly the case could hardly be more readably presented, if it might be presented more accurately, than in Cobbett's knock-down English. The Reverend J. Spencer Northcote, who is already somewhat known as a

writer on the Catacombs, is preparing a translation of De Rossi's very well known work on the same subject, "Roma Sotterranea." Mr. Northcote's task is not that of mere translation, for he exercises a compiler's discretion as regards the treatment of the text. The work is to be illustrated profusely, and the Chevalier De Rossi is himself superintending the printing of the chromos, which, however, will be less numerous than the woodcuts. The fifth volume of Merle D'Aubigné's "Reformation in the Time of Calvin" is now ready. "Misread Passages in Scripture" is the taking title of a book by Mr. J. Baldwin Browne. A third and enlarged edition is published of the "Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount, drawn from the Writings of Saint Augustine." Historical and literary, rather than theological, but well worth the attention of clergymen, whether polemical or not, is a new German work—"Geschichte der Stadt Rom," by Alfred von Reumont. In this last volume the author treats of the "humanism," which developed itself fully in the pontificate of the singularly infallible Leo the Tenth and those of the popes just preceding and following him—the inordinate classicism which reached such an anti-Christian pitch that God is spoken of in the works of some of the devotees of the revived paganism as *dii deœque*, and men like Doctor Neale, looking back on those times, and not duly weighing all the considerations, are moved to cry out, as Neale in one place does, "What a dread fulthing, after all, was the mediæval discovery of the classical literature!" or words to that effect. It is not at all in that spirit that von Reumont regards this very interesting period; he rather shows us its features and allows us to judge for ourselves, and shows them so clearly that we have in sufficiency the grounds of judgment. We do a service, we believe, to orthodox clergymen in calling their attention to six essays, by as many different men, on "Congregationalism"—"whether Baptist or Independent." The object of the writers is to describe the Congregational system and the forms of character it has produced, and "to prepare men's minds for a freer development of Christian polity." Apparently it will be worth while to read this book in connection with Mr. Martineau's, above mentioned.

—The English historical and biographical works of the month are not specially attractive, but there are two or three very good ones nevertheless. Mazzini, whatever we may think of him either as a speculative or as a practical politician, is often very happy in the exercise of his usual function of criticising men and things; for, while he holds all sorts of disturbing theories, yet he has the temperament which is apt to confer a greater or less degree of a power that might not improperly be called sympathetic divination. His essay on Carlyle, for example, is an extremely accurate description, spiritual and mental, of that author, and, written some quarter of a century since, it was on its first appearance really a prophecy as well as a portrait. Much of this critical power Mazzini displays in his autobiographic "Life and Writings," the fifth volume of which work is now in press, and the whole of which is worth possessing, if only for the checkered career which it depicts, and for the interest of many of the figures on the canvas. The same thing can hardly be said of the "Count Bismarck," which young Mr. Lewes has just translated. It is, however, a small paper-covered book of about the size of the Tauchnitzes, and, to say no better of it, will be useful to any one who is thinking of getting up padding for the magazines. New editions are in preparation of Mr. John Forster's "Sir John Eliot; a Biography, 1590–1632," and the same author's "History of the Grand Remonstrance in November and December, 1641," with the introductory essay on English freedom in Plantagenet and Tudor times. Rassam's "Narrative of the Mission to King Theodore" has raised the important question — important for the honor of England and Lord Napier of Magdala — whether or not Theodore was attacked by the English army after his lordship's acceptance of his presents had caused the king to think that there was peace, or at the very least that there was truce, between himself and the English. Mr. Rassam's statements are very direct, and are well supported by evidence, and so far as we have seen, the friends of Lord Napier and that officer himself have done little in the way of effectually meeting the charges. We must not forget to mention Mr. William Lee's "Life and Uncollected Writings of Daniel Defoe." Defoe has of late attracted a good deal of very well deserved attention, and it is much to be hoped that Mr. Lee is fit for his task. He has, at any rate, been a diligent and loving student of his remarkable hero. The amended catalogue of Defoe's writings exhibits no less a number than two hundred and fifty-four, for several of which we are secondarily indebted to Mr. Lee's labor and research. Of new English works of fiction and of miscellaneous works, there are not many this month that call for particular notice. Some of our readers would enjoy the cook-book of Mrs. Tom Hood—the younger—with the preface by Tom Hood. "Tib's Tit-bits" is the title of it and it contains two hundred and thirty-one recipes.

—In speaking two or three weeks ago of the Tauchnitz-Tischendorf New Testament, we might properly have called attention to the late Dr. Geo. R. Noyes's translation, which has been published since the death of that lamented scholar, by the American Unitarian Association. Dr. Noyes chose Tischendorf's texts as his standard, while reserving the right to differ from him in his preferred readings. His aim was to make a translation which, while it should be even closer to the original than the accepted version, should be freed from the obsolete forms of speech preserved in the latter. Where there has been no good reason for change, however, the familiar phraseology has not been disturbed. Dr. Noyes's ability and conscientiousness were both beyond question, and the part which he did not survive to revise in the proofs has received the care of Mr. Ezra Abbot, who also assisted in revising the rest. His accuracy and learning, too, need no guaranty.

—The chief feature of interest in the "Zeitschrift zur bildende Kunst" (Vol. IV., No. 6) is the etching of a stormy landscape, by Rembrandt, after the original painting in the Brunswick gallery, never before reproduced. William Bürger, in the text which accompanies this characteristic picture, states some interesting facts in regard to the class to which it belongs. The number of Rembrandt's landscapes is so far from being numerous, that only about thirty are known with certainty, and of these, neither Holland nor Belgium possesses one. England has at least a dozen; Germany ten; Russia—whose galleries are much richer in works of the great masters than is commonly suspected—six; France two, of which one belongs to Mr. Bürger himself, and the other to Prince Czartoryski. With two or three exceptions, these paintings represent no actual scene in nature, but contain a few simple objects to which the painter's genius superadds the contrasts and conflicts of the elements, with his wonderful handling of light and shade. Rembrandt's countryman and contemporary, Peter van Hooge, had the honor, at the late sale of the Delessert gallery, in Paris, to be rated with Raphael, a Dutch interior by the former fetching 150,000 francs, as did the latter's *Virgin and Child*. Teniers' *Fishmonger* brought even more, unless there is an error in the report. The Raphael was bid in by the Duc d'Aumale over the Prince Napoleon, who also coveted it. It now, therefore, returns into the hands of the Orleans family, having been owned in 1792 by Philippe Egalité, who lost it, with other valuable paintings, at billiards to M. de Laborde. In 1799 in fell into English hands at an auction sale, with a valuation of 13,125 francs. In 1843, Delessert purchased it for 27,250. It will now return to England till such time as it is safe for the owner to dwell in France instead of in exile.

—Few persons, probably, could explain the origin of the lily or *fleur-de-lys* which marks the North on the compass of Christian nations. Dr. Breusing, in a learned and exhaustive article (not yet concluded) on Flavio Gioja, in No. 19 of the *Journal of the Geographical Society of Berlin*, connects this Bourbon emblem with the invention of the mariner's compass, and thinks it the homage paid by Gioja to the house of Anjou, which then ruled Naples and Amalfi. It is certain that the lily was not in use before the bisection of the right angle in subdividing the compass, and this we owe to the Italians. The Chinese, from whom the magnetic needle was most likely derived, divided the magnetic horizon into twenty-four parts, while the Japanese, the Arabs, and the Greeks agreed in using twelve. To this day Chinese ships use a land compass. In the Middle Ages the East of the compass was distinguished with a cross, which the interest then felt in the East sufficiently explains. The seeming pre-eminence thus given to that quarter was really held by it prior to the discovery of the needle. The ancients determined their hemispheres by day and night, and in reckoning the points of the compass they began with the East; as, when Homer (Od. v. 295) enumerates the winds, he mentions Eurus first and Boreas last, and a south-east wind with him was viewed as an east-south one. Eginhard, in the time of Charlemagne, did the same, though not for the same reason. The winds were the cause of the division of the horizon into more than two parts, such as the course of the sun would have suggested. The Temple of the Winds, at Athens, was an eight-sided building, of which the sides and not the angles answered to the directions from the centre outwards. That is to say, the ancients divided their horizon by arcs of thirty degrees instead of points, as is the modern fashion. The German sailors of the present day use both divisions. The ship heads East or West (*Ost, West*—one syllable); the sun rises, Russia lies, in the East (*im Osten*—two syllables)—a distinction which they carefully preserve but land poets neglect. The Italians, as we have said, bisected the right angle to make

eight points, and again the angles thus obtained, and so on. The points were connected with the centre by rhombs, thus making a figure which was called a *rosa ventorum*, or wind-rose, for which the English have no name whatever. The Germans call it *Strichrose*, or point-rose. It is claimed for Gioja that he fastened the needle to the under side of the wind-rose card, and thus made the compass practicable at sea; and it is possible that he also contrived the "gimbals," or swinging attachment of the present ship's compass. Two fine maps accompany this number of the *Zeitschrift*, one showing the progress of the line of the Po Delta, the other the actual condition of the Danube Delta from below Galatz, of which, and of the attempts on the Sulina branch to assure the navigation of the great river, the editor treats in a separate article.

—Secondary education for woman has found a hearty, sympathetic patron in the Crown Princess of Prussia, who attended on the 14th of January the formal opening of the so-called Victoria Lyceum in Berlin. This institution is the result of the labors of a Scotch lady, Miss Archer, assisted by such liberal minded men as Prof. Dr. von Holtzendorff and Prof. Bonitz—the latter, as one of the Curatorium, delivering the address at the opening referred to. The plan of this college is to afford regular courses of lectures, widely different from those "popular" ones to which alone women have heretofore had access. They will embrace history, geography, literature, art, philosophy, physiology, the natural and physical sciences, but not at present the professional branches. The term now in progress is to have four courses: modern history, German literature, French literature, and the history of art; the October term, four additional: English literature, music, botany, physics. A novel feature will be the use of the language of each country in describing its literature. Instruction in art will be combined with visits to the admirably arranged museums of the city, by special permission obtained through the Crown Princess. Music will be taught in connection with its history, and the scientific exposition of the musical thoughts which distinguish the sonata, the symphony, etc., will be practically illustrated, we are told, on the piano. This peculiar instruction will be undertaken by Dr. Ehrlich, an exquisite performer and a highly intellectual man. The management will consist of a very select company of nine ladies and gentlemen, of rank, learning, and wealth, one or more of whom will be present at every lecture. The college year is from October to April, inclusive (divided into two unequal terms of three and four months each), with the view of accommodating the probably numerous attendance from the provinces. The students will be encouraged to submit to an examination, though this will not be compulsory. Female lecturers will be admitted. Already two hundred and forty students, full of zeal and cheerfulness, have more than provided for the expenses of the first term, and shown, besides, the need which the Lyceum will meet and, it is to be hoped, satisfy.

MAX MULLER'S "CHIPS."*

Mr. Scribner has done a good service in adding Professor Max Müller's "Chips" to his valuable series of philological publications; for mere "chips" though they be, fragmentary essays like these contain much of the most vital discussion of the day. In a science that is in process of development, like comparative philology and mythology, there must necessarily be some crudeness and much repetition in the occasional essays published from time to time; the essays before us, however, even with some repetitions, contain little that we should be willing to lose.

Nearly one half of the second volume is taken up with that earlier essay upon Comparative Mythology (1856), the substance of which is repeated in Professor Müller's second course of lectures, and which, if we are not mistaken, first called attention to the fact that comparative mythology is a science. The essay indeed, although so much earlier, contains nearly all that is material upon this subject in the lectures; less elaborate in the details, but even more suggestive and eloquent in the statement of principles. Several of the other essays treat of the same subject, and nearly all in this volume touch upon it more or less distinctly; so that here we have his latest and most matured views—the latest of all being a review of Cox's Mythology (1867), noticed some months ago in these columns. In this latest essay, the same principle is laid down (p. 159) with which the earliest essay closes: "that mythology is simply a phase, and an inevitable phase in the growth of language; language being taken in its proper sense, not as the mere outward symbol, but as the only possible embodiment of thought." "The origin of mythological phraseology, whatever outward aspects it may assume, is always the same; it is language forgetting itself." It is hard to exaggerate the importance of this principle, which, as the author points out, was recognized also by K. O. Müller; but we think it has been somewhat exaggerated in these essays, and that Professor Müller overlooks, or rather denies, an equally essential element of mythology. He says (p. 162): "The mistake most commonly committed is to suppose that mythology has necessarily a religious character. . . . Religion, no doubt, suffered most from mythological phraseology, but it did not suffer alone." Here we fail to see what is gained by discarding old definitions. Mythology, as commonly understood, certainly implies a religious basis. It is true, the primary meaning of the word has relation to expression of thought rather than to the thought or sentiment itself; we have to do, however, with the mass of beliefs and traditions which actually pass by the name *mythology*, and in these it is undeniable that religion is an essential part. Even if, in nine cases out of ten, the explanation of myths is found in the meaning of words, there yet remain cases, as Professor Müller admits (p. 169), in which the etymological test fails. But the other element, the religious, is never absent. If now we throw aside this accepted definition, and make mythology to be identical with the poetry inherent in words, as he seems to do, we shall after all only have transferred a term from one set of ideas to another, and shall be driven to search for another term to attach to the old idea. Of course that stage in language which he calls the mythological is of the first importance in the history of language, and was indispensable to the formation of mythology—of much, too, which is not mythology. The recognition and illustration of this stage, and of its bearing on the development of myths, is one of the author's great services to scholarship and thought; but it will not explain everything that we call mythology.

It appears to us, therefore, that Professor Müller nowhere shows sufficient appreciation of the part which the religious sense must have had in the creation of mythology—nowhere recognizes that earnest faith in the dæmonic powers of nature which lay at the bottom of the ancient polytheism. Even in the fine passage in the first essay, in which he treats of the personification of abstract nouns and the powers of nature, it seems to us that he inverts the true process, and looks to language for an explanation, rather than to the instructive beliefs of the human mind. "In ancient languages," he says, p. 55, "every one of these words had necessarily a termination expressive of gender, and this naturally produced in the mind the corresponding idea of sex." But where did they get their "termination expressive of gender?" Was it not from the incapacity of the human mind at that stage to conceive of action or mere existence, except in living beings? The life which inspired all the powers and objects of nature, the unseen beings which dwelt in them, were the spirits or "dæmons" which human reverence developed into gods. These were the powers that were loved or feared, propitiated and worshipped.

It is true that "the stories of the Argonauts, or of the Trojan war, or of the Calydonian boar-hunt had very little to do with religion, except that some of the heroes engaged in these were called either the sons or the favorites of some of the so-called gods of Greece" (p. 162). Even these were as much religion as the exploits of Samson or the slaying of Goliath by David. But the concession made in the sentence just quoted is enough. If they had ever so little of religion, they possessed an essential element of mythology. Agamemnon and Jason and Atalanta were not gods, but they were descended from gods; the legends which told of them were on one side purely human, but on the other they touched that unseen world which lay all about the Greek, and inspired him with earnest sentiments of religious faith.

In regard to comparative mythology, the volume before us contains, as we have said, little in substance which we did not already possess in the lectures on language and in Mr. Cox's little manual. A great part of the volume, however, is devoted to bringing forward a new phase of the investigations which have grown out of comparative philology. "As the science of language," he says, p. 195, "has supplied a new basis for the science of mythology, the science of mythology bids fair, in its turn, to open the way to a new and scientific study of the folk-lore of the Aryan nations. Not only have the radical and formal elements of language been proved to be the same in India, Greece, Italy, among the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic nations; not only have the names of many of their gods, the forms of their worship, and the mainspring of their religious sentiment been traced back to one common Aryan source; but a further advance has been made. A myth, it was argued, dwindles down to a legend, a legend to the tale; and if the myths were originally identical in India Greece, Italy, Germany, why should not the tales also of these countries show some similarity, even in the songs of the Indian ayah and the English

* "Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. In two volumes. Vol. I., Essays on the Science of Religion. Vol. II., Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869. 12mo.)

nurse? "There is some truth," he adds, "in this line of argument, but there is likewise great danger of error." In half a dozen essays, on Norse, Highland, and Zulu tales, and on Folk-Lore and Manners and Customs, he discusses the various attempts which have been made to collect and compare such tales, and criticises them with very sound judgment. If in his own field of linguistics Professor Müller is chargeable with far-fetched and strained etymologies, certainly nothing could be more calm and judicious than these judgments of his upon the errors of others. In the main, however, he admits fully the claims of this new branch of his science: "Here, too, the ground-plan of a new science has been sketched out and broken relics of the ancient folk-lore of the Aryan family have been picked up in the cottages of Scotland, the spinning-rooms of Germany, the bazaars of Herat, and the monasteries of Ceylon" (p. 258). Again: "These very stories, these 'Mährchen,' which nurses still tell, with almost the same words, in the Thuringian forests and the Norwegian villages, and to which crowds of children listen under the pippul-trees of India, these stories, too, belonged to the common heir-loom of the Indo-European race, and their origin carries us back to the same distant past, when no Greek had set foot in Europe, no Hindoo had bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges" (p. 222).

The same key which has unlocked so many of the riddles of mythology is applied, not without success, to the folk-lore; and the Sun, the Dawn, Day and Night, Winter and Spring, are shown to be embodied in many of these tales. An example of these is the familiar story of the Frog-prince (p. 244), which we all remember in Gammer Grethel, and which Prof. Müller unhesitatingly classes as one of the sun-myths; "it can be shown," he says, "that frog was used as a name of the sun;" i. e., "at sunrise and sunset, when the sun seemed squatting on the water." Unfortunately, while these words would certainly lead one to suppose that there was direct evidence that the word meaning "frog" was used for the sun, no direct evidence of this is offered; the sentences which follow appear to be only a labored argument to show the probability of such a use, and the argument ends, "must have been at one time used, etc." The result is, that the reader is left in doubt whether the statement is a known fact, or only an inference from probability.

The history of these mythical tales, after the gods of heathendom had been supplanted by Christianity, the power, that is, by which mythical legends became mere fairy stories, is well told on p. 233. "Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the gods, forgotten. But the stories told of them would not die, and in spite of the excommunications of the priests they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell the pretty stories of old, if it was only to keep their little folk quiet. They did not tell them of the gods; for those gods were dead, or, worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; aye, sometimes they would tell them of the very saints and martyrs, and the apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged by right to Odin and other heathen gods. The oddest figure of all is that of the devil in his half-christian and half-heathen garb. The Aryan nations had no devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage; and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess, Hell, too—like Proserpine—had once seen better days. Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in the most good-humored manner. They ascribed to him all the mischievous tricks of their most mischievous gods."

We have spoken first of the second volume, because it contains the discussions which are most identified with the name of Max Müller, and possesses at the same time most novelty to the majority of readers. We do not know, however, but that the first volume would, on the whole, be pronounced the most interesting and the most valuable. At any rate, there are many readers who will care nothing for these strange identities of words and fables and objects of worship, but who will turn eagerly to the essays upon the divers forms of religion of the Asiatic peoples. The first volume contains admirable essays upon nearly all the great primitive religions of Asia, with their sacred books—the Vedas, the Zendavesta; Buddhism, the Parses, the books of Confucius, Semitic monotheism—all these titles, of the first interest to the students of religious thought, are treated in the author's eloquent style, and with his unsurpassed erudition. Here, no doubt, we may look for what is latest and best worth knowing upon these subjects.

Besides these there is a short essay upon the "Popol Vuh," or sacred book of the Quiché tribe of Central America, which is shown to be a genuine record of the times before the Spanish conquest. To be sure, the book in question is not the real "Popol Vuh," but is the composition of a Christian convert of the sixteenth century, who was unwilling to suffer the records of his nation to perish, and who therefore made out this compilation from whatever early material was accessible to him. Even this is of the greatest value, and the genuineness of the work is vouched by the modesty of its claims. But it does not follow because the document is genuine that its records are necessarily true. It repeats the old beliefs and traditions of the people, crude and confused as such recollections must necessarily be. Professor Müller makes some judicious remarks upon this head; after alluding to the old Greek traditions, and remarking that "we know nothing of Greek history before the Olympiads, and very little even then," he continues (p. 327):

"The same applies with a force increased a hundred fold to the ancient history of the aboriginal races of America, and the sooner this is acknowledged, the better for the credit of American scholars. Even the traditions of the migrations of the Chichimecs, Colhuas, and Nahuas, which form the staple of all American antiquarians, are no better than the Greek traditions about Pelesgians, Æolians, and Ionians: and it would be mere waste of time to construct out of such elements a systematic history, only to be destroyed again sooner or later by some Niebuhr, Grote, or Lewis."

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

HERE are "L'Interné," by M. Jules Janin, and "Les Dents du Dragon," by Alphonse Karr.—Manhood has its prime, and the enthusiasm and fire of youth can scarcely be expected to extend beyond half a century of years. Jules Janin is sixty-four, Alphonse Karr is ripening into his fifty-first summer. Janin's "Femme Guillotinée" and "L'Ane Mort" first appeared in 1829–30. We would not say, "superfluous lags the veteran," but when we read his "Chemin de Traverse," with 1837 on the title-page, and a gush of young enthusiasm and charming fancy over all its other pages, we cannot help contrasting it with the book before us. And then the Madame Prevost obituary, his description of the flower-seller's shop in the Palais Royal, where he picks up the fleuriste's order-book, and in its items reads the hidden history of the gay Parisian world. Terrible and touching; with such exquisite trains of associations; such feeling, poetry, truth! And yet the book contained only the names of those who gave and those who received a few poor flowers. The loves of Paris kept by double entry! Here, to-day, a simple bouquet of violets is sent and accepted. Then a rose. Each day adds a flower to love's message. Then, alas! soon, each day tears away a flower, until *his* name and *her* name are no longer written together; and, as the first sender disappears, you perceive a fresh bouquet of violets appearing with a new name attached to it. Ah! if you but knew the slight duration of these grand passions, "*éternelles comme la rose!*" Janin is not to be judged by his novels, and the one before us is far from being the best of them, although it has some admirable pages. Janin is not a novelist, but he is the greatest of feuilletonists. Wit, fancy, fertility, gayety, critical acumen, and the gentlest of persiflage are all his, but he wants the continuity to write a book. Alphonse Karr has long been remarkable for the eccentricity of the titles of his works, "Journey Around My Garden," "An Hour Too Late," "Black and Blue Roses," "Mid-day to Fourteen o'Clock," and his "King of the Canary Islands," lately announced. He is best known by his Guêpes (Wasps), a series of satirical papers, published at short intervals, from 1839 to 1850. His "Dragon's Teeth" is fragmentary and discursive; *laudator temporis acti*, he talks much in it of his Guêpes and himself.

In "Le Sentiment Religieux en Grèce," by Jules Girard, the religious sentiment of the ancient Greeks, from Homer to Æschylus, is presented in its moral development and in its dramatic expression. M. Girard takes direct issue with Renan, who, in his "Apostles," says of the Greeks, that they never had any high appreciation nor profound sentiment of the destiny of man; that they accepted life as children do; that their infantine serenity was always a self-satisfied one, and this peculiar serenity a national characteristic. To the reader of M. Girard's five hundred and fifty pages, it is a secondary question whether or not he gets the better of Renan in the argument. The attraction of the work lies in the elaborate demonstration of the existence of an elevated tone in Grecian philosophy and dramatic arts. The chapters upon natural religion in Homer, upon anthropomorphism as developed in Homer and Hesiod, on the progress of moral and religious sentiments, the influence of Orphic ideas on human destiny and a future life; the religious ideas of Æschylus, as expressed in his "Prometheus" and "Eumenides," added to the parallels with Sophocles

and Shakespeare, all present attractive reading and valuable suggestion.

"Éléments d'Histologie Humaine" is a translation from the well-known German work by Kolliker, which, for the past twelve years, has been the only classic treatise on the science of histology used in the French medical schools. Dr. Mark See, its translator, has enriched the work with statements of the many valuable discoveries made since 1856, elucidated several obscure points, and removed the remnants of several ancient errors. The first part of the work is devoted exclusively to the study of the tissues, which are divided by the author into four classes—the cellular, conjunctive, muscular, and nervous. Kolliker declares for the doctrine of Schwamm, so brilliantly developed and sustained by Virchow, and greatly enlarges the signification of the term *cella*. He extends its former acceptation of a vesicle closed by a membrane, and recognizes in it the *organite* of Milne-Edwards.

The "Histoire de l'Art Grec avant Périclès" is by M. Beulé, a member of the Institute of France, and Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, our author speaks as one having authority. M. Beulé is well known in Europe as a passionate admirer of classic art, and in several published works has given proof of great taste and erudition. The present work fully justifies his reputation. He declares that, starting in the East, the cradle of so many movements in the progress of humanity, art reached Greece by Asia Minor and the Ionian Islands. Barbarous, puerile, and profitless in Assyria, in Egypt, in Phœnicia, art gradually improved in traversing the Archipelago, and attained in the continental Hellenic lands its fullest development. M. Beulé maintains—and here is an interesting feature of his work—that the Greeks, with all their superiority, nevertheless invented nothing. From the East they received all the germs and earliest efforts of art, which they so transformed and perfected that the true originators are lost sight of, and they alone appear as the creators. The patrimony of ancient art was the general inheritance of the community of nations. The Grecians appropriated it, absorbed it, and, in a style and form peculiar to themselves, made it for ever their own. All that preceded them is despised or forgotten. They alone are remembered. Ionian in Attica, Dorian in the Peloponnesus; graceful in the first, virile in the second, Grecian art spreads and increases with this double characteristic throughout Greece and its colonies. The monuments of the cities of Sicily and of Campania tell plainly what race founded them. It progresses with constant developments until Phidias, Dorian by birth, Ionian by education, finally fuses the two currents, and produces from their union its complete and ideal perfection. An artist as well as a scholar, as enthusiastic in his admiration of beauty as profound and accurate in his researches, the author reviews with his reader all the works, essays, artists, cities, and ruins, from Samos to Corinth, Corinth to Syracuse, Syracuse to Pœstum, showing by turns the progress of architecture and of sculpture, until we find the supreme expression of Grecian art in Phidias and Polygnotus—Polygnotus, the Prometheus of painting, the first who threw animation and fire into representations of the human countenance, who first in his paintings represented the mouth open and the teeth displayed, who first clothed his figures in light garments, and threw transparent draperies about the forms of his women; the author, in short, of both delicacy and expression in painting.

"Gianotti, sa Vie, son Temps et ses Doctrines" is the work of Charles Tassin. Gianotti was a contemporary of Macchiavelli. Like Macchiavelli, he was Secretary of the Florentine Council of Ten; like him, he essayed to give form and expression to the principles of governmental policy. Unlike Macchiavelli, though, he was the advocate of reason and justice against the apologists of force and cunning, and combated his reasons and condemned his principles. M. Tassin shows that even at that epoch the Macchiavellian theories were far from being generally accepted in Italy, and points to Gianotti as the exponent of a school teaching the doctrines of right, as opposed to those of the school of mere interest.

The publication of the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," so long promised, now appears to be so indefinitely postponed that it is altogether possible they may, after all, never see the light. Here is the actual position of the matter: the memoirs in question were bequeathed by Prince Talleyrand to his niece, the Duchess of Sagan, who was forbidden to publish them before the expiration of thirty years after his death. But this restriction was unaccompanied by any obligation to print them. The Duchess of Sagan bequeathed them under the same conditions to the Count de Bacourt (the same who edited the correspondence of Mirabeau and of the Count de la Marck). The Count, in turn, left them to M. Paul Andral and M. Chatelain, and added twenty to the thirty years ordered by Talleyrand. The result of all these dispositions, and of a simple sum in arithmetic, is that the "Talleyrand Memoirs" cannot be published before 1888, and even then, it will rest with both MM. Andral and Chatelain, or their heirs and executors, to publish or not, at their option. No obligation rests upon them to do so.

The main features of the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth ("Histoire de Sixte Quint," by M. Dumesnil) are familiar even to general readers of history. He was an extraordinary man, and, during his reign of more than five years, displayed an energetic will as applied to affairs of state and of religion, an unbending severity toward criminals, constant solicitude for the well-being of his subjects, an enlightened fondness for the arts, as is shown by numerous monuments, and a spirit of inflexible determination in raising the Holy See into a state of independence of foreign princes. M. Dumesnil's work is an additional proof, if any were needed, of the fact that the mission of history in the nineteenth century appears to be to *unteach* all preceding modern history. The author shows that the origin of Felix Peretti, Pope Sixtus, was not low, as is related (the story ran that he was originally a swineherd), and that he was allied to the "best families, short of nobility," of his province. His pretended infirmities, the statement that he was elected because supposed to be dying, and the well-known crutch-story, he pronounces to be all fabulous. He shows, moreover, that there is no warrant for these stories in contemporary history, and quotes Tempesti, one of the historians of the conclave which elected Sixtus, to the following effect: "In electing Montalto Pope, still vigorous of years, since he had only reached sixty-four, and enjoyed a robust and vigorous constitution, it was felt certain that he would live long enough to bury Farnese and his partisans, etc."

"L'Immortalité de l'Ame chez les Juifs" was first published in Paris some ten years since. It is a translation by Isidore Cohen fron the German of Dr. Brecher, Surgeon of the Israelite Hospital at Prossnitz. It is well known that a general impression prevails to the effect that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was formerly unknown to the Jews; that it is not found in the Prophets, and most certainly not in the Pentateuch. Judaism appeared to remain proudly indifferent to the accusation and to public opinion until Dr. Brecher, who is well known to Hebraists as the commentator and editor of the Cosri, or Khusari, undertook seriously in this little work to prove from Hebrew tradition, from the Scriptures, and from the Talmud, that the Jewish people have always recognized the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. His task is executed with great force of reasoning and a most interesting display of erudition.

We may remark here that the general current of Protestant Christian opinion upon this subject is strongly tinged with the prevailing theory of Warburton, as developed in his "Divine Legation." He argues the subject at great length and with some learning, and concludes that although the more current doctrine has always been that a future state of rewards and punishments was taught by the law of Moses, he has, nevertheless, proved beyond all reasonable question that such a doctrine is not to be found in, nor did it make part of, the Mosaic dispensation.

For this and similar opinions, Dr. Warburton was made excessively uncomfortable by a profusion of compliments from Voltaire, which were so energetically declined by the Bishop of Gloucester as to draw from the Sage of Ferney language in which no trace of eulogy could by possibility be discovered.

"Campagnes et Stations," by Ed. du Hailly, has a title which announces an author by turns soldier and sailor. Precisely in what capacity he travelled he does not say, but from internal evidence we take him to be a naval officer of rank, charged with a diplomatic mission. The book is most interesting from the first to the last of its 462 pages. On his route to Singapore, M. du Hailly gives us glimpses of Madeira, Brazil, Bahia, and the Cape of Good Hope. Then comes Singapore, a city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants, which in 1819 had no existence beyond that of a miserable Indian village. The details concerning Siam and Bangkok are fresh and very full. The author speaks of American Protestant missions founded in Siam thirty-six years ago—Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, etc. "This land will soon be Immanuel's," wrote a missionary in 1839. In 1857, Sir John Bowring doubted seriously if ten native Siamese Protestants could be found. M. du Hailly professes himself unable to comprehend the *persistante confiance* displayed by the Bible societies in the distribution of their publications—"a distribution of which experience has demonstrated the almost total uselessness." Nevertheless, he says, these missions have not been wholly profitless, for they have aided in spreading much useful knowledge, and they publish the only journal in Bangkok. Then he gives us the result of three years' observation among the continents and islands of the great Southern Ocean, and a history full of remarkable details concerning the Coolie trade, or rather, the traffic in Coolies, and closes with two chapters on the French Antilles (Martinique and Guadaloupe), and Six

Months in Newfoundland. A professional book-maker would have made at least half a dozen volumes out of his material.

"Le Poème de Lucrèce" is a treatise by C. Martha.—The poem in question is of course the "De Rerum Natura." An extraordinary fact connected with the great work of Lucretius is the slight mention made of it by succeeding Latin authors. Not that it was unknown to them; far from it. With the single exception of Ovid, who speaks of it with enthusiasm, they nearly all refer to it disparagingly, although nearly all of them profited by it. One reason for this silence, doubtless, was the little taste that existed among the Romans for such elevated speculations as the poem indulges in. Another was a feeling that may be called religious; somewhat akin to that which, years ago, prevented people in England from acknowledging familiarity with such a work as Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse." But this neglect of the ancients has been more than compensated by the admiration of the moderns. Lucretius has not only been translated into all the principal modern languages, but has received the tribute of numerous refutations and commentaries. In English alone we have translations of his poem by Creech, Busby, J. S. Watson, and Good, not to mention the brilliant paraphrase of some of its passages by Dryden. The translation of Creech is a double one, being in prose and in verse. So great was his admiration of Lucretius that the story—apocryphal, we think—runs that his suicide was in imitation of his original. In Germany, Eichstädt's version and notes are well and favorably known. In France, Montaigne and Gassendi gave Lucretius great attention. Molière studied and translated his great poem; Villemain wrote an essay upon it, and a Professor (Patin) of the Sorbonne delivered a course of lectures upon it. Then there is Cardinal Polignac's refutation of its philosophical system the "Anti-Lucretius, sive de Deo et Natura," in admirable Latin—an enormous work in nine books, of thirteen hundred lines each, which it was once the fashion to admire; Voltaire speaks of its author as

> "Le Cardinal, oracle de la France
> Réunissant Virgile avec Platon,
> Vengeur du ciel et vainqueur de Lucrèce."

Voltaire himself admired him highly, but unfortunately for the reputation of the poem, he resuscitated precisely those elements which best merited forgetfulness, and it is only during this century, thanks to Villemain, Patin, and the author of the work before us, that Lucretius is judged impartially and appreciated fairly. M. Martha's book, of 360 pages, is an able analysis and elegant commentary, not only upon the poem, but also the preceding and contemporary literature of Greece and Rome, their theology, philosophy, science, and social system, together with an admirable appreciation of the doctrines of Epicurus, and of the opposing schools of philosophy; the whole illustrated by an eloquent *résumé* of the Christian doctrines bearing upon these subjects. It is neither a translation nor a commentary, but both—as, from passage to passage, the poem may seem to require the one or the other. Besides the salient beauties of the poem, familiar to many, the admirable picture of the pursuits of man, the progress of art and science, the grand pictures of chaos and the creation, and the description of the plague with which the poem closes, M. Martha has, with tasteful discrimination, developed the beauty of many passages hitherto imperfectly noticed or misunderstood.

The Military and Civil History of Connecticut during the War of 1861–65, comprising a detailed account of the various Regiments and Batteries, through March, Encampment, Bivouac, and Battle, &c. By W. A. Croffut and John M. Morris. (New York: Ledyard Bill. 1869.)—The books that record the part which the several States of the North took in the war of the Rebellion are getting to be so large that a lifting tackle or boom-derrick will soon be needed to move them from the shelf to the desk; and as for their weight it may be conveniently stated by adopting the phrase of the old story of the stout man, and saying that so many go to the ton. The volume now presented to the public is a large octavo of eight hundred and ninety-one pages. It is a very creditable piece of work, showing an infinite amount of patient labor, and composed with modesty, candor, and good sense. It gives an excellent account of the commencement of the war, and calls up a vivid remembrance of the enthusiastic spirit of those days, with their flag-raising, money-giving, sword-presenting, and enlisting of soldiers. It contains an abundance of good little biographical sketches of true representatives of Connecticut, and follows closely and apparently with accuracy the fortunes of all the military organizations which she sent to the field. The plan of the author is "to group events that are synchronous, and carry forward the whole with something of the consecutive method of history." They have adhered to this plan with fidelity, but have confined themselves so closely to recording the services of the soldiers of their State, as hardly even to mention the haps of regiments from other States serving not only in the same division but even in the same brigade with Connecticut troops. Thus their accounts of battles read oddly, when they are defective only by reason of the omissions incident to the plan of the work, but it is to be added that they have other and more serious defects. They are sometimes confused, and sometimes all wrong, but as the authors modestly disclaim any intention of offering "elaborate descriptions of battles," and seem to have honestly tried to tell the truth, and have succeeded in telling the tale of the contingent of Connecticut with great minuteness, and without undue laudation of their heroes, or distasteful disparagement of the troops of other States in comparison with them, there is no occasion for submitting this feature of their work to searching criticism. They have used manuscript reports of battles with some freedom, but it is to be wished that they had quoted from them much more largely. Such material is of very high value, and, if the writer be of a certain calibre, is of the highest, and it will be every day more difficult to procure. The value of books of the class to which this belongs, is of course primarily local, but they contain stores of information from which the future historian must draw. To him the contemporaneous records of interesting events made by the actors in them, of whatever grade, will be as precious as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Narratives digested from materials becoming day by day less accessible, not to say non-existent, will be worth much less, and therefore it is earnestly to be hoped that future compilers of similar books will enrich them profusely with extracts from official reports, diaries, scrap-books, "private letters," as Messrs. Croffut & Morris say they have gathered facts from, and with memoranda of the statements made to them at "personal interviews."

The Wonders of Optics. By F. Marion. Translated from the French and edited by Charles W. Quin. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co.)—A series of books called the "Bibliothèque des Merveilles" has recently appeared in Paris, and has proved sufficiently popular to encourage the publication of an American edition. The work before us is the first number of this series. It is principally devoted to explaining the extraordinary effects obtainable by the use of lenses and mirrors. Descriptions are given of the eye, and of the defects and errors to which it is liable, such as color-blindness and ocular spectra. An account is also given of some curious workings of the imagination, during which images are seen with such distinctness that the patient is unable to distinguish them from real objects. Among the descriptions of optical instruments, a chapter is devoted to the spectroscope, of which, strangely enough, there is scarcely any notice in the French edition. Although not quite accurate in all respects, yet this chapter contains a good summary of spectrum analysis, particularly in its application to astronomy. In describing the telescope an error occurs which requires correction. The Cambridge telescope is said to be larger than that at Pulkova. In reality, they are both of the same size; and their diameter is fifteen inches, instead of eighteen or nineteen. The largest achromatic lens which has yet been mounted is not Mr. Buckingham's, but the Craig telescope, twenty-four inches in diameter and over seventy feet in focal length.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book is Part III., which is mainly devoted to showing how much of the magic of the ancients may be reduced to an ingenious use of concave mirrors and other optical instruments. A good description is also given of the method of producing the "ghosts" which were exhibited a few years ago at many of our theatres. The interest of the work is much increased by the large number of illustrations, a portion of which are very well executed.

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The Week.

THE last day of the Senate's extra session were not particularly creditable either to the Senate as a body, or to Messrs. Nye, Sprague, and Abbott individually. Mr. Nye made a speech of the well-known variety that he cultivates. Mr. Sprague made another preposterous exhibition of himself, and gave some of his correspondents the pleasure of seeing themselves embalmed in the amber of the *Globe*, for he has printed all their letters to him. Mr. Abbott (of North Carolina)—who might do well by taking a leaf out of the book of his clever and more silent colleague, Mr. Pool—made a display of what used to be called "plantation manners," and threatened to seek a "personal difficulty," as it used to be called, with Mr. Sprague. It is said that the latter gentleman weighs only five-eighths as much as Mr. Abbott; but, for all that, is reported as "walking the avenue" in perfect fearlessness. Still, you never can tell. Mr. Abbott, on his part, is not known as a fire-eater; but we believe he was seen in the avenue too. On the whole, it would be as sad to see Mr. Sprague kill Mr. Abbott as to see Mr. Abbott kill Mr. Sprague. Thursday was partly occupied, too, with eulogies on General Burnside, who was not permitted to remain long under the aspersions of Mr. Sprague. Senator Brownlow told the latter gentleman that there were babies enough in East Tennessee called after the General to drive out of the State any orator who should attack his good name. General Burnside is, we believe, a man that everybody likes who ever knew him, except Mr. Sprague and the late Count Gurowski, and there was a natural desire on the part of his friends to say good words of him; but it is to be doubted if he cares anything for what such an enemy can say. At the close of the evening session the Senate adjourned *sine die*, having acted on all its treaties, but not on all the nominations sent in to it. Mr. Sanford does not go to Spain, nor Mr. Jones to Belgium, nor General Sickles anywhere, as yet, though his "services" during the campaign were not small, as probably he is—all things considered—as effective a platform speaker as there is in the country. Mr. Pile also is defeated, and cannot go to Brazil unless the President disregard the senators' wish, which is very unlikely, although he is to be the Government from now till winter. We may modify a statement of ours, made last week, and say that only one editor at all influential got anything like a first-class position; it was Mr. Rublee, of Wisconsin, a man of more than ordinary character and cultivation, who is likely to do us credit in Switzerland.

The practice of senators soliciting appointments to office got a long discussion in the Senate on yesterday week. It is a practice which has always prevailed to a greater or less extent from the early days of the Government till now, but was never before an evil of such magnitude. It is probable that for the forty-five or forty-six thousand offices which constitute "patronage" there have been not less than four hundred thousand or half a million applicants, and inasmuch as many thousands of these have paid their personal attentions to "our representatives," the Senate is in no very good humor. Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Trumbull were most affected by the consideration that under the present system the members of the two Houses are made mere office-brokers, and that the senators are often guilty of pretending to deliberate on appointments that they have in fact eagerly pleaded for. Mr. Cameron was no little displeased with the fact that his advice has not been often enough asked for by President Grant. Mr. Abbott took a truly office-broking view; he thought that a mistake is made in not apportioning the offices among the States in accordance with the population. Mr. Carpenter wanted the departments instructed to send in the names of all the Government employés, together with the facts in regard to their appointments. This Mr. Carpenter wanted because he is of opinion that a great reduction could be and should be made in the present clerical force in Washington. It will be seen, however, that it would incidentally give exact information as to what States and what senators have had most luck of late, and a balance could be intelligently struck. The Senate did not vote on the resolution, however, but went into executive session. We do not observe that anybody had anything to say in favor of the Civil Service reform which alone can be of the least possible use in our present deplorable circumstances. The respectable press is giving Mr. Jenckes more support now than at any previous time; but a good part of the press is controlled by editors who are themselves "inside politics" to the extent of being able to put their own hands and those of their friends into the public treasury, and it must be by pressure from the people that Congressmen are to be drawn into this reform, it is a thing to be regretted that all the editors are not sounder on *this* main question which is also *the* main question.

The Sprague affair, after "convulsing" the State of Rhode Island, and filling all its newspapers, has at last dwindled down into the dimensions of a small and ridiculous quarrel between Mr. Sprague and Mr. Abbott of North Carolina, a foeman worthy of his steel. Abbott thought Sprague had likened him to "a puppy," and filled Washington with rumors of impending bloodshed; but on becoming sufficiently calm to write to Sprague to know whether he had really likened him to a puppy or not, he found to his great surprise that Sprague had not meant him at all. The parties are now friends, and what is still more gratifying is, that Abbott wishes the unhandsome language used by him with regard to Sprague to be "considered unsaid." We hope now the people of Rhode Island, the house of Brown, Ives & Co., and the Rhode Island newspapers will be able once more to turn their thoughts to their regular business.

Mr. Ashley has written a defence of himself to the New York *Times*, in which he says that "whatever interpretation, from the 'corruption' stand-point, may be put on his letters to Mr. Case, he has always felt confident that the correspondence, read in the light of the testimony of the only parties fully cognizant of all the facts, would acquit him of

any intentional wrong." In support of this theory, he mentions that "he has been four times unanimously re-nominated by the Republican party of the Tenth District," and that "a direct issue was made unsuccessfully against him on these letters at the election of 1862," and that they were used against him to some extent in 1864, but not at all in 1866 and 1868. We shall only say on this point that it is curious that a man of Mr. Ashley's age and experience should mention a caucus nomination in reply to a charge of corruption. We should like to know what offence against morality would damage a man in the eyes of an average nominating convention. The Congressional committee appointed to enquire into the case found that "no condition precedent was demanded from F. M. Case for his appointment as Surveyor General, or for the appointment of any of his subordinates, the evidence conclusively showing no illegal or corrupt acts on the part of the said Ashley with regard to said appointments."

It may serve to give our readers an idea of what Mr. Ashley's ideas of political morality are, and those of an average Congressional committee, to explain that the Case correspondence reveals the fact that Mr. Ashley got the appointment of Surveyor-Generalship of Colorado Territory for F. M. Case in 1861, and when working for it wrote to Case telling him that if he got it he would like his (Ashley's) brother to be Case's chief clerk—"salary $2,500"—and that "it was the best office in the gift of the President," one in which the Surveyor could make from $50,000 to $100,000 in four years, and "that if Case got it, he (Ashley) wanted to unite with him as full partner in land speculations and town sites," and "that he was working hard and earnestly for him;" that he "had promised Mr. Case to get help" in securing the appointment, and that "he wanted to have an interest with him, if he got the place, in the city and town speculation;" that "the Pacific Railroad would go through this Territory, and that it would be a fortune to both of them, if they got the place." Furthermore, in inviting Case to write a letter, to be shown, about the appointments, he asked for his views, on "a separate piece of paper," as to "the proposition for the city and town lots speculations." Then, says the legislator,

"I will probably be chairman of the Committee on Territories if we can carry out the programme to elect Grow speaker, and your brother, Charley Case, of Indiana, clerk, *and then I will know all the proposed expenditures in the Territories, and post you in advance. Write one letter for me, and the other to show.* Damn your business in the Williams County Court. Write and telegraph."

The two gentlemen actually did afterwards sign articles of copartnership, under which F. M. Case agreed to give Mr. Ashley a half of all lands he might purchase in Colorado, Mr. Ashley paying half whatever money they might cost. The verdict of the Congressional Committee on this strange affair, as well as the recommendation, signed by 150 members of Congress, of Mr. Ashley for the governorship of Montana, and the failure of the Senate to reject him with this correspondence before it, only show how deep the poison has sunk, and what hard work the country has before it in attempting to bring about any reform.

The eight-hour law, as regards the Government navy-yards, has again been brought up for exposition at the hands of Attorney-General Hoar, he holding with his predecessor that no matter what length of time men work in the Government employ, the pay must be, under the law, regulated by the rate paid by private establishments of a similar character in the neighborhood; so that if a man only works for eight hours, he ought only be paid for eight hours, and Secretary Borie has ruled accordingly. Hereupon, however, Senator Wilson intervenes, and says this cannot be the true interpretation of the law, inasmuch as it was passed in compliance with the petitions of divers workmen, who meant that they should get ten hours' pay for eight hours' work; that this is what Congress meant in passing it, and that this is plainly what the law does mean. In reply to this, all that need be said is, that to allow a law to be interpreted by everybody who took part in making it, by the aid of his remembrance of what passed in debate, would be productive of great inconvenience. As we had occasion to remark with regard to the reconstruction acts in the Georgia case, the meaning of laws is to be extracted from the language in which they appear on the statute-book by authorized official interpreters; it would be a very remarkable case of ambiguity or obscurity which would warrant the consultation of the members of the legislature passing it. We say this without disputing the correctness of Mr. Wilson's assertions as to what Congress intended to enact.

The free-traders have begun to be very active, and are holding meetings in various parts of the country, and are apparently drawing some of the veterans of the anti-slavery struggle into the agitation. Henry Ward Beecher has presided at a meeting in Brooklyn, and William Lloyd Garrison has spoken at one in Boston; upon which the *Tribune* suggests that the old abolitionists, having been in favor of "abolishing everything from Christianity down," cannot be expected to have any respect for the tariff—an argument on the "religion" and logic of which it is hardly necessary to dwell. A call for a counter demonstration of protectionists in Philadelphia mentions, in illustration of the atrocity of the course pursued by the free-traders, that they "openly" avow their intention of throwing open American markets to foreign producers, the signers evidently feeling that a man who cherished such an intention would, unless unusually hardened and unprincipled, keep it secret; thus furnishing another illustration of the kind of religious veneration the protectionists have for their theory and reminding one forcibly of the missionary views which actuated the earliest slave-traders. There is, however, a good deal of dexterity shown in this mode of treating the subject, because if you can once make a question sacred, and set down anybody who even touches it as a bad man, you have covered it with a very formidable outwork. We have spoken elsewhere of a similar line of argument adopted by the *Examiner and Chronicle* in defence of the baptism of adults through holes in the ice in winter, our contemporary insinuating that anybody who took exception to the practice of the rite under such circumstances was probably himself dirty in his habits, and disliked the application of cold water to the skin under any circumstances.

The free-trade meeting in Boston was in reality a meeting for the foundation of a Reform League, of which the diffusion of free-trade views is only one of the objects, the reform of the Civil Service and an early return to specie payments forming the others. The meeting was addressed by other desperate characters besides Mr. Garrison, Mr. Edward Atkinson and Mr. William Endicott, jr., being amongst the worst and most notorious. They filled Chickering's Hall with their blasphemings for several hours. Amongst the indecencies and absurdities in which they indulged were audacious expressions of faith in the intelligence of the individual man, doubts about the purity and unselfishness of manufacturers of pig-iron, besides some unsettling doctrines as to the depressed condition of the wool trade under a tariff ranging from 50 to 130 per cent. There was no interference on the part of the police, and some of the most respectable newspapers have reported their proceedings in full—giving one a saddening glimpse of the moral condition of Boston.

The New York *Times*, in criticising Grant's diplomatic appointments, says, "there has been a pretty clean sweep of the ministers, secretaries, and consuls appointed by Mr. Lincoln, and mainly kept in office by Mr. Johnson, and as a whole the change has not been an improvement." This, we think, is quite true. But, given the necessity of a "clean sweep" every time a new administration comes in, not only is an improvement not to be looked for by the change, but we may be thankful if there is no deterioration. Other things being equal, a new consul or ambassador is pretty sure to be a worse one, because a less experienced one, than the old one. If he is as good as the old one, it shows that he was a better man to begin with. Mr. Washburne is, and undoubtedly always will be, a worse minister than any of his predecessors since 1860; indeed, in some respects he is quite incompetent. Mr. Motley is, as the *Times* says, in some ways inferior to Mr. Adams; but Mr. Adams refused to stay in London, and had exhausted the legal discussion. What seems to be wanted now in Lon-

don is somebody to let the English public know what the American public feels, and this Mr. Motley undoubtedly will do. The idea that he or any other man will get the British Government to apologize for issuing the proclamation of neutrality, we look on as a great mistake by whomsoever entertained. Whoever devised that mode of "settling" the difficulty has certainly succeeded in "settling" it for some time to come. As to Mr. Adams's absence from the State Department, which the *Times* deplores, as do we, we do not see that anybody is to be blamed for it, or that it indicates any serious defect either in the temper of the Republican party. Members of the cabinet, in all constitutional countries, are expected to sympathize with the principles and policy of the party in power; if Mr. Adams does not do this it is doubtless a misfortune, but one of the misfortunes to which all human affairs are exposed.

The Springfield *Republican* is apparently under the impression that in reviewing the honorable and sensible course of the American people on the various great foreign questions of the last eighty years, it is defending somebody or something against the attacks of the *Nation*. But this is a mistake. The "American view" of foreign affairs at which we recently "sneered" was, as we pointed out at the time, the view of the leading American blatherskites. Had it been the real American view, not only would there be no honorable American diplomacy for the Springfield *Republican* to review, but there would be very little of the United States left. The remains of the Republic would by this time consist principally of bags of reports and resolutions of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. There is no "view" in the world, let us assure the *Republican*, either on home or foreign affairs, like the view of honest men who know what they are talking about; neither the "American view" nor the "British view" nor the "French view" can for one moment compare to it; and it is the predominance of this view, on the whole, in the regulation of human affairs which makes the world worth living in and has made the United States a great nation. The mysterious prayer with which the *Republican* concludes its article—that something unpleasant may happen to it if it does not stand by the enslaved of all modern countries we have read, "frigid" though we be, with proper emotion. The *Republican*, however, does better things for the oppressed foreigners than invoke conditional curses on its own head, by working in the cause of good government and good sense at home; and for this reason the judicious "middle view" of the various political convulsions of the globe which it professes to take ought to be treated with respect.

In England the Irish Church Bill is under debate in the Committee of the Whole, and seems to undergo no diminution of favor with the House. Instead of having all the virtue extracted from it by Conservative amendments, as was feared by many, it has thus far rather gained in Radicalism, Mr. Gladstone's provision making the three cathedrals "national monuments" to be maintained at the public expense, having been struck out on the motion of Mr. Jonathan Pim, one of the members for Dublin. The most remarkable political incident, however, has been the removal of the vice-consul at Formosa, who, when a mission-house was destroyed by the Chinese villagers, called up a gunboat, had the village smartly bombarded, the Chinese forts stormed, a reasonable number of Chinamen killed, and the Chinese officials compelled to pay both for the property damaged and for the expense of castigating them. Not only has the vice-consul been removed, but the naval officer who did his bidding has been censured, and the money extracted from the local authorities returned. This is the first-fruits, we presume we may say, of the Burlingame mission. The English consuls and naval officers in China have also received stringent orders not to take the law into their own hands, but when they have cause of complaint against local authorities to refer them, as they would in Europe, for settlement to the capital. Some of the English papers take a gloomy view of the future under this regulation, arguing that the Chinese will inevitably construe it as a sign of fear on the part of the barbarians and govern themselves accordingly; but why not try it? If the Government at Pekin shows long-continued and obstinate disrespect for international law and for its own engagements, the gunboats can still be resorted to; if it does its duty and punishes outrages on foreigners, its subjects are far more likely to be made by it tender of foreigners' rights than by the fire of a foreign fleet. At all events the regular civilized plan is worth a trial, which it never yet has had. Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British minister, is reported by telegraph to have written home that the Chinese "do not desire progress," whatever that may mean.

The new Spanish constitution is, in most respects, a remarkable document. It embodies nearly all the leading constitutional principles in use in Anglo-Saxon communities—freedom of speech, freedom from arbitrary arrest, freedom of education, and of worship, and of expatriation, and the responsibility of public functionaries before the courts for their acts, whether official or non-official. This last rule is one which, if we are not mistaken, no other community of the "Latin race" has yet ventured to adopt, though it lies at the very base of constitutional liberty. The Spaniard's house is hereafter to be his castle, and letters and telegrams even—the Butlerites, we hope, will be ashamed to hear—are declared inviolable. The Catholic Church is to continue the state church, but the exercise of all other forms of faith, both by Spaniards and resident foreigners, is permitted. Even this is an immense stride for Spain, and is a far safer measure than complete separation between church and state. The suffrage is to be universal; the ministers responsible to the Cortes; the Cortes to be composed of a Senate and Congress. The former to be one-fourth renewed every three years, the latter to be totally renewed every three years. The provisions relating to the election of the Cortes, its relations to the king—for the government is to be a monarchy—its working, procedure, and dissolution, its powers and duties and privileges, closely resemble those of the English parliament. The powers and duties of the king are the ordinary ones of a limited monarch; the crown is to be hereditary under the law of primogeniture, but without exclusion of the female line. Armies are maintainable only by annual enactment. Altogether the instrument may be considered a remarkable display of good sense and political ability, and is at the same time a great triumph for liberal ideas. The draft of the constitution only reached us by the last mail, and what we know of the subsequent debates on it in the Cortes we get simply by telegraph. Thus far, the provisions relating to universal suffrage, the freedom of the press, and the freedom of worship have been adopted by a large majority. The republicans have made a stand against the monarchy, but apparently in vain, but all efforts to concentrate a respectable number of votes on a candidate for the crown have thus far failed. The discussion of the various articles of the constitution still continues at the present writing. The conscription has been carried out without much difficulty. The strongest arguments against the republicans are, perhaps, their own impatience and readiness to resort to armed resistance. Patience and faith in talk are of the essence of republicanism.

The news from Cuba during the week has not materially changed in character. The principal hope of the insurgents when we last wrote was undoubtedly that trouble with the United States would grow out of the seizure of the *Mary Powell*, or out of something; but this is gradually fading out. There have been no reports of engagements on the island during the week, while the Spanish troops are receiving continual reinforcements. One of the stories received by Cable from the other side of the Ocean is that England is going to recognize the belligerency of the Cuban revolutionists by way of being consistent; the person who invented the story evidently having a vague notion that there is some resemblance between the Cuban case and the Confederate case. Another story is, and this we believe a true one, that the Mexican Congress has authorized President Juarez to recognize Cuban belligerency as soon as he pleases,—we suppose by way of welcoming Cuba into the happy condition in which Mexico now finds herself. The brutality and ferocity of the Spanish volunteers seem to be something extraordinary, and their discipline evidently amounts to nothing. If there were any real warfare going on in the island the hostilities would doubtless be marked by frightful atrocities.

THE PRESIDENT'S WOULD-BE "ADVISERS."

THERE has been a good deal of fault found with Grant for not having taken "advice" more frequently, before making his appointments, if not from politicians properly so-called, at least from prominent Republican Senators or Representatives; but the extent to which this would have helped him may be inferred from the debate in the Senate, last week, on the relations between the senators and the office-seekers. It appears that nobody whatever, of the class to whom the President would naturally resort for advice in such cases, is to be depended on; office-seekers naturally do not go to obscure men or men unknown in politics to get them to sign their recommendations or lobby for them. They go to editors, members of Congress, and old political managers, orators, and wire-pullers; and amongst the persons whose signatures are or are supposed to be of any value, all conscience and all sense of responsibility with regard to these recommendations seem to have died out. In the first place, the great mass of them have not the courage to say no to anybody, so thoroughly has good-nature got the better in their minds of the sense of justice and the sense of truth. By refusing to sign recommendations for persons whom they did not know or did not approve of they would help to give a large and shiftless class a lesson in the real nature of the public service, and of the responsibilities attaching to it, and thus do something towards reforming it; but we believe that, nowadays, the refusal of a signature is a thing unheard of. In one case that has come to our knowledge, a gentleman, whose endorsement was supposed to be of much value, has given it indiscriminately to everybody who applied to him, and then eased his conscience by going to the official whom it was intended to influence, and requesting him to pay no attention to it. That is, sooner than in a frank and manly way refuse what he well knew he ought not to give, he deliberately lied to every office-seeking adventurer who came his way, and then atoned for it by sensibly confessing his lies to the man whom the adventurer asked his assistance in deceiving. Upon members of Congress, on whom the President and the departments have to depend in the main for any knowledge whatever of the hundred thousand applicants for places, the pressure has, of course, been far greater than on private individuals. And it appears they have very generally resorted to the same device for getting rid of bores. It is doubtful whether any Republican representative has refused to sign any recommendation presented to him within the last half year, and in addition to this they have all had to dance attendance in person at the White House and the departments, pushing the claims of their more important friends.

The lot of the Senate, though the Senate constitutes a part of the appointing power, has been just as hard. Every Republican Senator has had to sign right and left, and lobby at the departments besides. It seems from the debate last week that they feel the shame and scandal of being turned into touters, to help the most worthless portion of the American population to live on the American taxpayers, but there is no help for them. If they refuse, they offend the most active and unscrupulous of the local politicians, who would go home forthwith, to denounce them as ill-natured, aristocratic, out of sympathy with the people, and intrigue to prevent their re-election. Considering what happened at the impeachment trial, too, it is no wonder they should do so. On that occasion a great many people who have little in common with the common herd of office-seekers—maintained with great heat not only that a senator owed his vote to his constituents, but his moral judgment—that he should sacrifice his very conscience to their will. If this be sound doctrine, it is not very remarkable that party politicians who want offices should insist on the use of their miserable bodies to push their claims with the President and heads of departments. Mr. Trumbull, and men of that stamp, writhe under the present state of things. He threatens to bring in a bill making it a penal offence for senators to go office seeking in the departments. But he may spare himself the trouble. No law can put an end to the practice which does not drive away the office seekers. The root of the evil is not in the senators, but in the system which allows a worthless vagabond who has failed in all honest callings, the chance of protecting himself against wholesome and well-merited privation by getting into the national service.

If we have 45,000 officers, and party custom insists on their being changed every time there is a change of administration, and forbids the exaction of any intellectual or moral qualification—there will naturally be about 200,000 candidates for the various places. These have to be sifted by some process or other. The established theory as to what constitutes a "claim to office" requires a sifting process just as much as does Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill. Each has to prove his "claims" by calling witnesses, and the business of the executive is to weigh the testimony of these witnesses; and the present system of indiscriminate signing of papers, of course, makes it almost impossible to weigh their testimony with any approach to accuracy. Drunkards, kleptomaniacs, and jeremy-diddlers are at present able to make their appearance at the White House with almost exactly the same kind and amount of support as the wise and good, and it comes from the very men to whom those who are abusing Grant for not "taking advice" would have him apply for assistance in choosing. What makes this abuse all the more absurd is that those administrations which have taken their advice have made the worst appointments, and that his will compare very favorably with those of the very best counselled of his predecessors. We believe it would be found on examination that the really bad appointments made by Grant are those which have been made under pressure from members of Congress. The Ashley nomination, for instance, was the result of "advice" from 150 Congressmen; while the appointment of the New Indian Commission—the best thing, perhaps, Grant has done—is not a thing which any regular politician would have suggested or approved of. That he should have occasionally blundered in trying to do without advice, is the inevitable result of the system which has converted the men of whom the President ought at such a crisis to seek counsel, into unblushing and unscrupulous promoters of the private ends of party hacks. But in order to get rid of the system, somebody must attempt to break loose from it, and in breaking loose from it must expect to commit errors; and instead of railing at Grant for his errors, we ought to thank him for his courage in risking the commission of them.

It ought to be borne in mind, too, in judging him, that he is the first president who has really had to breast the monstrous tide of corruption which flows from the present system of appointment to office. Before the war the number of offices was so small that the abuses connected with the distribution of them, gross as they were, made but little impression on the public mind, and interfered but little, comparatively, with the proper transaction of the public business. After the war broke out, the number of them steadily increased; but it increased gradually, and no great batch of appointments had to be made at once. The appointments, too, which were made by Mr. Lincoln from time to time lasted, with few exceptions, until the accession of Grant, so that it is now for the first time that we witness the full effect of the "rotation" and "spoils" system—that is, the sudden dismissal of every official charged with the administration of the Government, and the substitution of a great multitude of utterly unknown and inexperienced persons. No such political phenomenon has ever been witnessed in any other country. Even the armed revolutions of other civilized nations leave the lower offices at least in trained hands; and that our Government should stand the shock so well is perhaps the most striking proof ever given of the self-reliance of the people and the strength of the principles on which the Government is based. This is, of course, another way of saying that Grant has had to encounter an ordeal such as no ruler has ever had to undergo without being armed with something like dictatorial power. We pass over without notice the assumption on which a good deal of the abuse of him is based, that the common run of politicians proper have something to tell about the work of government which it will repay a president to listen to and ask for; the fact being that a class more utterly unfitted to advise a ruler on any question of organization, administration, economy, or jurisprudence, probably does not exist. The only bits of wisdom they have to communicate can be had in any bar-room in the country any Saturday night.

OBJECTIONS TO THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE scheme proposed by Mr. Jenckes to meet the difficulties which at present beset the proper working of the administrative machinery of our Government is now generally admitted by candid persons of all parties to be likely to yield a fair measure of reform. Almost all the prominent journals of the country have declared themselves in its favor. Nevertheless, there are those, as might have been anticipated, who find ground for serious quarrel with Mr. Jenckes's bill; who assert, either that the competitive system, once introduced, would prove fraught with consequences of which its friends do not now dream, of a character likely to prove pernicious to republican government; or else that the remedy proposed does not touch the root of the disease, and that Government will be as badly infested with wire-pullers, log-rollers, managers, manipulators, intriguers, and "statesmen" after the passage of the bill as it is now.

Those who belong to the first class are such as think that the establishment of a regular force of officials, holding their places for an indefinite time, would, after a little, lead to that curse of free institutions, bureaucracy. We have heard this objection urged by thoughtful men, and although it has not yet been made in Congress or on the stump, it probably will be before long. Indeed, the outburst of patriotic fervor on the part of General Logan last winter, in which he declaimed against Jenckes's bill on the ground that it would lead to an aristocracy, may, perhaps, be considered as the first infantile attempt of the opponents of all reform to reach some point on which they might hang a real argument of the kind we are now considering. What they ought to have talked about was the danger of a bureaucracy, but being in want of a good sensational word, and knowing from long experience the virtues of the epithet "aristocratic," they applied it. The notion, however, of a *caste* of Post-office and Treasury clerks is so absurd that they are likely to change their ground, and next winter we shall find General Logan and General Butler, unless we are greatly mistaken, declaiming against a bureaucracy. Let us anticipate their reasoning; this is what they will say:

"In the degraded countries of Europe, Mr. Speaker, those countries whose history has been one long succession of murder, rapine, and oppression; where the necks of the people are still bowed beneath the heel of the tyrant; where feudalism still stalks rampant over the fair face of nature; where the throne of royalty is still erected amid the groans of the whole laboring population; where freedom is unknown; where the starry flag of liberty is never unfurled; where the glorious aspirations of man are, in the words of the poet, positively sneered at with all the 'insolence of office;' in those unhappy regions, Mr. Speaker, we are told a perfect civil-service system exists. It is, indeed, perfect; perfect in its organization, perfect in its irresponsibility, perfect in its despotism. It has received a name of its own; it is called a bureaucracy. There have been aristocracies in the world, and there have been plutocracies in the world; but more perilous than either for the liberties of a people is a bureaucracy—a poison which eats into the very heart of freedom; her vigilance is of no avail; she is doomed when that juggernaut of feudalism is brought upon the stage. Farewell to thee, bright spirit! Farewell! Time was when equal rights and happiness were the watchword of a united people, stretching from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the peaceful waters of the West. Alas! that day is no more. The fatal pall of bureaucratic institutions is being spread over thy fair form. Thy doom has been spoken; murderous hands make thy grave ready. Farewell!"

We are ready to make an even wager that some time next winter, when the subject comes up again in Congress, either one of two things will happen; either General Logan and his cohort will, each one in turn, utter the apostrophe to liberty given above, and mail it in suitable quantities to his unhappy constituents, or else they will completely change their tactics, and come out strongly in favor of Jenckes's bill.

Now the cry against bureaucratic despotism, which the friends of reform will have to meet sooner or later, has no foundation, for the simple reason that those countries in which it exists are tormented by it from the fact that it is supported by a large standing army. France and Prussia are afflicted by the evils of bureaucracy more than any other countries in the world; that is to say, the administration of their government is placed in the hands of an army of officials which tends all the time to usurp more and more power. And the people who would like to prevent this are quite unable to do so, because the military force of the state is in the hands of the executive, and thus stands behind the various bureaus. To take a very signal instance: in the course of Haussmann's operations as Prefect of the Seine, that official discovered that he could not make some improvements which seemed to him desirable, without more money than had been placed at his disposal by authority of law; he accordingly took the money without authority of law. When the fraud was discovered the Parisians were angry, but what could they do? They could not remove the government which employed the fraudulent bureaucrat without a revolution, because there was an army of a million or so of men who would have prevented them. So Haussmann goes on improving Paris. But such a thing could never have happened in any country which was not kept in awe by a standing army; and until some one more awful even than the late Andrew Johnson appears upon the scene, we need not fear that in America. If any prefect of the Tombigbee or Suwanee, were to plunder the Treasury of the United States after Haussmann's plan, he would find in a very short time what kind of a bureaucracy he belonged to. To have a government of any class, whether an aristocracy, a plutocracy, or a bureaucracy, you must have force to back it; otherwise, the moment the people find they don't like it, they will quietly overturn it.

But the latest objection to Mr. Jenckes's plan, and by far the strongest, is one which has within a few days been urged in the columns of the *World*. That journal says that admitting entirely the necessity of reform, it fails to perceive that the proposed civil-service system meets the difficulties of the case. It works by a board of examiners, who are to examine all applicants for inferior positions, and recommend those who seem best fitted for the post they seek. But the superior offices—those which are filled by the President and Senate—the bill does not touch at all. The thousand or more places which Gen. Grant has just given away are not to be affected by the reform, and indeed cannot be, partly because a grave doubt exists whether the Constitution would permit such a change, and partly because no one would think of a competitive examination for Ministers Plenipotentiary, consuls-general, collectors, surveyors, and officials of this kind. The matters which need enquiry in such cases are not those which five or six gentlemen can very well discover by means of an "examination paper." The idea of Motley or Longstreet passing a "fair examination" is of course ludicrous. But it is these offices, the *World* says, which most need reform; what is the use of preventing a scramble for office in the lower grades, if we still permit the scandal of office-seeking in the topmost ranks?

The argument is a plausible one; but is, we firmly believe, unsound. The passage of the Civil Service Bill, though not directly affecting the superior offices, would have an important indirect effect on them. The curse of the present system lies in the existence of an enormous class of wire-pullers and managing men whose only idea of politics is to get a living out of the Government. The forty thousand smaller posts of emolument and trust which they seek at every election, and scheme for between every election, will be closed to them for ever after the passage of Mr. Jenckes's bill; their occupation will be gone; they will betake themselves, it is to be hoped, to honest callings—such of them, that is, as do not succeed in entering the service themselves in an honorable way. Now this will leave only those offices which are in the gift of the President and Senate at the mercy of the office-seekers, and to change the method of appointment, or rather the motives which govern the appointments here, we must rely on time. When you have the entire staff of an official army appointed on correct principles, the time is not far distant when the generals will be well selected and retained in the service during good behavior. One of the most powerful preventives of corruption and inefficiency in any department of government is a system of promotion. This is at present impossible, because no one stays long enough in office to admit of such a thing. The only change a good minister or consul experiences is that of retirement. But if you once give all the inferior officials a respectable tenure, there arises a possi-

bility of promotion for good behavior. The man who distinguishes himself in the lower grades will be looked upon, other things being equal, as a fitting candidate for higher honors. This is so now in England. The English civil-service examination does not apply to the higher offices any more than would Mr. Jenckes's system, but the office-seeking disgrace does not exist there. We do not mean to imply that the cases are absolutely parallel, but merely that the reform proposed may have a great effect. After we have reformed the lower grades, time and public opinion may be relied upon to do the rest. The attention of the country once thoroughly aroused to the necessity of the thing, we feel convinced that we shall see a return to the old ante-Jacksonian practice of appointing and dismissing also for cause. Public opinion is at present powerless, because of the enormous size of the evil; reduce that size to proportions of less terrible magnitude, as Mr. Jenckes proposes, and the chance for public opinion to do the rest will be a good one.

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE CONTROVERSY WITH ENGLAND.

An authoritative and, it is generally admitted, correct statement of the national feeling with regard to the *Alabama* controversy with England, has now been made by Mr. Sumner. The newspapers, too, have all said their say about it, and have all said nearly the same thing; and doubtless in the instructions given to Mr. Motley, the exact position which the country has taken up in the matter and is prepared to stand by, has at last been defined. It may be worth while, therefore, to enquire what the prospect of a settlement on Mr. Sumner's basis is. We pointed out last week what we considered to be an omission in his speech, inasmuch as, while showing with great force that ocean belligerency is "a fact and not a principle," he failed to notice that the existence and activity of the Southern Confederacy in the summer of 1861 was also a fact, which it was impossible for the English Government to ignore, and which the blockade of the Southern ports, and the export of arms and ships from England to the Southern ports, would have compelled the English Government to deal with, even if the proclamation of neutrality had not been issued. The municipal right of blockade has never been conceded by maritime powers; and no attempt was made by the American Government to carry out the Act of Congress which asserted it. The Southern ports were blockaded as the ports of a belligerent, and English ships attempting to enter them would have been captured and condemned, on the theory that the South was a belligerent, even if the Queen's Government had remained perfectly silent. Moreover, the *Nashville* could have presented herself at Southampton in November, 1861, even if the proclamation had not appeared, and on representing herself as the armed ship of an organized Government, in possession of an army and territory and ports, would have been, under all the precedents, received and treated as a *belligerent fact!* The attempt so often made to make the proclamation appear *purely* gratuitous, by speaking of the Confederacy as a "power without ports"—like Switzerland or Bohemia—is simply puerile. The South had ports; and all through the war carried on an enormous trade through them. What people mean when they say it had "no ports" is that the ports were difficult of access, as indeed those of France or England might become, in case either of these powers was engaged in hostilities with an enemy superior at sea. The appearance of Confederate cruisers from Confederate ports, therefore, was not only possible, but probable, and if a Confederate cruiser had arrived in an English port before the proclamation was issued, the English Government would have been compelled to apply to it, as *a fact*, the knowledge it possessed of the existence of the Confederacy. To have treated it as a pirate would have been against all principle and all precedent.

Nevertheless, all that Mr. Adams said of the proclamation was perfectly true. It was "unprecedented and precipitate," inasmuch as it was clearly premature, and being premature it laid England open, as Mr. R. H. Dana says, to "the suspicion of an unfriendly purpose" towards the United States. Taken in connection with what followed—with the language of the English press and of prominent English statesmen, the tone of English society, and the misconduct of English officials—Americans have been amply justified in treating it as an important piece of evidence in support of the charge of wilful neglect in the *Alabama* case. Whether, as Mr. Adams contended, the recognition created all the naval power the rebellion afterwards possessed, is a purely speculative question. To discuss it is to enter a region in which the understanding is of little or no value. We can no more answer the question, Would the Confederates have had any navy if Great Britain had not issued the neutrality proclamation? than we can answer the question, What would have happened if the *Monitor* had not reached Hampton Roads the day the *Merrimac* left Norfolk, or if Sherman had been defeated by Hood before Atlanta? Anybody is on such topics entitled to hold any opinion he pleases. Almost any opinion can be supported by a great variety of ingenious arguments.

But, for practical purposes, we are saved the necessity of discussing the question at all by the fact which all admit, that, *whether the proclamation of neutrality existed or not*, the creation by the Confederates of a naval base in England, and the fitting-out of ships in England to prey on American commerce, was unlawful. The course of the *Alabama*, from the moment her keel was laid until she sank, was, as Mr. Sumner has shown, a succession of "acts of war" perpetrated by English subjects, and with the connivance of the Government, against a power with which England was at peace. Her cruise was a "hostile" (English) expedition. This position once taken or conceded, the proclamation becomes of little consequence in fixing English liability. We do not need the proclamation to enable us to define the character of the *Alabama*. The fitting of her out, and letting her sail, was, according to Mr. Sumner's showing, the strongest possible form of wrong one nation can commit against another. It was injury of enormous amount added to biting insult. There is no offence one nation can inflict on a neighbor calling for broader or deeper satisfaction. It makes absolutely no difference whether it was owing to the proclamation or to the instigation of the devil that she was launched. American rights and wrongs remain precisely the same.

This being the case, the way in which the mere issue of the proclamation, or "the concession of belligerency," as it is called, has been by dint of rhetoric raised from the position of *primâ-facie* evidence of "unfriendly purpose," which it at first occupied, into that of a positive wrong in itself, the principal wrong committed by England against the United States; and the way in which the cruise of the *Alabama*—"act of war" though it was—has been degraded to an entirely secondary and subordinate position, and the material damage done by it set down as comparatively a bagatelle not worth discussion, is, in our opinion, one of the most curious and interesting phenomena ever witnessed in a great controversy. This process has been now going on steadily for six years. It has at last been consummated, and it will be well if it does not land the *Alabama* controversy in a veritable *impasse*, from which there will be no egress except by humiliating retreat or by war. The position of the United States now is, that the premature declaration of neutrality was an outrage of the same character as the attack of the *Leopard* on the *Chesapeake*, or of the filibusters on the *Caroline*, and must be atoned for apart altogether from the question of resulting material damage, in the same way in which Canning atoned for the *Leopard* outrage, by an apology and an expression of repentance. Now for the fitting-out of and sailing of the *Alabama* in contravention of her own laws and of the law of nations, and by the supineness or guilty connivance of her own officials, England may with dignity, and ought in justice, to express her regret, and even hearty and formal regret, besides paying the damage consequent on her neglect and wrong-doing. No nation, however powerful, is bound in honor to justify an illegal act, especially when committed by subordinate officials. Had the American Government, therefore, firmly clung to the position that the cruise of the *Alabama* was an act of war committed by Englishmen against a friendly power, to be atoned for by apology and substantial damages, we should see before us the prospect of a speedy settlement, satisfactory to the United States, and not humiliating to England. But what England is now asked to do is to apologize (as for a gross wrong, like the attack of the captain of a frigate on a foreign man-of-war in time of peace in a distant sea) for a proclamation issued by the Queen in council, with

the advice of her responsible Ministers, addressed to her own subjects, and putting in force an act of Parliament, the execution of which is expressly left to her discretion. The expectation that any English Ministry will venture to propose such a thing to Parliament and the country, or even to debate it seriously amongst themselves, we look upon as extravagant and baseless. There is not the smallest warrant to be found either in English history or in human nature for entertaining it. No first-class government ever submitted to such humiliation as this would involve, without fighting, and being reduced to the last extremity. We therefore venture to predict that any negotiations in which such a concession is demanded will, if pressed, lead to war; and if conducted on the waiting plan, of which some people seem so much enamored, will simply keep alive the feeling of resentment and bitterness between the two countries, and leave the Alabama controversy to be settled, Heaven knows how, by some future generation. There is such a thing in diplomacy, as in law, as proving too good a case, and if an apology and compensation can be got for the sailing of the *Alabama*, the discussion of the causes of her sailing, whether moral or material, may safely be left to the debating clubs.

COURTS OF LAW IN RUSSIA.

THE Courts of Justice in Russia have long been a by-word in Europe and America, and still are to people who know only the old *régime*. Not even the Emperor Nicholas was blind to their defects, and as long ago as 1848, consulted Count Bludoff as to the way of remedying them, and by his advice gave the second division of his private Chancellory the authority to devise a new system. The second division reflected a long time over the matter, and in 1861 the Emperor Alexander, when he returned from the Crimea, found that the first principles of the new system were not yet agreed upon. He immediately appointed a commission of eminent jurists to examine all foreign systems of administering justice, and to agree on one which could be applicable to Russia. After much labor and consultation, the Commission published in October, 1862, the "fundamental principles for remodelling the Courts of Justice," copies of which were sent throughout Russia, and the public was invited by the official newspapers to discuss them, and to send in their remarks to the Commission. More than five hundred articles and criticisms were received, and they filled, when printed, seven large volumes. The Commission now went zealously to work, and in May, 1864, made their final report. The system which they recommended was approved by the Council of the Empire, and was finally sanctioned by the Emperor by a ukase of November 20, 1864.

The new courts were first introduced into the governments of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and eight others in their immediate neighborhood, and began work on the 1st of January, 1866. In 1867 they were introduced into six other governments, and on January 1, 1869, into five others, and partially into ten others. They have also been introduced into the Caucasus. Poland, the Baltic provinces, and Siberia are the only regions still unprovided, and measures are being taken to introduce them there, but as elective assemblies play a certain part in the matter, they must wait for the formation of those bodies. It will be seen that though there is no legislative representative assembly in Russia, the sense of the nation is sometimes practically consulted. The same method has been used in preparing other great reforms; and even in getting up a new tariff, the law was prepared by a commission who heard delegations from all over Russia. The results of the judicial reform may be briefly stated as these: Judges, trained to the law and independent; a complete separation of civil and criminal jurisdiction; trial by jury in criminal cases; publicity and fairness.

The lowest jurisdiction is that of justices of the peace, who sit separately and in *banc*. These justices are elected by the *zemstoa*, or provincial assemblies, the members of which are elected by the people; and they may be chosen from any class, but must have a legal education, and an amount of property equal to fifteen thousand rubles. They receive from one thousand five hundred to two thousand two hundred rubles salary. They have jurisdiction in small cases, both civil and criminal, and the procedure is somewhat informal. Next above are the District Courts, consisting of several judges, who go on a circuit throughout the district, which is usually a single government. There must be always three judges on the bench. These courts are divided into two branches, the civil and criminal, and have jurisdiction in all cases that do not go before the justice of the peace. The judges are appointed by the crown for life or good behavior, and receive salaries varying from two thousand two hundred to four thousand five hundred rubles. There are, however, some cases which are excepted from their jurisdiction, such as offences against military law, or by persons in the military service, which are tried by the military tribunals, offences against certain church laws, which are tried by the ecclesiastical tribunals, etc. Next above the District Courts are the Chambers of Justice, Courts of Appeal, composed of twelve or more members, who are appointed by the Crown, and receive salaries of from three thousand five hundred to six thousand rubles. The Chambers of Justice are divided into departments according to the character of the cases. There are at present four: at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkof, and Odessa. The highest Courts of Appeal are the two Departments of Cassation of the Directing Senate, one for civil, the other for criminal affairs. The senators are appointed by the crown, and receive seven thousand rubles salary, the presidents of departments getting two thousand additional. The Senate, as originally constituted, had the powers of a Court of Appeal, together with that of registering and publishing the laws, and was composed chiefly of retired generals, about whose judicial abilities many amusing stories are told. Since the formation of these new Departments of Cassation, the members of which are all jurists, no appointments have been made to the other departments, and they will all, with the exception of that which has charge of registering the laws, be allowed to die out. The decision of the Senate is final, and has the force of a law. There cannot, however, be two appeals, as in New-York, for the Chambers of Justice and the Senate have different powers. An appeal is taken to the Chamber of Justice on the ground of some impropriety in the trial in the District Court, and the whole case, facts and all, is reviewed, and finally decided. An appeal to the Senate lies in case of a misinterpretation or misapplication of the law by either of the other Courts; and if the appeal is decided favorably to the applicant, the judgment of the inferior court is declared null, and the case remitted for re-trial. The Chambers of Justice have also some other powers, as will be seen below.

There is, of course, the usual staff of secretaries and clerks, and there are always official stenographers attached to the District Courts. The case of the Government is represented by officers, corresponding to our State and District Attorneys, called *procurors*, with their assistants, and with them are connected judges of inquest—the French *juge d'instruction*—who go through the preliminary investigations in criminal cases. There is only one grade of attorney; he must be a citizen, be twenty-five years of age, of good moral character, must have received a diploma in the law course from some university or law-school, and in addition must have served for *five years* either in the courts, or as *candidate* for legal employment, or with some advocate as assistant. He is admitted by the Chamber of Justice after passing the examination of the Society of Attorneys, and on their recommendation. The candidate for legal employment is one who has received the diploma from a law-school, and has entered his name at the Court. He is considered in government service, without pay, and may be ordered to perform any legal duty of a light character which the Court may think necessary, such as to defend criminals, supply the places of inquest judges, etc. He is obliged to frequent the courts, in order to acquaint himself with law and procedure. Parties are also allowed to plead their own causes.

A civil cause begins and proceeds in substantially the same manner in Russia as in most other countries; a summons is issued by the Clerk of the Court on the request of the plaintiff, and the presentation of a *primâ facie* case. More interest attaches to the trial of criminal cases, as in these the jury is used, an institution very new and strange in Russia. On information lodged by the police or by a private person with the procuror, he instructs the inquest judge to go to the spot, investigate the matter, and take proof, and, if it is sufficient, to arrest the accused. The procuror then draws up a bill of indictment, and sends it with the evidence taken to the Chamber of Justice on which his district depends. If the evidence is judged sufficient, the matter is dropped, otherwise the indictment is returned with instructions to proceed. It is never in the discretion of the procuror alone as to whether to go on or not.

A criminal trial by jury in Russia does not differ greatly in form from one with us; it is, however, the minor differences and the *tout ensemble* that make it seem a little curious. As soon as the court is opened by the presiding judge the accused is brought in, guarded by two soldiers in long gray overcoats, with bayonets fixed. A jury is then empanelled. A general jury list is annually prepared of all persons in the district liable to jury duty, who must be twenty-five years of age, neither blind nor deaf, must understand Russian, must be in government service, *or* have a certain small amount of property or receive a certain salary (the minimum is

two hundred rubles per annum), *or* be peasants chosen by their villages or holding some responsible office in their villages. But all persons in military and naval service, priests, monks, and teachers of national schools are excluded. From this general list special lists are prepared at special times, so that no person shall serve more than once a year. When the jury is empanelled, the judge reads a list of about fifty names, from which the procuror and the prisoner's counsel can each strike off six. They cannot object to a juror for prejudice. The remaining names are put into an urn and the judge draws out fourteen. The jury consists of only twelve, but the extra two are sworn in, and listen to the case, but act only in case of the sudden illness, etc., of any juror. The priest attached to the court then puts on his robes and brings out a reading desk with the Gospels and a cross. The jury hold up their right hands with the thumb and two fingers pressed together in sign of the Trinity when they take the oath, cross themselves, and kiss the Bible and the cross. During this ceremony the audience and assistants all rise, as also when the judges enter, and when judgment is pronounced. After this the indictment is read, and the prisoner answers, guilty or not guilty. The witnesses for the prosecution are then all introduced at once, are questioned as to their relationship or indebtedness to the prisoner, and are then sworn in the same way as the jury. They afterwards retire and appear only as they are wanted. There is no witness-box, but the witness stands in the centre of the room facing the jury. Each witness is questioned first by the judge, and then by the procuror, and then cross-examined by the counsel for the prisoner; and finally, the prisoner himself is allowed to interrogate him and to make counter-statements. When the testimony is finished the procuror speaks to the jury, then the counsel, and then both again if they choose, and the prisoner is allowed to speak also if he wishes. The judge then sums up the evidence and gives to the jury, in writing, the questions they are required to answer—which are agreed on between the procuror and the prisoner's counsel. The jury do not give a general answer of guilty or not guilty, but answer these questions separately. Even in cases where the prisoner pleads guilty the case goes to the jury, and they may find the circumstances so extenuating as to return a verdict of not guilty. While the jury is out, the judges and lawyers retire to their withdrawing room, where there is always some smoking, and usually tea-drinking also. The foreman of the jury delivers the verdict to the presiding judge, who reads it aloud and then pronounces sentence. Neither judges nor lawyers wear gowns. The judges and law officers of the crown are in the plain uniform of the service, the other lawyers in the case in full evening dress.

The benefit of trial by jury is doubted by some even in England and America, and it of course finds its opponents in Russia; the procurors, for example, think there are not enough convictions. But, on the whole, it seems to work well there, and the method in which trials are conducted is fair and satisfactory to the public. The judges say that juries are much better than they had any right to expect, that they understand what they are about, and are not troubled by class prejudices. In the country towns the juries are very often of peasants exclusively, and in the cities there is hardly ever a jury without one or two on.

But what is considered in Russia the great merit of the judicial reforms is, that the trials are public. This is, indeed, a great safeguard. Secret trials have always been associated with tyranny and injustice. Three years have not yet worn off the novelty of a public trial in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the courts are nearly always crowded with spectators. The newspapers are permitted to publish their own reports, which they do very fully, devoting usually more space to the courts than is given to them by a New York paper. Criticisms, too, on the proceedings are not unusual. Publicity is very favorable to the integrity and independence of the judiciary, and the character of the judges in Russia stands now as high as it once was bad. They by no means always decide as the government officials would have them, and in one or two cases where the freedom of the press was concerned, they have decided against the Government, much to to the dissatisfaction of the Minister of the Interior. There is at present a healthy antipathy between the courts and the police whose functions have been greatly cut down, and a police official who has been guilty of any stretching of his prerogatives meets with but little mercy from either procuror or judge. The character of the bar has been very much raised by the new laws, even in three years. Law, as a profession, is now a career, and not only are more able young men studying law, but members of the higher nobility—Princes and Counts—are entering on law, not as an amusement, but with intention to devote themselves to the profession. One young man of twenty-seven, Prince Urussof, has already made himself a name as a criminal lawyer which is known throughout Russia.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE "ALABAMA" CASE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: If you will allow me one word in reply to your remarks on my letter of March 25, I will endeavor to say as little as possible.

Had not your Senate quashed the *Alabama* convention, the evidence of the case would have brought out by this time, that the very fact of the recognition of the treaty being "premature" is the proof of the friendliness of our Government at the time. Your minister was known to be on his way to London, and the agents of the rebels knowing this were expediting the departure of two vessels bound for the South. Without the proclamation of neutrality it was impossible to stop their departure. *Obviously, then, that recognition of the state of war, which you yourself confess was inevitable, was the more friendly to your Government in proportion as it was more immediate.* And I know it was pressed as such at the time by the warmest supporters of your cause. You think the kindness mistaken, but done in kindness it was. You grant the recognition was inevitable, but blame it as being premature. Surely this explanation of the motives of what seems to you indecent haste will make you pause in your criticism. You, sir, have done what you could to keep your readers in possession of the truth as regards England; and you know how much an increasingly large party in England felt for the United States, bled with the United States during your struggle. That party feels now at a loss how to act and what to advise. In other words, I would respectfully repeat my question, "What would the Senate have accepted? Could not the slight defects of the system of arbitration proposed have been modified by one hint to Mr. Johnson during the discussion of the treaty? And if so, were not the Senate bound morally to aid the construction, and undertake the ratification of a treaty negotiated by their own agent?"

With this letter of mine and your reply, I know our controversy will end. The time which elapses between our replies is too long to make such a discussion possible. But its issues are too great to import any acrimony by carping at details. Of course we, English, blushed at the tone of our newspapers, at the tone of our Beresford Hopes, and at the remissness of our government officials; now, in turn, we are vexed at the seeming want of high-mindedness in your papers and your Government.

In all good faith I again ask you, "Do you wish for a settlement of this quarrel? And if so, what do your Senate and people want?"

I remain, yours faithfully, H. Lee Warner.

Rugby, England, April 7, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce a new novel, "The Changed Brides," which is quite equal to "Fair Play" and "How He Won Her," which are "two of the best novels ever published." It is the work of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, who "is beyond all doubt the first female novelist of the day."

—The New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, are endeavoring to raise money for the purchase of a library of works on architecture, which shall be free to all members of the Chapter, and to all draughtsmen, students of architecture, and amateurs, who are provided with tickets—in other words, free to all respectable applicants. That this purpose may be the sooner effected, the architects have done what the painters and sculptors did long since; they have established two grades of honorary membership—membership for life, an honor which costs a hundred dollars, and membership in perpetuity (descending to heirs and assigns) which costs five hundred. That to subscribe for the furtherance of this enterprise is a good use of money will not be doubted by any one who takes into account the reasons which the architects urge. Architectural works are so expensive that without a public library many of the students of art will be without the means of completing their art education. This holds true in especial of many of the students of the art of industrial design, who are often poor, and who often, too, are of that class most to be sympathized with—girls on whom are thrown responsibilities that do not rest on the most of their sex. There is no doubt, either, that the influence of such a library would have its effect in giving us good buildings as well as beautiful ones—buildings that should neither be eye-sores nor

stand as monuments of wasted material, labor, and time. The Chapter has already secured as subscribers fifteen or twenty of the best-known citizens of New York.

—Criticism, as some of the poets once in a while are constrained to remind us, "is not 'creative' literature." Still, the student of it sometimes comes upon something that repays him for his labor. Last week a correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from a town in the north-eastern part of this State, expressed his dislike for one of the usages of the Baptist Church—or withheld his approval—in these terms: "Here, on bitter cold days, with the thermometer at zero, the rough rivers hid in thick ice are bared with axe and spade, and the converts—often sweet young girls of tender age—are plunged in. As we see them struggling in evident fear and agony, shrinking from their water-soaked garments which freeze about them, we can but ask if *this* be imitating the blessed Master. Instinctively we ask, Had Christ preached and baptized in this climate, would *he* who healed the sick have risked the life of the body to purge out the innocent stains of girlhood? I have no ill-will toward any denomination or any member of any denomination, but I would have this cursed abuse corrected." To have no ill-will toward any denomination or any member of any denomination covers a wide field of human charity, and one might have supposed that it would have disarmed criticism. The correspondent, however, has by this time made a discovery to the contrary; a critic of his criticism, who writes in the *Examiner and Chronicle*, deals with him in an exemplary manner. First he refutes the correspondent's errors in judgment. "We have reason to suppose," he says, "that the blessed Master knew all about the temperature of the Adirondack region when he gave the commission commanding his followers to give baptism '*in all the world*' to them that believe." And furthermore, "the history of such baptisms proves that the blessed Master knew as much about the laws of health as he did about the temperatures of the world." Thus the matters of fact are disposed of. But the correspondent's moral turpitude, as shown in his using the word "cursed," is not left without notice: "We apprehend that our critic will have plenty of time to recover from his shock before the 'abuse'—about which he knows how to swear—is 'corrected;'" and, finally, he is finished off by a remark or two about his probable disregard of the decencies of life and of the laws of health in neglecting the duty of personal cleanliness. Very likely he doesn't wash himself: "Nobody in ordinary health is injured by a cold water bath; and if our critic were to try one himself we have no doubt that it would do him good both in his temper and his health. We advise him to ask these sweet young girls to whom he so commiseratingly refers, what they think of a cold water baptism. It might teach him some lessons as to the effects of very cold water that would be of service to him." One is never unprepared to learn that a critic is ignorant and intellectually feeble, nor that he is morally defective, nor that he lacks reverence, and is manifestly irreligious. Such shames are common; we have no knowledge of so bad a class of men, unless they are very much belied. But it is something new to hear a charge preferred that the fraternity are filthy in their personal habits. However, in this case it is not only a critic that is criticised, but a critic that is criticising, and of course nothing is astonishing.

—A leader in a recent issue of the *Independent* affirms that "President Haven of the University of Michigan has just thrown open his college doors to the daughters as well as to the sons of the West." As this statement may mislead the public mind on a subject in which many people have a personal interest, we think it very desirable that it should be corrected, although the absurdity of it will be at once apparent to any one who has the least acquaintance with the organization of the institution referred to. It does not lie in the power of any one man either to open or to close the doors of Michigan University to any class of persons. The entire control is constitutionally vested in a "Board of Regents," and we have sought in vain in the published proceedings of that body for any act indicating a change of policy in respect to the admission of women to the privileges of the University. About ten years ago a "memorial of several young ladies" brought this subject before the Regents, who, however, passed a resolution declaring it to be "inexpedient to introduce this change into the institution." This resolution, we have the best authority for saying, has never been rescinded and still expresses the official attitude of the governing power in the University on this vexed question. How soon the restriction may be removed, of course we cannot tell. The positive editorial statement of the *Independent* is possibly prophetic, but it is certainly premature. We are well aware that there is no salic clause in the organic law or in the code of rules and regulations of the college, except it be the invariable use of the pronoun "he" in defining the rights and duties of the student; *sed more fit;* custom is a law; precedent is a barrier not more passable than statute.

—We spoke last week of the Chevalier de Rossi's great work, the "Roma Sotteranea." The curious pages in the early history of the Christian church which are written in the inscriptions of the Catacombs have, probably, never had a more thorough student than De Rossi; and the American religious world is to be congratulated on the fact that there will soon be in our market a comparatively cheap edition of the translation of his book, which has been made by the Rev. Mr. Spencer Northcote. We refer to the matter again, after having looked over a little volume, the work of a Canadian clergyman, which was published in Toronto some ten years ago, and which is more creditable to the literature of the Dominion than any other publication coming from its western provinces that we have as yet seen. We gladly take this opportunity to speak of it with due respect, as it will so soon be superseded, quite as much, we dare say, to its author's satisfaction as to anybody's else, for he seems to have pursued his study modestly and sincerely. What we more particularly had in mind, however, was to say a word on a subject of which the mention of De Rossi's book reminded us, and in which we descendants of the Puritans—or at all events spiritual descendants, whether we will or no, of the early Christians—may be supposed to take some small interest. The Puritans have been laughed at for a good many things, and for not many have they been laughed at more than for their way of conferring on their children and taking on themselves scraps of Scripture, or, indeed, whole slices of it, as proper names. It was a custom, however—speaking by the way—to which we probably owe two or three of the prettiest of English female names—Grace and Hope, for example; and perhaps we may include Faith, which has defenders. But something not at all unlike this Puritan practice prevailed among the Christians of the Church's earliest days, as the catacombs bear witness by preserving such names as Quodvuldeus (*quod vult deus*). From the spirit in which this name was assumed sprang also the names of humiliation which the catacombs record, as Limus, or Filth—unless, as is possible, the heathen were the sponsors in such instances. It was, however, only in the days when there were the fanatical as well as the real reasons for what the Romanists call "Bible-worship," that the fashion of textual names, as we may call them, could have reached the extreme of which the famous "Praise God" etc. Barebones is the familiar illustrative example.

—Prosper Mérimée, the French academician, whom the Paris journals have just put to death and then brought to life again, in his younger days was guilty of a literary mystification which had an amusing success. In 1827, he with a friend was planning a journey to Italy and intended to extend the tour to Dalmatia, but as their funds were scanty they proposed to write their travels in advance and employ the money they got in seeing if they were much mistaken. Mérimée said that he would collect and translate the popular poetry, and as his skill in this matter was doubted, he brought to breakfast the next day five or six such translations. He afterwards wrote many more and finally published them in a volume called "La Guzla, ou choix de Poésies Illyriques, recueillies dans la Dalmatie, la Bosnie, la Croatie, et l'Herzegowine." The notes were filled with Illyrian words, and the writer got up his subject from one or two books of travels. The chief object of this mystification was, says Mérimée, to have a hit at the "local color" with which everything published at that time was filled. The notes of Chateaubriand, of Southey, and of Moore, to their poems, are patent indications of this demand for local color. Not only was the book supposed to be genuine in France, but a German made it the subject of a profound dissertation; and Mizkiewicz, the Polish poet, who was well versed in Slavonic poetry, never doubted its genuineness, and translated some ballads from it into Polish, while Pushkin translated nearly all of them into Russian. The translation of Pushkin was well received, and it was only eight years afterwards when he wanted some further information as to the original that Mérimée explained what he had done and apologized for the deception.

—M. Feydeau's new monthly art-periodical is of 88 large octavo pages, the printed page being of the size of that of the *Fortnightly Review*, but in larger type than that, and on larger paper, so as to present a very elegant aspect. It contains no illustrations, but from seven to nine body articles to each number, followed by "Nouvelles de l'Art et de la Curiosité," in smaller type. As is usual in French journals, each article is signed. The *Revue* has about it this much that is remarkable, that it undertakes to espouse vigorously a cause; it devotes itself to the promulgation of certain theories of art, and the full criticism, according to the best lights,

of works of art, collections, and of acts of individuals and of the state which bear upon the arts. If its course should continue to be in the spirit of the leading address to the reader, it might prove of the greatest value to the arts, to literature, and to history; but such a course would be almost unexampled. The announcement of intentions is, however, frank and complete enough: "It will not be a work of pure analysis and of cautious speeches (ménagements), but an instrument of warfare and of polemics. It has always appeared to us singular that, while in all political, social, philosophical, literary, and religious questions two hostile camps are set face to face, each trying to destroy the other, there should not be the same in questions of art. Between us and our adversary there is no truce possible. We represent principles diametrically opposed, and the affirmation of one set implies the negation of the other. . . . . We shall support and protect every attempt, however timid, however juvenile it may be, which may tend to bring the French school into the healthy and natural path laid out and laboriously followed by the masters. It is for this task, and because we were fatigued with the guilty good-nature and the caprice which too often preside over the criticism of art, that we have founded the Review." We leave for future notices the mention and criticism of particular articles. The Review seems to be an undertaking of first-rate importance, which we are glad to welcome.

WASHINGTON BEFORE AND SINCE THE REBELLION.*

WASHINGTON is a changed place from what it was fifty odd years ago when the witty Abbé Correa de Serra, then minister from Portugal, bestowed upon it the well-known epithet of the City of Magnificent Distances. The distances are still respectable, if not magnificent; but the vast intervals which used to yawn between the spots reclaimed to human habitation have been filled up, and the amorphous aggregation of buildings has gradually crystallized into a compact town.

> "The embryo capital where Fancy sees
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees,"

as Tom Moore said of it sixty-five years ago, has measurably fulfilled the vision of Fancy, if not in splendid squares and towering obelisks, at least in a few public buildings worthy of the capital of a great nation. The growth of Washington was very slow for a long time, as was natural enough, it being a purely factitious city, with no *raison d'être*, no excuse for existence, the creature of theory and not of necessity, or even of convenience. And it was the creature of the theory of a poor nation, without an inspired savage, like Peter the Great, at its head, to force its growth by compelling the energies and resources of a needy population into artificial channels by stress of absolute power. So its distances long remained magnificent, its broad avenue only deepening and widening the ocean of mud which formerly even more than now was the terror of horsemen and the despair of foot-passengers. Speculators, of course, at once flocked thither, in that childlike faith in the omnipotence of law which still distinguishes the universal Yankee nation, most of whom learned by hard experience that cities no more than spirits can be called from the vasty deep even by the spells of the most fairly engrossed of statutes. They did succeed, however, in driving the inhabitants to hide in the rear of the capitol, which, through their means, turns its back upon the city on which it was intended that it should lift up the light of its countenance.

The population was, of course, as artificial as the city it inhabited was factitious. There was no natural reason for its being there at all. Unlike Topsy, it did not grow, but was made, and made out of the most heterogeneous materials. No one came there from any love for the place, or from any associations with it. Besides the aggregation of office-holders which necessarily clustered around the capital, there were none, for long years, other than the patient waiters on the rise of real estate that chose to encounter the discomforts of frontier life combined with those of a society pretentious without pretensions. So intolerable were its annoyances that in less than ten years from its occupation as the seat of government, a serious proposition was made, and defeated in the House by only two votes, to remove back again to Philadelphia. Josiah Quincy says, writing to his wife at that time, "the society here has exceeded its ordinary measure of dulness, and, since the question of removal has been agitated, it has been distracted with every species of personality and violence." This latter statement we may well believe, since Mr. Sloan, of New Jersey, who made the motion for removal, declared in his place that he had been threatened with assassination if he did not abandon it. A little later Mr. Quincy writes again: "All the settled inhabitants of the place are slave-holders or office-holders. All are interested in building up Washington. Appropriations out of the Treasury are the chief objects of their thoughts." And zeal in the procuring of these was the chief virtue and duty of every Congressman, in their eyes, which alone could merit the privilege of their friendship and society. The slave-holding influence it was that defeated the project of returning to Philadelphia, the instinct of that subtle power teaching, even at that early day, the importance of having the seat of government under the shadow of the ever-encroaching institution. And up to the rebellion, the society of Washington was informed and permeated by the pro-slavery spirit to a degree which made it hardly possible, certainly most unpleasant, for persons tainted with Republicanism, to say nothing of Abolitionism, to have any part or lot in it. Indeed, no prudent Abolitionist resorted to the metropolis of his country, unless under strong necessity, previous to the election of Lincoln, and never without an animating consciousness of possible personal danger in by no means improbable contingencies.

These are some of the reflections which are suggested by Mr. Gobright's book, although it does not treat of the days of which we have just spoken. Mr. Gobright came to Washington early in the year 1834 and has lived there ever since, "connected with the press" in various capacities. Much history has thus passed under his eyes, and this volume narrates some of the more prominent facts of which he has been the spectator, from Jackson's battle with the Bank down to the impeachment of Johnson. His work is not without a certain interest to those whose memories run so far back, as it revives the recollection of occurrences all of which seemed to be of vital importance, and some of which really were so, which have been crowded out of view by the rush of later events. And to that fortunate number whose lives are comprised within the five and thirty years of Mr. Gobright's "Recollections" his record of them is an abridgment of that portion of history which may serve to induce a more curious examination of it. His claims are very modest and his handiwork does not call for criticism. He does not meddle with the philosophy of the facts he narrates nor go beneath the very surface of the history over which he skims. The hand of the paragraphist and the dealer in items is everywhere manifest, and there is little or nothing that he tells that a reasonably well-informed man of the right age with a tolerable memory will not find that he remembers. But such a *résumé* is not without interest nor without value, and exempts Mr. Gobright from the category of those who spend their strength for naught. He does not supply materials for the historian that is to come, and is far enough from doing that constantly expected personage's work. To this, however, he makes no pretension. But as something to stay the stomach of the hungry enquirer till he can be fed full, this slight refection may answer a wholesome and sufficient purpose.

Washington had begun to harden from the gristle into the bone when Mr. Gobright first settled there, and was grown into a sprawling hobbledehoy of a city, and its society had become comparatively consistent and homogeneous. But it was intensely Southern in its affinities and, as we have said, bitterly pro-slavery in its feelings. Of course, there were honorable exceptions to this general rule, the more honorable for their rarity. It watched with delight the seeming triumphs of slavery, not divining that they were only hastening on its destruction. The Annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave Bill, the Kansas struggle, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Brooks's murderous assault on Senator Sumner, all these prologues to the theme of Secession were rapturously applauded by the finest society of Washington as sure to usher in the millennium of universal slavery. And when rebellion came there were none more sanguine of its success or that rejoiced more sincerely, and as loudly as they dared, over the early victories of the rebels, than the principal inhabitants of Washington. During all those years, too, the inherent semi-barbarism inseparable from slavery would crop out from time to time from under the thin veneering of external refinement of manners. Of this Mr. Gobright's "Recollections" contain abundant evidence in the disgraceful scenes in both Houses of Congress, and elsewhere, enacted by Henry A. Wise, Bailie Peyton, Henry A. Foote, and Thomas Benton, not to mention the attempted assassination of Mr. Sumner by Brooks, and the actual assassination of the Irish waiter by Herbert. Eight years have wrought a mighty change. Even the most vicious of the sympathizers with the rebellion are comforted by the improvement in their real estate and the increase of population consequent on its suppression; and though the tricks played before high Heaven by the War-horses are more absurd they are not so dangerous as those of the Fire-eaters. Mr. Butler proposes merely to cut our purses and not our throats, and Mr. Banks, instead of threatening bloody Disunion, mildly suggests the annexation of all suffer-

* "Recollections of Men and Things at Washington during the Third of a Century. By L. A. Gobright." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.

ing nationalities by resolution and good advice. The composition of Congress is certainly capable of immense improvement, which we have faith enough in the common sense and the sense of the ridiculous of the people to believe will yet be made. And we feel assured that the reminiscent yet to be, that shall recount the events of the five and thirty years from the accession of General Grant, will have a better story to tell than has fallen to the lot of Mr. Gobright.

VAN PRAET'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

In these days of historiographical amplitude—when every writer, of whatever capacity and on whatever subject, strives to be as full and as descriptive as Livy, and when even such eminent historians as those to whom we owe the "Consulate and Empire," the "History of England" under James and William, and the life of "Frederick the Great," tire us out by the length of their narratives, speculations, or incidental talk—it is quite refreshing to meet with a book like M. Van Praet's, in so high a degree combining richness of contents with conciseness and brevity. In a very small compass it sketches the principal outlines of the political history of France, Spain, England, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries—but only in their relations to, and action and bearing upon, each other—from the death of Edward III. to the peace of Utrecht, in traits so well drawn and so distinct as to put the whole development of European politics, from their earliest origin at the dawn of modern history to their first culmination in William III., in the fullest relief.

The end of the feudal wars between England and France; the position of Burgundy, under its four dukes of the house of Valois, between those contending parties; the attempt of Charles the Bold to carve out with his sword a new empire between Germany and France; the family wars that succeeded the feudal; the unification of France under Louis XI., simultaneously with that of England under Henry VII., and of Spain under Ferdinand of Arragon; the dissolution of Burgundy; the wars for territorial aggrandisement waged by Charles VIII., and Louis XII. in Italy; the war-intrigues of Pope Julius II., and the league of Cambrai; the long duel for supremacy between Charles V. and Francis I.; Charles's conflict with the Protestant princes of the empire; the struggle of Philip II. with the revolted Netherlands and with England; the separation of the Netherlands and the formation of the Dutch Republic; Henry the Fourth's and Richelieu's endeavors to break up the Spanish power; the attempt of Ferdinand II. to unite Germany under imperial sway; the relations of England under the Stuarts, Cromwell, and the Restoration, with France, Spain, and Holland; the wars of Louis XIV., and the career of his great antagonist, William of Orange—these are the main topics of M. Van Praet's work, which, while it pretends to be only a historical sketch of European politics, contains so many personal delineations and so many summaries—though no description—of events as almost to deserve to be considered a philosophical history of Western Europe. Though presupposing a full knowledge of the events of the periods it treats of, it is, by the clearness of its statements and the perspicuity of its generalizations, made fully accessible to the understanding also of those who approach the general history of those periods with the curiosity of tyros. Some small faults of obscurity in style are to be charged to the translator rather than to the historian.

The author, who before elaborating this his first historical work had "passed more than thirty years in the absorbing pursuits of public life"—devoted to the service of Belgium—finds it possible that, in observing the progress of governments, an involuntary preference, or long and deeply-rooted habit, "has led him to look more especially to the personal side of historical events, and to dwell too much on the influence exercised by the acts of particular men at critical moments." This "too much" may be comparatively correct, but in themselves the sketches of leading men given in this book—such as the pictures of Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Louis XI., Francis I., Charles V., Philip II., William the Silent, Richelieu, and William III.—form its most delightful, though perhaps not its most important parts. Some of these pictures are, so to say, full-size portraits, which readers familiar with the corresponding delineations by Schiller, Barante, Prescott, Macaulay, Motley, Kirk, and others, will still find highly attractive. M. Van Praet has profited by the latest publications on his subject—among others he mentions the two last-named American historians with praise—and draws his material chiefly from documentary sources such as the correspondence of Charles V., by Dr. Lanz; the Papers of Cardinal Granvelle, collected by M. Weiss; the correspondence of Philip II. and of the Prince of Orange, published by M. Gachard; the Archives of the House of Orange-Nassau, by M. Groen Van Prinsterer; the documents on the succession of Spain, by M. Mignet; the negotiations between France and Austria, by M. Le Glay; the different collections of Venetian despatches; the voluminous memoirs of Richelieu, and the "Letters and State Papers of Richelieu," by M. Avenel.

Pure objectiveness is one of the most striking characteristics of M. Van Praet's "Essays." Though again and again generalizing and reasoning, the writer is nowhere to be discovered in his writings, and were his name and one or two sentences of the "Preface" omitted, it would be a hard task to find out his national, political, or religious stand-point. But the subject—perhaps selected on that account—caused itself the author's native land, "the Low Countries—the birthplace of Philip the Good, of Mary of Hungary, of the family of Croy, of Adrian VI., of four or five generations of the House of Nassau, of Egmont, of Barneveld, of Tilly, of Tromp, of De Witt, and of Heinsius, and more especially the provinces of the South, the country where the Dukes of Burgundy lived, where Charles V. was born, where the Duke of Alva combated the Revolution and the Reformation; where Maurice of Nassau fought against Spinola, William III. against Louis XIV."—to occupy inevitably, a very prominent place in his sketches. During the two centuries' struggle between France and the House of Austria—it began shortly after the accession of Francis I., in 1515, and ended shortly before the death of Louis XIV., in 1715—the Belgian section of the Netherlands never ceased "to have an importance disproportioned to its population and military force, as one of the fields of battle, and as one of the great stakes which were played for. This importance resulted from its central position on the map of Europe, from its wealth, its contiguity to France, to Germany, and to the sea; its situation on two great rivers, the considerable increase of power it brought, or threatened to bring, to any one of the great states which might possess it or covet it; and from the difficulty of founding a balance of power in Europe, likely to last, when these provinces were in the hands of one of the great states, or one of those deeply engaged in a general war."

Want of space prevents us, to our regret, from more fully acquainting our readers, by means of copious extracts, with this excellent work. It is as well written as well conceived. Its translation from the French was begun under the auspices of Mrs. Austin, and almost entirely revised by Sir Edmund Head, neither of whom, however, lived to see it published.

* "Essays on the Political History of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By Jules Van Praet. Edited by Sir Edmund Head, Bart." London: Richard Bentley. 1868.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Putnam's for May has an article which fully accounts for the recent opening of Japan to the Western barbarians. It relates that in the year 1850, Gallatin Lingenfelter, the only son of an American merchant, made a voyage to China, for purposes of business, and that his vessel foundering, he and a boat's crew were cast ashore upon the island of Niphon. He made land in a little bay fronted by a lawn, where were a group of women, the attendants of a young girl who evidently was a personage of consequence, and who was not of very dark complexion. Lingenfelter, weakened by the great privations he had undergone after his shipwreck, fell down in a swoon before he could reach the feet of the chief lady, but not before he had seen that, like the beautiful Haidee, she looked upon him compassionately and with admiration. When he awoke, however, he found himself and his companions under the guard of a battalion of soldiers, and immediately he was carried off into the interior of the country. Several times he was on the brink of death by decapitation; once the executioner stood behind him sword in hand, but opportunely a conch shell and a horn were blown, a commutation of sentence came, and slavery was the worst calamity that overtook the unfortunate prisoner. He had two consolations, however; he had in his possession a stick of wood on which was drawn the picture—mysteriously conveyed to him—of the young lady whom he had seen on landing, and his daily work lay in a flower-garden. Horticulture had always been his delight, and soon his bouquets became renowned throughout the island, and still are a proverb in all Japan. We need hardly say that Lai-lai-lin, hears of the remarkable florist, that one day she goes with her retinue—she is no less a personage than the daughter of the Tycoon—to our hero's master's garden, that she recognizes her old acquaintance, that she has always loved him, that it was at her intercession that his life was spared, that she at once has him transferred to her own grounds, where he surpasses himself and his gardening, that he teaches her the rudiments of Western science, and that just in the nick of time—for in a day or two more she would have had to marry a certain daimio, the Prince of Sinaro—an American man-of-war arrives on the coast, and is the means of the lovers' escape from the domains

of the father of the bride. The Emperor speedily learned that it was with an American that his favorite daughter had eloped, so he sent out to this country the Japanese embassy, which we all remember, with a command that the ambassadors should, without fail, bring him back his favorite child. But they were surrounded with so much etiquette and pomp—what with Mr. Boole and the other municipal authorities of this and other cities—that they could make no efficient search for the estray, and were at last compelled to go home and commit hari-kari, to a man—except "Tommy," and he, we believe, has since perished in battle. The Tycoon's unassuaged grief led him to make one more effort to recover his undutiful but beloved Lai-lai-lin, and soon he sent over to us the troupe of jugglers and necromancers which, a year or two ago, attracted so much attention and admiration in several States of the Union. Many of our readers will recollect that a small juggler and necromancer fell headlong from a high tight-rope or trapeze to a floor of the exhibition-room, and was nearly killed. The mishap was consequent upon his nervous excitation at seeing Mrs. Lingenfelter in the audience, and perceiving that, in all probability, his fortune was made, and his future secure. It was an easy matter for half a dozen members of the acrobatic troupe to get admission to Mr. Lingenfelter's chamber, administer to him a stupefying drug, put him into a box, and fly with him and his Lai-lai-lin towards Japan. But by means of the telegraph the whole party were arrested at a way-station, Gallatin and his wife were released, and then one of their captors, driven to the last resource, made known to the couple that force having failed he was authorized to say, that if they would voluntarily return to Niphon all should be forgotten and forgiven. It was not without some hesitation that they decided to comply with the wish of the Tycoon, but they did so determine, and it is to Mr. Lingenfelter's court influence that we are to trace the success of the endeavors to open the Japanese ports to the commerce of the world, and the peculiar favor with which Americans are received in "the Source of the Sun."

We commend to the perusal of our readers the first article in *Putnam's*, the one called "Thomas Carlyle as a Practical Guide"—a title decidedly suggestive of the *lucus a non lucendo* method of nomenclature. Its author, Mr. Justin Macarthy apparently, writes with a heat which seems hardly necessary, considering that so few people nowadays look to Carlyle for very much more than some amusement and pleasure, but he writes with intelligence and force, and if, perhaps, he exaggerates Carlyle's present importance, still he presents a just conception of the real nature of the man, and clearly does not himself hold him at too high a rate. To Carlyle's literary merits, which are as great, if not as frequently shown, as his literary faults—and that is giving him much higher praise than belongs to most contemporary workmen in English literature—Mr. Macarthy pays proper respect. "Christus Sylvæ" is not particularly well worth looking at as a poem, but it is of some interest as exhibiting what may be called a drawn battle between the poets and a man of poetic susceptibility and of some poetic power who emulates the performances that he admires. Usually in such cases the poets obtain so decided a victory that the contestant is made to appear as indubitably a plagiarist, conscious or unconscious. But Mr. Plimpton, although he puts himself in danger, holds his own so reasonably well that there may be hopes of his doing something yet, even in poetry.

The best piece in this month's *Atlantic* is unsigned; but literary America is more fortunate than we think if Mr. Howells did not write "The New Taste in Theatricals;" we have nobody else, we fear, who can do anything so subtly and delightfully playful in humor, and we have not many who can write so good English. The absolute correctness of the theory which Mr. Howells offers us to account for our attendance at the theatres where they display English blonde burlesque and play French *opêra bouffe* may perhaps be doubted. It is always safe to make recognition of the natural depravity of the human heart; and although in our American communities there is a healthy ignorance of French, especially of the kind that has more than one meaning, and although Mademoiselle Tostée was very amusing, and, perhaps, was even a great actress, as Mr. Howells calls her, still it was not wholly for fun, nor yet altogether as a means of grace, nor entirely because we Puritans, without being at all French ourselves, take a little languid interest in French wickedness, that we went to see "La Belle Hélène." Partly, we fear, we went because we are a little wicked ourselves; it isn't only the good Americans who are fond of Paris. So also of the burlesque: it is for not very metaphysical reasons that a majority of its devotees cultivate that British blossom. It makes for Mr. Howells's side, however, that *opêra bouffe* declines in popularity, and so does the other fact that the innocent Humpty Dumpty beats Ixion and the Forty Thieves in the matter of drawing crowds. But, still, we shall do as well not to get spiritually proud over our patronage of the drama.

For the rest, the May *Atlantic* contains nothing very noticeable. Mr. Parton's "Clothes Mania" is up to his usual level, except, perhaps, that this time he gives more of the rather feeble jokes with which he interperses his far more readable gravity. The believers in "mystical interpretation" of scripture as a rule of conduct, when it is furnished by others than inspired men with regular credentials, may profitably take a look at Elder Evans's explications in "The Autobiography of a Shaker." There is nothing new, we believe, in the anonymous essay on "The Intellectual Character of President Grant," which seems to be, on the whole, considerably inferior to its predecessor, the essay on Grant's moral qualities. There is in this article too much of the advocate; besides, for the full elucidation of the subject it would be better to hear the opinions of a trained soldier than those of a civilian. It is in war, after all, that Grant's mind has been proved and tested, and Jomini's estimate of his intellect—could Jomini have come over here and become acquainted with the conditions of the military problem, complicated as it was by being a volunteers' semi-political war in a wilderness—would have been more valuable than ours, or Mr. Whipple's, or that of any probable writer of the article in question. "Can a Life Hide Itself?" is a rather bewildering question put by Mr. Bayard Taylor and answered by him in the negative. But taken in the sense in which Mr. Taylor uses the words, his answer should have been different. No day passes without the death of many men totally unknown, of whose previous lives, and crimes, and misfortunes no one who witnesses their deaths will ever know anything, and of whose deaths no one will ever hear who has known the story of their previous careers, and has suffered or been glad in the knowledge. These, however, are unnecessary remarks. As a story, Mr. Taylor's piece is an invention something in Poe's manner, but not nearly so well done. At best such things are apt to look as if the pick-lock were first made and then the lock to be picked were made to match it, and the work has to be done with more of a peculiar sort of skill than Mr. Taylor seems to have at command, or it makes pretty tiresome reading. Real life does, to be sure, sometimes provide us with such difficulties and such solutions as Mr. Taylor's; but real literature hardly ever does. Mr. John Burroughs, among the birds and trees and plants, is sure to be admirable; of its kind, his "Spring in Washington" is a great success, and will be found extremely pleasant, especially by dwellers in the city, who miss more of the spring than of any of the other seasons. The "Foe in the Household" is not at its most interesting stage just now, but it is still a satisfactory story. The author who calls herself "The author of 'Victor and Jacqueline'"—a story which we dimly recall, has no need of hiding her name behind a *nom de plume*.

The poetry of this number of the Magazine is by Miss Marian Douglas and Doctor Parsons. The latter always makes a failure, we believe, when he essays the humorous, and he falls rather flatter than usual in this case. Miss Douglas writes a very pretty piece, in which, by the way, poetical justice is done, and for the first time, so far as we know, to the little "life everlasting"—"a silvery bloom with fadeless leaves," and quite fit for the purposes of Puritan courtship.

"Hans Breitmann in Politics" is *Lippincott's* chief attraction this month; but we are glad to see that this third set of the series is the concluding one, for Mr. Leland was evidently making too many. This account of Hiram Twine's device for carrying "a rural village" for Breitmann instead of der Schmidt is not at all up to the mark of the best of its predecessors. It is very farcical in its main conception; but that might be forgiven if the details were not in many instances clumsy. Mr. Twine's whole speech is a highly improbable effort, and might have been so much better that, as we say, it is a comfort that Mr. Leland has determined to stop. If he wishes to do Breitmann work there is enough of it to do without the production of anything fresh; the old ones are very well worth elaborating—a task on the successful performance of which, it is probable, depends Mr. Leland's continuing place in select American literature.

Mr. Gaylord Clarke contributes some "Recollections of Washington Irving," and presents his kindly natured hero in as pleasant a light as he always appears in, unless when he is insanely lauded by his too kind friends.

"Rougegorge," by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, is one of the most remarkable of that author's tales, and the attention of all young writers should be called to it as a model to be shunned. The Baron of Rougegorge, as we all know is apt to be the case with members of Mrs. Spofford's peerage, comes of a race that never "goes back on" its purpose when once the purpose is formed. He is wealthy, perfectly impassive, handsome. He has a friend, young Saint Marc, a paragon of "personal advantages,"

whom he loves with the most ardent affection, and who one day commits suicide because he has been refused the hand of the high-born Ayacinthe de Valentinois. Rougegorge swears to revenge him, and posts home from Assyria, once the realm of Semiramis, to his quarters in Paris. Ayacinthe of course falls in love with him and he wins her. Then he is revenged, for on the evening of the wedding-day he makes a grim countenance and informs her that she madly loves her deadly enemy; that he loved Saint Marc, has had his portrait taken as a reminder of vengeance, and only gained her heart for the purpose of trampling on it. The Baroness Rougegorge, little as we thought it, has sufficient sense to tell her husband that she never knew till that moment that Saint Marc had ever asked her father for her. But the baron, as we have said before, comes of a race that does not yield its purpose for small trifles of that kind. At the end of three weeks the baroness, with some hard lines round her mouth, but beautiful as ever, walks into the baron's den, and the pair, after more or less high and mighty language on the part of both of them, agree to live amicably before the world. Then the baroness trims up her husband's apartments with hyacinths, and as she was named after that flower the fragrance intoxicates the baron, who by this time is, of course, utterly in love with his icy wife, and he will have nothing but hyacinths in any of his rooms. They absorb all his oxygen and he dies on the floor, with his triumphant wife standing over him and taunting him with having crushed her young heart, for the De Valentinoises, too, it seems, come of a race that is pitiless in pursuit of its purpose. All this folly, without one touch of nature, with a deal of hungrily selected sensuously fine language, is a sample of what passes with some of our young women and young men for clever and "impassioned" writing. What ideas of the passions such persons entertain—it would be worth while to know, we were going to say—it would be useless to inquire. They can do nothing with the real truths of human nature; and think they have done better than to do anything with them, if at the same time that they are false to them they are fantastically false to the facts of possible human life. A publisher undertakes a heavy responsibility that assists in making such literature accessible.

In *Hours at Home* for this month may be found a sketch of the Russian peasant, who seems to have impressed Mr. Eugene Schuyler very favorably, as indeed he impresses most Western travellers, whether European or American. "The Sources of the Jordan" will interest the large public who are never tired of hearing of Palestine; but a paper of travel that has considerably more freshness is the Rev. Mr. Bushnell's "Cannibals of Equatorial Africa."

The *Galaxy* for May is a good number. "Put Yourself in his Place" is becoming agreeably complicated. Apparently a hint is given of the meaning of the title, which would seem to show that its application to the circumstances of a workman and "the trades," fighting it out on the free labor question, is not the application which the author intends to make. The rest of the *Galaxy* is all readable, except the "Choir of Songsters," in which some dozen or so of the minor, or more minor, poets sing for us in not very sweet contention. Two pieces, however, have merit, and might very well have been exalted to a higher place than they now occupy; both "Foreshadowings" and "Across the Wall" are better than most magazine poetry, and are indeed poetry. There is something, too, in Mrs. Piatt's "Lily of the Nile;" but Mrs. Piatt is given over to being enigmatic to a degree that is not justified by anything that is found in her work when it is puzzled out. It hardly seems like a natural manner either; if it is, it would seem to be wisdom on the part of the writer to struggle hard to attain simplicity of treatment.

Mr. B. F. De Costa, who is an enemy to history as it appears in the school-books, makes a reasonable article on the question of "Why Captain Kidd was hung." Mr. Richard Grant White brings his "Words and their Uses" to a close, and promises to do a certain amount of revision and correction of them before they appear as a book. We should say that the article before us—"A Desultory Denunciation of English Dictionaries"—might secure for his little work, when it does appear, a tolerable share of criticism, which may or may not be useful to Mr. White when he comes to prepare new editions of it. However, the world, outside the philologists, will very likely be profited, and Mr. White will not be seriously hurt, we dare say, though he does show vivacity in resenting attacks, and the newspaper amenities will be so much advertisement for the book. "A Great Advocate" is by Mr. Edwards Clarke, and treats, not particularly well or ill, of the late Mr. Brady.

The minor departments of the *Galaxy* seem to be better this month than they have been for a long time. "Captain Kidd," in the "Miscellany," we have spoken of. It has for companions, "A Texas Ride," which is clever; a readable account of the little Italian musicians who harp and fiddle about the streets; and a poor piece by Mr. J. E. Cooke. Philip Quilibet has one or two very good short essays in the "Driftwood." "The Merciful Element in Fiction" is especially entertaining. In "Literature and Art" the "Notes" are full of a certain sort of information, and "A Glance at some of our Naturalized Literature" at least is all sound criticism, and of a kind not often enough found in our periodicals, though the same things are only very doubtfully true of the remarks on "Saul" and the "Blameless Prince."

Harper's is known of all men; of the May number we need only say that it is as good as usual, but contains nothing which demands the attention of any but its accustomed readers.

REVISION OF THE FEDERAL STATUTES.*

WHATEVER may be said against projects for a codification of the unwritten or common law, there can be no possible objection worthy of respectful consideration to a codification of mere statute law. What has been written once can be written again. Statutes which are scattered over a hundred volumes can be gathered together, their repetitions omitted, their inconsistencies reconciled, and their ambiguities cleared up, with vast advantage, and without a single necessary disadvantage. There is, in fact, no reason whatever for the present discreditable condition of the statute law in England and America, except the laziness, incompetency, and jealousy of legislatures. They are too lazy to codify the statutes, even if they were competent for the work; they are far too untaught to have the slightest idea how the work should be done; and they are too jealous of their prerogative right to tinker the law, to accept and adopt the labors of any commission that is able and willing to do the work.

The statutes of the United States are far on their way to that sublime state of confusion and incomprehensibility for which the statute law of England has long been famous. Congress heaps up new laws without pretending to understand the old ones, or to make the operation of the law uniform in cases of the same nature, or decently reasonable in its operation. Thus, there are half a dozen different ways of removing causes into the Federal courts, attended with differing results; and, curiously enough, no provision is made to enable certain suits to be brought in the Federal courts in the first instance, which may, nevertheless, be transferred there after their commencement. The laws upon this particular subject, moreover, are scattered all over the statute books from 1789 to 1868. So it is with regard to many other subjects of legislation; some statutes, indeed, referring to others for explanations on material points, these in their turn referring to others, and these still to others, which prove, upon examination, to contain nothing whatever in relation to the subject of the statutes which refer to them for elucidation.

Senator Sumner has taken a most creditable interest in the project of consolidating the statutes; and soon after the political complexion of the Senate had so far changed as to give him weight in its deliberations, he diligently pushed forward a measure having that object in view. At length he succeeded in carrying through Congress a bill providing for the appointment of three commissioners to revise and consolidate the statute law of the United States. This commission has suffered under the usual disadvantage of such bodies, in having three members willing to draw pay, and only one to do any work. A great mistake was made in selecting at least one gentleman too eminent at the bar to be able to afford the time necessary for the work. It gave us no surprise to hear that, after being on the commission for two years or more, he pronounced its object impracticable. To such men it is necessarily impracticable. But if Mr. Brightly or Mr. Austin Abbott had been placed upon the commission (as one or both of them would have been, if fitness had been the only quality sought), we have no doubt that the practicability of the work would, ere now, have been proved by its completion.

We are glad, however, to see some fruit of the labors of this commission in a complete revision and consolidation of the postal laws of the United States, which we understand to have been mainly the work of one of the commissioners, Charles James, Esq. The whole law upon this subject is given in twenty-one chapters, containing in all three hundred and fourteen sections. The law thus brought within the dimensions of a single statute of moderate length and logical order, is now scattered through one hundred and thirteen distinct acts and resolutions, fourteen volumes, and sixty years of legislation. What has thus been done for the postal laws can be done for all the other laws of the United States.

Upon such examination of the work as our limited time has allowed,

* "The Postal Laws of the United States, revised and consolidated. By the Commission appointed to revise the Statutes." Washington, 1869.

we are well satisfied with it, although the *complete* revision of the federal laws should, and, we doubt not, will, lead the commissioners to make material changes in this particular measure. Thus, the whole of the chapter on "Mail depredations and offences," and several sections in the chapter on "Carrying the mail," should be placed in their proper order in the general penal code which must be ultimately prepared. So section 296, in relation to the recovery of interest in postal suits, belongs to a general law on damages; and sections 306 to 313 belong to a general statute on practice in the civil courts. The commissioners have, nevertheless, done well in including these provisions among the other postal laws *for the present;* the first necessity being to get all these things together in the same relations in which they are now to be found upon the statute books, leaving their better classification to the second stage of the work. We hope, however, that the commissioners will not forget this important part of their duties.

In 1863, if we are not mistaken, Messrs. Grosvenor P. Lowrey, Augustus Schell, and Charles P. Kirkland were appointed on a commission to revise the revenue laws. We should like to know what has become of their work, or whether they ever did any. If they did, the results of their labors ought to be given to the new commission.

We shall urge the adoption of the commissioners' work, whenever it is complete, without any further revision by Congress. It is impossible for a large legislative body to tinker a code, or a carefully prepared revision of statutes, without doing more harm than good. If the commissioners do not turn out a satisfactory measure, it should be sent back to them, or submitted to new commissioners for further revision. But such a bill is too delicate to bear legislative tampering. Amendments that seem on their face perfectly right, will lead to tautology and inconsistencies. Congress takes a great deal on faith from interested speculators. Let it take something on faith from competent and disinterested commissioners.

The Ideal in Art. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.)—In writing upon the general theory of the fine arts, or of any fine art, or of any group of fine arts, special knowledge is requisite. It would be claiming nothing excessive for painting, for instance, as an abstruse and recondite subject, to assert that it ought not to be judged by unmodified laws of any other art, or by unmodified laws of art in general. Writers upon art are fond of finding analogies among the different fine arts; words are interchanged with a natural if sometimes fatal facility; "chromatic" music, "florid" writing, "harmonious composition" in a picture, have become phrases of general acceptation; and with this lax use of words comes the to-be-expected inaccuracy of thought and statement, leading the insufficiently informed to pronounce boldly upon the arts unfamiliar to them, according to the admitted principles of arts more familiar. Accepting the truth of a common principle and some common laws for all the beautiful arts, including even poetry, including even poetical prose, including even the judicious combination of appeals to the senses of smell and of taste—accepting all this, and insisting upon it that our critic shall not be deaf to music, nor cold to poetry, nor indifferent to the pleasures of any sense, nor unaware of the wonderful changes produced in any or all of his senses by cultivation—we have also to insist upon the inherent differences among the arts. Is art one? it is also many; ἑνότης ἐν πολυειδίᾳ, "unity in diversity." For how much of painting is of the spirit and how much of the eye and hand no man has yet been able to decide for others. Mr. Rio finds it all spirit, Mr. Scott nearly all skilled hand and practised eye; Mr. Taine finds it nearly all involuntary fixing of the floating dust of the "milieu." So far as it is of the spirit, that is, of observation, memory, and imagination, it is made up of the same influences as the other fine arts, though so differently felt and seen. But there comes in the physical side of it, the purely visible part of it, the decorative element in it, and destroys our prettily arranged comparisons and analogies, while not even admitting neat contrasts for our comfort. Mr. Taine's statement, on page 85 of the book before us, that "the beauty of a plastic work is above all plastic," is wonderfully sound doctrine. Let us add that the discussion of plastic art must not be too exclusively such as would apply to all the fine arts, but must be a little narrowed to the limits of the visible, the decorative, the distinctly careful of shapes and colors.

The technical, exact, and ready knowledge of a fine art which we require of those who write about it, is even more needed by him who discusses it in a general way than by the examiner of more limited fields of enquiry. An essay upon Chinese porcelain may be useful, if the work of a mere collector, without other knowledge than the empirical one gained in collecting, if only his natural taste be fairly good. We can trust an intelligent architect without extended knowledge of the history and relations of decorative art, to set down much very well worth recording in respect to out-of-the-way buildings he may visit. But when it is the central idea of art or of an art that is to be discussed, we demand the most extended, the most perfectly assimilated, the readiest knowledge of the subject. When a writer would discuss the ideal in art, even though limiting his subject to the plastic arts, besides his general supposed sound ideas upon art in general, he has need of such a practical familiarity with the actualities and possibilities of plastic art as only long familiarity can give—of spontaneous knowledge, so to speak, immediate certainty of the true answer to every question, of power of immediate and instinctive sense of truth and of fallacy, and knowledge of the whereabouts of the reasons for the judgment which he, for his part, needs no reasoning to help him to.

Mr. Taine's failure, or lack of greater success as an instructive or inspiring critic upon the fine arts, results from the lack of this thorough knowledge. His lectures are of a well-known and, except for their cleverness, not uncommon kind; the kind that is very agreeable and wonderfully true-seeming to everybody except those who are well informed. Such lectures delivered to the audience for which they are written—Parisian art-students, namely—would naturally fail to impress very much, and accordingly the rumor comes from Paris in many forms that among the *entreprises manquées* of the present government of France is the attempted renewing of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, culminating in such appointments as this of Mr. Taine to the chair of the History of Art. It is Herbert Spencer's reputation over again, all very well for the "general public," but the chemists and the physicians, the painters and the architects, are disposed to scoff at the new light. Does this prove anything? Of itself it proves nothing positively; but yet the views of experts are exceedingly well worthy of notice, and, as the experts look at it, Mr. Taine is a very inadequate judge of art.

Ecclesiastical Law in New York. By Murray Hoffman. (New York: Potts & Amery.)—A glance at Mr. Hoffman's digest will show that the Dutch Governors of New York down to 1664 did what they could to favor the Established Church of Holland by keeping matters ecclesiastical under the control of the clergy of Amsterdam. After that date the Royal English Governors were quite as vigilant for the interests of the Established Church of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury. But while Reformed Dutch and Episcopal societies, beginning with 1696, obtained what charters, confirmations, and resuscitations they asked for, the Presbyterians received no such favors, though they sued very humbly in the years 1719, '21, '59, and '75.

But all this was promptly changed at the Revolution. The Constitution of 1777 put all denominations upon a level. In less than ten years the eight acts which gave pre-eminence to the Episcopalians were repealed, and a general statute passed reducing the incorporation of all religious societies to great simplicity; the parties met together, fixed upon a name, acknowledged their doings, and recorded them in the County Clerk's office.

This statute of 1784 and the subsequent one of 1813 have answered for nearly all parties except the Dutch and Episcopalians, whose Consistories and Vestries were not sufficiently considered. To remedy this defect and define the various shares of minister, rector, vestryman, and layman, in the organizing and incorporating process, the statute of 1868 has been passed at Mr. Hoffman's suggestion, in behalf of his denomination, and he advises Episcopal religious societies to take advantage of it and reincorporate themselves. Trinity Church, it would seem, needs no such help. Having triumphed over all her legal adversaries, she can defy her legislative enemies by falling back upon some of the charters confirmed by the Constitution of 1777; and then, says Mr. Hoffman, "the whole City of New York would be again without a question, as it is perhaps even now, her parish, except where, by her consent or acquiescence, she has sanctioned the organization of independent churches and cures," p. 310. Views like these in regard to the latent powers of Trinity Church are quite startling to the casual reader; they hardly belong to modern times.

The Roman Catholic societies, more outspoken, and more determined to possess the land ecclesiastically, have obtained the Act of 1863, which carefully excludes the congregation from taking part in the proceedings to organize and incorporate themselves. A majority of the trustees are to be forever ecclesiastics; the two lay trustees are nominated by the ecclesiastics and hold office but one year.

In the Methodist societies the Act of 1857 speaks of ministers and stewards as the active parties in organizing and incorporating; the lay-

men make no figure. The charterless Presbyterians in New York, for thirty years prior to 1766, were grafted, in some way, upon the General Assembly of the Scotch Church; at the Revolution they were on excellent terms, apparently, with the Mayor and Aldermen of New York, and the Wall street and Brick meeting profited by the intimacy. While Baptists and other Congregationalists make a figure in New England ecclesiastical law, it can hardly be discovered from Mr. Hoffman's book that there are such denominations in New York; indeed the only Congregational society alluded to was authorized by this Court to become Presbyterian, many years ago, p. 288. It must be that the grace of incorporation is bestowed upon these uncanonical bodies under the Acts of 1784 and 1813. What ecclesiastical life they have is diffused through the mass of the members of each society—it does not centre in trustees, as a casual reader of the statutes might infer; but a majority of the members have control of the doings and property, as the courts have ruled several times; and with these constructions of the statutes there seems to be no need of special laws, pp. 284–290.

If these decisions are adopted, then the Southern, Middle, and Western States, that have followed the lead of New York in her several laws of organizing and incorporating religious societies, will be found in harmony with the more simple statutes of Massachusetts and the New England States generally. From the first those frosty commonwealths were in the habit of incorporating religious societies directly, without the intervention of trustees, however good. By so doing they have saved themselves from a world of complication and intermeddling.

Mr. Hoffman's learned work will interest lawyers abroad who are curious to know how state churches bear themselves and thrive after the state connection is severed. If we had space we might speculate on the question whether the superabundant general legislation of New York is not in a large measure due to the very canonical and very supervisory habits of her two leading denominations—the Episcopalians and Presbyterians.

Thunder and Lightning. By W. De Fonvielle. Translated from the French and edited by T. L. Phipson. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co.)—As its somewhat startling title leads one to expect, this book is of a decidedly sensational character. It is not a scientific work, but a popular treatise, not of the best sort. The subject seems at first sight rather a meagre one for a volume of over two hundred pages; but it must be remembered that the book was written in France, where lightning is much more frequent and dangerous than in this country. It is illustrated by numerous well-executed engravings of very singular subjects. It is a question whether any pleasure or instruction is derived from a picture of lightning killing a bell-ringer, or descending a staircase, or striking a fish under water. Again, it seems scarcely necessary to illustrate elaborately such dramatic events as lightning killing a murderer without injuring his intended victim, or melting a lady's bracelet off her wrist without hurting her. As regards the precautions which may be taken against lightning, we hardly agree with the author in considering silk umbrellas safer than those of other materials, particularly as silk ceases to be a non-conductor the moment it is wet. We doubt if many ladies will give up their jewelry for fear that it may attract lightning. On the other hand, the chapters on the physiological effects of lightning, and on its explosive globular form, contain many facts of interest which are not generally known. Although this volume has probably less real value than any other of the series, yet, from the striking nature of the subject, it is perhaps well calculated to suit the public.

Zwei Jahre österreichischer Politik. Aus einem Tagebuch. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Giehne. Erster Band. (Schaffhausen: Fr. Hurter. 1868. 8vo. pp. vii. 424.)—Giehne's "Two Years of Austrian Politics" is a record of political and military events in Germany since the spring of 1866, in the form of a diary, which bears conclusive internal evidence of the genuineness claimed for it by its author as "ein wirkliches und wahrhaftes, mit den Ereignissen gleichzeitig entstandenes Tagebuch." The value of such contemporary documents, in which great national movements are instantaneously daguerreotyped as they occur, is inestimable, especially as contributions to historiography. They preserve all the freshness of first impressions, and report many minute and interesting incidents and passing reflections, which would be out of place in a grave history, but are admirably suited to a book that is neither chronicle nor autobiography, but partakes of the nature of both. Herr Giehne is an enthusiastic Austrian, and judges everything from a partisan stand-point; his zeal for the Imperial cause frequently makes him unjust towards the enemies of "Kaiser Franz," and easily disposed to believe anything that is prejudicial to them. Thus he records with too great credulity the old newspaper story about the barbarity of the Italian troops towards wounded and defenceless Austrians after the battle of Custoza, and contrasts this alleged cruelty with the chivalry of "the whitecoats," who cared for the wounded Italians as tenderly as for their own comrades. The author doubtless thought this report to be true at the time he made a note of it in July, 1866; and if he wished to publish his diary without alterations in the text, he ought at least to have corrected the calumny in a foot note. Making due allowance for errors of this kind, which belong, according to Lord Bacon's phraseology, to those "idols of the tribe" which beset all minds and inhere in human nature itself, the reader will find Herr Giehne's book not only attractive in style, but also very suggestive in thought. That portion of the diary which covers the period of the war in Bohemia has an intensely dramatic interest, each daily record during the month of June lifting the curtain upon a new scene or a new prospect, until the final catastrophe of Königgrätz dispels all the illusions which the victory on the Po had fostered. The discussion of political topics is clear and comprehensive, especially as regards the mutual relations of the different provinces and peoples of the Austrian Empire, and the methods by which the Slavic, Magyar, and German elements, after so many centuries of deep-rooted hostility, are to be reconciled and united under equal laws and homogeneous institutions. The present volume closes with the neutralization of Luxemburg, the last entry bearing the date May 30, 1867. The second volume, which is to be issued soon, will probably follow the course of events into the year 1868, and record more fully the author's impressions of Bismarck's reorganization of Germany and of Beust's efforts to save Austria from moral, political, and financial bankruptcy.

Deep Down. A Tale of the Cornish Mines. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Life Boat; A Tale of the Coast Heroes," "Gascoyne, the Sandal-wood Trader," etc. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Ballantyne's book contains a good deal of interesting information concerning the Cornish tin mines, which is thrown into the form of a story in which the part of hero is played by an athletic young surgeon who settles and begins the practice of his profession in the mining district. Beside the account of the mines and the mining operations there are one or two smuggling adventures recorded; the herring fishery gets a chapter or two, and there is even a little mild love-making thrown in before the story is ended. There is not enough of it, however, to interfere at all seriously with the proper business of the book, which is one that all intelligent boys of twelve years old and upwards ought to read with a good deal of pleasure. The whole interior of a tin mine is laid open, the means by which the ore is taken from the rock, the processes to which it is afterward subjected, and the peculiar risks to which the miners are exposed, are all described with a by no means tedious minuteness and not a little picturesque force. The book gives, too, what we should take to be a very fair account of the miners themselves, and the peculiarities of thought and feeling which the life they lead naturally induces; and on the whole is to be praised as combining instruction and amusement in a more than ordinarily successful manner.

George P. Rowell's American Newspaper Directory. (New York: George P. Rowell & Co. 1869.)—It cannot be fairly expected of a book like this that it should be correct in all its statements, nor that it should give all the information relating to the subject with which it deals. Omissions and inaccuracies were inevitable, especially in a first attempt at covering so wide a field. But one source of error might, we should think, have been more effectively guarded against. Except as illustrating the truth that editors are fallible, the assertions of most of them about their "circulation" are hardly worth setting down. Messrs. Rowell & Co. or S. M. Pettingill & Co. and other managers of "advertising agencies" have, for their own private use—or we suppose they have—a special knowledge of facts in regard to almost any given journal, that enables them to estimate at something like their just value the "claims" which it makes in public. But people not in their business have not this particular information, and are in danger of deception. Figures never live more nearly up to their proverbial bad character than when they are employed by the "knights of the quill" at the times of penning "A Few Words about Ourselves," and the remarks "To Our Readers," and so on. We do not see that any good is done by giving what seems like a business man's endorsement of these little inventions.

For many purposes, however, for most that it pretends to answer—this volume will be found useful. For example, the descriptive list of

North American towns and cities in which newspapers and other periodicals are published is valuable, and with its details as to population, chief industries, and other matters, will, we should suppose, be of real assistance to intending advertisers.

Anne Séverin. By Madame Augustus Craven, author of "A Sister's Story." (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.)—We have felt some touch of regret that Mrs. Craven should have chosen to continue the career of authorship which she began so successfully in that charming book, "A Sister's Story." She had in that instance an abundance of very and peculiarly interesting material, which was very skilfully employed—and although one could but wonder at the want of delicacy, or, if that be too harsh an expression, at the unreserve which dictated the publication by so near a relative of memoirs of so peculiar a nature, it was nevertheless true that the book had a real value, and that, despite its ultra-Roman Catholic spirit, it could be read with pleasure even by people who dissented for the most widely various reasons from its conclusions. But neither in its matter nor style was there anything which made the publication of a novel by its author a thing to be looked forward to with any great pleasure—and now that "Anne Séverin" has made its appearance it suggests only, as we said at first, a certain mild regret that Mrs. Craven should have written it. It is a weak, rambling, confused little story, the scene of which is laid partly in England and partly in France, and at a period of some thirty-odd years back. We do not know that we discover any special reason which its author had in mind in writing it, and, although it is quite true that it is perfectly pure in conception and plot and incident, it is equally true that it is as futile and ineffectual as it is pure. As her story is constructed, we shall say that Mrs. Craven had but one chance of saving it from utter pointlessness, and, if for no higher reason, it was plainly her duty from an artistic point of view to convert the naughty English girl, who, well brought up, religious as far as a Protestant can be so, and full of good impulses, yet engages herself to two men at the same time, solely because she has not been trained to the "practice of self-examination." But she deprives her instead, in what seems a reprehensibly careless manner, of her Catholic lover, and leaves her in all her blindness to the tender mercies of an inflexible husband, who gets on his road to Rome only so far as Puseyism. On the whole, it does not seem advisable to recommend the book either as a means of amusement or edification.

The Wife's Messengers. By Mrs. M. B. Horton. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—So far as we know, this is Mrs. Horton's first book, and we feel that we should be doing her a service if we could persuade her to believe that there are other fields in which she could probably labor to greater advantage than she will ever be able to do in that of literature. She seems herself to have felt a little doubtful of her success in making herself intelligible—so, at all events, we interpret her "grateful dedication" of her book to those "who are willing to see her purpose" in writing it. We are not ourselves unwilling to earn gratitude when there seems a fair chance of getting it, and may say, therefore, that, so far as we can see it, her purpose seems to have been to rhapsodize a little about Christian spiritualism, or Swedenborgianism, to get at the doctrine of "correspondences" by no matter what blundering and ineffectual methods, and incidentally to discourse a little on politics and practical philanthropy.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Auerbach (B.), Black Forest Village Stories	(Leypoldt & Holt)	$1 50
Cazin (A.), The Phenomena and Laws of Heat	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	1 25
Foxton (E.), Agnes Wentworth: A Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Gilmore ("Ubique"), Gun, Rod, and Saddle	(W. A. Townsend & Adams)	2 00
Hoyt (J. W.), Transactions Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, Vol. VII., 1861-'68.	(Madison, Wis.)	
La Revolucion Española en Cuba, swd	(F. W. Christern)	
Marlitt (E.), Over Yonder: A Tale, swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 30
Newhouse (S.), The Trappers' Guide	(Oakley & Mason)	2 00
Washburne (E.), Slavery as it once prevailed in Massachusetts, swd	(John Wilson & Son)	
Woods (Caroline H.), Woman in Prison	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 25

FINE ARTS.

FORTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

PICTURES of domestic life, and especially those representing children and childish things, form the most important part of this exhibition. They are rather numerous, and there is more in them, taken together, than in any other group of pictures we could form this year. The exhibition, poor as it is, small as it is, insufficient as it is as an embodiment of contemporary art, represents that one side of our art well enough, and seems to indicate its relative importance. For the interest taken by the people in the pictures being entirely anecdotical, so to speak, dependent upon the subjects represented, and the cleverness with which stories are told, the relative importance of tales of domestic life is nearly as great in painting as in literature. Such a picture as No. 124, by Mr. Verplanck, in which are shown three children having a tea-party in the garret, just about represents a good but not the best sort of the art of the period. Very true and gentle feeling, and real interest in the subject, go far to make up a little poem of a pleasant kind, and such poems we all enjoy and really care about, indifferent to the artistic qualities of the pictures which contain them, and indifferent whether the story is told in prose or in verse, or in lines and colors upon canvas. The same figures in a wood-engraving would please us as well, and even better, except that our attention is called to the painting in a gold frame and known to be costly, more quickly than to a wood-cut. But, for all, No. 124 is sure of a buyer, and the buyer will get something for his money, though not a thoroughly well-painted picture. Mr. Guy's nice little boy paddling in the clear water which stands, "after the shower," upon the sunken flag-stones, is perhaps his greatest success in his chosen line. It is not a merely technical fault, however—the peculiarity often noticed in Mr. Guy's pictures of childhood—namely, the waxy cleanliness of the dabbling and splashing little hands and feet. It is not that dirt ought to be elaborated or dwelt on, but that it shocks one's sense of the possible to see boys "mussing" among cabbage-leaves and egg-shells, and keeping the while a surface as of Dresden china figures.

Mr. Lambdin's "Experienced Fisherman" and "Amateur Circus" are real and childlike though without much vigor. A great deal of swing and fury goes to make up the dramas of childhood, much more than these pictures give us; the action is never languid, the pauses are times of total rest, generally slumber. Mr. Peele's "One Tune More" gives us one of those moments of rest, and the picture is one of the best pieces of story-telling this year, however slight its merit as a work of plastic art. But it is here that nearly all the pictures fail. The best painted of the children are probably Mr. Johnson's, in his portrait group and only picture, No. 196, and Mr. Boughton's in 243, "Christmas Eve in England." The former of these is spoiled, as a picture, by the necessity of representing the monstrosities of modern fashionable upholstery and decoration, but the child is very lovely. Mr. Boughton's picture, slight as it is, is one of the best in the exhibition.

Of pictures, not of children, but still of home, No. 164, "The Weaver," by Mr. E. W. Perry, demands notice, and more room than we can give it to point out its merits and shortcomings. It is a work of the right sort within its limitations, and, if we admit that painters now-a-days are to cease trying to produce beautiful pictures, this will seem to be altogether of the right sort.

A picture of a different class is the "Gulliver," No. 109, by Mr. Waterman. It is interesting, and ought to be multiplied by wood engraving on a large scale or by lithography, for it is crowded with ideas, not the most artistic ideas, perhaps, but fanciful and ingenious, and truly picturesque ideas about the costume and general get-up of an imaginary people. Mr. La Farge has contributed to the interesting study of costume his picture No. 410, "Sleeping Beauty," a slight sketch in color of Japanese embroidered robes clothing a young woman.

For portraiture we have little to mention. Two heads by Page, numbers 322 and 326, are not unworthy of our best portrait painter. After these the only life-size portrait of any great value is No. 318, by Mr. Hunt. Mr. Weir's full length portrait, in the studio, and Mr. Johnson's group mentioned above, are of an interesting class, and Mr. Weir's at least is not badly imagined in respect to the surroundings and accessories.

Landscape art disappears year by year from our exhibitions. It was fondly imagined once that we had, or were likely to have, a school of landscape; but, although our best landscape painters scarcely ever exhibit, and although the exhibitions are fast losing all claim to represent the art of the time, still they are to be believed when they indicate a failing interest in landscape subject among the painters. For the fact is easily ascertainable that the public take no interest whatever in landscape. It is a languid enough pleasure that they take in pictures of any kind, but painted stories carry it over other kinds, and leave landscape pictures to be bought for the sake of the artists mainly. In fact, sometimes out of desire to have a specimen of so-and-so's work, sometimes out of kindness and to help so-and-so; in some way or another it is personal and not artistic interest that sells three-quarters of all pictures sold, and nine-tenths of all landscapes.

Under which influences the landscape painters have no particular temptation to exhibit, but live among, and paint for, each his circle of friends; and those painters who have more strings than this one to their bow, come to use this one less and less. On the other hand, Mr. Homer, not generally known as a landscape painter, sends a landscape this year; to be sure it is the most important one in the galleries. "Manchester coast," No. 187, is not a sunny picture although shadows are cast; that is its fault, the colors are not sunlight colors; but in other respects it is full of interest and of excellent qualities, and repays careful examination. Mr. J. D. Gay's landscape, No. 356, rivals Mr. Homer's in general interest and value. Mr. Brevoort's November is a picture of a kind we have learned to associate with Mr. Griswold, although the cedar-trees and hillsides are certainly not so well painted as in Mr. Griswold's winter pictures which we have enjoyed so much of former years. Mr. Griswold himself is struggling this year with a thing hard to master and which he has not mastered, spring green; the picture, No. 300, seems to us far from a success. A pleasant landscape, regardless of detail and of sunshine, but full of merit for all that, is the background of No. 168, by Mr. G. D. Leslie, presumably a well-known English painter.

Miss C. M. Clowes sends several small pictures of great promise. No. 365 offers in the "Two Calves" so remarkable a piece of accurate and sufficient painting, for an artist not yet well known, as to warrant almost any expectations for the future. Miss Eliot, another new exhibitor, sends two studies of landscape, one hung nearly out of sight, the other showing care for the boats and for the form of the ground—encouraging signs, for to paint boats and the surface of the earth aright is to do what few landscape painters do. The boats in Mr. Tiffany's "Yonkers," No. 367, are very good; this picture is also the work of a beginner, or at least of a new exhibitor, but that is not to be seen in the very skilful management of the pier and shed upon it, and the steamboat and schooner. Hills and water are not good. Mr. Tiffany's other picture is clearly and strongly painted.

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The Week.

THE only news of any importance that we have had from the South since the election of Grant is what comes from all parts of it in relation to the crops, and the political news from Virginia. It is all encouraging. Nothing is said this spring of the unwillingness of the negroes to work, and less by a great deal is said than ever before since 1865 of an unwillingness to let them vote. The convention of Virginia Conservatives has met and dissolved after a business-like session, in which, after a healthy resistance—much better than the "mush of concession," which was the fashion two or three years ago in the South, and which was mere hypocrisy, indicative of trouble to come—the old high-and-dry, conservative, white-man's-government party was defeated, by a vote of about two to one. It was decided to nominate Conservative Republicans for office, and to fight fairly for the defeat, not of the whole constitution, but of such portions of it—certain provisions of it are to be submitted for a separate vote—as are distasteful to almost all but the extreme Radicals. It is worth while to say that, making allowances for the difficulties of their position, the Anti-Radical party in Virginia have behaved in a way that secures them the respect—not, perhaps, strictly speaking, the intellectual respect—of the best of those who have disagreed with them. Certainly, Virginia—with the possible exception of North Carolina—has behaved in a manlier fashion than her neighbors, who have been too apt to "fight Radicalism" by killing and maiming negroes—a way of being opposed that Radicalism has not found much fault with, so far as concerns the winning of the fight. As an outward sign of the inward grace at work in Virginia, it is noteworthy that Pollard's *Southern Opinion* became so exclusively Pollard's and so little Virginian in opinion that it has given up its unlamented ghost. So extreme and erratic a man as Governor Henry A. Wise is hardly worth attention, except as the perversest straw may at least furnish corroborative evidence as to the direction of the wind; but he also has come out in favor of burying the issues that died in '65.

Further and calmer consideration seems to beget in various directions a good deal of dissent from and dissatisfaction with Mr. Sumner's speech, as a statement of the American cause against England. Various journals are joining in denouncing his plan of making England apologize for the neutrality proclamation, both as unnecessary and as certain to fail. Others again assail his legal position. Probably the most marked fault of the speech as a statement of the American cause is that it presents no distinct theory of the nature of the offence England has committed. In one place he charges her with having given Confederate ships the rank of lawful belligerents, which, without her proclamation, they would not have had. A few sentences further on he seems to forget this, and talks of the Confederate cruisers as "pirates"—thus implying that the proclamation, after all, gave them no lawful status, and therefore conceding, to all intents and purposes, that England incurred no responsibility in issuing it. By-and-by he shifts his ground again, and talks of the cruisers as *English* ships engaged in "war" against the United States—that is, as neither pirates nor Confederate cruisers. Now these theories cannot all stand together. If the proclamation gave the Confederates a lawful status, their cruisers were not "pirates." If it gave them no status, and they were "pirates," England is not responsible for the proclamation; while, if they were English war vessels assailing the commerce of a friendly nation, all talk about the proclamation is a mere waste of breath. Any intelligent reader may satisfy himself, by looking carefully at the speech, that it is really marked by the confusion we have here described, and we are therefore sorry that somebody did not undertake the work who had firmly grasped some one of these doctrines, and could present it clearly and vigorously. Mr. Sumner has supported all three vigorously by turns, but none of them long.

His sentimental charge about England's failure to sympathize with our war as an anti-slavery struggle was of course totally out of place in a legal argument, and especially as part of an attempt to prove and measure legal damages. If we are really going to introduce a new rule into international law, and hold foreign nations responsible for misdirection of the moral sympathies, we must not confine ourselves to cases in which they fail in showing proper feeling about slavery. All reforms will be entitled to an equal share of our support and consideration. We ought, for instance, to bring England to book for the indifference or hostility of her aristocracy to the temperance movement, and her neglect of popular education, and the low condition of her almshouses. Grotius and Puffendorf would probably be astonished to hear of Admiral Farragut burning the shipping at Liverpool, or shelling the fortifications at Portsmouth, because the House of Commons was not "sound" with regard to the proper treatment of the insane, or was obdurate on the eight-hour question, or deaf to woman's claim to the ballot; but Grotius and Puffendorf, poor old fellows, wrote according to their light, which was small, and are now dead, which is well for them.

What some of the more ardent friends of the negro are fond of saying—that the prejudice of color is pretty much confined to this country; that it is not felt by Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen; or that, at all events, they feel a much less degree of it than we Americans—is true in a sense, and partly, but it is not wholly true. The French seem to have little of it, and the Germans have not much, and the English in England do not display very much; but the "Anglo-Saxon," whether of American or British birth, as soon as he is confronted with a sufficient number of colored people to arouse anything more than a momentary curiosity, immediately begins to say "nigger," and develops a "prejudice against color" that makes him an intolerant persecutor and murderer until the man of color becomes a perfectly submissive creature, acknowledging his inferiority. The latest illustration of this truth we, to our disgrace, are furnishing in Alaska. The nations of that region are not all mild-mannered; some of the tribes are of a character quite different from that of the Esquimaux; but it is ridiculous to assert that there is the least reason why we should be attacking by land and water miserable savages with whom the Russians have lived in peace for generations. Even in our own despatches our performances wear a very ugly look. A United States

soldier kills a native, for reasons not stated, and probably not known—very likely not known to the soldier himself when sober; then the native's friends kill two traders; then Major-General Davis, Captain McIntyre, and seventeen soldiers go aboard the *Saginaw* and set sail for the native settlements. On the 14th of February they destroy a village at Kori Island; on the 16th, they destroy the villages on Kupilanoff Island; on the 17th, they destroy the salmon fisheries and two stockaded forts (protected dwelling-places?) at Security Bay. Not many people will believe that there was any decent reason for all this, and it is a pity Congress is not in session, that some member, of common humanity, might demand an investigation, or, at any rate, a sight of the despatches. Meantime, Grant might do worse than send General Howard, or some other officer of approved character, with a couple of interpreters—an American who can speak Russian, and a Russian who knows the Indian speech—to make an intelligent report on the condition of affairs in Alaska, before naval and military officers, who may be good fighters, but who probably are bad statesmen, disgrace us any more.

People who have latterly been frightened about the Hibernicizing and Catholicizing and Fenianizing of the United States, are not yet called upon to go into complete despair; the last report of the New York Commissioners of Emigration contains some reassuring statistics. At this port we received, during the twelvemonth ending with the end of last December, 213,686 alien immigrants. Of this number 47,571 were natives of Ireland, and, presumably, the vast majority of them were Catholics; and, if we put with the Irishmen the immigrants from other nominally or really Catholic countries—France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Poland, Portugal, Mexico, and the South American States—we find that, speaking roughly, we may say that altogether our Roman Catholics coming in last year numbered 52,000. Taking the nominally or really Protestant countries of England, Scotland, the Scandinavian states, Holland, and Wales, we find that we got from them immigrants to the number of 54,000. Thus, balancing Roman Catholics and Protestants from other quarters against each other, we dispose of just about half of last year's total immigration. There remains the immigration from Germany, which amounts to very nearly the other half—namely, 101,989. What to say of the religious tenets of these last-mentioned new-comers, we do not know; the Commissioners have given us no religious statistics whatever—an omission that we hope not to see next year. But it has hitherto been matter of notoriety that the great majority of the German immigrants were not Roman Catholics. At all events, the non-Celtic blood flowed in the veins of more than two out of every three of last year's new-comers. For the twenty years that have just ended, the exhibit would be different in this respect, but still the preponderance is very decidedly in favor of the German, English, Scandinavian, Scotch, and Dutch elements; and what is more, the Irish immigration has since the war been steadily decreasing, while the immigration from the other sources referred to has been increasing. As to the destination of the immigrants, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New England took more than half of those who arrived last year, the West, Northwest, and Far West took nearly all of the other half; while the South got 5,000 out of the 213,686.

There has been a revival of "interviewing" this week, Mr. B. F. Butler having been operated on by the *Herald* reporter, and had a variety of opinions, especially on the *Alabama* question, extracted from him. He dissents from Mr. Sumner's view as to the importance of the neutrality proclamation, and is entirely opposed to finding fault with England for sympathizing with the rebellion, but simply because he fears our objection might be used against us to prevent our sympathizing, as has been our custom from the beginning, with all the rebellions of the globe—a practice which he thinks we should not lightly abandon. His explanation of the conduct of England is that her great aim was the destruction of the United States; that she brought on the rebellion, first by establishing slavery in the United States, and then by emancipating her own slaves, and "teaching us that slavery was wrong, and emancipation and freedom only right," and having thus frightened the Southerners about their property, they rebelled to save it. His remedy for all this is "the waiting game." We are to wait till Great Britain is engaged in hostilities with some other power, and then we are to assail her in some insidious way, and make mince-meat of her.

Mr. Sumner has been "interviewed" also, and explained to the *Herald* correspondent all about the circumstances under which he made his speech, the effect it had produced in England, and Senator McCreery's reason for voting against the rejection of the treaty. He made one singular point—that the British Government ought to have been sharp enough not to negotiate with the ambassador of a retiring administration, which is quite true; but then we do not well understand how, "if he thought once or twice," as he says he did, of calling Mr. Thornton's "attention to this," he came to the conclusion "that he had no right to do it." Why not? If foreign governments are to be permitted to go behind the credentials of an American ambassador, and question his power to negotiate, on a general view of American home politics, what would there be so dreadful in an American politician dropping a hint, so as to put them on their guard? What interest of either country has been served by allowing the Johnson negotiations to go on for months without a word of warning from any quarter, except the newspapers, when a very few words from a man in Mr. Sumner's position would have excited caution?

We cannot very well imagine a worse use for a United States senator to put himself to in his vacation than going about as Senator Wilson has been doing, haranguing working-men with the view of persuading them that the United States Attorney-General does not know how to interpret United States statutes, and that the meaning of them is to be got at by consulting stump orators. If ever there was a bunkum bill introduced into Congress, it was the eight-hour bill; and Mr. Wilson's explanation that it was not only intended to relieve the Government employees, but set a good example to private firms, only aggravates it. Who, we should like to know, has furnished the Government with money for experiments in sociology; and if these experiments are once begun, where are they to stop? Why should not the Government try whether phalansteries are possible, or set up a "free bank?" Moreover, we should like to be informed what right it has to make any of its servants a present of two hours' labor a day, when millions of taxpayers are working from dawn to dark for a bare living, and when its debts are lying unpaid and its paper is at a discount?

News from Cuba there may be said to be none. Most of the news *about* Cuba consists of the history of fairs, concerts, and other entertainments got up in this city by Cuban sympathizers. One of them has written to us, enclosing a sanguinary-looking card of admission to a Cuban meeting, and asking us triumphantly how we account for the continued despatch of Spanish troops to the island, if there be, as we say, no "insurgents" on it. To which we reply, by an insurgent we mean not any man who chooses to take a gun or knife and go about cursing the government and disturbing the peace, but one of an organized, armed body, with a chief and a defined plan of operations. We have as yet seen no reason to believe that there is any such body in Cuba; but we are open to conviction. That there are plenty of malcontents and marauders, keeping up disturbances with a view of robbing, burning, fatiguing the troops, and furnishing a basis for the intrigues of their countrymen here, we do not doubt. But where is the man who has seen a Spanish soldier wounded in fight? Where are the wounded on either side, and the prisoners? What are the names of the battle-fields? That the country is in a dreadful condition, and that the Spanish volunteers are an armed and bloodthirsty mob, we do not deny. Mexico has accorded the Cubans "belligerent rights," and it would be well for her if she could send over some of her own "belligerents" along with the "rights." Every one of her provimces seems to have a rebellion of its own, and, between them all, there must be belligerency enough in the country to supply a dozen struggling nationalities. There is now a grand chance for the Fenians. Let them send to Mexico for as many belligerent rights as they think they will need to drive

British commerce off the sea. Unless Juarez is a less shrewd man than we take him to be, he will fill all orders for the article which may reach him, if accompanied with cash, and our advice to him would be to sell low, or, in other words, to cater for the many rather than the few. "Quick sales and small profits" should be his motto.

It turns out that the report sent by Cable that Sir Rutherford Alcock had telegraphed from China that "the Chinese were opposed to progress," was, as we suspected, a hoax. The proposition was so broad, and needed such a mass of facts and arguments to support it, that it would have taken a more than usually foolish minister to transmit it by telegraph across the globe, no matter what his sentiments about Chinese progress might be. Mr. Otway, the British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has explained in the House of Commons that what Sir Rutherford Alcock really telegraphed, was that at the places in which the recent disturbances had taken place, there was "entire security and an improved position," and that accounts were received from all the ports of "the restoration of order and peace;" that Lord Clarendon's instructions—to which we referred in the *Nation* of last week—had been communicated to the Chinese Government, to the consuls and the admiral, and that there was "no more cause for anxiety at any point," and that English relations with the Chinese "had never been more satisfactory." In short, the new régime, the credit of which is due to American diplomacy, is likely to receive a fair trial. It is more and more plain that it is based not simply on humanity, but on sound policy. It is the interest of every civilized country to strengthen the dependence of the Chinese provinces on the Government at Pekin, because the break-up of the empire would be succeeded by a period of anarchy with which no Christian power could cope, and which would probably extinguish every spark of civilization amongst a third of the population of the globe.

The Marquis de la Valette, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was supposed to be a bad, and was certainly an unpractised speaker, has covered himself with glory by a discourse in the Corps Législatif on the foreign policy of the Government, in which he says that the French and Prussian governments were never on better terms; that he had hopes of such an arrangement between the Pope and the Italian Government as would enable the French to evacuate Rome—the occupation being, he said, both onerous and distasteful to France. In answer to the charge of abandoning Greece, he said France had saved Greece from a war in which she would have been crushed, which he considered doing a good deal for her. The Belgian affair makes little progress, however, but the delay is telling in favor of the Belgians, both by exposing the absurdity of the French pretensions to the rest of Europe, and giving the French themselves time to reflect on them. Emile Ollivier has been disbarred by the Council of Advocates for becoming the standing political advocate, at a salary, for the Suez Canal Company, such a position being considered incompatible with the dignity and independence of a member of the French bar. The culprit has been defending himself in an amusing letter, in which he says he took the position in order to have more time and leisure for his political duties. Mr. Isaac Butt, of the Irish bar, accepted a somewhat similar appointment from an Indian rajah some years ago, and came near being expelled from the House of Commons for it, but, we believe, got off on the plea that it was a purely legal retainer, and did not bind him as a member of Parliament.

The Emperor has written a characteristic but yet singular letter of the kind which, if Mr. Ashley or Mr. Banks or Mr. Butler wrote it, we should call bunkum, to the Minister of State, calling, with much blowing of the Napoleonic trumpet, for an addition of two hundred and fifty francs a year to the pension of every soldier of the Republic and First Empire. He says that this will not only be a good way of doing honor to the memory of the great man, his uncle, on the hundredth return of his birthday, but "recall examples of patriotic devotedness to the minds of the young," and "awaken grand historical recollections." The letter has, however, been very coldly received by the press—first, because the First Empire is not in favor just now, Erckmann-Chatrian having destroyed the illusion of its great wars; and, secondly, because Frenchmen do not like to be told, as they are told in the present letter, that it was Napoleon I. "who, out of nothing, made Napoleon III. what he is." The popular impression in France has always been that it was the French people who made him what he is, and it is nearly as unpleasant to feel that they owe their ruler to an illustrious memory as to feel that they owe him to divine right. The canvass for the coming elections is going on actively, the Conservatives, Radicals, and Clericals forming three distinct parties, working through the prefects, the priests, and the stump and press respectively. The division between the Conservatives and Clericals is more marked than it has been for years, and it is through it that the Radicals expect to achieve most of their triumphs. In the meantime, everything looks peaceful. Marshal Niel says the army is on a peace footing, the number of men drafted for active service this year amounting only to 330,000, whereas it was formerly as high as 400,000, and that the present budget and the budget of 1870 are both peace budgets. Rentes are, accordingly, high and rising.

The Russian budget for 1869 has made its appearance, and calculates the ordinary gross receipts of the year at $287,655,845 (gold), but, deducting anticipated deficits and cost of collection, it will probably not be much, if any, over $250,000,000. Some of the items in the expenditure are worth notice, and help to depict the condition of Russian society. For instance, the civil list, including the allowances of the various members of the Imperial family, and the expenses of the Court, amounts to $6,661,414, while the whole of the clergy and their families, 600,000 strong, only get $3,983,302. The civil list, of course, does not include the private property of the Romanoff family, which is enormous. The army costs $102,580,581; the navy, only $12,855,816. There is a slight increase, about $1,500,000, in the military expenditure this year. The sum of $56,075,853 is absorbed by the interest and redemption of the public debt. There will be a deficit of about $10,000,000, but this will be met by a surplus from last year. There are in the budget, however, several gratifying signs of progress. There is an increase of $1,500,000 in the sum devoted to education since 1866, and there has been an increase of about the same amount in the judicial expenses, and this not owing to increase of crime, but to reforms in the administration of justice, and notably to the publicity of the trials, and greater care and time expended on the procedure, of which we spoke last week. The mere publication of the budget is, to those who remember the government of the Czar Nicholas, a great step in advance. There seems, too, to be growing application amongst the functionaries to the study of scientific finance, and several important experiments and changes in the mode of taxation are talked of, such as the substitution of a house-tax for the present poll-tax, and the committal to the communes themselves of the task of assessing and collecting it.

The news from Hungary is not in all respects hopeful. The reported triumph of the Deákists at the late election was not much of a triumph, it appears, after all. Deák, as most of our readers know, represented the policy which resulted in the present "dual" or federal union with Austria, as opposed to the policy of merely personal union, advocated by the more advanced liberals, and the policy of total separation, advocated by the extreme radicals, headed by Kossuth. The Andrassy, or Deákist Ministry, however, came into office after the surrender of Austria, and has held its own bravely ever since; but the last election, though leaving it a majority still, has cut it down by one-third, and the extreme or Kossuth radicals have made heavy gains, on a broad democratic platform, threatening a general uprooting of existing men and institutions, and the fashioning of all things anew. The Andrassy Ministry represents the union with Austria, and its overthrow would probably involve a split with the Germans, while the too rapid development of the extreme radical policy, in a region in which races, creeds, languages, and traditions are still mingled in great variety, would probably produce awful confusion. The ministry, it is thought, will seek to save itself by a series of practical measures of reform, which will appease the radicals without alarming the moderates.

"STATESMEN" IN THE CABINET.

In a late number of the Chicago *Tribune*, a paper which we always read with respect, and differ from with hesitation, we find an article which has already attracted and certainly deserves more than passing notice. It opens with these words:

"When General Grant was inducted into the Presidential office on the 4th of March last, he was stronger in the respect and confidence of the people than any other man who has filled that high office during the present generation. The only predecessor comparable to him in this regard was Mr. Lincoln, but Mr. Lincoln never saw the day when he was free from the active, determined hostility of a powerful political party. This party, when General Grant was inaugurated, had not only been crushed by defeat, but conquered by a latent admiration of the cool, silent, sure-footed antagonist who had overthrown them on so many and such diverse fields of action. The Republican party, so lately torn asunder by the Impeachment trial, was again united and irresistible in its loyalty to its elected chief. On that day it may be safely said that President Grant was the strongest man in Christendom; for his power was rooted in the affections of a free people."

It seems, however, that this is no longer so:

"There has been a change. Two months have passed away, and it cannot be affirmed that we have a strong administration. Its moral power has been frittered away by small absurdities, which, fortunately, have no bearing upon the sincerity, the truthfulness, or the high purpose of the President or his advisers. We doubt if there ever was an administration with more good intentions at heart, or less aptitude for carrying them into effect."

For ourselves, we are inclined to think the Administration, on the whole, rather a strong one, certainly not an absurd one; but, before giving our reasons for thus differing from the *Tribune*, let us examine in detail the specifications of the above charge. Grant's first mistake consisted, we understand, in supposing that "a government is the same thing as an army, and can be carried on, like a battle, with horse, foot, and artillery." What this means we are unable to say, unless it refers to the selection of Comstock and Porter as private secretaries, in which case it seems rather too like the sportive arguments of the *World* to call for serious discussion. It may mean, to be sure, the selection of General Rawlins for the War Department, inasmuch as that appointment is subsequently objected to; but as every one knows that the War Department is every year growing to be of less and less importance, and as very little interest was felt in the nomination, it is hardly fair to call the new Secretary a "government by horse, foot, and artillery." The second objection is the old one, that there are no "statesmen" in the Cabinet. "To carry on a government, statesmen are needed who understand the ideas, the wants, and the temperament of the people, and whose conjoint experience and wisdom may form a body of opinion in harmony with the nation, or at least with the party in power." But there are no statesmen in the Administration, it seems. To begin with—"the Secretary of State has come down to us from a former generation, and is not in harmony with the ideas of our day. He is a gentleman of a pure and noble type, but is not the man to conduct the diplomacy of a progressive nation like ours."

As no facts are mentioned in support of this point, we shall take the liberty of giving our reasons for arriving at a totally opposite conclusion with regard to Mr. Fish. He has, within the last two months, been placed in a position of great difficulty; one in which tact and courage and knowledge were eminently necessary; one in which he found himself the butt of one party and the stumbling-block of another; where the signing of his name might have made him the idol of a large part of the public, while withholding it made him nothing more than he was before—"a gentleman of pure and noble type, who came down to us from a former generation." We refer, of course, to the Cuban agitation, in which, thus far, Mr. Fish has shown just those qualities which the *Tribune* says he lacks. The hot-headed zealots who are raising men and money to drag us into a violation of the duty we owe to a friendly nation, would no doubt have dubbed Mr. Fish "statesman" if he had assisted their schemes by either material or moral aid. If he had consented to the plan by which New York was to be made the base of piratical operations against Spain, we should have heard in many quarters that he was just the man to take a leading position in a great and progressive government. It requires at times considerable nerve to be inactive; in diplomatic affairs, the kind of nerve the country most urgently needs just now is that kind which enables a public man to resist clamor. Let us judge the "statesmen," and the gentleman who has been so unfortunate as to come down to us from a former generation, by their fruits. One has maintained the country in an honorable position during a most anxious moment. The others have been doing their best to embroil us with two friendly powers. The result is that one high-spirited nation writhes under a gratuitous insult; while the powerful dependency of another brings in an old bill for damages against us. The House speaks through Mr. Banks, and Spain is outraged. The Senate allows Mr. Chandler to rave for a moment, and the darling aim of its policy—the annexation of Canada—is delayed for years. And these are "statesmen!"

The Secretary of the Treasury ought to have the *Tribune's* approval, because Mr. Boutwell happens to belong to the very class which is popularly believed to "understand the ideas, the wants, and the temperaments of the people," and which does actually "take a leading position in a great and progressive government." He is distinctly and eminently a "statesman," having risen from an obscure position to one of the highest by means of an exhaustive study of the whole field of state-craft, comprising the four great branches of the wires, the caucus, the convention, and the stump; having thereafter become distinguished for an invincible adhesion to the cardinal maxim of his school—that of always yielding to momentary pressure; and, finally, having been forced into the Cabinet by that very class which the *Tribune* insists is not fairly represented—those "statesmen" who only a few weeks ago talked of Mr. Boutwell as the only respectable appointment Grant had made. Those who believe, with us, that "statesmen" of this kind are the curse of the country, may well object to Mr. Boutwell; but how any one who really considers the creatures the caucus produces a national blessing can express dissatisfaction, we cannot understand.

The Attorney-General, the *Tribune* informs its readers, "is probably competent to discharge the clerical duties of his office," but "prior to his elevation was not in any way distinguished as a statesman, or held by his acquaintances as better qualified to assume the reins of government than the average of his neighbors in the same plane of society." The same statement is made of the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Interior. How far this is true of General Cox and Mr. Creswell, any one may judge for himself; but as for Mr. Hoar, the assertion is one of the most extraordinary yet made about him. Before his nomination as Attorney-General, he was the ablest judge on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, and his acquaintances held him so far qualified to assume the reins of government that he had been offered, a few months before, the governorship of the State. Since his accession to office, he has shown himself admirably fitted for his work by construing statutes according to legal principles, and not altering their meaning, as he has been urged to do by the "statesmen," to suit party necessities. We should like, in all seriousness, to know whether Mr. Hoar interpreting the eight-hour law in accordance with received canons, or the Hon. Henry Wilson interpreting it according to the dictates of his individual emotions, is the greater "statesman."

Only two months since the whole country was wild with joy over the idea of Grant's dislike of the "politicians." He was going to reform the government, purify the administration, introduce ability and efficiency where sloth and incompetency had been running riot; and he was to do it all in the turn of a hand. The loftiest expectations were entertained, and were naturally disappointed. When the Cabinet was announced, instead of finding seven Olympian gods seated about the President, we found seven quiet gentlemen, most of whom were—as we had asked that they should be—not politicians. The managing men and wire-pullers who were not called in were of course disgusted, and have been laboring ever since to persuade the public that an incompetent Cabinet has been selected. Their motives are simple enough; they want those offices themselves, and, as yet, have only got one of them, the Treasury. Accordingly, we have charges, insinuations, rumors, and "little digs" of every kind. To-day, Mr. Fish is tired of Washington, and is to resign; to-morrow, Judge Hoar is to retire; the next day, it is Mr. Cox. Of course we do not for a moment imply that the Chicago *Tribune* is influenced by any other motives than a desire for improvement in the public service; but how the public service is to be improved by an influx of "statesmen" we

do not see. Will several more Boutwells help us? Would Gen. Banks do better than Mr. Fish as Secretary of State? Would Gen. Logan be preferable to Gen. Rawlins as Secretary of War? How would Gen. Butler do for the Department of the Interior? These are our "statesmen;" and it seems to us that before the Chicago *Tribune* lends its weight to the attack they are now covertly making on the Administration, it would be well to see what improvement we should obtain by change.

The great and crying faults of Grant's administration thus far have been the appointment of several worthless men to important offices, and his adherence to the old principle of rotation. These cannot be too severely denounced; but, as regards the Cabinet and the general policy of the Government, for heaven's sake let us for once give the President at least six months' trial. He has now been two months in office, and already the bombardment of him has begun, although he has, during the whole period, been overwhelmed by a crowd of persistent, unscrupulous, and corrupt office-seekers, mostly the "statesmen" from amongst whom he is abused for not selecting his advisers. No human brain or human character could stand such a test; and the immediate and pressing work for patriotic men is not abuse of Grant, but the rousing of popular indignation against a system which makes both the talents and virtues of its best citizens worthless to the nation.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL AND MODERN BELIEVERS.

The growing laxity of the bonds between church and state in England, Austria, Italy, and Spain, and the fierce discussions which are raging all over the European continent touching the relations in which the church should stand to the state in an ideal community, together with the near approach of the meeting of the Œcumenical Council at Rome, are all signs that we have almost reached the close of the first stage in the revolt of freedom against authority which began with the Reformation. What that great revolution really secured for the individual in most civilized countries, was simply the privilege of worshipping God in his own way, subject to certain inconveniences and restrictions. Nobody has, in any European country, until very recently, dissented from the established form of faith without a certain amount of suffering in mind, body, or estate. Either he was excluded from certain offices, or was compelled to contribute to funds from which he reaped no benefit, or was shut out from certain educational advantages, or was subjected to a certain amount of social discredit. This was true even of the most advanced countries. In the less advanced ones, like Spain, it was only by great prudence and self-denial that he avoided getting into jail or losing his goods. All this was the natural and legitimate consequence of the doctrine, which survived the Reformation, that the state, being a moral person, is bound to have a religion of its own. Now the state having no means of expressing its opinions on any subject, except by means of commands sanctioned by penalties, it could only be religious by adopting some one creed, and slightly persecuting such persons as did not embrace it. What is meant by a state church is, in short, a church to which the state testifies its devotion by inflicting some penalty on all who do not belong to it.

Such is the influence of habit and of the sentiment of antiquity on the mass of mankind, that there is no knowing how long the church might have maintained its temporal supremacy if it had not allied itself with political tyranny. If it had only used the "arm of flesh" with moderation, and had contented itself with a moderate amount of deference and profits, it might perhaps have avoided being put on an equality with dissenters for one or two centuries more; but its horror of movement and of change has really precipitated its overthrow as far as this world is concerned. Before the French Revolution the mass of the higher clergy belonged to the aristocratic caste, and naturally sided with the privileged orders against the populace. Since the Revolution, its ranks have everywhere been largely recruited from the people; but the new class of priests and bishops have been just as zealous defenders of the absolute authority of pope and king as the old ones were of the feudal constitution of society. So the revolt has gone on, and, the absolute authority of the crown having been everywhere overthrown, the principle of a state religion is sharing its fate.

What is alarming churchmen most, however, is not so much the threatened loss of the temporal supremacy as the spirit in which the revolt against its supremacy is conducted. The fierceness and bitterness of the early reformers are no longer visible amongst its enemies. Priests run no risk of being mobbed or hanged; convents run no risk of being sacked. There is no enthusiasm whatever in the work of demolition. In the new movement there are no Luthers, or Knoxes, or Gustavuses. Nobody wants either to make martyrs or be a martyr himself. The prevailing temper of the anti-state churchmen, indeed, both in England, Austria, and Italy, is one of contemptuous indifference. They treat the connection between church and state as an old and rather tiresome joke, of which the world has had more than it can bear. A temper of this kind your genuine ecclesiastic finds it much harder to contend against than real persecuting hatred. Dr. Newman, in one of his farewell sermons before he went over to Rome, spoke of this easy, tolerant spirit of the times as to him the saddest of all modern social phenomena, and declared, with a good deal of insight, that he would prefer superstition, no matter how dark.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, who has been writing some valuable letters to that journal on French politics and society, strikingly illustrates this point in describing the complete indifference with which the French public, Catholic though it be, views the approaching meeting of the Œcumenical Council. Nobody seems to care in the least what conclusions that body may reach. If it promulgates any diatribes against modern society, after the manner of the Pope's Syllabus, people will simply pay no attention to them. If it produces any new dogmas for the acceptance of the faithful, the faithful will either try to believe them or not, each individual as he pleases. Let them be easy or hard to swallow, there will be no controversy about them—they will make no recusants or schismatics. All French Catholics are willing to believe, the correspondent says, anything that the Church may prescribe as worthy of belief, if they can do so without inconvenience; if it be too hard work to believe it, they will simply let it alone. Fuss about it they will not make.

In France, too, as in other countries, the meeting of the Council is looked for rather with what may be called antiquarian than with religious interest. People's imagination is impressed most by the fact that it is an ancient assemblage, which has not met for three hundred years, and which, when it last met, was supposed to be capable of revealing literally and exactly the Divine thought on all matters of human concern. It comes before the world now, therefore, rather as a mediæval curiosity than a living force.

An Italian paper, which professes to have seen a list of the subjects to be debated and passed upon by the Council, mentions amongst the number the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, and of his supremacy over the Council itself, which the Council is to affirm and promulgate; and the doctrine of "the moral necessity of the temporal power," the affirmation of which by the Council will, the Papal authorities flatter themselves, "produce a salutary effect on the ideas of princes and peoples, consolidate the power of the Church," and lead, sooner or later, to the restitution of the provinces usurped by the Revolution. Now, the discussion and promulgation of such doctrines by the Council as the will of the Almighty, so far from affecting "the ideas of princes and peoples," will simply help to heighten the pictorial effect of the show. The Œcumenical Council, talking as moderns talk, and thinking as moderns think, would, as a spectacle, be very imperfect; but, uttering the Divine will with regard to the proper division of the soil of Italy, and authoritatively informing us that any old Italian priest whom the cardinals may select for the office of Pope can never by any possibility be mistaken on any subject on which he deliberately makes up his mind and utters it, the entertainment will be faultless. It will give us a real glimpse, and probably a last one, of the sixteenth century, and will increase the number of the intellectual puzzles which the Church now offers to the enquirer from the outside. He is already a little staggered by the complete repudiation demanded of him by the Church, of the authority of the very reason through which she works his conversion

into the true faith; but he will be fairly nonplussed by being called on to accept the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope at the hands of an authority outside the Pope. If the Pope be infallible, there is no need of the Council; and all he has to do to impose on Christians the obligation of accepting him as such, is to promulgate the doctrine himself.

Amongst the minor incidents which mark the growing wideness of the gulf which separates the Church from the modern world, is the late speech of Señor Castelar in the Spanish Cortes in defence of religious liberty, and in reply to an outspoken assertion of the right of persecution by a priest named Manterola. Few finer bursts of eloquence are to be found in parliamentary annals, and its merit was heightened by the fact that it was uttered in real debate—that is, was spoken *impromptu* in reply to an opponent who had just sat down. It was in many ways a model parliamentary speech, that of a consummate master of language, dealing with a subject he thoroughly understands, and on which he deeply feels; and its effect was heightened by its being spoken in Madrid, by a Spaniard, before an audience unused for centuries to free speech on any subject, and, above all, on the rights of conscience; and it closed with a peroration by which any audience anywhere might well have been moved. And yet, out of Spain, it will be read mainly as a rhetorical feat. The positions it assails have in other civilized countries been carried; the doctrines it preaches are already, in the rest of Christendom, set down amongst the commonplace assumptions to which men hardly think it necessary to refer specifically, either in conversation or debate. To know how far the world has travelled since the days of the Calas, one can hardly do better than watch the fight which the Spanish Liberals are carrying on.

THE NEWSPAPER SCANDAL.

Nearly every newspaper in the country—some of the New York papers, by what must have been an almost superhuman effort, preserving strict silence—has had something to say about a long article published in the *Sun* last week, and interspersed with extracts from private letters, its object being to prove the managing editor of the New York *Tribune* a corrupt and intriguing person. The theory—to use a legal phrase—of the writer of the article is that the managing editor, having secured the control of the *Tribune*, established, in company with two young friends of his—old schoolfellows, and fellow-employees in the office of Colonel Forney's *Press*—two daily papers in Philadelphia, the *Post* and the *Star*, which were to be the exponents of extreme Radical opinions; that, not having capital sufficient to support the enterprise in its early struggling days, he deliberately went to work to sell its support to Chase, Cameron, Grow, and Brewster, or, in fact, any politician who needed support, and was supposed to be able and willing to pay for it; that, to make the support of such young and weakly periodicals worth purchasing, a promise of the *Tribune's* aid, or at least silence, was thrown into the bargain; that, besides this, substantial aid was furnished to the two newspapers in the shape of correspondence from writers paid and employed by the *Tribune*, and that the Associated Press despatches were stolen for them in the *Tribune* office with the knowledge and connivance of the managing editor; and that, becoming emboldened by his success as an intriguer, he at last set on foot a scheme for ousting the present publisher of the *Tribune*, and installing the publisher of the *Post* in his place.

When we come to examine the evidence adduced in support of this theory, we are obliged, in the first place, to discard completely the running commentary by which the letters are accompanied. It is very amusing, no doubt, but it is evidently the composition of a bitter enemy of the managing editor, and makes no pretence anywhere of being a sober narrative. Its assertions, too, are those of an anonymous writer, whose good faith or accuracy we have no means of testing. There then remain the private letters. Mr. Young, the managing editor of the *Tribune*, in a letter to the *Evening Post*, and Mr. Stockton, the editor of the Philadelphia *Post*, in an article in his own paper, take great pains to draw attention to the baseness of the person who handed these letters over to the *Sun* for publication; but this is really a matter of comparatively small importance to the public. The matter of interest to the public is whether these letters are genuine, and, if so, whether they afford fair ground for believing that the managing editor of the *Tribune* really did get up Radical papers in Philadelphia, offer their support and that of the *Tribune* for sale, and help them along by the aid of *Tribune* correspondence and purloined *Tribune* despatches. We are bound to say we do not find in the correspondence—the genuineness of which nobody has as yet questioned—any *proof* that the support of the *Tribune* was offered to anybody as an inducement to advance money to the *Post*, although we do learn from it that Mr. Young did write to Philadelphia, "as a *Tribune* man," "to pave the way for getting money out of the League for the *Post*;" and it does appear that there was in the minds of the proprietors of these journals a fixed determination, which in the case of Cameron and Grow, at least, was executed, of applying to politicians for loans of money, either directly or in the form of purchase of shares. There would, of course, be nothing to remark upon in this if it were a purely commercial transaction, or if the lenders were not men in public life, eagerly seeking political honors. But Cameron and Grow were; and their being in public life, and engaged in the quest of certain offices, is expressly mentioned in the letters as one of the reasons why they would be likely to lend the money. We are warranted, therefore, in the inference that they did lend it, in consideration of a promise of such support, and this inference will of course be strengthened by the political reputation of the gentlemen who were approached in this way. Great and patriotic men they may be, but pure men they are not commonly supposed to be. It is right to add, however, that the editor of the *Post* declares that the money was lent out of personal regard for the borrowers, and that the *Post* has not supported Mr. Cameron or anybody else as a consequence of the loan. Mr. Brewster also writes that he lent his share from the same motives, and Mr. Cameron, ingenuous man that he is, expresses "great astonishment and surprise" at the whole affair.

It appears also from the correspondence that despatches for the *Post* were purloined from the *Tribune* office; that Mr. Simonton, the agent of the Associated Press, complained of it; and that Mr. Young instituted a "careful investigation," but discovered nothing; that he gave Mr. Simonton to understand that the report that the *Post* was "run by parties connected with the *Tribune*" was untrue, that none of the conductors of the *Post* had anything to do with the *Tribune*, and suggested that the leak in the despatches probably occurred in the office of the Philadelphia *Press*. There appears, however, from Mr. Young's private correspondence with the conductors of the *Post*, to be no doubt that he was at least cognizant of the leak; and the editor of the *Post* says that he (the editor) did "employ" the night editor of the *Tribune* to steal the despatches, and that "he continued to do so for some months, till the source of their information was discovered." "With this arrangement," (!) he adds, "Mr. Young had nothing to do. He may have suspected it; he was never informed of it by me. It was by Mr. Young's direct influence the matter was stopped." The point to be cleared up here is, whether it was stopped before the agent of the Associated Press set traps to detect the perpetrators of the fraud, and whether it is correct to say that Mr. Young had "nothing to do with the arrangement." A month before Mr. Simonton's complaint, Mr. Young really wrote to Philadelphia as follows:

"New York, Oct. 9, 1867.

"Dear Boys: Have just sent condensation of column Cable, and all else. I did not send election details, supposing you would have them from *Press*. I hope I did not err in this, as I might have given you a column. The Cable was good, and I sent to make sure, signing Warner's name."

Now, why should an affair of this kind—full as it is of meanness and baseness from beginning to end—be a matter of any interest to the public at all? What makes it worth while to comment on it? This, and this only—that it affects deeply the character and influence of the press, and on the character and influence of the press largely depends, in our opinion, the possibility of getting the country out of the slough of corruption in which it now wallows, without resort to very violent and dangerous remedies. The *Sun's* theory that the exposure, even if well founded, affects nobody but Mr. Young, would, if correct, leave the *Sun* itself without the shadow of an excuse for making it. If Mr. Young were simply Mr. Young, the *Sun* could hardly justify the devotion of four columns to the publication of his private letters, and the exposure of his private affairs. What makes his doings and those of his friends in Philadelphia of the least importance to the world at large is that he has, during the last three eventful years, had almost entire control of one of the most important instruments for the moulding of public opinion in this country; and that the gentleman in Philadelphia who now acknowledges that he paid a man for whole months to steal despatches from another newspaper office, to be used for his own pecuniary benefit, was at the time he did it engaged in "educating the party" up to higher moral ground about the negro. Considering the kind of people some of the "educators" of the party during the last five years have been, the wonder is that it should be even as decent and well-behaved as it is.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the influence which a great

daily paper may exert on the fortunes of a public man; and if it make a profession of zeal and earnestness, of course its influence is all the greater. The mere ability which the editor of such a paper possesses of saying anything he pleases to fifty or sixty thousand persons six times a week, gives him enormous power, even if the things he says be never so foolish or absurd. Iteration is in our day one of the greatest of the social forces, and talent, learning, and logic have hard work to contend with it. But apart from his editorial comments altogether, he has, in the fact that he supplies and arranges news for the community, the means of making or marring almost any politician's career. He may consign a man to obscurity, or keep him in it, by merely keeping silence about him, or by merely treating his doings or sayings as matters of slight importance, or by making inuendoes about his doings and sayings, or spreading false reports about him, or attributing base motives to him. Or he may pick out a worthless adventurer, without a single feature in his character or career to recommend him to the consideration of an honest man, and gradually puff him into fame and honor by respectful allusions, eulogistic "notices," and elaborate reports of his speeches. How all this is done, and what effect it may produce on the reputation of the very best men and very worst men, anybody may see who will take the trouble to read the *Tribune's* Washington correspondence or its editorial articles during the Impeachment trial.

Now, nobody will deny that the character of the men who control machinery of this kind is of the last importance to the community. It ought not to be in the hands of persons who have not earned the public confidence, and if it remains in the hands of persons who have forfeited public confidence, the country loses what is now almost the sole remaining instrument of reform. The influence of all other agencies on public affairs is comparatively slight. The periodical, and above all the daily, press is engrossing more and more of public attention; and unless its morality grows with its strength, and the men who manage it, having so much to sell, are not respectable men, we might as well ask the knaves, without more ado, to divide our substance between them. Politicians nobody trusts; the judiciary fewer trust every day; the pulpit has greatly declined in influence; and if the newspapers go over to the enemy, and sit at his orgies, what is to become of us? It is therefore greatly to be regretted that Mr. Young has not been able to deny the genuineness of the letters, or else offer a satisfactory explanation of them. The bringing of a libel suit against the *Sun* does not meet the difficulty, because the libel suit cannot be tried for two years to come, and because we observe by Mr. Young's affidavit, on which the order of arrest was obtained, that he does not meet any of the serious points raised by the letters themselves.

ART STUDY IN THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL AT PARIS.

II.

GÉRÔME.

Among a set of French Bohemians the acclimation of a stranger is quick and kind—particularly, I may modestly say, an American stranger. Native saplings are apt to meet with rougher weather, as I shall perhaps have occasion to set forth on a future opportunity. But the American, at this moment, is the world's Fortunatus. To be sure, among what I have called the rustic Parisians, his elevation may involve something. Confounded with the Brazilian, he has the responsible advantage of being putatively made out of money, and of being expected to talk Portuguese. In the first week of my school-life another *nouveau*, a little, yellow, kinky-headed Venezuelan, was pushed up with a great deal of pageantry, and a circle formed to see us embrace as compatriots. Then, too, confounded a little with the Englishman, he partakes with him the repute of knowing how to box, and is expected occasionally, when out of temper, to distribute, with the mere wind of his fist, the persons of his drama. You individually, of course, may be neither Midas nor Milo; but, as we all know, the advantage next to holding three bowers and an ace, is the advantage of being suspected to hold them.

There stood at first, however, between me and the perfect sympathy of my new comrades a barrier formed of the following articles: two rush-seat stools—one high and the other low, an easel made of deal, and a few napoléons for *bien-venu*. The most engaging freshman, until proved good for so much, is only experimental. A chronic looseness in the compliance has made the studio sceptical. Prompt loyalty to the *bien-venu*, to *tabourets* major and minor, and to the easel, is a test. The committee who made this demand was composed of sachems of the school, young men of affairs, perfectly accustomed to that versatile grace with which a boon companion, if he is a Frenchman, can wriggle out of a proposed expense. Settling these taxes was made the object of a meeting in the chamber occupied by the treasurer of this delegation, a fat youth with a Bourbon jaw. After some ciphering, the furniture was ordered, the *bien-venu* estimated and paid. And then our treasurer, expanding, made coffee at a little cooking-range which occupied the bottom of the closet where his Sunday coat was, and handed it with effusion as we sat honorably on his bed, and rested two pudgy hands, finished with nails the shape of shoeing-horns, upon my shoulders, as he said, with splendid hilarity, "You 'll find us gay, my friend; you 'll not find us Calvinists."

Then, when the care of the kirschwasser bottle and the black soap had been farmed out to the marmoset in spectacles, my habilitation was complete, and we were very comfortable.

We were particularly well attuned, I fancied, on the third morning of my attendance. It was foggy as ever. On several days during the winter just past the fog has acted as special constable, and incontinently closed the school, where work was impossible. I had arrived early, and my comrades, less like human forms than blank misgivings, as of creatures moving about in worlds not realized, were arranging themselves in the tobacco-smoke, setting palettes, filling pipes, trimming crayons, moistening bits of bread, and wringing them into erasing-balls in the corners of handkerchiefs. The creaking of easels, the banging of color-boxes and of stools put into place without much tenderness, formed an orchestra to which snatches of various student-songs were joined *obligato* by independent performers. All these doings, taken up with so much bustle in the morning twilight by such an incongruous and arbitrarily joined party, reminded me for a long time of hotel scenes, when one staggers up by starlight in one's sleep for a particular start, and knocks against dreaming waiters and impromptu breakfasters at an unconvincing *table d'hôte*. Clinging to this fancy, I long managed to relieve the chill by imagining an adventurous and holiday situation, until presently the chill vanished, and the thing became easy as any routine becomes easy.

The model, in his Antinous attitude, hung his curled head, poring over the promontories formed by his breast and knee, and regarding the toes of his right foot, among which he seemed to find something fascinating. Blanc, leaning over my shoulder familiarly, convinced himself of several errors in what I had done; his own sketch was beyond criticism, having rested inchoate within the notched perpendicular line with which many artists begin their design. Presently the Italian, who had several times thrown up his arms for relief, yielded to his ennui, and fairly nodded in slumber as he stood. Blanc, the idlest of capable creatures, was outraged.

"Mais la tête donc, sacrrrré—la tête, voyons, imbecile!" he sputtered, and, rolling up a morsel of half-dried paint from a palette, he hit the man, with his exquisite aim, on the lips, where the color stuck.

The fellow took it patiently, and apologetically showed his teeth in what was a tricolored smile.

Two students were dexterously fencing with mahl-sticks. He whom I have called the secretary was describing, with asthmatic laughter, an adventure of the previous evening:

"You see it was at the Châtelet, and Alphonse and the Grand Lou-lou and I, we determined to extirpate the *claque*. They were in full force, chiming in regularly, at every attitude of the *première dame*, with their cursed rataplan, like the clatter of an alarm-clock. We were safe in the Paradise, Alphonse, Grand Lou-lou, and I, and an ally in the shape of a *spirituel* butcher. We leaned over the edge and mocked them, and then drew back invisible, like the wardrobe scene in *Hernani*. As for me, I am eloquent, and I gave them reasons. 'You insult the appreciation of competent persons,' I said to them; 'there are gods in the gallery who can select the points better than you, idiots, cretins, poor five-centime creatures, inappreciable change for a franc and a glass of wine, unhappy echoes, lemures, larvæ——'"

"Why, look you!" spoke up a student who had followed the recital with involuntary warmth, "you assault the oldest tradition of the French stage! I say you deliver yourself to combat the machinery of Talma, of Mars, of Victor Hugo himself——"

"*Tiens, tiens*," said the secretary, surprised, "it is the *bambino!* What is the matter, *bambino?* Who gave you an opinion, *bambino?* What do you know about the question, my excellent *bambino?*"

"I," said the poor marmoset, drawing back,—"I was in the *claque*."

The door opened upon this; a singular subdued hiss ran round the room.

Hssp!—a scarcely audible sound that seemed to spread as the ripple of a petrifying spring. The great fellows and little fellows alike turned *sage* on the instant as the "Patron" entered, and began to labor with as much assiduity as was compatible with the violent tension which possessed them.

The model also was affected, and changed from an automaton to a marble. The universal uproar had suddenly and confusingly fallen—the effect ordinarily perceived on the shutting of the door of a noisy room having on this occasion been exactly reproduced by the opening of one. M. Gérôme, with the punctilio so sternly cherished by the Latin Quarter, uncovered at the moment of entering. With a brisk step, he carried his hat to the dressing-room, where a peg is always left unoccupied for him, by a miracle I have not yet learned to understand. Then, reappearing among us, he decisively displaced the boy at the nearest easel, and took a good hard stare at the model from that point of view.

A year ago, I may remark by the way, M. Jean Léon Gérôme was still to be called young. In the effect made by his sooty hair the white threads were not evident, his eyes were quick and bright like living jets, and his cheeks were still firm with flesh and blood. But a year ago he made a tour in the East, from which he came back in three months suddenly grey—it would seem as if he had slept awhile in Chillon. At the same time his broad olive forehead had turned to terra-cotta, his cheeks had chapped into fissures, and his eyes had changed from sparkling to glossy. The alertness and directness of his movements still continue, and give him the stamp of what is called a capable man.

His finish and love of line are carried into his professorship, and, so to speak, make one of his class-mornings like one of his pictures. Beginning at a corner of the studio floor, as if it were the corner of a panel, he progressively and minutely covers it with oversight, as he covers his pictures with drawing—slighting no person, omitting no duty, never failing, and never warning. His pupils come *seriatim* under his criticism, which is able, searching, adaptive—yet unsympathetic—conscientious, implacable, and admirable. He does not get sick and stay away; he does not come back and deliver an afterthought: as his pictures are without atmosphere, so his entertainment of the young intelligences committed to him is without perspective. To say this is, it seems to me, to describe a most excellent professor. His pupils accept him absolutely.

And here I may allow myself for this once a little excursion into technics, without which I could never finish my outline of Gérôme as professor. I will try to save a few of the searching strictures that dropped every minute from his lips. As he began his round, a few of his earlier criticisms I could not hear, on account of distance. But I noticed the pantomime—commenced in each case with a stare, in which the model was covered from just the same region in the air which had been occupied by the head of the pupil; then a study of the work; then, perhaps, a little skirmishing with a mahl-stick or plumb-bob, introduced without interrupting the most unhesitating monologue. In support of the latter, M. Gérôme pretty constantly applied the gesture of the Gallic Minerva—the laying of the forefinger on the nose, which is rhythmically tapped, while the head is thrust down and forward between the shoulders. In France, an argument, delivered with the hands down, may be seductive and even imposing; it is only when fortified with this gesture that it becomes irrefutable. In front of me squatted a little fellow in a faded coat, Blavet, curled near my feet on a color-box. Directly Gérôme himself had dropped easily into this unpretending posture, whence he delivered his oracle in nearly the attitude of an Oriental teacher:

"Observe," he said, looking earnestly up—Blavet had begun a very neat drawing—"your muscles are inlaid against one another. They are carpentered. There is a something—*that* is not the vivacity of flesh. Go next Sunday to the Louvre and observe some of the drawings of Raphael. He does not use so much work as you, yet one feels the elasticity of his flesh, packed together of contractile fibres, based upon bone, and sheathed in satin. You tell me you will express that texture afterward. I tell you Raphael expressed it from the first stroke!"

Behind me stood Grand Gus, painting, with his scrub of hair picked out fibre by fibre, like a Fan negro's, until it made a smouldering halo against the window.

"Your color rages," said the master; "that of the model is lambent. Besides, your figure is tumbling, it is not on its legs. I will save you labor by telling you the simplest way of correcting this. Turn the canvas upside down and draw it over. The error is radical."

To another he said: "You do not yet understand the continuity of forms in nature. You accent too highly. That is vulgarity. For instance: it appears to you that the internal and external *vastus*, when gathered in at the knee, cause a break in the outline, like the cap of a pillar. Similarly, under the calf. You are deceived, and should use your eyes; the accent is not in the line, it is in the shading beside the line, and even there far more slightly than you think. Here again, the vein crosses the fore-arm. You make a hideous saliency. Nature never, absolutely never, breaks a line."

I was listening intently to these dicta, which were at all events the compressed results of a life of study, drinking in all I could hear, and oblivious of the course of things. It was as if I had had my head under the minute-hand of the Tuileries clock: a dig in the side from some kind soul admonished me that the master was waiting. I yielded my place, and allowed myself to be minutely devastated like the rest. It was a criticism from which I emerged an older man.

By half-past ten the model was a painful spectacle from fatigue. Afraid to stir, he had been for some time rolling the muscles of his trunk, which ran in sullen waves down his figure, for the purpose of easing himself. No one showed him the least consideration, although his flesh had become pale, and his feet red and swollen. When the last pupil had been stricken helpless, and Gérôme had set us all vibrating like mandarins in response to his comprehensive bow—after the smallest boy had gracefully and prettily helped him on with his overcoat—the Italian, sighing, descended from his eminence in what was hardly a Greek manner, and most of us remembered that we were hungry and thirsty. So we all flocked out; all but the constitutionally penniless Blanc.

ENGLAND.

London, April 16, 1869.

The great surprise of the last fortnight has been Mr. Lowe's budget. We had looked forward to it with uneasy anticipations of increased taxation. There still remains to be paid the balance of that endless Abyssinian bill, only about half of some nine million pounds sterling having as yet been settled. Then the revenue has ceased to show that elasticity which distinguished it in the halcyon Palmerstonian period; the commercial depression of the last two years has been only too distinctly felt, and there was no room for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to come down to the House, as Mr. Gladstone used to do, with a grand flourish of trumpets, and proclaim in exuberant eloquence the marvellous buoyancy of our resources. Mr. Lowe's manner in bringing forward the budget was appropriate to a humbler frame of mind; his speech was as dry as that of the tradesman who presents you with a long-due bill; and he suffered from the additional disadvantage that, owing to an infirmity of sight, he was obliged to pick his way slowly, as it were, through the labyrinth of figures, occasionally stumbling, and having to recover himself painfully. And yet Mr. Lowe's speech, though it showed none of Mr. Gladstone's singular power of making financial statements amusing, had in itself the materials for a great oratorical effect. He had carefully prepared a great surprise for his audience, although his mode of announcing it rather deadened than heightened the intended shock to their nerves. The beginning of his speech enumerated all the difficulties in our way, the unsatisfactory state of some of the taxes, the monstrous bill hanging over us for the catching of poor Theodore, and the various difficulties which rendered our prospect less brilliant than it has been for years. And then suddenly, when we were prepared for a blow, and only asked ourselves upon what unwounded place he could find room to lay the scourge of taxation, behold! he turned round and presented us with a gift. The end of his speech was an enumeration of a long list of taxes to be abolished, as pleasant as ever fell from the lips of Mr. Gladstone, and a good deal more surprising. The tax upon post-horses, which has been a great cause of the inconvenience of British cabs; the tax upon fire insurance, which was one of the most indispensable facts of our financial system; the duty upon corn, which, though insignificant in amount, was the last remnant of the old protective system, and raised £900,000 in the year, are all to be removed; a penny is to be taken off the income tax (now at 6d. in the pound), and several minor alterations will tell in the same direction. If it is asked by what magic this agreeable peroration was tacked on to so gloomy an exordium, the answer is tolerably simple. The revenue of the year just elapsed* was sufficient to pay about half the Abyssinian bill; the reductions which have been made in the army and navy administration by the energy of the new ministers would enable us to pay the other half by the end of the year just beginning; and we should thus establish an equilibrium. A large surplus is then produced by certain alterations in the mode of collecting taxes, of which the substantial result is the anticipation of half a year's revenue in certain departments of direct taxation. Thus the assessed taxes, which under our present system would be paid in three instalments, will be collected in one sum in January next. We shall pay nothing in October, as we should have done according to

* The financial year is reckoned to the 5th of April.

the old rule; but in January we shall anticipate the payment of the October following. It is admitted that the proposed method of raising the taxes will be a great improvement upon certain old-fashioned arrangements at present existing. We are therefore promised a considerable reduction of inconvenient taxes, and an improved financial system, at the price of anticipating certain payments by some months. The budget will be in a state of equilibrium, and the bill for the Abyssinian expedition finally settled. If we indulge in no more little wars, we shall profit by our reduced expenditure in the year after next.

The budget, of which this is a general account, is certainly one of the cleverest that has been produced for many years; and although some doubts are expressed as to its soundness in certain respects, and especially as to the policy of raising so large a sum at one particular epoch of the year, I think it has met with as general approval as could be expected. It will probably be passed without material modification, and will be a new feather in the cap of the present ministry. Meanwhile, in spite of this ingenious device, our economical fit still continues, and any reforms which involve an increased expenditure have a very poor chance of obtaining attention.

Of the battle which still rages over the Irish Church I shall say nothing; for although the talking continues, and is likely to continue, nothing new has been developed of any great importance in regard to party strategy. Mr. Disraeli has, indeed, given notice of certain amendments, of which it is apparently the purpose to save as much as possible out of the fire. They will of course be rejected; but they probably indicate the line of policy which will be taken by the Conservatives in the House of Lords. The phrase which I have just used, of "saving out of the fire," is borrowed from a speech of Lord Stanley's, which perhaps deserves a passing notice. Lord Stanley's silence during the debates on the bill has been significant; it confirms an opinion which I have already expressed, that he, as well as Mr. Disraeli, would be only too glad of any decent compromise which would put the question finally on one side. In this most sensible men would differ little: so long as the Establishment is abolished decisively, it matters little what waifs and strays of the property of the clergy may be carried with them; but the evident lukewarmness which he displays is not very favorable to Lord Stanley's political position. He has been regarded as one of our most promising statesmen, but it seems to be very doubtful whether he has the necessary qualifications for high political success. A cool-headed, practical, unimaginative man, he has been placed by his family connections on the Conservative side; but, in reality, he sympathizes as little as a man can well do with conservatism of the ordinary type. He is rather of a cynical disposition; is apt to say, "These are my opinions; take them or leave them. I don't much care which; only let us proceed to business." There is much that is useful about the tone of mind thus indicated; but it is scarcely one to lead him into any prominent position. Having little enthusiasm in his nature, he awakes none in his followers. Conservatives think little of a man who evidently adopts their creed quite indifferently, as a matter of hereditary propriety; and Liberals can't quite forgive one who has not the courage boldly to avow the conclusions to which his logic should obviously lead him. On this matter of the Irish Church especially, he has rather tried to shirk the whole question, and has lost an opportunity of showing independence of party ties. With his great name and undoubted abilities, he has a certain position secured to him; but I do not think he will ever be a genuine leader in politics.

The best type of the rigorous Conservative at present existing is the Marquis of Salisbury, and I mention his name on account of a remarkable part which he took in a late debate. Lord Russell seems to have made up his mind to stick to the last to his work of reforming the British Constitution. He began life by supporting the Reform Bill of 1832, and he has just produced a bill of which the ultimate consequences may be highly important. It is a measure for permitting the creation of life peerages. There are various precautionary restrictions, such as that only twenty-six are to be created in all, and only four in any year; that they are to be selected from men who have held high offices in the state, or served ten years in the House of Commons, or been highly distinguished for literature and science. The advantage of such a measure is obvious, as it would enable many distinguished persons to be placed in the House of Lords who would not wish to support the burden of a hereditary peerage; whilst ministers naturally feel at present that they must be careful in increasing the ranks of the House, when their action necessarily extends to future generations. Undoubtedly, too, the place which the House occupies in public esteem would be greatly improved by the addition of a few eminent names; probably, if good appointments were made, the life peers would be able in no long time to sway the decisions of the hereditary dignitaries, many of whom take more interest in horse-racing than in legislation. It is equally clear that the two systems would very likely illustrate the danger of putting a new piece in an old garment; and that the absurdities of hereditary legislation would come into new prominence when the ancient and the modern systems were exhibited side by side. It was evident that these or similar considerations rather perplexed the Lords; that they could not quite settle whether it was desirable to welcome, or to be jealous, of the proposed infusion of new blood. Lord Cairns seemed to be taken by surprise, and delivered a rather incoherent criticism. The Marquis of Salisbury, on the other hand, accepted the proposal warmly, though coming from his political antagonists. It seemed that he was so annoyed by the calmness of the noble assembly to which he has been elevated from the excitement of the Commons, that he rejoiced over any prospect of introducing new elements of controversy. As he very truly said, the peers now represent almost exclusively the landed interests, and anything which gave a voice to the other classes would infallibly improve the value of their debates. The matter has been referred to a select committee; but the fact that so gallant a Conservative should have received the proposed change in such a spirit is significant enough; and it is highly probable that a measure will be carried which, we may hope, will form a starting-point for more effectual remedies in future.

To leave political speculations, I may notice the appearance of Mr. Lecky's new book, on the history of morality from Augustus to Charlemagne. Mr. Lecky has to some extent succeeded, though with unequal power, to the mantle of Mr. Buckle. He has an amount of reading which is perfectly astonishing in so young a man, and displays its results in a style always graceful if sometimes a little monotonous. His present book, so far as I have had an opportunity of looking into it, is an improvement in many respects upon his past: the subject is singularly interesting, treating both of the speculative theories of morality and of the practical illustration in the lives of men. To my mind, the argumentative part, which consists principally of a defence of the intuitive doctrine of morality, grounded on what I hold to be a misunderstanding of the utilitarian philosophy, is decidedly weak; but the rest of the book will be found full of interest, and it may probably be reckoned as the best product of the present season.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION FROM MR. McCARTHY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Kindly permit me to disclaim the authorship of the article in *Putnam's Magazine* on Thomas Carlyle, which your critic to-day ascribes to me. The article is not mine, and I have not yet read it; but if what I have heard elsewhere of its authorship be correct, the mistake made by your critic is a high though undeserved compliment to me.

Faithfully yours, Justin McCarthy.

April 29, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Doctor Horace Bushnell is engaged in the preparation of a work which will assuredly attract attention just now, and procure for its author a great deal of sympathy—for he is certain to be well abused. "Woman Suffrage, or the Reform against Nature," is the title he gives it; and no one who knows the character of his writings will expect the body of the book to be any less forcible in manner than this defiant title-page. It will be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.——Mr. D. Van Nostrand has in press a dozen or more new books of a character so technical as to make it not worth our while to mention them to the general public. One, however, of his forthcoming publications some of our readers may like to see; nobody can ever know too much "horse," and sooner or later we all "trade" or buy. It is "Notes on Horses for Cavalry Service, embodying the Quality, Purchase, Care, and the Diseases most frequently encountered, with Lessons for Bitting the Horse and Bending the Neck," by Brevet-Major Arnold, of the Fifth Cavalry.——Mr. Edward A. Pollard, believing that Mr. Jefferson Davis will never be tried—for he is safe in England, where he has descended to "the commonplaces of trade"—and believing

that therefore the times are now ripe for publishing a history of Davis's Confederate administration, will soon issue such a work, which will be sold by book agents. Mr. Pollard esteems this historical biography to be his best work, and there is no doubt that it will be interesting reading. To say that its author is nothing if not rhetorical would not be telling the truth, though he is often amusingly stilted, for he can write vigorously and tell a plain tale when he likes; his character for accuracy is fair, and he had exceptionally good means of information. We should judge, too, that he sets out with a true conception of the dimensions of his principal figure—a Brummagem "statesman" (and of the Southern type at that), if ever there was one.——Another work relating to our civil war is soon to be published by subscription in England. Its title is "Letters on the American Rebellion," and it is composed of selections from the letters which were written in the course of our troubles to various English journals, by Mr. S. A. Goddard, an American long resident in the neighborhood of Birmingham. Mr. Bright speaks well of Mr. Goddard's labors, which no doubt had value. Rev. Samuel May, jr., of Leicester, Mass., will receive the subscriptions of Americans who may wish a copy of Mr. Goddard's book, and the price of it, as delivered in New York, will be a guinea.——All teachers and pupils who have to do with the study of German will be glad to hear that Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in press "A Compendious German Grammar" and "A German Reader in Prose and Verse," prepared by Professor Whitney, of Yale. Professor Whitney aims to furnish in these works the best practical aids to the student, and at the same time to put him in the way of getting what general grammatical and philosophical training the study can be made to yield without interfering with the pursuit of the main object. Both the ends aimed at will, we have no doubt, be attained. Professor Whitney is a lover of philology in its wide sense; but, on the other hand, he has successfully assisted beginners in German for the past fifteen years in his place as a member of the Yale body of instructors. A model text-book we may certainly expect from him.

—The inevitable moving of the 1st of May affects the publishers also. Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons have gone from Grand Street to 52 Bleecker, and reinforce the group of firms already established in that region—Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, James Miller, Messrs. C. B. Richardson & Co., and Messrs. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., on the other hand, have removed to the corner of Waverley Place and Broadway, to join the group which the firm of Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. leads off. Mr. D. Van Nostrand has gone up from the corner of Broadway and John Street to more commodious quarters, in a store that extends from 23 Murray Street to 27 Warren; but still is a "down-town" publisher. Mr. Allen Ebbs has left Chambers Street, and is to be at 436 Broome Street, near the cluster of firms that have made that neighborhood well known as a bookselling district—the Appletons, Mr. Carleton, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, Messrs. Routledge & Sons, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, Messrs. Sheldon & Co., Mr. G. S. Wilcox, and Mr. Widdleton. Mr. Christern has come down a little from the region of Union Square, and is now in University Place, at No. 14. Messrs. B. Westermann & Co. go to meet him as far as 471 Broadway. Mr. E. Steiger some time ago removed from William Street to Frankfort.

—The last three or four years will be memorable in the literary history of this country for the great number of new periodicals that have been issued. Van Nostrand's *Eclectic Engineering Magazine* is, however, the only American periodical which is devoted exclusively to engineering, although in England and on the Continent several are devoted to this subject. As the high price of these foreign journals has prevented their circulation on this side of the Atlantic, the want of a good magazine dealing exhaustively with this specialty has been greatly felt by engineers. This want will be in a great measure supplied by the work before us if it can be kept up to its present high standard. But it has one defect too important to pass by in silence, namely, the want of illustrations, for the few woodcuts it contains are scarcely worthy of the name. Such woodcuts are suitable enough for geometrical diagrams, but elaborate engineering works can be properly illustrated only by the aid of full-page lithographs or engravings. As several methods of applying photography to printing on stone and steel are now in operation in this city, where *Van Nostrand's* is published, it seems as if some use might be made of them. It is the principal advantage of these methods that they reproduce the most elaborate drawings with cheapness as well as precision. The value of such essays as "The Moldau Suspension Bridge at Prague," for instance, or "An English Locomotive," would be greatly increased even by a woodcut. As the articles are generally brief, forty or fifty are contained in each number. Most of them are taken from foreign engineering journals; and, as we should expect from the high reputation of the editor, the selection is generally very good. Such articles as "The Electric Light for Lighthouses and Ships," "Photography," "Gas as a Calorific Agent," will interest not only engineers but all physicists and the general reader. A great amount of information is contained in each number, and the price is reasonable compared with that of other similar works.

—A correspondent sends us an epigram by the late Washington Allston, the painter, which was probably never before published. Even the trifles of a distinguished man have a value for the new generation such as he never would have put upon them:

ON THE DOMES OF THE STATE HOUSE AND EXCHANGE COFFEE-HOUSE.

O wondrous town! what wondrous ways thou hast
To show the wond'ring world thy wondrous taste!
Go, starveling connoisseurs! repair to Rome,
And feast your eyes with Peter's empty dome!
Such flimsy piles great Boston scorns to raise;
She solid pudding loves, not empty praise.
Hence from afar, to Epicurean eyes,
Two mighty emblems of her taste arise,
To Phœbus' table, offered by his lover—
An Indian Pudding this, and that the *Cover*.

—We have received from the authors, in pamphlet form, the lectures delivered last January in Boston, before the Lowell Institute, by George E. Ellis, D.D., and Emory Washburn, LL.D. The former, on "The Aims and Purposes of the Founders of Massachusetts" and "Their Treatment of Intruders and Dissentients," were discussed, on occasion of their repetition here in New York, in the *Nation* of April 1. A careful perusal of these two lectures as now printed, and greatly enlarged by citations which would have consumed too much time in the delivery, only increases our sense of their importance, and our desire that they should be as widely read as possible. They have, of course, gained in interest by the citations referred to, and the theory they maintain is so much the more firmly established—is indeed put past question. We are led also to modify the remark that Dr. Ellis neglected to indicate a principal cause of the failure of the Puritan experiment—the operation, namely, of the English common law in spite of the charter assumption of complete jurisdiction over the territory of the colony. It was no part of the lecturer's purpose to account for this failure, his object being simply to present the historical facts which alone furnish the key to the so-called Puritan intolerance and cruelty, and for want of a knowledge or clear appreciation of which the acts of the founders of Massachusetts have been so curiously misjudged both by their friends and their enemies. If we are not mistaken, this service has been performed for the first time by Dr. Ellis, and, as a natural consequence, the greater part of his first lecture is devoted to insisting upon the right view to take of the purposes of Winthrop and his brethren—"to construct a commonwealth out of a church, and to administer all civil affairs by church members." In the second lecture we get some idea of the amount of material which undoubtedly exists in illustration of its subject, and which we may trust Dr. Ellis will elaborate as he finds leisure. The treatment of the Quakers is described with reasonable fulness and fairly weighed, and the distinction between the original Friends and those of the present day deservedly enforced.

—Dr. Ellis's lectures are an excellent introduction (as they were in point of time antecedent) to Prof. Washburn's on "Slavery as it once prevailed in Massachusetts." This lecture, though by no means polemical in form or spirit, is in effect a rejoinder to Mr. Geo. H. Moore's "carpet-bag" "History of Massachusetts" (may he pardon us the expression!) The insufficiency of this gentleman's special pleading was pointed out in the *Nation* of May 21, 1866, and his suppressions and perversions very ably shown up in the Boston *Advertiser* of Sept. 18, following. Prof. Washburn begins by recalling the notions that prevailed throughout Christendom, at the time of the founding of Massachusetts, in regard to slavery and the slave-trade; and the existing state, or rather the non-existence, of international law as now understood and respected. Next, the limitations of the Massachusetts charter as to the making of laws inconsistent with those of the mother country, and the special safeguards thrown about the slave-trade with the colonies, are dwelt upon; and finally the first organic act declarative of Massachusetts' intention in regard to slavery—Mr. Moore's *cheval de bataille*—is analyzed, and shown to be as unfriendly to the spread of slavery as was consistent with the limitations alluded to. There can be no doubt that, whatever the practice of the people was, the legal construction of the ninety-first article of the "Body of Liberties" of 1641 could only have given freedom to the issue of slaves on Massachusetts soil; so that it is correct to say that after that date no slave was legally born in Massachusetts. As for "establishing" slavery, the article did nothing of the kind. Prof. Washburn gives many interesting particulars as to the number of slaves held at different times in Massachusetts, and the mitigation of their treatment caused, among other things, by their very paucity; and also makes very clear the emancipating power

and intent of the "Bill of Rights" in that clause of it by which slavery perished in the courts after 1780. As a reply to some of the minor arguments with which Mr. Moore seeks to make out his case, the explanation on p. 19 of seemingly inconsistent and unsettled action on the part of the General Court, seems to us particularly good.

—We have just been having so great a journalistic scandal in this city—a scandal without a parallel, so far as we know, in the history of the American press—that, in comparison with it, almost any event in the world of journalism seems like a ripple beside a wave. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that the *London Review* is just dead. We may say that it is dead; it has been merged in the *Examiner*—the journal which Leigh Hunt founded, and which, though less known over here than the *London Review*, was always a better paper both in politics and in literature. It was not so much better, however, that its consent to the merging need have been difficult to obtain. But what was worse in the unregretted *London Review* than its insufficiency was its self-sufficiency—though that word is not wide enough either; it was apt to seem to be a cheaper sort of *Saturday Review*, and the tone which is nearly intolerable in the latter paper was often quite so in the former. The *Saturday's* vulgar superciliousness, its prejudices and wilful misunderstandings, its smartness, which often suggests the brilliant satirical young man fresh from the university, and which get it the applause of its worst readers, can be borne with in consideration of the ability, courage, and real learning which it displays about as constantly as it displays its disagreeable traits—that is to say, the cases are few in which it does not approve itself learned, able, and nobody's servant. But, in comparison with its exemplar, the *London Review* was like that sort of second-rate Englishmen which a good authority declares to be wholly unendurable by gods or men, and the latter, with considerable unanimity, will acquiesce contentedly in its decease. It was as disagreeable as pretentiousness must be. It sounds as if it might be true enough that the paper had the assistance of some of the *Saturday Reviewers;* but they were not the best, we may be sure; and of these the contributions may very likely have been such as the *Saturday* had declined to receive, or such as even the writers would not have asked it to accept. One symptom of the decline of the *London Review* found its way into the papers some two or three months ago. The firm of T. T. Clark & Co., who publish a good many valuable works, as most of our clerical readers know, discovered that books which they had sent out to editors for notice might pretty regularly be found shortly after on the stalls of the second-hand dealers. Thereupon they marked their "editors' copies," and were not long in finding which paper was the offender. A note addressed to the editor called forth no more civil reply than that their books were worthless, and were sold without being reviewed because they were not worth reviewing—a reply which, doubtless, was not the truth of the matter. So far as now appears, the English weekly press is all the stronger, as regards both honesty and ability, for the demise of the *London*, as also for that of the *Reader*, which perished some two years ago. And, as the weekly press is furnishing perhaps the most influential portion of English literature, we may be glad to see it weeded of its weaker and less worthy members. There is still the *Athenæum*, with its fund of literary information; and the *Saturday Review*, to correct the *Athenæum's* continual blundering in criticism; and the absolutely honest and candid, if somewhat too ethereal and somewhat whimsical, *Spectator*, to supplement the *Saturday Review* by doing justice and showing mercy, inculcating the higher morality, and setting an example of true refinement as distinguished from superfineness.

—Whatever may be the rate of speed at which the Hebrew people are, of their own motion, coming over from Judaism to the beliefs of some of the Christian sects, it is not, apparently, a rate of speed which is much accelerated by the missionary society which is styled the "Society for the Conversion of the Jews." It is doubtful if conscientious labor was ever in the world more persistently and entirely wasted than by this body of men. It may be said that the gain of even one convert in a century would amply justify a century of labor and incalculable expense. But to this plea one of the possible replies is to urge the consideration that all souls must be esteemed of equal value, and that there are a great many races which resist conversion with so much less success than the Hebrew, that to attack that race any more seems like a misappropriation, so to speak, of the revenues of the church. The less savage tribes of negroes, for example, and some of the South Sea Islanders, could be brought over by scores for the same amount of money and degree of effort which are now expended in the Christianizing of the one Jew and a half which is said to be the reward of a year's exertion on the part of each British missionary; and we suppose the same result is obtained pretty exactly by the services of his American brethren. The *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes from the "Jewish Records" of the British society some passages, which no doubt are characteristic ones, for the *Gazette* is fair, and which are not encouraging to the supporters of the mission. One old man, we are told, a Polish Prussian Jew of eighty years of age, when approached upon the subject of religion, received the minister in the spirit indicated in these words, which are those of the minister himself: "Sad to say, as soon as he heard the name of Jesus, he uttered the most fearful oaths, and ran away as fast as his old legs could carry him." Another, a shopkeeper, was "so baffled and perplexed" by the arguments used by the missionary, "that he beat his head and beard in great agitation, and declared he would never give up the Talmud." Another who was preached to "immediately pretended to be deaf;" but the efforts have not been wholly lost in his case, for "years ago" he "would not listen at all." Another remarked that he was "tired of the tracts, and advised us to sell and circulate old Hebrew books, as being more useful and interesting." Another complained of the sinfulness of mankind, and indeed of his own sins; but then he showed also "an inveterate antipathy to Jesus." Another, an old clothesman, denied with great firmness that the Messiah had appeared, because if He had *he* should not be obliged to stand there in the fair selling hats. All things considered, we submit that money given to the missions which work among a people whose ability and obstinacy are so well known, and whose attitude towards Christianity is what the instances above given pretty fairly indicate, is money ill employed. To be sure, the attitude of the Jews towards Christianity is not always one of decided and active hostility; but generally it is so at the moment when the missionaries are arguing with them, and that is the important moment.

—The literature of Ritualism grows rapidly in England, and on the whole it is creditable to the ability of the Anglo-Catholics, and is not more discreditable to their candor and good temper than is commonly the case in the polemics of the English Church, which, if it has given rise to many exquisite specimens of controversial writing, has also afforded opportunity for a deal of small spitefulness, and even for a certain amount of what, not to put too fine a point on it, might be described as pigheadedness and brutality and fatuousness. What, for instance, can be said of the Irish bishop —soon to be disestablished—who, a month or so ago, publicly expressed his wish that "Bill Gladstone" might speedily go to what Mr. Mantilini called the "demnition bow-wows?" Or what to this line of remark, which was taken up by a Mr. Puxley at the same conference, where his Grace of Cork freed his mind: "Let them hope that their dear Queen, God bless her! would not perjure herself. Let her own good sense tell her not to perjure herself. It was a cowardly thing of Gladstone to take this opportunity, when a poor woman was on the throne, to confuse her, and endeavor to make her commit perjury. If Prince Albert were alive, he would not dare to do it . . . the traitor . . . the renegade," and so forth? To do the Ritualists justice, they do not so often as their High Church enemies descend to such a point as that. And we do not know that we should not say that they have the advantage of their opponents in all their arguing on the given premises, though on what we consider the true question—which, however, an ordinary churchman is debarred from urging—they seem altogether in the wrong, and doomed to ultimate defeat in spite of the headway they are now making. They fight against the stars in their courses—to say nothing of their being on bad terms with Rome.

—These remarks are suggested by a contribution now before us, which Mr. A. R. Mowbray, an Oxford publisher, has recently been making to the store of lighter weapons in the Anglo-Catholic armory. It consists of nine or ten pairs of contrasted pictures—after the manner of Pugin's "Contrasts"—setting forth what in the Ritualistic nomenclature is styled "The Deformation" and the Reformation. The "Reformation" is of course the Ritualistic movement, while the "Deformation" is the "glorious Reformation" in which Protestantism has hitherto rejoiced. The first pair of pictures illustrate a rubric in the Book of Common Prayer, which reads as follows: "Chancels shall remain as they have done in times past. And here it is to be noted that such Ornaments of the Church and the Ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained and be in use as were in the Church of England, by the Authority of Parliament, in the Second Year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth." One of the two engravings gives us an elaborate altar, with candles according to rule, all prepared for the celebration of the Mass. Behind the altar is a painted window. The other one shows us a table that looks like a piece of kitchen furniture. It stands under a patched window, through one of the panes of which passes the stovepipe of a box-stove. Beside it are a dust-pan and brush, and a hat, overcoat, and cane are lying upon it. Beneath it are family-vaults. Everything is made to look squalid and irreverent. Thus we are taken through a number of church scenes: the "Reformation" singers

are boys sitting orderly in the choir, and evidently chanting sweetly. The "Deformation" singing-loft, on the other hand, presents a sad spectacle; virtuosi, inattentive young women, bass-viols, and fiddles unite to make discord. The bad "Ringers" are if anything worse than the bad "Singers." The merely nominal Christians who pull the bell-ropes in the Deformed Church are busily engaged in smoking pipes and swigging beer in the tower. But the Reformed singers are devotionally, and with rhythmic movements, making a joyful noise of chimes. The little volume will, we fear, gratify a good many of our readers. Seriously, we suppose it to be at least a not wholly unjust attack on the unseemly ways which still obtain in many of the parishes that fell into the slough of carelessness in the evil days of the Stuarts and the Georges.

—The Dauphin literature has not, we find, grown more entertaining and exciting in proportion as it has grown more voluminous; but there are people whom it will interest to hear that another claimant to the French throne that was has been unearthed, and an English book has been written about him. The new story begins like the old ones. Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple, but was removed to a place of safety on the other side of the Channel, where he lived and died as Augustus Meves, a music composer. Somehow the Augustus Meves who was substituted for him in the prison was not suffered to remain, but was removed and replaced by a little deaf and dumb boy. A commission sent by the Committee of Public Safety to examine the unknown Dauphin are declared to have made a report, in which they said that to all their questions to the child they could get no answers at all. We do not know that we have any other bit of evidence to offer as an inducement to any one to buy the book in question: that much may be got from it, at any rate.

—We have already alluded, with high expectation, to the discovery by Joseph Albert, court photographer at Munich, of a mechanical mode of reproducing photographs; and from a later account, given in a supplement for April 2 of the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, it would appear to be the farthest advance yet made in the art. One who has seen specimens of this "Albertotype" writes that they are in no respect inferior to the prints produced chemically—are as clear, as soft, as strong in tone, while in cheapness, durability, and independence of the fading effect of exposure to light they are superior. The picture is impressed directly upon the desired material, be it stiff card, glazed surface, copper-plate paper, or any ordinary kind; and the color, dissolving neither in water nor spirits, but in the oil of turpentine, we suppose to be printers' ink. This is all we can guess of a process which preserves, in photographs after nature, the finest shades and the minutest detail, that will bear inspection under a magnifier without betraying the fact that they are prints. Already regret is expressed for the expense to which the inventors of the carbon process have gone in developing it, since it now seems likely to be superseded at once, not even retaining the advantage of producing fac-similes in color. The Albertotype does the same. Everybody can guess what this will lead to, and there is yet a chance of an original publication—a daily illustrated newspaper that can dispense with engravers.

A NEW SOUTHERN AUTHOR.*

How much credence ought to be given to the statements of "John Capelsay, of Natchez," who styles himself "Mr. Page's executor," and who, after announcing the first of these books upon its title-page as a novel, proceeds in its preface, and also in that of the subsequent story of "Ben Eccles," to claim that they should be received as veritable autobiographies, we are unable to determine. There is an improbability in the supposition that a man should spend the latter part of his life in writing a succession of stories about himself and his neighbors, and locking them up, one after another, in his desk for his executor to find and publish; but, after granting due weight to that improbability, and taking also into account the fact that the style of the prefaces and of the executor's occasional notes is very like that of the stories which they accompany, there is little or nothing in the manner or the matter of the books themselves which it would do to adduce as internal evidence that any intentional mystification has been practised on the reader. In any case, it is a matter of no great importance. "Abraham Page, Esq.," may very likely be mythical; but whether or not the account given of the genesis of the books which bear his name be incorrect, there can be no doubt that the books themselves have a genuine biographic flavor about them. To read them is to get much the same kind of pleasure that one finds in listening to the talk of a shrewd, sensible old man, such as one occasionally meets in out-of-the-way country places, who, having spent all his days in one spot, has been colored by his surroundings to the very marrow, and whose judgments on men and things, if they have the defect of being provincial and narrow, have also the virtue of resulting fairly from his own observations. His opinions may or may not be valuable; they are, perhaps, more than likely not to be so; but it is quite possible to listen to them with interest and pleasure, and not to care in the least about the soundness of the conclusions he draws from his premises. "Te-rewth," as the Vermont collegian announced in his valedictory essay, is doubtless "the element and the aliment of the rational mind;" but, for all that, there is a good deal of satisfaction to be got at times from well-put fallacies.

This we say, not because we invariably quarrel with Mr. Page's opinions—which are such as were held twenty-five years ago by any ordinary Southern gentleman, who, without being as profoundly interested in politics as the majority of his compatriots, yet maintained in their integrity the usual principles of his class—but because the pleasure he has given us is due entirely to the strength and raciness of his individuality. His mind evidently found its natural expression in story-writing, and in betaking himself to it he has been in no wise hampered by his reading, or by any uneasy sense of the conventional ways of describing character and manners. It would be a serious advantage to any of our young writers to study his books carefully, for the sake of learning how interesting ordinary American life can be made when described by an honest and unaffected observer. There is a directness and simplicity about both his thought and his expression which are rare enough in any literature, and which such acquaintance as we have with that produced in our Southern States would, least of all, have inclined us to look for in that quarter. But Mr. Page, although unmistakably a Southerner, and proclaiming himself such by the nature of the topics in which he is interested, and the views he takes of them, as well as by the occasional local peculiarities of his language, is not at all offensively or obtrusively so. One reason for this is that his books relate to a time before the agitation of the slavery question had produced its full result of angry irritation—a time when "Mississippi and Alabama had not yet been admitted as States, and Texas was a savage land." Mr. Page died, says his executor, just about the beginning of the war; and it seems true enough that books which concern themselves so little with the vexed questions between North and South could hardly have been written by so true a Southerner on the hither side of that contest.

It is to be said, too, that the thought of having a Northern audience has not, apparently, entered as a disturbing element into our author's mind. He has neither modified in any way, nor, on the other hand, brought into any undue prominence, his thoughts on any subject with the idea of influencing or addressing those whom he might naturally expect to differ from him. Not only the justice, but the absolute righteousness, of slavery is so completely a foregone conclusion with him, that he has not a word to waste on the subject; and, excepting now and then a slighting remark—as that here is another instance in which negro nature differs from human nature—he scarcely mentions the negroes at all. Occasionally, too, he has a word or two to say about "the Yankees"—what one might call "a fling," if it were not so absolutely devoid of malice—so evidently the result of sober and quite satisfactory reflection, as when he says that "wherever the peculiar civilization of the North is introduced, there is bound to be a shock to retiring female modesty;" but usually he confines himself closely to the matter he has in hand. That matter is the description of life and manners in the little Southern village where he was born, and where he lived all his days in the comfortable assurance that life had nothing better or pleasanter to offer than what could be found within its limits. Contentment is certainly a virtue, and it is hard to say who could practise it with greater hopes of success than a man situated as Mr. Page describes himself to have been, who felt the pleasant conviction that to be a gentleman was the chief end of man, and that only a Southerner, the owner of slaves, could ever hope to attain it. Under such circumstances, a cheerful serenity and a calm confidence in surveying and analyzing the meaner works of God's hand could hardly fail to be engendered in any bosom. Such was the result, at all events, in Mr. Page's case; and, considering the two unaffectedly pleasant books which, but for this satisfaction with himself and this thorough persuasion of the soundness of all his positions, would certainly have been less peculiarly pleasant, we find in ourselves not the least disposition to quarrel with it. Mr. Page has looked at life with his own eyes, which were those of a shrewd, humorous, and quasi-philosophical observer, and has told in an easy and natural way what he has seen and

* "Abraham Page, Esq. A Novel." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.
"What I know about Ben Eccles. By Abraham Page." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

what he has thought about it. His opinions on duelling, and State rights, and universal suffrage, and the worthlessness of education, and on matters of religious faith and practice, carry no weight, because they are so evidently the result of his birth and breeding rather than of independent thought; but he makes, perhaps as much on account of his attitude on these questions as for the sake of the unembellished record which he gives of a kind of life which must soon die out even at the South, a thoroughly unique and valuable contribution to literature. Southern life and manners have been described before, by their own writers as well as by Northerners. To name a few out of many: Mrs. Stowe has done it in a way; and Miss Evans has tried it, and so has Miss Harland; and Major De Forrest has made some very clever studies; and there are glimpses of it in Mr. Olmsted's letters; and the author of "Inside, a Chronicle of Secession," did a good deal of it remarkably well; but, generally, those who made the effort have done so with some special object other than faithfulness in mind—with some "main question" in view, on which it behoved them beyond all things else to be sound, and which prevented our getting any really valuable observations from them. The outlines of the sketch might be tolerably correct, but there was pretty sure to be plenty of false color; and the thing most evident in the work was always the special relation of the author to the subject. It could only be done properly from the inside, and in Mr. Page we seem to have, or to have had, precisely the man to do it—a man not only so thoroughly convinced of the absolute truth of the peculiar Southern views of life, and filled with so easy an incredulity as to any necessity of taking contrary opinions into account, that he unconsciously avoids the artistic mistake of bearing too heavily on them in his work, but also a man to whom politics and creeds, no matter how firmly he held them, were, after all, subordinate matters. He cared more about human nature than about its accidental modifications, and as he has given us by far the most valuable idea that we have of what Southern life and habits and opinions really were, so, had he lived in New England, he would have made quite as trustworthy a study of the varieties of the social life of that part of the country.

By all of this we do not mean that, considered as stories, his books have any special literary value; that their characters are either particularly interesting or very well drawn; that their plots are novel or their situations even more than commonplace—we mean only that, by virtue of the peculiar individuality of their author, who seems to have absorbed the very essence of his time and place, so as to have been nothing but by virtue of what they were, we have such a picture of what were the life, the manners, and the opinions of the better class of Southerners as we have never had before, and, for obvious reasons, are not likely to have again.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.*

WITHIN the past few years we have had many books upon China from writers of various shades of character and capacity—all of them giving some information, and all of them with more or less of those defects which seem inevitable. Our knowledge of the Chinese is still very inadequate to a thorough understanding of them, and we receive with pleasure every new book which promises to give additional information or present the subject in a new and attractive light.

The book before us was written by the Rev. John L. Nevius, who was ten years a missionary in China, and who consequently had opportunities of obtaining much information; it is written with clearness, and the author evidently aims to be just and generous, and to give truthful delineations of Chinese character and institutions. Many of his sketches are well drawn, and interesting enough to make us regret that he did not enlarge more fully upon them; they tend to enhance our interest and respect for the Chinese, and to stimulate our desire to know more of them. The author, of course, views the Chinese from his own standpoint, and he exhibits no lack of confidence in the extent of his knowledge or the correctness of his judgment respecting them. Some of his statements are at variance with those of other writers who have heretofore been regarded as good authorities. For instance, he says that "benevolent societies exist in China in numbers and variety hardly exceeded in Christian lands." His detailed description does not sustain the assertion, although he mentions some that were not generally known to us. He says that "*free* day schools are *everywhere* to be met with," usually instituted and supported by the benefactions of some rich family. Dr. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," says expressly "that there are no public or charity schools established by government or by private benevolence for the education of the poor." Dr. Williams also shows, with regard to the benevolent institutions of China, that they are very few; and he adds that "charity is a virtue which thrives badly in the selfish soil of heathenism."

Those who have heretofore considered China to be a "land of schools and scholars"—where literature was more highly honored and education more generally diffused than among any other people—will be surprised at Mr. Nevius's statement that the proportion of the Chinese who are sufficiently educated to be able to read general literature as the masses of our country do, "is not more than *three per cent.* of the whole population." Sir John F. Davis says that "among the countless millions that constitute the empire, almost every man can read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life." Of course, the education of the masses is comparatively rudimentary, and the advanced scholars can only be those who have time to devote to their studies; but, after making allowance for this and for the peculiar nature of their written language, the proportion of educated men must, we think, be much greater than Mr. Nevius estimates.

But the author dwells mainly upon "the religious condition and wants of the people," and the character and results of the labors of missionaries. It is these subjects which he has most at heart, and which he warmly presses upon the public attention.

However indifferent the public generally may be in regard to Christian missionary work in China, all thoughtful men will admit that it is a work of great importance—one that will gradually force itself more and more upon the attention of the Chinese and foreign governments as well as people, and will very probably become a source of serious trouble between them. The existing treaties provide that in China "all persons, foreign and native, who peacefully teach and profess the Christian religion, shall be alike entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities;" but these treaties were in fact obtained by force, and we must accept with some slight qualification the public announcement of Mr. Burlingame that China "now invites your missionaries, and tells them to plant the shining cross on every hill and in every valley," * for there is abundant evidence that neither the government nor the people of China heartily endorse such an invitation. Still the Christian world hails the notice with joy, and numerous missionaries of every religious denomination are sent to reap the harvest—from the powerful and well-organized Church of Rome to the smallest of the many Protestant sects; while the warmest appeals are made to all of them to send more laborers. Mr. Nevius concludes his book with the announcement to his fellow-Christians that "the Master calls upon them for their best offerings to his cause—for their sons and their daughters, for their gold and their silver." Thus a crowd of missionaries, of various and conflicting creeds and ceremonies, struggle with each other to make converts, and gather the lost sheep into their own folds. But the Romanists warn their flocks against the Protestants as wolves in the garb of shepherds, while the Protestants, however much they may differ from each other in some respects, will all unite in saying that Romanism is but another form of paganism. These evils seem to be inevitable, from the fact that all the missionaries are commissioned and paid to preach the special theology of the church which sends them.

The author of the book before us has a rigid special theology of his own; and as he freely displays it to the public, he invites notice and comment. We shall, therefore, make a few remarks in illustration, while we accord to him every respect for his own sincerity and good intentions. He evidently considers that the worship of idols is the sin of all others most offensive to God. After showing the immense amount of money which is annually expended by the Chinese for the support of idolatry, and the vast number of idols, he says, "We know that God punishes this sin with spiritual and *eternal* as well as temporal judgments; and fearful indeed will be the doom of this nation if God should visit it according to the *number of its idols.*" Yet still he says—and with truth—that Chinese idolatry contrasts favorably with that of almost any other nation, as well as with that of ancient Greece and Rome. In Chapter XXIV. he gives a "beautiful instance" of faith in prayer on the part of some converts who, at a time of great suffering from a long-continued drouth, felt "not only pained but rebuked" at seeing the people everywhere thronging the temples and praying to various deities for relief, and therefore they resolved to go up into a high mountain and spend the whole night in prayer to God: they did so, and the next day, before some of them reached their homes, they were overtaken by a copious shower. The author does not say, but we would ask him, if he would teach those converts to believe that God had answered *their* prayers for rain, while

* "China and the Chinese. By the Rev. J. L. Nevius." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

* See his public address in New York.

he refused to listen to the unfortunate pagans who knew of no other way of appealing to him except through their idols? or, would he teach both parties that rain falls by the operation of the natural laws which God has made, and that they are perfect to attain the end for which he made them without his special intervention? In the same chapter he mentions the instance of a Ningpo convert who could only be made to see the duty of closing his place of business on Sunday by the discipline of a painful carbuncle on the back of his neck, which even threatened his life, and of which he could not get cured until he declared his determination that if God would spare his life and restore him to health he would never open his shop again on Sunday.

Mr. Nevius makes a broad distinction between civilization and religion. In his judgment, religion seems to stand apart by itself instead of being closely interwoven with all man's thoughts and pursuits in this life. Speaking as a guide and missionary to the Chinese, he says that "human science has no regenerating or sanctifying power in it. An acquaintance with Western languages not only introduces the student to the stores of religious and scientific knowledge, but to works which teach rationalism, infidelity, and science falsely so called." To be consistent with this opinion, he must oppose the introduction of Western literature and the sciences; and he forces us to conclude that, if he and his co-religionists could have their own way, they would merely transfer the Chinese from their state of pupilage under Confucianism to a state of pupilage under a rigid dogmatic theology which condemns freedom of thought, the acquisition of universal knowledge, and that full intellectual development which are the only means whereby the eyes of the understanding can be opened, and man be really enabled to see what is true and what is false.

The various views of the missionaries will doubtless cause much discussion among their converts, and the indiscretion of many will produce trouble. But even if they were all "wise and prudent," and acted in harmony, Christianity is necessarily a disturbing element when introduced amid a people whose social and political condition is identified with heathen faith. It will probably be very slow in its progress among the Chinese, for it will have to contend with the most enormous mass of self-satisfied and conservative inertia the world has ever seen.

It is a remarkable fact that, although Christianity had its origin among an Asiatic people and on the soil of Asia, and was preached by the early apostles among many of the Eastern nations, yet it never took root and flourished permanently in any part of that great continent. It has flourished and developed only as an exotic, among the European races. During the eighteen hundred years in which the Gospel has been preached, all the efforts, early and late, to Christianize Asia have been of no avail, and with the exception of the few tribes of Russian Siberia, the great bulk of the Asiatic people are still pagan or Mohammedan. Among the few Oriental Christians Christianity is so travestied as to be hardly recognizable. Christian missionaries visited China many centuries ago, but the seeds which they planted took no permanent root, while Buddhism was readily accepted, and has flourished for eighteen hundred years. Will Mr. Nevius say that all the efforts to Christianize Asia have failed heretofore because the true Gospel has never been preached there? for he says, "We have the Scriptural view that the success of the Gospel, wherever it is preached, *is certain*."

Thus far in the world's history all the efforts of the European races to introduce their civilization and religion among the Asiatic peoples have failed. Even before the Christian era, as far back as the time of the Macedonian conquest, when the Greeks settled permanently and in large numbers in Asia, they, instead of Hellenizing the Asiatics, themselves became Asiaticized—their blood and their civilization being finally swallowed up amidst the swarming millions of that continent, leaving no trace among its people. All efforts since then have been alike unsuccessful; but it may be possible that, in these modern days, the higher civilization which has ever heretofore failed to make an entrance from the West, will, after making the circuit of the globe, finally succeed in penetrating by way of the eastern coast.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL.

Two or three of the papers in this number of the *North American* are of a character to suggest the thought that, much as the usefulness and influence of quarterly magazines have declined of late years, they still fill a place that needs to be filled. They are no longer powerful as party organs. Nobody nowadays goes to the *Edinburgh* for his politics; or if possibly anybody does, he gets what he might have got better in his daily or weekly journal. Quarterlies are merely volumes of essays which hardly have a less arbitrary or more necessary bond of union than that supplied by the binder and stitcher. But it is not easy to see how Mr. Grünbaum, for example, could have got his essay on the "Talmud" before the public unless in the pages of a quarterly; and the same thing is true of Mr. Poole's essay on Cotton Mather. Both articles are too long and too learned for a weekly paper—which knows it is always at the peril of its life that it forgets that it is rather hastily read by a very various public, and which is negligently preserved—and they are almost equally ill adapted for monthly magazines, which now are mainly for novel-readers. The publication of pamphlets hardly seems a thing much to be encouraged; and if it were, the pecuniary success attending it is not, in the large majority of instances, such as to encourage writers to prepare them. Perhaps the death of the *North American*, for example, might induce pamphleteering, or might make it possible to establish in this country a masculine monthly magazine—one of a graver character than suits most magazine readers; but it may be doubted, and we are rather inclined to think that it would cause us the loss of a certain number of useful and valuable essays which we should all be sorry to lose. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that in this country and England the quarterlies are apparently almost superseded, the public interested in them being in process of steady diminution. The religious ones may very likely be the last in the field.

Mr. Poole is the well-known author of the "Index to Periodical Literature," and was till very lately the librarian of the Athenæum Library in Boston. It is natural, then, to expect from him exactness of information, and this essay of his on "Cotton Mather and the Salem Witchcraft" it is safe to recommend as quite a model of that kind of writing in which the conscientious and thorough examination of the facts in a case is alone sufficient to topple down a time-honored and most imposing fabric of rhetorical assertion. Of all the whitewashing that has been done within the last few decades, we know of none that is any better, or so good, as this of Cotton Mather. Or, instead of calling the process whitewashing in this instance, we ought to speak of it as the washing off of mud most recklessly and causelessly thrown. If it is the mission, in historiography, of our nineteenth century to write history by unwriting all that has previously been written, Mr. Poole may serve as a type of the historian of the period—a not very large, but a very perfect specimen. The temper of his essay is admirable, and that is not a common characteristic of such performances, which are usually far enough from being the examples one might have expected of cool, dispassionate criticism; as a general thing, the operator dabbles in the blood of two or three of the previous writers on his subject, and a deterrent smell of carnage, as Doctor Johnson said about the shambles, accompanies his activities. Mr. Upham's well-known and deservedly praised book, entitled "Salem Witchcraft," is shown to be very much in error in the view which it takes of Mather's part in the tragedies; and of course Mr. Bancroft suffers, as is almost certain to be the case when anybody applies close research to the story which he undertook to tell. Mr. Poole seems to us, we may remark, to hold sounder opinions than Mr. Upham as to the character of some, at least, of the Salem phenomena. As regards some of them, we should say that there is about as much begging of the question in styling them "the delusion" as in styling them "witchcraft." Some truly unaccountable things happen nowadays that closely resemble some of the things that happened in Salem two centuries ago. The fact that, while they have no spiritual value, and are in that light contemptible, they have been assumed by some clever and a multitude of silly persons to be of vast importance, has made people stoutly deny their occurrence—a sufficiently profitless way of treating the matter.

Mr. Lewis H. Morgan—a clever writer, whom we believe we are not mistaken in calling a Canadian man of letters—makes an essay on "The 'Seven Cities of Cibola,'" which three centuries and a quarter ago were an Indian confederacy in what is now New Mexico. He performs for history and Mr. Prescott the same service which Mr. Poole renders to Mr. Upham and Mr. Bancroft and their works, and makes one wish that he himself would do what he is waiting for some one else to do—namely, write a history of the North American aborigines, or rather a historical treatise on their polity, manners, and customs. Perhaps there is no people concerning whom so much is accurately known, concerning whom there is in the popular mind more of misapprehension. The school-book Indian—from the Narragansett and Powhatan to the Tlascalan and the Uté—and the novelist's and poet's and pictorial-historian's savage are probably all equally far from the real Indian. Mr. Hepworth Dixon also, with his philosophic theory of the red man as the founder of the American Union of States, might profit by a perusal of Mr. Morgan's too brief general remarks as much as the believers in Mr. Prescott might. Every year it becomes plainer how much of the

work of our American school of history was done on a wrong method, and apparently in a spirit which not knowingly, but yet really, subordinated the work to the glory of the man doing it. More of it will have its place with the labors of Robertson than with those of Grote, and probably ten years will not pass before it is generally admitted that we have done best in purely imaginative literature. This might have been maintained *à priori*. But our oratory first, and afterward our histories, we selected as the achievements by which we would stand or fall, and it may be gravely doubted if we stand.

Mr. Grünbaum's "Talmud," without being so eloquent as the eminently attractive celebrated essay by Mr. Deutsch, is full of interest in spite of its being weighted with too much minute erudition. We had better say, perhaps, that the author has not been able to avoid the appearance of being oppressed by his facts, and has written rather to fellow-students than to many subscribers for the *North American*. Not the less his essay is a credit to the *Review*, and very good reading.

We do not know that there is much that is at all new in Dr. Hammond's vindication of tobacco; but he is an authority, and what he says on the subject is worth the attention even of the very much embittered. A plea for tobacco which we have always liked as well as most of the writing on the most abused of plants, is that contained in a familiar letter of Mr. James Howell, who bears strong testimony to its many virtues in the relieving of imposthumes and many other sad complaints. But anything seems good in comparison with the vigor of statement and the command, not to say the subjugation, of statistics which is shown by the anti-tobacconists, whose manner is certainly not "too sweet to be wholesome."

Mr. Henry Brooks Adams contributes an essay, which deserves to be styled statesmanlike, reviewing the work of the last session of Congress. It is a thoughtful, forcible, and highly suggestive article, which, let us hope, will get a great deal of attention. What it says of the Alabama treaty, the treaty for the purchase of St. Thomas, Mr. Seward's diplomacy, the economic measures of the present Administration, the "rings" that control the Senate and the House, the Tenure-of-Office Bill—is all talk upon subjects upon which everybody has talked; but these subjects have seldom been treated of with anything like the independence of thought and plainness of sensible speech that Mr. Adams brings to the discussion of them. By the way, we think we have not before mentioned a certain incident in Mr. Butler's career which Mr. Adams recalls to mind. Nothing could be more characteristic: When Mr. Seward had begged Denmark to sell St. Thomas, and after much importunity had succeeded in getting her to do so; and after the people of the island had expressed their willingness to become our fellow-citizens; and after the King of Denmark had released them from their allegiance; our Senate, as everybody knows, saw fit—for reasons that Mr. Sumner may perhaps some day explain—to lie quiet and do nothing whatever about ratifying the agreement. So now Mr. Butler comes with this little suggestion, that inasmuch as Denmark has abandoned the island in pursuance of a popular vote, we are now at liberty to take it without paying anything at all—a mode of "conveying" territory that is not usually applied to anything but personal property.

The article on "Earthquakes," by Professor J. D. Whitney, is instructive and noticeably well written. So is Mr. J. B. Hodgskin's exhibition of "The Financial Condition of the United States," which is highly praiseworthy for the lucidity of its treatment of a subject on which nine-tenths of all the writing is densely obscure. Karl Blind's "Spanish Revolution" is, of course, on the side of the Spanish republicans; but it seems not unfair, and it shows an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances, which makes it worth close attention. These articles on European politics, which some readers condemn, are really to be praised, for they give no despicable help in the work of killing out "spread-eagleism"—a curse not so wholly antiquated as may be imagined by urban readers.

The critical notices are not very numerous, but they are new notices of fresh books, and are good without exception, especially those of Mr. Hunter's, Mr. Besant's, Mr. Gage's, and Mr. Longfellow's books. The reviewer of Blake's three books, also, has made an interesting notice, which, however, is of necessity far from being exhaustive. It is not, we should say, a very good reason for refraining from discussing the qualities of Blake's genius that recently they have been very much and very inadequately discussed. It is to be hoped that the writer before us, who seems at home in Blake's art work as well as in his literary work, may take occasion to make the poet the subject of a long essay. A point to be brought out—and the bringing out of which would be to account for the "marvellousness" of the fact that Blake so utterly escaped the influence of his prosaic century—is his absolute sufficiency to himself, the unhesitating certainty which he, as mystic and idealist, could not help but feel that he was the centre of the universe—in fact, was the universe. Another point is the fact that in his case this cast of mind was united with so much artistic capacity—a very rare conjunction. Indeed, at first blush the artistic faculty and the "orphic" kind of intellect seem all but incompatible, and as a matter of fact the conjunction is, as we say, extremely rare—"form" seldom occupying its due place in the regard of the orphic thinker. But the two are by no means necessarily disjoined, and in Blake's case they existed together in all but unexampled fulness.

Pulpit Germs. By Rev. W. W. Wythe. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—Unless "Pulpit Germs" is intended as a book for youthful students in theological seminaries, we do not see how it can be, as the preface claims that it is, "not intended for drones." It gives four or five hundred skeletons for sermons, and this is one of them:

314. The Returning Prodigal.

Luke xv. 17–25: And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, etc.

1. Convictions.
2. Apprehension of mercy [*sic*].
3. Decision.
4. Returning.
5. Welcome.
6. Confession.
7. Recovery.

Surely a man competent to make two respectable essays a week, to say nothing of a man who ought to be of mental power sufficient to be a capable guide and leader of a large number of his fellow-citizens in many important fields of thought, should stand in no need of such elementary instruction in his calling as this three hundred and fourteenth "germ" conveys. It will be the drones and the incapables who will use it.

A New Tale of a Tub: An Adventure in Verse. By F. W. N. Bayley. With illustrations after designs by Lieutenant J. S. Cotton. (New York: John Wiley & Son.)—Who Mr. F. W. N. Bayley is we do not know; but we should imagine that, whether he is or not, he might be the companion-in-arms of the Lieutenant J. S. Cotton who furnishes the designs for these verses. The story and, still more, the way in which it is told call to mind the typical literature of the mess-room, which, if it is generally very slight, is apt to be gay and merry, or else sentimental in no overpoweringly sad sense. In this case, the story is to provoke mirth. It tells of two Bengalese—white ones—who go out into a desert plain, on a broiling day, to enjoy a picnic luncheon, and are attacked by a tiger. They are, however, eating beside a big barrel, which is accountably on the spot, and into this they contrive to get the royal animal, who in turn contrives to run his tail out at the bunghole. Then the very short and fat Bengalese and the very tall and thin Bengalese contrive to tie a knot in the tail, and thus effect their deliverance. We do not quote any of the verses, which are well adapted to the incidents of the story, and, as we have said, this latter—verses and all—is a good specimen of the mess-room literature. We dare say it will be popular at West Point. Perhaps the rigidity and monotony of the daily routine of life among military men under pretty severe instruction, and afterward in garrisons, necessarily results—so far as it has literary results—in rather aimless trifling. However, we should not have spoken at all of the "New Tale of a Tub"—which is an old tale reprinted—but for Lieutenant Cotton's designs, which are very spirited and good, so far as the tiger is concerned. Of the men, in the pictures or the letterpress, nothing good is to be said.

Treatises on Light, Color, Electricity, and Magnetism. By J. F. Jencken, M.D. Translated by H. D. Jencken. (London: Trübner & Co.)—The late Dr. Jencken was a remarkable example of the possibility of pursuing a literary career without eyesight. During the last thirty years of his life, although totally blind, he prepared essays on very many branches of human knowledge, including theology, natural and physical science, and poetry. Since his death, his son has undertaken German and English editions of his works, to be published in four volumes, of which the first is before us.

The first essay is a full statement of a new theory of light; and to render it more intelligible to the general reader, it is preceded by a historical review of the whole subject, which occupies more space than the theory itself, and will be to many the most valuable part of the book. It is certainly an admirable exposition of the various theories which have been proposed from the earliest times to the present day. But as to the theory, before Dr. Jencken's views can be accepted, they must withstand successfully the same tests that were applied when the corpuscular was

superseded by the undulatory theory. Thus it was shown that the latter explained mathematically all known optical phenomena; and many new corollaries of the theory, which experiment had not then detected, were found on searching to be true to nature. Moreover, several facts were accounted for which were absolutely unintelligible on the theory of emission. Dr. Jencken has not applied the mathematics to his theory, and his arguments are mostly æsthetic rather than physical. He denies the existence of a luminiferous ether, and maintains that light is of a dual or polaric character; also, that the eye is not a simple optical instrument, but that colors are in part due to it. In the latter discussion he appears to confound subjective colors, or those due to imperfections or peculiarities of the eye, with the real tint of the object.

The treatise on electricity and magnetism is shorter than that on optics, and the historical notice less satisfactory. Gravitation, electricity, and magnetism are regarded as different manifestations of the same force; and the author appears to consider them as matter rather than as motion, since he speaks of their efflux and influx. The arrangement of the book is excellent, and shows good judgment on the part of the translator. The selection of words is sometimes unfortunate. Thus, light, air, and electricity are called elements, and terms are sometimes used in peculiar senses which may be very expressive to the writer, but are not so to the reader. Considering the nature of the subject, the book is an attractive one, but we doubt if it receive much attention from men of science. Since the days of Bacon, it is recognized that the physical sciences cannot be much advanced by abstract reasoning alone.

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OFFICE OF THE
ATLANTIC
MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

NEW YORK, January 26, 1869.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1868:

Premiums received on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868,	$6,782,969 82
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868,	2,563,002 30
Total amount of Marine Premiums,	$9,345,972 12
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868,	$6,807,970 80
Losses paid during the same period,	$3,081,080 49
Returns of Premiums and expenses,	$1,383,230 61
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks,	$7,587,435 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise,	2,214,100 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages,	210,000 00
Interest and sundry Notes and Claims due the Company, estimated at	290,590 03
Premium Notes and Bills receivable,	2,953,267 53
Cash in Bank,	405,548 83
Total Amount of Assets,	$13,660,881 39

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and cancelled.

A dividend of FORTY per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

To say that the Pacific Railroad is finished is quite as much as to say, in the words of the only poet whom we have as yet observed grappling with the subject:

"Hail to the pathway of nations here,
It runs to-day through a hemisphere."

So far as we have seen them, the speeches, prayers, and congratulatory telegrams, including that of the irrepressible A. Oakey Hall, all broke down under the weight of the occasion, and it is a relief to turn from them to the telegrams which passed between the various operators, and tog et their flavor of business and the West. "Keep quiet," the Omaha man says, when the operators all over the Union begin to pester him with questions. "When the last spike is driven at Promontory Point, we will say 'Done.'" By-and-by he sends the word, "Hats off! Prayer is being offered." Then at the end of thirteen minutes he says, apparently with a sense of having at last come to business: "We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented." Half-past twelve (local time) of the 10th instant was the moment of driving the last nail, and before sunset the event was celebrated, not very noisily but very heartily, throughout the country. Chicago made a procession seven miles long; New York hung out bunting, fired a hundred guns, and held thanksgiving services in Trinity; Philadelphia rang the old Liberty Bell; Buffalo sang "The Star-Spangled Banner;" and many towns burnt powder in honor of the consummation of a work which, as all good Americans believe, gives us a road to the Indies, a means of making the United States a half-way house between the East and West, and last, but not least, a new guarantee of the perpetuity of the Union as it is.

The "Bohemian" seems to be the American citizen who is most excited over the affairs of the Cuban insurgents. The general public, no doubt, feels a more or less languid interest in the fortunes of the rebellion; but the feeble meeting that was held the other night expresses this interest pretty fully, and we are persuaded that we are in little more danger of being carried away to Cuba by our feelings, or seeing much of our money carried there, than we are of being run over and mangled by the velocipedes which, according to some correspondents, block up all our thoroughfares. This is not saying that there has not been some activity in this city, and perhaps elsewhere, in the purchase and shipping of munitions of war and the enlistment of men; or perhaps, we ought to say, in the transportation of some Cubans and a few other people who are willing to join Quesada. But it is very hard indeed to learn anything at all reliable as to what has been done, for those who know most say least, and those who say most are the gentlemen who get up "head lines" for some of our enterprising contemporaries—whose enterprise, we are glad to see, does not bring them in much. The most that rumor says is that two thousand men and much shot and shell were put on board the *Perit*—a steamship fitted out at Red Hook Point, and sent to Cuba some ten days ago; that the two iron-clads which ostensibly went to Peru awhile ago, really will go to Cespedes; that the *Arago*, or a vessel much like her, went off with a thousand men about a week ago; that the *Quaker City* is fitting out for service in Cuban waters; that a heavy schooner, loaded down with cannon, rifles, and ammunition, set out from Hunter's Point for Cuba about three weeks since; that the Cuban Junta drill men in an upstairs room up-town; that General Jordan, formerly of Beauregard's staff, and General J. B. Steedman, favor the revolutionists, and that this city is full of spies. Furthermore, it is said, and probably without any truth—for General Barlow is a man who, presumably, knows his duty, and will do it—that the United States Marshal's office was not wholly in the dark about the movements of the *Arago* and the men who control her.

We disbelieve most of all this. Where General Jordan and "the War-horse of the Ohio Democracy" may be we do not know, and we may frankly say we do not care. It might be a sad thing to hear that Dulce had captured both of them. The Spanish minister is undoubtedly watching closely the action of the Cuban Junta; and he, it is reported, is satisfied that the talk about the iron-clads and the *Arago* is false. Setting rumor against rumor, we are decidedly inclined to believe the one which consists with what is known of Secretary Fish's, Mr. Garcia's, and Marshal Barlow's characters. We would not counsel any one to believe either, that two thousand, or one thousand, or five hundred volunteers, of any nationality, have left this port to enter Quesada's service, any more than to believe that the Government is winking at conduct on the part of United States officials which Spain would be as entirely justified in making ground of complaint against us as we are justified in complaining of England for letting the *Alabama* escape. It is noticeable—very noticeable, if one remembers the Lopez excitement of twenty years ago—how many of our journals are on the side of honest observance of our duty under the rules of international law. No fear need be entertained, we should say, that any reasonable ground of complaint against us can be found by the Spaniards—who, meantime, are disgracing themselves by a blood-thirsty cruelty that would justify Secretary Fish in making the strongest representations to the Spanish Government. There remains no doubt that Valamesda really issued his infamous proclamation.

We have at last got something wearing an air of definiteness about the Cuban insurrection. The Spanish authorities on the island have sent word to the Spanish Minister in Washington that the insurrection "is virtually terminated," and that there are now only 1,200 insurgents in arms. On the other hand, the Associated Press agent says that the Government in Washington has received advices direct from the insurrectionary districts; but what the advices are, he fails to state. The *Tribune* correspondent, however, supplies the deficiency. He says that the report from the insurrectionary districts has been received by our Government from an agent of its own, and "shows that the Cuban insurgents are not making any headway, and that the Spanish army will soon put an end to the insurrection," and that nothing remains of the insurrectionary forces but detached parties acting as guerillas." He adds that this

comes "from sources which leave little room for doubt." It appears, nevertheless, that certain veracious chroniclers in Washington, known as "parties here in the interest of the Cubans," allege that the Cuban army in the island numbers 28,000 men, including 3,000 Americans. The figures of an established government, furnished to its authorized agent, regarding the number of its enemies, we should not feel justified in considering more than half diminished; so we shall set down the Spanish returns of the Cuban force at 2,500 men. "Parties here in the interest of the Cubans" we cannot help treating as liars to the extent of three-fourths; so we shall set down the Cuban account of the insurgent force at 7,000 men, and we shall split the difference between this and the Government report, making the Cuban army now in the field 4,750 men. We do not present this mode of getting at the truth as anything very admirable, or by any means successful; but it is the best within our reach.

The friends of the insurgents in this country have never yet favored us with the numbers of their army, the names of any of their generals, or an account of any of their marches or engagements. We do not even know the name of any officer of the insurgent government that the President is called on to accord "belligerent rights" to. Nobody has published an account of a fight in the island with any details calculated to give any more air of reality to it than belongs to the famous battle of Roncesvalles. Nobody, so far as we know, is willing to say that he has seen a man, Spaniard or rebel, killed or wounded in line of battle. About the hospitals, train, and commissariat of the contending forces, we are equally in the dark. We made the acquaintance last week of a Cuban gentleman fresh from the island, and asked him eagerly what was the state of affairs, hoping to get military details. He said it was "perfectly dreadful," which we knew before; but had nothing to tell of except the cruelties of the Spaniards to the unarmed inhabitants. When we ask the Cuban sympathizers for these details—in such form, of course, as will not injure the cause—they send us cards of admission to Cuban meetings in New York and Philadelphia, and accounts of Cuban sewing circles and bazaars up-town—which are no doubt very praiseworthy phenomena; but we have never heard of a war of independence successfully carried on in this way. If the Cubans mean to be free, they must find men who, at some point or other, are willing to wait till the Spaniards come up, and face wounds and death. It is not pleasant, we admit; but it has to be done by somebody. Perambulating the hills, waiting for the yellow fever to kill the Spaniards, will not do the work.

The English Government has intervened in the case of the *Mary Lowell*—result not known. The latest plan for achieving the independence of the island is to get St. Domingo to declare itself desirous of annexation to the United States, and, the favor and protection of the United States having been thus secured, the Republic is to accord "belligerent rights" to the Cubans, who are then to do something dreadful. We feared the Mexicans would not long have a monopoly of the belligerent rights market. If the Dominicans begin to produce them, it will reduce the price of the Mexican article greatly, owing to their greater nearness to the scene of action. We recommended the "Irish Republic" last week to get belligerent rights from Mexico; but we now think it might supply them itself to such struggling nationalities as want a good, cheap, and substantial article. Belligerent rights are clearly going to be the great instrument by which the young and rising democracies are to overcome the effete despotisms of the Old World; and the one great advantage of them is that the republics can, it appears, exchange their "belligerency" just as hard-pushed traders exchange checks.

Judge Benedict delivered a charge to the grand jury in the United States District Court in this city last week which contained some pleasing revelations as to the state of affairs in the Custom House under its late Collector, Mr. Henry B. Smythe, of which we hope Mr. Grinnell will take note. The judge showed up the drawback frauds of which we spoke some time ago, by which the Government was swindled of $700,000, and which affords an admirable illustration of the way "the men inside politics" conduct the affairs of that blessed institution. Drawbacks, perhaps all our readers may not know, are taxes returned on goods exported to foreign countries, and are one of the modes of encouraging native industry. To get the drawback a man has to produce four certificates, an affidavit, and a bond. The principal thieves of the Custom House therefore banded themselves together, and forged all these certificates in a great number of cases—there being no goods such as they described in existence, their affidavits being perjuries, and their bondsmen men of straw; and the documents were accepted with perfect simplicity, and the money paid in Washington. Judge Benedict says that the jury will see in the course of their enquiry "that the genuine seal of an internal revenue officer can constantly appear on certificates now claimed to be forged, and that part of the files of the Collector's office, *being bonds required by law*, can be removed and taken to a neighboring city *by persons having no connection whatever with the Government*, and there dealt with as unknown parties might require, and then returned without objection or remark." He adds "that in the warehouse department it has been possible for certain parties to withdraw dutiable goods without payment of any duty, until the loss of a single warehouse has equalled $400,000." We quote the judge's exact words. We heard a few days ago, *apropos* of this, of a respectable lawyer in this city, possessing some political influence, who, during the late office-seeking crisis, was obliged to leave town with his family in order to secure sleep—the office-seekers thundering at his door all night long; and we can hardly wonder at their importunity when we see what their chances are. Nevertheless, we have the authority of Mr. Logan and other War-horses for the assertion that any change in this system would prove the destruction of American liberties; and even the common run of "practical men" look on you as an amiable enthusiast if you advocate it. The real wild visionaries, however—the true "simple little dears"—are the people who believe the Government can stand this sort of usage very long.

Another large free-trade meeting was held here on Monday, at which Mr. Howard Potter presided, and the principal speakers were Mr. Bryant and Mr. Edward Atkinson. The most important incident of the meeting was the revelation of Mr. Charles Marshall, the Treasurer of the Free-Trade League, of the fact that he had written a letter to the *Tribune* four or five weeks ago, placing a list of subscribers to the funds of the League at the *Tribune's* disposal for publication, in reply to the challenge of that journal, which has steadily insisted that the agitation was kept up with "British gold;" in other words, that the money employed in it was derived almost entirely from foreigners. The League were unable to answer this accusation for some time, owing, as Mr. Marshall now explains, to the fact that they had very little money, and were naturally unwilling to reveal their weakness to the enemy. The necessity for concealment having passed away, the treasury being full and the agitation flourishing, Mr. Marshall wrote his letter, revealing the names of the subscribers and the amount of the subscriptions, but the *Tribune* took no notice of the letter, and kept on, down to two days ago, repeating the challenge. The *Evening Post*, which has a mild, benevolent way of dealing with the *Tribune's* "eccentricities," asks, "Is this fair? Is this honest?" The *Post* must give people time to answer such posers. We do not mind saying ourselves, on first blush, that truly good men would, we feel sure, pursue under like circumstances a different line of conduct. The sum derived from Englishmen by the League amounts, it appears, to thirty-seven dollars and some cents, the product of five pounds in gold, probably contributed by some wicked old lord, from the recesses of his harem, out of sheer hatred to the workingmen of the United States.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* represents the British Embassy in Washington as being very much puzzled about two things—one is, who among Americans has the treaty-making power; and the other is, the precise nature of the offence England has committed, and for which satisfaction is demanded. For the answer to the first, they should go to the Constitution. The answer to the second it would be difficult to tell them where to look for. In Mr. Sumner's speech they will find "the feeling of the country;" but as to

what the country wants satisfaction for, not only is Mr. Sumner divided against himself, but all the newspapers are divided against each other. Some say it is pure piracy, others say it is criminal laches, others say it is premature concession of belligerent rights, others say it is the failure to supply a proper amount of sympathy at the right time; but the greater number of rural publicists concentrate on the belligerent rights, which we observe the Fenians evidently look on as a commodity done up in brown-paper packages, and kept in the Treasury vaults by established governments. Our own opinion is that England was guilty of gross negligence in letting an English ship leave her harbors to prey on American commerce, and that she aggravated it by allowing it to take refuge and refit afterwards in British ports, and that for all computable damage thus done she ought to be made to pay, and that it would be her duty to add a formal expression of regret for the same. But should she refuse to express her regret, most sane Christians would certainly object to having one hundred thousand lives and four or five hundred millions of dollars spent in an attempt to make her. We are also opposed to having the United States launch pirates on her commerce by way of retaliation, and for the very same reasons that would have led us to oppose, had we flourished at the time, the reduction of an indefinite number of Moors to slavery in this country, by way of punishing the Deys of Tunis and Algiers for the operations of their corsairs. Anybody who insists upon and still expects an apology from England for the issue of the neutrality proclamation is, of course, if an honest man, entitled to a respectful hearing; but we should be compelled, though tied to the stake and the fagots ready to be lighted, to declare our belief that he was the victim of a monstrous delusion.

We have received from a flippant and light-minded Conservative a speculation as to the precise position Mr. Motley will occupy in London on his arrival, in which he says that when the Foreign Secretary asks Mr. Motley whom he represents, Mr. Motley will have to reply, "The feeling of my country." "Very well," Lord Clarendon will say, "but Mr. Reverdy Johnson claimed to represent the same thing, and we accepted his terms, proposed nothing, altered nothing, and changed nothing, but your Senate rejected his work." To this Mr. Motley will rejoin, that his predecessor represented only "the greatest criminal of this or any other age," and in no way the country at large. "Here Lord Clarendon," says this shallow sneerer, "will meet him by pointing to the unanimous confirmation of Mr. Reverdy Johnson by the Senate, and will ask whom Mr. Adams represented, for the terms offered by Mr. Adams did not differ materially from those offered by Mr. Johnson." Mr. Motley will then say, that, however that may be, he is himself the genuine article this time and no mistake, and represents our whole and undivided country, whereupon Clarendon will pull out a copy of the *Globe*, and proceed to read passages from War-horse Chandler's speech, but Mr. Motley will say "Bunkum!" and pull out another copy of the *Globe*, and begin reading from Mr. Sumner's speech as the only authorized version, and the two diplomatists will be engaged in a dispute over the likelihood of the President's being able to get the Motley treaty ratified by the Senate, when the servant will bring in the name of the Danish ambassador. Clarendon will then smile ferociously, and Mr. Motley, remembering the St. Thomas business, and not liking it, will thrust his *Globe* into his pocket, and ask to be let out by the side door.

The latest English papers are almost unanimous in treating Mr. Sumner's speech as sentimental and extravagant, and a settlement on any basis he has laid down as impossible, and that, therefore, if this is what inspires Mr. Motley, there is little use in opening the negotiations. Half the cost of the rebellion, they say, would amount to $2,000,000,000, and no provision seems to be contemplated by Mr. Sumner for throwing part of the loss on France, which not only accorded belligerent rights at the same time as England, but proposed to England to recognize the independence of the Confederacy in the middle of the struggle. The whole argument, our correspondent (whose letter arrives too late for publication) says, is considered to be of "the feminine nature." The *Pall Mall Gazette* argues that "these insults," for so it calls Mr. Sumner's speech, and the Mayor of Cork's ruffianly speech eulogizing Farrell, who attempted to murder Prince Alfred at Sydney, are due to the conviction which has sprung up in America and Ireland that England is afraid of the United States, and it admits, "as a melancholy truth," that England "has been considerably frightened at the state of Ireland and the unexpected development of the military power and tastes of the United States." It advises, in conclusion, a policy of resolution, readiness to pay for individual damages caused by English negligence, but "fighting at all hazards and disadvantages" sooner than entertain the question of paying general damages for recognizing the Confederates.

The Italian Ministry has resigned, and been apparently remodelled under the same head, General Menabrea. The cause of the crisis does not appear, particularly as the Cable reports that the Minister of Finance, Count Cambray-Digny, will probably remain in the Cabinet, and he seems to have been the member on whom the opposition concentrated most of their hostility. His management of the finances is acknowledged by most impartial observers to have been exceedingly good. There has been a steady increase in the revenue since he took office two years ago; but there is a deficit of about $3,000,000, of which he does not anticipate the disappearance for six years to come, though he hopes to cope with it by diminution in the expenditure and improvement in the revenue service.

The Spanish budget has been presented to the Cortes by Señor Figuerola. He estimates the receipts for the coming year at $267,750,000, the floating debt at $75,000,000. He proposes to abolish all prohibitory duties, and to fix three classes of duties—the maximum being 30 to 35 per cent. on certain articles now taxed very highly, being about half the amount levied under the American tariff. These are, however, to be lowered gradually during the next six years. The Government has put a loan on the London market for the nominal amount of $50,000,000, selling its bonds at 29¼, and paying 3 per cent. on the nominal amounts, which will make the net return to investors 10¾ per cent. The London *Daily News* represents the feeling in London as highly favorable to it, possibly owing to the fact that, in spite of the rascally treatment of one class of bondholders by the late Government, the regular dividends of the ordinary debt have been paid with great punctuality, and the character of Spanish merchants and traders stands extremely high—a circumstance which is, now that the Government is popularized, certain to affect its credit favorably.

The news from Germany, except an account of a small conflict in the North German Parliament between the Liberals and Bismarck, is without interest. The Liberals appear to be getting over the enthusiasm excited by the war, and have, by a vote of 111 to 100, passed a resolution to attach a responsible cabinet to the Chancellor of the Confederacy, and thus make the government of the Confederation regularly constitutional. At present the sole minister of the Confederation properly so called is the Chancellor, Count Bismarck; and he, the Liberals say, great man though he be, cannot possibly discharge all the duties which devolve on him. Moreover, he is the representative of Prussia in the Council or Upper House of the Confederation, where he is surrounded by the representatives of the minor sovereigns, and may be outvoted by them, and their tendency is to extend the influence of Federal authority, and draw within their influence a greater and greater range of affairs without incurring any corresponding responsibility to the nation at large. The Liberals want to extend the range of Federal authority also, but through the instrumentality of the Lower House, and reduce the representatives of the sovereigns to insignificance. Bismarck made a vigorous defence of the Council, accused the Liberals of fancying, in their eagerness for greater unity, that in advancing the hands of the clock they were hastening the flight of time, pleading strongly for decentralization, local independence, and what not, but it was all in vain. The majority insisted on his having a responsible cabinet to aid him in his work, and on his doing more work, and passed the resolution. It is thought it will eventually bring the Lower House into collision with the Council and the Executive.

WHAT IS THE USE OF INTERNATIONAL LAW?

Mr. C. T. Congdon, in the preface to the recently-published volume of his articles contributed to the New York *Tribune* during the anti-slavery struggle, says truly that when he began to write there was "hardly a political virtue, hardly a fundamental social truth, hardly a time-honored maxim of humanity, hardly an elementary principle of justice," for which he and his fellow-laborers "had not to fight as if they had been discoveries." It sometimes seems now as if enlightened friends of the human race would have to wheel about, and during the next half-century continue to do vigorous battle in behalf of these very things against some of those who, in the last half-century, fought by their side. Democracy, in so far as it means equality, may be said to have at last conquered the world. Privileges and privileged classes are gone: society is hereafter to exist for the benefit of the many, and not of the few. But it sometimes looks as if in warring against them a spirit of disbelief in the value of all things old, and of belief in the capacity of each generation to work out for itself all problems that may be presented to it, of whatever nature, had been developed, which, if not resisted now at the outset, would assuredly carry us into some very strange regions. So far from the accumulated experience of the race being of less, it is of more use now than ever. Having got rid of all outward restraints on our will—tradition, caste and custom, and authority—there is more need than ever there was for the absolute subjection of our will to our reason; and in the political and social field, at least, for reason to work profitably, or even work at all, experience has to be constantly drawn upon for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction—in other words, for the materials of its decisions.

Our excuse for uttering what to most of our readers will seem commonplaces, is the extraordinary phase of feeling or opinion through which a large and very respectable portion of the public seems to be passing with regard to the nature and objects of international law. There is no country in the world in which there ought to be so little misconception or darkness now on these subjects; for there is none which has displayed, during the whole period of its history, a clearer comprehension of them, or has more faithfully and intelligently followed out its understanding of them. Strictly speaking, as nearly everybody knows, there is no such thing as international *law*. What passes by that name is simply a body of usages to which civilized nations have agreed to adhere, and in practice do adhere, in the great majority of cases. These usages are in part the product of the application to nations, as moral persons, of the rules of Christian morality which regulate the relations of individuals, and in part of the liberal use by publicists of the great maxims of Roman jurisprudence. But inasmuch as no rule thus obtained has any real sanction outside the forum of conscience; as there is no court of last resort to say what the law of nations is or is not; and as the punishment of any violator of it depends entirely on the ability of the injured party to overcome him in an armed conflict—it is only by a sort of perversion of the term "law" that it is applied to any such rule. What we really mean when we say that this or that is a rule of international law is, that a particular line of conduct, under particular circumstances, is the one which civilized nations, partly in the interest of civilization, and partly in obedience to their own sense of abstract right, have agreed to follow, and have followed in practice for a long course of time.

This agreement, considering that the parties to it have really known no *law* but their own will, has, on the whole, been adhered to with remarkable fidelity, and every age has witnessed improvements in it, and civilization probably owes more to the increasing reverence for it than to any other purely human agency. It has doubled the guaranties for peace, robbed war of half its horrors, promoted scientific research, strengthened and spread the idea of the brotherhood of man, and exalted the idea of justice, as something apart from and independent of material strength. But in adopting any new rule, nations have pretty steadily kept two things in view: one has been not to furnish the strong with fresh weapons against the weak, and the other has been to strengthen the civilizing, humanizing influences of society. All additions to the code have carried it in this direction. Each nation has felt under an obligation of greater or less strength either to propose something likely to increase human happiness, or else not to agree to anything likely to diminish it; and in adopting a new rule all have felt bound to consider, as legislators are bound to consider, not simply what will be its immediate effect, or its effect in a particular case, but what will be its remote effect, or its effect in the majority of cases. The difference between a foolish and ignorant legislator and a wise and skilled one is, as everybody knows, that the former concocts a law for each evil that troubles him, and does not think or care what will happen once this is cured; while the latter thinks his measure out, and conjures up before his mind's eye a picture of its general and ultimate consequences. Moreover, it must be remembered, in studying the *growth* of international law, that it has been due entirely to the readiness of the more civilized nations either to propose some new addition to the code, or agree to it when proposed by others. If nobody had been willing to advance, and if some one had not always been watching for an opportunity to make an advance, we should still be killing prisoners in cold blood, and making war for plunder or for the amusement of courtiers. It may indeed be said to be well settled, that it is the duty of a first-class power to do all it can to bring international usage *more and more* into accordance with the principles of municipal jurisprudence, both by precept and by example. It owes this to civilization and to humanity.

Now, what is the fundamental principle of municipal jurisprudence? Is it not that commands must be general in their application; that, a rule once established, *all*, no matter what their character or motives, must submit to it? Is it not well settled that, to prevent anarchy and to prevent the weak being a constant prey to the strong and rapacious, we must not admit a mere allegation of good motive from the wrong-doer as a sufficient answer to a charge of breaking the law? Supposing all thieves deserve to be killed, what would be the state of things in a country in which anybody might go out and kill anybody he thought was a thief whenever he pleased? Knowing, as we do, that society is full of wrongs of all sorts, which of us would be willing to live in a community in which even the very best man was allowed to go about and give everybody what he thought was his deserts? "No," says the legislator—even to ardent reformers—"Smith is doubtless a bad fellow, and richly deserves a cowhiding, and would be the better, and so would his wife and children, if you soundly thrashed him; but if I were to let you do it, some of his friends would shortly declare that you too were a bad fellow, and give you a thrashing; and, the practice of thrashing 'for probable cause' becoming general, the lazy, idle, profligate, and brutal would give themselves up to it completely, and the sober and industrious citizens would have to quit the country to avoid being constantly under the cudgel and the knife." In short, in order to maintain law, order, and even civilization itself, we are forced every day to suffer small evils to go unredressed, and to submit to occasional failures of justice and to the occasional triumph of wickedness, for the sake of the general interest; in other words, in order that justice be the rule and injustice the exception, and in order that the weak may in the greater number of cases enjoy reasonable security.

THE WAITING POLICY.

Our excuse for making the very obvious reflections contained in the foregoing article is the disposition displayed by a portion of the press, both in the matter of Cuba and in the matter of the *Alabama*, to advocate our taking one step back toward barbarism. There are now two sets of preachers in the field, discoursing on the subjects of our international duties and relations. One is repeating, almost in their very words, the arguments used by the English newspapers and orators to justify the premature recognition of the Confederacy as a belligerent. Nay, this set have gone one step further; for they, in the case of Cuba, lay down rules with regard to the concession of belligerent rights such as not only no Englishman but no Confederate ever ventured to propound. If half what they say touching our duty or policy toward Cuba be true, not only was Lord Russell not hasty in the issue of the Queen's proclamation, but he delayed ridiculously long. The belligerency of the Confederacy ought to have been acknowledged when the first Confederate Commissioners came to Washington, and its inde-

pendence ought to have been recognized after the battle of Bull Run.

We are told, however, that the cases are different; that the Cubans are an oppressed and long-suffering people, seeking simply freedom from a foreign yoke, while the Confederates had nothing to complain of—were rebelling against the government of their choice for the purpose of maintaining and perpetuating slavery. But then the rule of international law, which we are seeking to enforce against England, and which has been settled by the experience of a thousand years, takes no count whatever of the moral quality of rebellions. It is with their material strength that it concerns itself. Their morality a foreign nation is at liberty to examine for the purpose of extending or withholding its sympathy; but the "belligerency being a fact, and not a principle," the question to be asked them before conceding it is, not, Are your motives pure and lofty, and your conduct justifiable? but, "Where is your government? Where are your army and your navy and treasury?"

"But," says the Earnest Radical, "it is about the motives and causes of the Cuban rebellion we *ought* to ask, and not about its material strength. It is our duty to help the right, and not to wait till it has vindicated itself before giving it a word of encouragement." In making this observation, however, we think this gentleman, for whose moral qualities we have the highest respect, reveals what we shall take the liberty of calling the improvident, childish side of his mind. He is apt to live in the present. When he has a Lincoln, he acts as if a Johnson were impossible. When he is engaged in a war for a good object, like the war for the Union, he acts as if a war for a bad object would never be seen again on earth. The great objection to setting aside international usage on behalf of the Cubans is, that it would be sacrificing the interests of mankind to those of one small and not particularly admirable people. If a first-class power deliberately refuses to be bound in any particular case by anything but its own view of the moral character of a rebellion, of course all first-class powers will do the same, and there will no longer be any rule at all. Each power will make its own judgment the guide of its conduct, and interfere when it pleases in all wars and rebellions.

Now, which side—the right or the wrong—would be likely to gain by a complete repudiation of precedents? Let us see what has happened within the last fifty years in spite of the restraints of international law. The great powers have intervened on moral grounds on behalf of Greece and of Belgium; England has intervened on behalf of the Christinists in Spain, and France on behalf of independence in Italy, and Russia on behalf of the Christians in Turkey. On the other hand, Russia has encouraged the Turks against the Servians, has put down a liberal movement in the Principalities, has subjugated the Circassians, annexed the remnants of Poland, and helped Austria to put down the Hungarian insurrection. France has interfered to set up absolutism in Spain, and to hand Rome back to the Pope, and has for twenty years acted as the prop of a degrading tyranny in that city; Austria has helped to uphold a batch of small despots in Italy and Germany. In short, the triumph of liberal principles in Europe has been delayed fifty years, and is still imperilled, by the determination formed by the European powers after 1815, to govern their foreign policy by their sympathies and their views of moral right, and not to abide by the facts. A great many Radicals, too, are now disposed to wink at filibustering expeditions to Cuba in the interest of freedom, who were, ten short years ago, mourning over filibustering expeditions in the same region undertaken in behalf of slavery. The friends of slavery being just now a good deal depressed, and the cause of freedom in the ascendant, the friends of freedom act as if all the bad men had disappeared from the earth, and filibusters hereafter would be simply armed missionaries of the Gospel, and as if there were no need for caution in furnishing precedents for them.

Yet there never was a time when there was need for more caution. In the game of arbitrary interference, the unscrupulous adventurers and the owners of great standing armies will always be twice as alert and vigorous and enterprising as the friends of peace, progress, and humanity. Once break down the barriers of law, and you make the world again a hunting-ground, as it once was, in which the swift foot and strong hand, and not the pure heart and the tender conscience, will get most of the game; and it is doubly necessary to remember this at the moment when the march of science is bringing the aggressive, brutal races of the West for the first time into unrestrained contact with two or three hundred millions of "niggers" in the East. The salvation of that vast and almost helpless multitude, on which our adventurers are now looking down with hungry jaws, depends on our respect for law. We have lent them "Wheaton's Elements," and they are studying it; but what will it avail them to study it if the country which produced Wheaton sets the example of mocking at his wisdom?

Side by side with the indulgence shown for the disregard of international law with regard to Cuba, we must place what is called the "waiting policy" with regard to England. England, it is said, has broken the law of nations with regard to us, and let loose cruisers to prey on our commerce in time of peace. We complain of this bitterly, as well we may; and propose to punish her for it—how? By a fair demand for damages, supported by a threat of lawful, honorable war, under the national flag, and under the direction of a civilized and responsible government? Not at all. Most of our orators repudiate this as something too horrible to be thought of. What is proposed is to wait for an indeterminate period—it may be for five years and it may be for twenty—keeping alive all the while, through the press and the platform, the flames of international hatred, exaggerating every difference, reviving every dying spite and prejudice, and nursing amongst us the lawless, buccaneering spirit of European adventurers and malcontents, until England gets involved in a quarrel with some foreign power; and then—we are to let loose a great fleet of privateers on her commerce, under a foreign flag. In other words, to punish a breach of the great code which we have done so much to illustrate and strengthen, and which must hereafter depend largely on our reverence for its sanctity and its usefulness, we propose to commit another breach of it ourselves; and not in hot haste, or under misapprehension, but as part of an old and calmly settled policy. There are men—we read their letters and articles every day—who gravely propound this plan as if it were one of the finest products of the human mind—one of the choicest offerings a civilized people could lay on the altar of humanity.

We know it will never be carried out, but it is disheartening even to hear it talked of. War is a great evil, but it is not the worst of evils. It is not necessarily altogether enervating or demoralizing. There are virtues, and those not the least essential to national prosperity, which it cherishes: there are vices, and those amongst the most detestable, which it makes odious. Some of the finest characters the world has ever seen have been moulded amidst its flames. But from buccaneering under a foreign flag, as a means of avenging the wrongs of a first-class power, nothing can come but an increase in the numbers and influence of sneaks, gamblers, adventurers, and jobbers. To send an ambassador, or a minister of peace, to arrange differences with England, while contemplating such a mode of redress as this in case the negotiations failed, as some people would have us do, would be something far worse than a degradation of the diplomatic art; it would be an offence against civilization. The civilized remedy for national wrongs is war, carried on by organized forces wearing uniform and carrying their country's flag, jealous of its reputation, fighting, not to fill their pockets, but to leave their children a heritage of great memories. Whenever the United States proposes a substitute for it, it will be, we trust and believe, not buccaneering, but argument; not wholesale robbery, but the shock of trained intellects before a tribunal, which we are sure civilization will some day produce, whose integrity and learning will be such as to enable rival nations to commit to its keeping the most precious of their possessions—their honor.

CHINESE PROGRESS.

The troubles between foreigners and natives in China reported during the past year are, without doubt, to a certain extent due to the fact that the two races are coming into closer contact at a larger number of points; but this is in itself a reason for some anxiety, when we consider that our present intercourse is slight when compared with what the future must produce in order to justify the enormous commercial

anticipations which America and Europe are basing on China as a producing and consuming market. Since the departure from Peking of Sir Frederick Bruce, Mr. Berthemy, and Mr. Burlingame—the three ministers who were personally committed to the co-operating policy they had founded—the strong party representing the traditional policy of the West in China has raised the cry that years of experimenting have been thrown away, and that the Chinese still adhere to their exclusiveness and fail to show any desire for progress. By this they of course mean that the Chinese do not desire the establishment of lines of steamboats on their rivers, of railroads and telegraphs throughout the country, or the working by foreigners of their immense deposits of coal and other minerals, nor the introduction of labor-saving machinery.

To expect that the Chinese should show a longing for these things, or even a general willingness to accept them, would be equivalent to supposing them to be as well acquainted with the principles and practices of political economy as the natives of the West, where the doctrines of that science have spread but slowly even in the light of experience. It is in human nature for every people to wish for material improvement; but the Chinese show in their industry and energy at home, and in their widely spread commercial enterprise throughout Asia, a difference from most other races of that region; while these latter lack the energy and perseverance to work for what will not fall ripened into their laps. There is no people more prompt than the Chinese in taking advantage of and persistently following any road, no matter how difficult, when they feel assured that there are reasonable chances of material success.

The important question is not whether they wish for "progress," but it is whether there has been a radical improvement in the theory and practice of their intercourse with foreign nations, and whether, having the will, the government has also the power to enforce the observance of the treaty stipulations. The history of the past thirty years furnishes the material for an answer to this question.

Before 1860, foreigners were ignored by the central government, and were confined to only a few ports. Here the citizens of several nations were permitted to trade until the commercial interests they represented had grown to enormous proportions. The questions and disputes which naturally arise in connection with contracts, duties, etc., assumed yearly greater importance. The central government, treating the foreigners as barbarian traders, and refusing to hold any intercourse with their representatives, left the conduct of affairs entirely to the provincial authorities—often unscrupulous men, who found their own profit in the existing condition of things. Legal redress for injuries was out of the question, and satisfaction was sought by foreigners in the use of force. The policy of retaliation and reprisals became the rule of action, and consuls lost little time in making a fearful use of gunboats and marines on the slightest provocation. Each province was treated as an independent nation, and trade continued at one port while war waged at another.

The pernicious results of this course became yearly more evident in the arbitrary action of foreign consuls and private individuals, and in the insolent weakness of the native officials. One of its worst features was that it formed a school in which all classes of foreigners learned to use the law of might, and to disregard the Chinaman's right to property and even to life. Wholesale murder was committed daily at the ports, steamboats and sailing vessels purposely running into and sinking boats and junks, often crowded with passengers, if they happened to be slow in moving out of the channel. Young clerks educated in this school drove rapidly through the crowded streets without ever stopping to care for the women and children run over by them. These cowardly acts were encouraged by the peaceful character of the natives, and impunity for every crime against the Chinese was ensured by the removal of foreigners from Chinese jurisdiction to the dead law of the consular courts. A time arrived when war was unavoidable. In 1860, England and France finally wrested from China a treaty, which not only conferred great additional privileges on foreigners, but also compelled the central government to assume the control of its foreign affairs, and to treat directly with ministers of the treaty powers.

A turning-point in Chinese history was reached in this war which overthrew the anti-foreign party at Peking, and it was fortunate for the world that in the crisis the reins of government passed into the hands of Chinese statesmen who, according to the united testimony of the foreign ministers, were men of great ability, even when measured by our standard. It was even more fortunate that these men were met by representatives of the West who were able to rise above the prejudice of race, and see in the inevitable approach of the East and West to a contact at all points the necessity of an entire abandonment of the traditional policy inaugurated by England. A co-operating policy was framed by the foreign ambassadors and approved by the home governments, which bound the ministers to consult together on all important questions and to act in concert, thus bringing to bear the moral pressure of all the treaty powers in support of the just demands of any one of them.

As experience has shown that the chief source of danger in our future relations lies in the weakness of the central government as against its provincial officials, the co-operating policy binds the foreign powers to strengthen the former, so far as this can be done by encouragement and moral pressure. As a first step in this direction, it guaranteed the integrity of the empire, by agreeing neither to demand nor accept concessions of Chinese territory. To strengthen China within, and to render her independent of alliances which might result in the loss of territory, the ministers agreed to encourage a reorganization of the army, and to assist her in adopting European discipline and arms, and to furnish the officers necessary to introduce these reforms. The result of this was shown in the bravery of the troops thus armed and disciplined during the rebellion, and the reorganization is, we believe, steadily advancing.

The next and most important step was the introduction of an honest and efficient administration of the marine customs service, as a means of ensuring the revenue necessary to centralized strength. To this end, the old system of farming out the collection of the duties was abandoned, and a service was established by the government in which both foreigners and natives are employed, after having passed a competitive examination to ensure efficiency. At the head of the service is an inspector-general, appointed by the Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs, to which he reports. The present incumbent is a foreigner of very marked ability. The customs service of China is, to-day, the most efficient and honestly conducted in the world—a fact which is attributable to the care shown in obtaining, by competitive examination, the ablest young men, who receive liberal salaries and promotion according to merit. It is believed both by the Chinese Government and the foreign ministers that the successful working of this department of the administration will lead to needed reforms in other branches, by introducing departmental division of labor, and doing away with the custom of uniting in one official the most varied duties—a practice which renders any check on fraud impossible. The government began to see from these results, also, the wisdom of paying liberal salaries. Reform in these two branches would remove the chief obstacles in the way of judicial reform and other improvements. That the Chinese have abandoned, willingly or unwillingly, their exclusive policy, is shown by their causing a translation of "Wheaton's International Law" to be made by Dr. W. P. Martin, and by their adopting it, and assuming not only the rights conferred but also the responsibilities imposed by it. Not less important is the establishment, by the Imperial Government, of the University of Peking, in which the languages and sciences of the West are taught.

Beyond the working of its own machinery, the Chinese Government can effect no reform by decree; the literati and the people have the balance of power. The people constitute one-third of the human race, and are confined to an area about one-third the size of the United States. With this dense population daily life is a daily struggle for existence. Every known occupation is crowded. The question of railroads, steamboats, and labor-saving machinery means, to their minds, the throwing out of employment of untold millions. When we remember how bitterly these improvements were fought by the much sparser laboring populations of Europe, can we wonder any at the unwillingness of the Chinese to rush blindly into them?

Western innovations have made considerable headway already. Steamers have absorbed the carrying trade of the Yangtse River to the heart of the empire, and others navigate the Pei Ho in the North and Canton River in the South, while the coasting trade is fast passing from the clumsy junks to sailing vessels and steamers. In all these, Chinese capitalists are largely interested financially. There is no lack of Chinamen who appreciate the advantages to be derived from railroads, and telegraphs, and machinery, or who would embark their fortunes in introducing them. But the people must gradually learn to see their advantage in them, and we must remember that the speed with which changes are introduced is apt to be in the precise ratio of the size of the people amongst whom they have to be brought about. The course of events during the past nine years shows that, when it is necessary, China can produce rulers who are equal to great emergencies; that in this instance the government is fully aware of the necessity of placing the country on an equal footing with the West; that they show every desire to maintain the treaties. But they also recognize the difficulties to be encountered in spreading Western improvements among populations which are so vast that it takes long to establish a balance after any disturbance. And they acknowledge that the spirit of progress is of popular growth, and not to be created by decrees.

If the embassy now in Europe should succeed in obtaining a just interpretation of the treaties, and guarantees that China shall be permitted to choose her own time for adopting Western improvements, then we may look for a healthy growth of these, although it may not be as rapid as Western speculators could wish. It would be well if those who have a voice in these questions could be always impressed with the fact that in dealing with China we are dealing with the largest member of the body of mankind. In it is concentrated the greater part of the labor and of the skilled labor of the earth; there the tradesman and the workman are wholly emancipated; and they inhabit a country hardly second to our own in its wealth of coal and iron and other raw material. These have their great work to do when the time shall come, be it sooner or later; but tampering with them is tampering with the incalculable forces of the future.

MOONLIGHT IN MAY.

THANKS! for I understand you, happy night,
And smile with you at all that made me sad,
Drawn unawares beyond all griefs I had
Into the truthfulness of clear moonlight,
Before whose frankness I can banish quite
The old forlorn endeavor to be glad,
And carelessly stand listening as I please
To the faint rustle on the sparkling shore
Of conscious waves that rippingly at ease
Outrun the light and lead it on before;
Or to the murmur of the moonlit trees
Whose time of waiting and reserve is o'er,
Whom Spring has taught to captivate the breeze
And charm the nights made musical once more.

ROBERT WEEKS.

"WOMAN IN THE LYCEUM."

MISS KATE FIELD repeated, in New York, on Monday night, before a large and, as respects quality, excellent audience, a lecture already delivered in Boston and Brooklyn in vindication of the claims of women to pursue lecturing as a profession if it shall so please them. The occasion was a novel one, inasmuch as we believe Miss Field is the first woman who has avowed her intention of becoming a professional speaker in public, for reasons in large part, if not mainly, material. Her predecessors on the platform, at least those of them who have attracted public attention, have, we believe, without exception, taken to it for the purpose of advocating certain views on social and political subjects, by the diffusion of which they hoped to better the world, and have treated the necessity or practice of receiving pay for their work as a very subordinate part of the cause, if not with the sort of scorn that saints sometimes feel for their bodies. Moreover, they have been apt to feel a curious supramundane contempt for their audiences, which prevented their making any attempt in the matter of dress or attitude or delivery to humor, or, as they perhaps would rather have us say, to pander to, their prejudices.

Miss Field, who evidently has that best of gifts—whether for lecturers or other people—common sense, has, however, taken to her new calling in what we may call a scientific spirit. She recognizes, in the first place, what we wish some male orators would recognize—that the days of prophets are over, and that the office of a public speaker in our time, whether in pulpit or on platform, is simply the *persuasion* or entertainment of his fellow-men. Amongst the good things she said on Monday night was, that "most people hear through their eyes;" and she has, therefore, endeavored in her mode of delivery to turn to account the personal advantages which women—*quâ* women—almost always possess. Nearly every woman, if well-dressed and in good spirits, is a pleasing object, both to her own sex and the other; and we have always believed that women who took to the platform as a profession would make a great mistake if they attempted "to sink the woman" in the orator or in anything else—if, in other words, they did not endeavor to look as *womanly* on the platform as in the parlor.

Moreover, men, who compose for the present one-half, and by far the most influential half, of the human species, and will for ages form the tribunal before which reputations must stand or fall, like a certain kind of women, and like to see them dressed and acting in public and private in a certain way. That their taste is inherently bad may be true, but it cannot be changed by persons who outrage it; and women who do outrage it as platform orators, simply show that they have mistaken their vocation, and that there is nothing of the orator, or persuader, in their composition. A female lecturer ought, therefore, we take it, to carry with her to the platform the arts by which she retains her influence in the drawing-rooms of cultivated people. To wear pantaloons, or purely "sensible clothes," on the rostrum is simply to misuse or mislay the tools of her trade. We think, too, as we remarked some months ago, in speaking of Madame Audouard's performance—although we admit that our light on this subject may not as yet be perfect—she should sit down, as Miss Field does. A woman standing and talking for an hour and a half will, until we have reason to entertain a higher opinion of her physical powers than we do now, be to most people a somewhat painful spectacle. We know she does it at parties; but then the rest of the company is not seated, and the nervous strain of conversation at parties is not serious. The declamatory and passionate style of oratory is not suited to her voice or her upper limbs. If this proposition should be found offensive by any reformer, we will modify it by saying that the world is not yet ready to see her, with any pleasure or profit, attempt anything approaching to energy of manner in public. Her voice will not bear it, and, even if it would, vocal energy would have to be supported by energy of gesticulation, and for this her arms are not suited. She, therefore, will always, it seems to us, lecture best in a chair, dressed as well-bred women usually dress, and talking in the tones and with the gestures which the debased and darkened males of the period find most effective. Seeing Miss Field address her audience in this manner, therefore, and in a clear and very musical voice, and in tones which were loud enough to be heard distinctly in every part of the little theatre, and yet not too loud to be perfectly suitable in conversation in a parlor, was to us a sign that she had mastered one of the great conditions of success.

Coming to the matter of her lecture—it was a somewhat elaborate statement of the reasons which make it difficult or impossible for an average woman to make a livelihood as an actor, or as a reader (like Mrs. Kemble), or as a *littérateur*, or even as a teacher. In the three first of these occupations she showed without much difficulty that nothing but genius will enable a woman to avoid very hard work, great discomfort, and very small pay; and in teaching, for which she is admirably adapted, she has to contend against the overstocking of the market, and the mean disposition of the school committees to take advantage of it to pay less wages than they give to men for similar work. All this was very well stated; but Miss Field's conclusion that, therefore, women ought to go into the lecturing business, did not seem to us very clear. Lecturing is, no doubt, as she pointed out, free from many of the disadvantages mentioned, and it requires very much less brains than literature; but then to succeed permanently as a lecturer, as hundreds of ambitious males know to their cost and sorrow, one has either to have achieved sufficient celebrity in other walks of life to be an object of curiosity to the young men and women of the rural districts, or else to be possessed of remarkable powers as an orator—that is, have something very good to say, and be able to say it very well. The number of women who fulfil these conditions will, it is reasonable to expect, always be smaller than that of men, and the number of

men who fulfil them, as we all know, is exceedingly small. The really successful and paying male lecturers do not number over a dozen, and they have to be men in vigorous health. How will women face the hardships of winter travel, and the discomforts of village taverns, and the weariness of diaconal tea-tables, is a question easier asked than answered. That there are a certain number of women who might now earn a good livelihood by lecturing, we do not doubt; but when we speak of the "lyceum" as a profession for woman, we speak of it, of course, as something to which a fair number of women might turn as a calling with a reasonable chance of success. That it can be so considered we do not believe, though we have no doubt that Miss Field, and perhaps a few others who try it now, with special qualifications, may find it answer their expectations.

Miss Field dwelt at considerable length on the old theme of the poverty and woes of literary people—woes which in our opinion have no more claim to sympathy than the woes of any other class. There is no more reason why a "literary man" should be pitied for not succeeding in selling wares which nobody wants than men of any other calling; and the whining author who goes about making a public display of his needs, and howling over the sorrows of his "garret," when cranberries and fresh lettuce are as high as they are now, is in our opinion as close an approach to "the sturdy beggar" of the old statutes as modern society affords, and deserves somewhat similar treatment.

The case of women is different. Their market is really artificially restricted; and there is a real pathos in the efforts of those who have no "bread-winners" to stand between them and the world, to find the way to self-support. Any woman who is engaged in exploring society for places in which women may stand securely alone, and fill her pockets through the labor of her own hands and brain, deserves everybody's thanks and encouragement. Miss Field would therefore deserve them even if there were less real merit in her address. It has a great deal of force, though unequally distributed, a deal of humor, some wit, and plenty of sparkle, and a vigorous, pointed style. Its faults are the expenditure of too much time and attention in the assault of positions that nobody seriously defends, and an over-discussion of difficulties which really do not exist. There is no hostility amongst the greater portion of the public to woman's appearance in public. People go to hear female orators, readers, and lecturers just as readily as males, if they are worth hearing; and our advice to women would be to stop talking about their right to follow this and that calling, and follow it. If their goods are better than other people's, the world will buy them.

"SOUND ON THE MAIN QUESTION."

We had no intention, when touching last week upon the scandal lately brought to light in the offices of the New York *Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Morning Post*, to return to the subject. But the affair has since we wrote derived some fresh importance from the mode of dealing with it adopted by a portion of the press. In the first place, the *Tribune* has signified in the most emphatic way its indifference to the offence of which its managing editor has been accused, by retaining him in his position. This is a matter of considerable interest to the public, and, above all, to political reformers, because in that position, as we have already pointed out, he has the virtual control of a newspaper of great influence, and can still through it, if so disposed, help to exalt very worthless men and degrade very good ones, and confuse the public judgment on very important questions, by the unfair presentation of facts. In the second place, several papers, claiming the character of moral and reformatory organs *par excellence*, have been trying to turn the public attention away from the main question—the guilt or innocence of stealing despatches of great pecuniary value, for the purposes of gain—and fix it upon a question of secondary interest—the propriety of publishing private letters as proofs against the perpetrators of the fraud. Private letters are, we believe, the property of the receiver; but an honorable man will not publish them if he has reason to believe the writer will object to it, or if it is likely to subject him to serious injury or inconvenience. To push this rule, however, to the extent of making it a grave offence ever to publish private letters at all, even for the purpose of exposing outrageous and systematic fraud on the part of the writer of them, would be simply, to say the least, to subordinate the greater to the lesser morals. Even when, as in this case, however, it is a *particeps criminis* who produces the letters, however repulsive we may feel his conduct to be, we are none the less bound to deal with his revelations as in themselves distinct and independent facts. We may not honor or admire informers; but we are nevertheless obliged, in the interest of society, to use their testimony to bring criminals to justice. If a teller in a bank brought to the president a batch of letters from the cashier, showing that he and the cashier had been for a series of years engaged in heavy embezzlements, the president would probably not invite the teller home to dinner, or give him his daughter in marriage; but what should we say if he were to dismiss him with a long lecture on the sacredness of private correspondence, and act as if he had no knowledge of the cashier's dishonesty? Yet a good many journals are abusing the *Sun* for publishing Mr. Young's letters on ground which, if tenable, would oblige the president to treat the cashier as an honest man. What the *Sun* has done has been to bring the informer and the criminal to the only bar at which, unfortunately, the case can be tried—the bar of public opinion. The informer may be base; but there is the criminal, and there are the witnesses and the proofs; and everybody who attaches much importance to public or private morality is bound to form an opinion about them, even if he gives no open expression to it.

We can imagine several reasons—and none of them discreditable—why certain journals should wish to keep silent about the matter altogether. But we can imagine no good excuse for such treatment of it as the following from the *Independent* of last week:

"The New York *Sun* of Tuesday, April 27, had twenty spots on its face. These were extracts from the private letters of John Russell Young, *ingeniously garbled and arranged to blacken his character*. After reading the defamatory publication, we exclaimed to ourselves: 'Even if the impression which this indictment seeks to create is in every respect true, *the victim is nevertheless not half so culpable as his persecutors*, who, to gratify a personal pique, have thus publicly violated one of the fundamental decencies of private life.' . . . *The courts, and the courts alone, can fairly weigh the case.* How far Mr. Young has acted foolishly, how far heedlessly, and how far criminally, we have no right to decide from the dexterously shuffled private scraps by which his enemies have sought to condemn him out of his own mouth."

Or as the following from the *Anti-Slavery Standard*:

"The *Sun* of this city has achieved a most dishonorable distinction the past week by an apparently malicious personal attack upon John Russell Young, Esq., *the able* and *very efficient* managing editor of the *Tribune*. We are surprised that Mr. Dana, however strong his dislike of the *Tribune*, or however certain he may be of Mr. Young's alleged unfair dealing with the Associated Press, should have permitted the *Sun* to *commit a greater and more offensive indiscretion than the worst that is charged against Mr. Young* in the needless publication of such a private correspondence. As a matter of journalism, it would be a wretched precedent for other papers of less pretence to respectability than the *Sun* to follow. The case has been promptly transferred to the courts, wherein Mr. Dana is held to answer. Meanwhile, the proprietors of the *Tribune*—the parties chiefly concerned and responsible—avow their respect for and continued confidence in Mr. Young by retaining his services as the chief manager of that journal."

It thus appears that in the opinion of these two moralists it is a worse thing to publish the letters of a man guilty of a gross fraud, in order to prove his guilt, than to commit the fraud itself.

Now, the facts in this case are, we believe, no longer questionable. Mr. Dana offers the original letters to the inspection of all interested, to show that they are genuine and that the copies published by him were not garbled; while Mr. Ottarson, sometime the night editor of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Simonton, the agent of the Associated Press, both allege that they laid traps for the managing editor, and offer positive proof of his guilty complicity in the stealing of the despatches. Moreover, Mr. Young has not denied it, nor has the *Tribune* done so on his behalf. The pretence, therefore, of the *Independent* and the *Standard* that the matter is still open to doubt, has no basis whatever; while their expressions of horror at Mr. Dana's conduct in publishing the letters, and of continued sympathy and respect for Mr. Young, show what we cannot help calling a perversion of the moral sense—or, if this be a strong or offensive expression, a want of the sense of moral proportion—which, appearing in two journals specially devoted to the application of morals and religion to the work of social and political reform, calls for some reprobation.

It is, however, in our opinion, simply a fresh illustration of the extent to which the reforming world has been corrupted by the "main question." Long-protracted service in the field, even in the best of causes, is not very sharpening to the moral perceptions; and the struggle in which the army of reformers has been for so many years engaged against slavery has elevated hostility to slavery, or, of late years, fidelity to what has been supposed to be "the cause of the negro," to a degree of importance which has, in the eyes of large numbers of them, dwarfed most other virtues, nay, even deprived some of the most important of virtues—such as truthfulness—of almost all value. Some of the results of this camp loyalty, or, to turn it slightly round, this military unscrupulousness, during the last few years, have been painful as well as

disheartening. It has apparently done much to weaken, if not destroy, amongst a certain class, all respect for what is the very foundation of national greatness—personal character. Their newspapers and orators have actually got into the habit of making a joke or derision of a long and pure life, marked by the faithful discharge of the everyday duties. They have accordingly made some of the most honorable, truthful, clean-handed, upright men in the community the objects of their fiercest abuse. They have, too, lavished some of their warmest enthusiasm on some of the most worthless characters that have ever appeared in public life, and the multiplication of which, or general exaltation of which, would go far to break up society. It has led them to treat with marked deference and offer a place in the national councils to a professional "humbug;" and in one case, in consideration of devotion for a few years to temperance and political equality, to condone a life of small cheating, which, as revealed by the man who lived it, a Bengalee money-lender would blush to own.

More than this, it has actually led them to compound a new standard of morality, and give new meanings to some of the most important moral terms ("truth," for instance, in their vocabulary, now means simply fidelity to party), and has led them to lavish on mere differences of opinion epithets of reprobation which should be carefully reserved for gross moral offences —such as lying, cheating, and stealing. Mr. Trumbull, for example, was described last summer by the *Tribune*, and Mr. Evarts by the *Independent* —the one for not agreeing with "the managing editor" as to the guilt of Andrew Johnson, and the other for not agreeing with the *Independent* as to the ethics of the bar—a subject Mr. Evarts certainly may fairly be supposed to have studied—in terms which conscientious and scrupulous men usually reserve for thieves and forgers. Mr. Evarts was "base" and "dishonored," we were told; but we now learn from the same source that Mr. John Russell Young has done nothing to forfeit our respect and confidence.

Is it at all wonderful that, under these circumstances, the three young men who started the Philadelphia *Post* should not be very nice in their views as to the manner of making their columns attractive? They were told every week by that righteous and luminous paper, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, as well as by great numbers of other members of the Butlerite denomination, that in trumpeting for negro suffrage they were doing the highest work of which human beings are capable. They found that, owing to the refusal of the Associated Press to share the news with them, their "organ," instead of being a rifle-cannon, was nothing but a humble battering-ram. If they could get the news, not only would their own temporal welfare be greatly promoted thereby, but their way of salvation made known to a far greater number of heathen. They remembered, too, that some of the most notorious cheats and peculators of their political sect were held, in spite of their cheating and peculating, in high reverence amongst the faithful—so they determined to get the despatches somehow; it could not injure the Associated Press *very* much, they doubtless reasoned, while every copy it added to their circulation was so much gain for the black man. And then to think of the fifteen murders a day in Georgia, of "the traitor in the White House," of the "drunkard" at the head of the army, of the base and mercenary pettifogger in the Attorney-General's office, of the money-changing, thieving senators, the corrupt Supreme Court, and the weak-kneed public!

The community is just now a good deal wrought up on the subject of corruption. But if one were to enquire what the soil is on which corrupt judges and thieving legislators grow, we think one would find it in the unscrupulousness of professed moralists, the subordination, by reformers and other good people, of personal integrity and personal honor and fastidiousness to political fidelity or soundness. The "main question" is, in short, carrying rottenness further into public life than it has ever gone before. The real foes of society are not after all the highwaymen or Erie operators, but the preachers who have more regard for men's creeds than their lives, and the philanthropists who make good nature the first of virtues, and fancy that if they can banish cruelty from the world they will have assured the future of the race. The result of their labors thus far is, that the tide of corruption rises higher and higher every week, and with it rises the cry of the suffering poor and the debauched and demoralized youth; and foremost in nearly every "ring" are uproarious friends of mankind.

Reform we must have, and it must come from ourselves. There are no barbarians waiting to sweep away our civilization when it cumbers the ground, and plant something new and better in its stead. But no real reform is possible without beginning with the individual knaves. No reform which aims at producing a society in which the truthful, honorable, scrupulous man shall not, no matter what his opinions on politics or religion, sit in the seat of honor, deserves or will secure success.

Correspondence.

ENGLAND'S INTENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Some statements of popular sentiment, made tentatively to excite discussion, rather than as affording a key to the controversy between the United States and Great Britain, have appeared over the signature "America." No replication was made to Mr. H. Lee-Warner's first letter in your issue of March 25, because the editorial comments seemed in general all-sufficient. I did not wish to burden your columns. Mr. Warner's second letter in the *Nation* of April 29 contains an averment of *fact*, with the *inference* suggestively put, that the desire to stop "two vessels bound for the South" precipitated "the recognition of the *treaty*" (the *proclamation of neutrality*, or the recognition of *belligerency*, is perhaps intended). If the statement of fact and the inference of friendly intent were coupled a little more positively, and uttered—not by one of a powerless minority—but officially by Lord John Russell, the soothing effect upon the American mind could hardly be overestimated. Cannot Mr. H. Lee-Warner persuade him to make it? If true, it can be made with dignity, and ought to be made officially, as the most delightful mode of escape from national misunderstanding. But until it is made, "the late United States of America" may be pardoned for apprehending that Mr. H. Lee-Warner's enthusiasm outruns his knowledge of official intent.

It is precisely on this point of friendly or unfriendly *intent* that the difficulty of settlement hinges. We are willing to forgive the most disastrous errors of misjudging friendship. If England intended to aid the United States by a premature act, which breathed the soul into a potential rebel navy, we can now afford to smile at the amiable indiscretion. But, inasmuch as the action of the Admiralty in the case of the ship from Rochelle, in Buckingham's time, *does* give a parallel British precedent for treating the rebels of a friendly power as pirates, and the British recognition of belligerency as a principle—before the fact existed at sea—gave our *pirates* a maritime status, we must say in the words of the Spaniard, "God defend us from our friends, and we will take care of our enemies."

It is the ligature of unfriendly intent that binds the fagot of our complaint into a bundle that no sophistry can break over the knee. Let this ligature be cut, and the whole controversy is reduced to the breach of neutrality. An apology, a few millions, and the disgrace of an official may spare us an age of embitterment. But, with the *animus* unexplained, nothing will satisfy the American mind but a compensation vast as the injury, and one that will involve dominant England, with its Lairds, Hopes, and Roebucks, in distress and humiliation like our own.

Until this question of *animus* shall be settled by some official declaration, all the acts are to be taken together. If a man opens lights or loopholes in his shutters, with the intent to watch and defeat the burglars who are attempting to break and enter my premises, and if I find afterward the same burglars firing upon my friends from those loopholes, I certainly require stronger evidence of friendship in the first act than any which Mr. H. Lee Warner proposes. If my friends requested to have the loopholes made, they may have been induced to play into the hands of my enemy. The bill of complaints against Great Britain is divisible, like its claims of damages, into several counts, heads, or articles. Whoever throws the national *animus* out of the account may make some unsatisfactory settlement an easier task for an envoy, but degrades the wrong which destroyed our commerce, filled our homes with dead, and added one thousand millions to our debt, *while it enriched Great Britain in vast proportions*, into the petty act of an irresponsible official, who will lose place and wages till dominant English sentiment shall provide him with a better!

Some of the articles of complaint are not susceptible of special claim for damages sounding in money or penitence. But until the question of *animus* is settled, each article swells the burden of all the rest; and if the result of direct damages, to the citizen and to the country, should sound in a thousand million of dollars, it must be borne in mind that *while Great Britain impoverished us, she vastly enriched herself.* If we demand that she shall pay smartly for her wrong-doing, it is because her wrong-doing has given her the means and power to pay smartly. Let her disgorge the plunder.

The articles of complaint are, as they rest in the national memory—and if we regard the war of the Revolution, the war of 1812, and the Caroline affair as bygone evidence of friendship—as follows:

1. That, while slavery was a *magazine* which we were trying to keep wet, England was doing her best to fire it. Her periodicals were full of

slave-whippings and roastings; and the traditional Yankee of her caricatures was the Southwesterner, with stars and stripes for his trousers, and the cat-o'-nine-tails in his hand or sticking out of his pocket. For this we cannot even demand an admission that this irritation and lampooning was not the part of a bosom friend.

2. When the Union was convulsed with a war to prevent the extension of slavery in the Union, or the establishment of a government outside of it founded on slavery as "a corner-stone," no official or national sympathy was manifested with the party in power, which was the anti-slavery party. The leading and well-patronized journals of Great Britain were bitterly hostile to the Union cause, and the Union troops were caricatured as they retreated from their first great disaster. For this we cannot even demand an admission that it was not the part of a *consistent* friend.

3. For the proclamation, which gave hope of a maritime status to an unbuilt navy, and assured our rebels that if they could get ships of war they should not be treated as pirates, we cannot even claim the admission that this was not the part of an *intelligent* friend. But we can return this favor.

4. For the delays, evasions, negligence, and omission of British public servants, which then on British soil supplied the navy for whose maritime safety the premature proclamation had provided, we can demand damages, greater or less, according as a friendly or unfriendly animus is proven. If a malicious intent swept our commerce from the seas, prolonged the agonies of an enormous war, and burdened the future with its hundreds of billions of debt, this crime against human nature will be avenged by heaven.

These are the four articles of grievance which, if bound together by the *nexus* of hostile *animus*, justify peremptory demands for grand damages. But if hostile intent can be explained away, as Mr. H. Lee-Warner suggests, the whole matter may rest upon the criminal negligence of some unworthy official. No American minister can do justice to American sentiment and determination on this subject without endangering the harmony of his general diplomatic relations to Great Britain. A courteous commission of the best legal minds in this country—a commission not too easily convulsed by the *bonhomie* of genial good society, should present our demand, argue it, urge it, and when it is rejected should lay it squarely on the table for authoritative settlement hereafter. Till the day of that settlement this irritating element should be banished from discussion.

War is always popular, and the party out is ever ready to use the charge of pusillanimity against a Fabian administration. But the counsel, "Spar for wind!" is as applicable to a war-worn nation as it is to an exhausted pugilist. Delay does not mean surrender. AMERICA.

BOSTON, May 25, 1869.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE ALABAMA CONTROVERSY.

[THE following letter was addressed by a Prussian, formerly in the diplomatic service, and long resident in Italy, to an American friend in this country. As the view of a cultivated looker-on, whose sympathies are with the United States, and who has had practical experience of politics, it is well worthy of attention. It is worthy of mention that the English is entirely his own.]

FLORENCE, April 10, 1869.

DEAR ——: Your letter of March 8 reached me in due time, together with a *Nation*. Another *Nation* came this morning. I like the article in the *Nation* which you have marked. Strange to say, the *Pall Mall Gazette* had (the day after the *Senatus consultus* became known in England) a leader which was written in a similar spirit, and containing, *inter alia*, a passage in which the writer said there was "something truly noble in this intensity of American feeling," however serious the consequences of so unforgiving a disposition might be for England, etc., etc. I think on that day the majority of the English papers assumed a similar tone; but twenty-four or forty-eight hours brought on a certain revulsion of feeling, and John Bull, who had really and sincerely been penitent, and who had begun to understand the magnitude of his sins against his transatlantic brother, seemed roused again to a new kind of self-assertion, and the tone of the press, though respectful and by no means unfriendly towards America, has ceased to be humble and penitent. This is very much to be regretted, I think. One's moral sense felt satisfaction at seeing that the wrong had begun to be understood by the wrong-doer. But now the whole question has once more become a mere question of national pride; and I confess, to my own regret, that America appears for the first time less to advantage in this matter. Not that she can ever be in the wrong in this question. Far from it. But the odds in her favor *appear* less overwhelmingly great. This would not be so if the treaty, in spite of its possible defects, had been ratified. I know there are wrongs and insults for which no court of justice can afford any satisfaction. To accept damages, for instance, in an action of *crim. con.* were a dirty affair; yet it seems preferable to duelling or private cowhiding. But, granting that between nations duelling cannot yet be dispensed with, it would still be inconsistent to *claim damages* where fighting is thought to afford the only possible adequate satisfaction. According to my own views and feelings, America should never have opened negotiations on the vexed *Alabama* question and its corollaries, but have calmly accepted the British *modus operandi* as an established international precedent, or resolutely challenged Great Britain to fight it out. By sending in her bill of claims, and a special ambassador to discuss them (and America stands technically and, I think, also morally responsible for her President as well as for his representatives), America showed that she did *not* consider the question as beyond the pale of ordinary and bloodless settlement. Her claims were officially recognized, and I understand that none of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's demands were refused. That his behavior was silly and irritating to the Americans, I grant; but nothing prevented the Americans from making a monster petition for his immediate recall.

Even if the President, with his usual obstinacy, had refused to grant this, such a petition would, as a demonstration, have had a wholesome effect in England. Instead of that the Americans wait quietly until the deed is done; and, while the document is still in mid-ocean, they sign a petition to Congress in favor of non-ratification; and the extreme haste with which the Senate acceded to this wish shows, I think, that the treaty was annulled, not so much on account of its contents and demerits, but because the occasion seemed a good one for snubbing England. Let me repeat that England deserves any amount of snubbing. It is not this that I regret. But the proceeding had the appearance of pettiness, and has had a bad effect on England, who is now rather inclined to recant many of her *peccavis*. Considering, moreover, that, with the single exception of Roebuck (who, after all, is only a kind of political wag and *capo ameno*), every politician in England had openly and frankly acknowledged America's right and England's wrong; that Earl Russell had done this a year before in a public speech; that the old sinners who have been at the helm so long are just now passing away, and making way for the middle-class men, who have less difficulty in feeling with and for others,—considering all this, I think it would have been handsomer, and perhaps even wiser, on the part of America if she had abided by the issues of the negotiation, amending the treaty, if needs were, and thus closing the long chapter of quarrels with the England of the Past, and opening a new account with Young England, the England of the Future. The unfortunate *combinazione* that the United States are just now going to recognize the independence of Cuba obfuscates still more the popular English mind, and must act like balm on many a conscience that had just been roused to remorse. I can imagine some people arguing thus: By this recognition of Cuban independence, America shows that she reproaches England with a simple *political* transgression; not with the transgression of a *moral* law, for such a moral law would be binding at all times and on all—the wrong-doers as well as the wronged.

But enough of politics. I do not fear to be misunderstood by you; but I willingly wind up this disquisition with a repetition of my opening remark, viz., that the debt of wrong which England owes to America is as large as it ever was; that, a full payment being impossible, a *pro forma* payment (half moral, half material) was the only one that could have been either claimed or conceded; and that it is a regrettable thing that the national spite against the President and his nominees was allowed to induce the Senate to refuse that only possible payment of the international debt, which unfortunately must now stand over until some future day of bloody reckoning, or else remain unsettled for ever, to the obvious detriment of the unfortunate holders of the *Alabama* claims.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT have in preparation a sort of "character album," which may be expected to be popular for some time. It will consist of an indefinite number of leaves, each of which will contain forty questions (twenty on each page), and forty blank spaces for answers to the same. The questions begin with rather harmless ones, as, What is your favorite color? What is your favorite female name? What is your favorite

flower? and the like; but as they go on they lead insidiously to revelations of the foundations of character—by-and-by the writer must tell his favorite manly trait and womanly trait. It is an ingenious device, and, as we have said, it may be expected to have some vogue, especially among the young ladies and young gentlemen. But, as Pantagruel said to Friar John or some other of his companions who had related a certain well-invented story: "It would be very good indeed, were it not always necessary to remember that we must live in the fear of God," or words to that effect; the character-album will inevitably lead to the sin of falsehood. But, on the other hand, it will afford a fine field for young humorists not yet strong on the wing. The same house will publish, in the course of the next few days, their translation of Herman Schmid's "Habermeister;" the second volume ("Florence and Venice") of Taine's "Italy," translated by Mr. Durand; and the first volume ("Problematic Characters") of their issue of the works of Spielhagen—a novelist who is contesting with Auerbach the right to the first place in contemporary German fiction. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will also republish "Within an Ace," by Mrs. Jenkin, any one of whose books is almost perfection as a means of pleasantly spending a lazy evening, they all being bright and clever, not too long and not too deep, and fresh enough in flavor, although they have a good-society air about them—a good-society air which, by-the-by, always prevents them from getting uncomfortably far from the region of genteel comedy, even when they try to be tragical, which is not often.——Messrs. Lippincott & Co. will shortly publish "Beatrice" (and other poems), by the Hon. Roden Noel, a more than clever writer of poetical pieces; "Walter Ogilby" and "Aspasia"—a pair of novels; "Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains," by A. K. McClure and others; "The Life and Teachings of Mensius," by Dr. Legge, a respected sinologue; "Nora Brady's Vow and Mona the Vestal," by Mrs. A. H. Dorsey; and "The Christian Singers of Germany," a little compilation by Miss Winkworth, which forms the sixth volume of the excellent Sunday Library which Messrs. Lippincott & Co. are republishing. The same house have nearly ready a book which it is very likely we shall see going quietly into three or four editions. It belongs, we suppose, to the class of books of which the same author's "Our Children in Heaven" is one, and of which the most successful one just at present is "The Gates Ajar." They aim to give us glimpses "behind the vail;" or, as their harsher critics of the religious press would say, "to be wise above what is written." Still, they go into all the churches, and are perhaps not only harmless, but to some people edifying. At all events, they go through a number of editions that ought to strike shame into such critics as the clever one who reviewed "The Gates Ajar" for the *Harvard Advocate* the other day. The forthcoming volume referred to above is by Dr. William Holcombe, and is entitled "The Sexes, Here and Hereafter." Some of the religious booksellers of Boston, by the way, will not sell "The Gates Ajar," we hear, or sell it very reluctantly.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce a new edition of Eliza Cook's poems, which can still be sold in farm-houses; a "Life of Samuel Miller, D.D., LL.D.," of Princeton: and "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Part of Virginia and Pennsylvania from 1763 to 1783."——Collectors of early Americana will want the book just mentioned, and collectors of later will very likely want "In Hospital and Camp," by Miss Sophronia E. Bucklin, which will be published by Mr. J. E. Potter, of Philadelphia.——Turner Brothers & Co., of Philadelphia, have in preparation a book of poems by Mr. J. J. Watson, who is the author of a poem with the title "Beautiful Snow," which most of our readers have seen in some newspaper or other. It is one of that class of pathetic poems founded on a real occurrence so pathetic that, when once it is known, the poem seems its shadow. Mr. Watson and his friends, sitting one stormy evening in a Broadway saloon, were accosted by a woman who asked charity, saying, "Gentlemen, there is nothing pure about me except the snow." This incident Mr. Watson afterwards put into six stanzas. So we learn from the Philadelphia *Publisher's Circular*, which tells the story because it is sure of its truth and because several persons have claimed the authorship of the piece.

—*Appleton's Journal*—which is "a journal of literature, science, and art"—is understood to be already a remarkable success in a pecuniary point of view, and it is so tolerable a success in literature, science, and art that nobody need regret its large sales. It is not wholly, but it is something, like a weekly *Harper's Monthly*, except that it wants—and will have to want, we suppose—the "Editor's Easy Chair," which redeems the most popular of American magazines from the fate of being read only by people who read nothing else. It is likely that "The Man Who Laughs," by the very great Hugo, just now attracts half, or even more than half, of the large number of people who have at once taken to buying the new periodical; but still, as we have hinted by the partial comparison above suggested, it would be a journal of wide circulation even should great novelists fail from the earth. Its art and its literature are not on a level too high to be accessible to large numbers of people, and its science is the popularized science which our American people like so much, and insist upon having. There is, of course, a little uncertainty as yet about the step and gait of the new journal; it has hardly acquired a distinctive character; but before very long—by the time "The Man Who Laughs" has come to an end, or before then—it will, no doubt, have made up its mind whether it will be a manual of popular science with a literary attachment, or a journal of literature for the intelligent masses, with a more or less strong dash of science. We see that *Appleton's* is honestly eclectic, or rather confessedly eclectic; that it is not so dishonest in its borrowings as one might think who, knowing some of its contemporaries, should look over its pages without much care. At the end of the reading matter, just before the advertisements, there is a table of contents, which tells from what periodicals the unoriginal articles have been taken. Why the same thing should not be done by other publishers who borrow articles and pictures we do not know. The American readers would think no worse of their magazine, but go on buying it all the same; and the foreign author or artist might get some consolation from the knowledge that, although he had been pillaged, yet his name, as the name of a person worth pillaging, had been made known to a certain number of his distant fellow-beings. Du Maurier, for instance, would probably be pleased occasionally—or pretty constantly—to see his sign-manual in the pictures of one of our weekly illustrated journals; and, even if he did, the readers of it would come as near as ever to "tasting" the strictly English flavor of the comic page. We are glad to see that *Appleton's* is setting a good example in this respect. It will be, to some persons, an inducement to subscribe for the paper if we tell them that each number is either illustrated or accompanied by a pictorial supplement. The latter sometimes consists of a wood engraving—as of the Battery or of the Central Park drive—and sometimes of a steel engraving—fit for the portfolio, if one is not a collector of choice engravings—of some American landscape painting. In size the new paper is a quarto of thirty-two pages.

—A veritable Stuart Washington is now for sale in Boston. It was painted for the gallant and accomplished Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, for a short time one of Washington's aides, and for half a century was an ornament of the Pinckneys' town-house in Charleston. When the great fire of 1861 destroyed so large a part of that city, the picture was by good fortune saved from destruction; and as owners of valuable and perishable property were by no means so sure as the Charleston *Mercury* was that the place could never and would never be captured, the family removed this and other treasures up the country to the little village of Pendleton, in Anderson District, where the war did not reach it. It has since been sent North, and an opportunity is now offered of obtaining a work which is not only valuable in itself, but is rich in historic associations which alone will make it always interesting and a valuable possession.

—Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, the writer of "The Seven Cities of Cibola"—a very good paper in the last number of the *North American*—is not, as we thought him to be, the Canadian man of letters of the same name, but a resident of Rochester, in this State. He is the author of the "League of the Iroquois," a work relating to our aborigines, and also of a valuable and interesting little book on "The American Beaver and his Works," which has already been noticed in the *Nation*—a fact that makes our mistake less excusable. We are glad to make this correction, if for no other reason, for the reason that it gives us an opportunity to say again what we said in noticing "The Seven Cities of Cibola"—that we hope Mr. Morgan may not wait for some one else to do it, but may bring his own knowledge, good sense, and literary skill to the task of making a good treatise on Indian polity, manners, and customs. From what we know of him now, we are almost ready to agree beforehand to praise it when it is done.

—We should not be fair to our readers who like magazine reading if we neglected mention of that one of the magazines which we find to be, on the whole, the pleasantest of them all. It is not necessary, we confess, to like many of them very much. Still, if one would see what Emerson or Lowell or Longfellow has last done; if one wishes to lose nothing of Mr. Whittier's or Mr. Howells's, one is compelled to keep an eye on the *Atlantic Monthly*. It may not be very taking as a whole, but there are almost always one or two things in it which are able to temper our regret for the departure of its old days—the days when the women were not in so Massachusetts a majority in the *Atlantic's* world, and it did more writing for men.

Or may it be said that it is as good now as it ever was; that it was not better then, but only seemed so to younger eyes, and by contrast with the previous barrenness of our periodical literature? Anybody who owns the first few volumes can take them down and satisfy himself. Then there is *Harper's*, which is useful to the man who wants a *résumé* of the newspapers, who cannot be bothered with keeping up with the daily telegraphic fablings about Crete and Guatemala and Cuba and Venezuela and Samana and St. Thomas, and yet is willing to hear something of all those—necessary countries, if he can learn it without too much trouble. Moreover, Mr. Curtis's "Easy Chair" is *sui generis*, or nearly so, and of not a bad *genus* either, if any one likes unfailing good taste and good feeling, and almost unfailing good sense, expressed in English that is always graceful—though sometimes there may be a little consciousness of gracefulness—and would be always agreeable if sometimes one did not feel like getting away from it and going somewhere where he can see the delivery of a knock-down blow or two. Then *Putnam's* and *Lippincott's* are usually worth turning over in the hope that something good may be hit upon; and it is an unusually dull month with the *Galaxy* when there are not two or three bright and sensible things in it; and always in some of its departments it gives a little of what the town has been talking about. But, on the whole, the reader who naturally dislikes magazines as they are usually made, and that more difficult reader whose appetite has been jaded and all but worn out, may get a great deal of pleasure from the *Overland Monthly*. Much of it is as unbookish and American as an old-fashioned journey across the plains may have been; as new and refreshing as Colorado air. The Plains, the Pacific coast, the Isthmus, the Pacific islands, the gold country, the Chinamen, the distinctively Californian and frontier phases of life, are the themes with which the *Overland* habitually deals; and it has dealt with some of them so well that we believe it may boast not only of having produced the most American of our magazines, but of having produced a very excellent magazine. We do not know why one of its articles—"The Luck of Roaring Camp"—may not be called the best prose magazine article that has appeared in this country for many years. Be that as it may, it is a vivid picture of a miner's camp, and tells most skilfully a story of real pathos and humor. The humor of the *Overland* has always been one of its strong points. What it is in California that breeds humor we have never been told, and do not know. Perhaps it is the atmosphere. They say Californian children are born with bigger heads than any other American children, and brains are a necessary ingredient in humor. Or, possibly, it may be that the "sweet note of the pistol" used to make so large a part of the old Californian conversation that men cultivated various indirect ways of "stating their views." Or it may be that the Eastern and Northern men going to that strange climate and strange soil, and among the strange men collected from all parts of the world and engaged in new labors, perforce got cultivation for that perception of incongruities which is at the bottom of so much that is humorous. The question is one that some one on the spot might study more profitably than we can here; some writer in the *Overland* might at all events gather together materials for study that would be good as data, and very good by themselves. The critical notices of the *Overland* do not profess to cover anything like the whole field of literature; it might even be said that they have the fault of seeming to be done on the principle of selecting books as pegs on which to hang reviews that the editor wishes to write for the sake of exercising his peculiar satirical power; but they are extremely good of their kind; and, while they are witty, we observe no lack of wisdom in them and no sacrifice of justice, and almost always agree with them entirely. In fact, there is nothing in the *Overland Monthly*, so far, that we do not cordially commend. It comes nearer than almost anything else—book or magazine—that we know to being at once good literature and that "American literature" which used to be longed for by the people who knew little about America, and less about literature, and thought that all they did not know about both was not worth knowing.

—Without being able to call Dr. Hammond's quarterly—the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, etc.—ideally good, we can recommend it to our medical and legal readers, and to all that large class of readers who are interested in physiology, psychology, and psychologico-physiologic matters, as being always interesting and more or less instructive. Probably this will be sufficiently evident if we quote the table of contents of the April number, which is now before us. It is as follows: "The Physiology and Pathology of the Cerebellum," by Dr. Hammond himself; "The Intermarriage of Relations," by the well-known Dr. Nathan Allen; "Judicial Executions for Capital Crimes," a rambling essay by Dr. Alonzo Calkins on the modes that have obtained in various ages and countries of inflicting the penalty of death; "The Influence of Methomania upon Business and Criminal Responsibility," by Dr. Stephen Rogers; and a biographic and critical essay—neither biographical enough nor critical enough, or else too much biographical and too much critical—upon Pascal, by Doctor T. Edwards Clarke. Had Doctor Clarke confined himself to consideration of the hallucinations under which Pascal labored in the latter years of his life, it is conceivable that he might have made an interesting paper, from which young doctors, at any rate, might probably have got profit, and from which the general reader would certainly have got instruction and pleasure. But for a good part of his time he oscillates between the medical essay and the literary essay, and at the last he goes over altogether to the literary essay, and gives us a piece of unrelieved padding in the account of M. Michel Chasles' attempt—if it is not unjust to M. Chasles to use that word—to make out that Pascal anticipated Newton's great discovery. A good thing for the editor to have done would have been to cut out the concluding pages of Doctor Clarke's essay, for the reason that what they contain has already been printed over and over again in the literary periodicals—the proper place for it. The article immediately preceding the "Pascal"—that which treats of methomania—is apparently careful and able, and is of great interest. Methomania—a disease of the brain induced by excessive use of alcohol, or inherited from an ancestral victim of alcohol—may be described, says Dr. Rogers, by these habits of the patient, which are symptomatic: "(1) Periodic secret drinking to intoxication, attended by studied secrecy regarding it, and persistent denial of the act; (2) Periodic solitary drinking to drunkenness, though not in secret, attended by the same determined denial of the act; (3) Gulping down alcoholic liquors on all possible occasions, to drunkenness, without regard to taste or quality." Whatever may be thought of the adequacy of this brief *quasi*-definition—especially the third clause of it—we think almost any reader will find that Dr. Rogers's general treatment of the subject is worth attention.

—The approach of the hot weather causes a diminution of the publishing business in England as here, but we find in the English lists the titles of some works that are important or interesting to the American reader. In Theological and Religious literature there is nothing of much consequence. With the increased prominence of the Ritualistic movement in the Church of England, the works of Dr. John Mason Neale, recently deceased, begin to meet with wider acceptance than at any time during his life. His "Via Fidelium, being Litanies, Stations, etc., and Devotional Aids for the Sick," is just published. "Tischendorf's New Testament" reaches a second edition, and has undergone some slight revision. Dr. Pusey has prepared a Second Part of his "Eirenicon," and there is a new volume of "Miscellaneous Poems," uniform with the "Christian Year," by Mr. Keble, whose Biography, as was to have been expected, is popular; the first edition having been at once exhausted, it has gone into a second. The Second Part of the "Eirenicon" has been long in preparation. It is addressed to Newman, as was the First to Keble. Of History and Biography, we first mention a work the nature of which allies it to the branch of literature just spoken of. It is "Stray Leaves from the Journal of One in Heaven," by an author and an editor whose names are unknown to us. Mr. John Hosack, a barrister, is the author of a new historical work on a subject that somehow still preserves its attraction for historical students, especially Scotch students, who may be supposed to have the national fondness for disputation, and who enjoy the weighing of evidence whether or not the point it bears upon is much worth considering. "Mary, Queen of Scots, and Her Accusers, embracing a Narrative of Events from the Death of James V. (1552) to the Close of the Conference at Westminster (1569)," is the title of Mr. Hosack's book, which will contain the "Book of Articles" produced against Mary at Westminster, and never hitherto published. Mr. John Foster, the able author of the best "Life of Goldsmith," has written a "Life of Walter Savage Landor"—a man too little known, and well worthy of being even studied. That always interesting period, the age of Louis XIV., gets some additional illustration in "The Life and Charitable Works of Madame Miramion," by Alfred Bonneau, a translation of which will soon be issued by Mr. Bentley. The same publisher has in press the "Memoirs of the Marquise de Montagu," by the Baroness Noailles. There is also a new edition of the "Life of Scott," by his son-in-law, and a "Life of Mary Russell Mitford," by Mr. A. L'Estrange. As appertaining to history, we may here mention a new edition of Count Cavour's "Thoughts on Ireland, its Present and Future." In Fiction, we have a novel worth reading in Charles Lever's latest production—except his "Cornelius O'Dowd" papers—which is entitled "That Boy of Norcott's." A promising title is "Count Theleki, a Story of Modern Jewish Life." A new novel—"The Unhappy One"—by Turgeneff, has been translated, and will soon appear. It is a story written with its author's usual power, and from the ac-

counts of it that are given, it seems to be the expression of the sadness, if indeed we may not say the despondency, which underlies much of Turgeneff's writing. The story is of an illegitimate daughter of a nobleman, whose affections, frozen by her aristocratic father's selfish coldness, warmed by a confiding love only to be frozen again by the desertion of her lover, baffled at all points by treachery and cruelty, finally lead to the death of "the unhappy one." Mr. Albany Fonblanque—whose "Tangled Skein" some of our readers may remember as a more than ordinarily successful novel of the sort in which the interest largely depends upon the apparently insoluble intricacy of the plot—is the author of a new work called "Cut Adrift," which we are not afraid to recommend without having read it. To say nothing of the author of "A Tangled Skein," the son of Albany Fonblanque's father could hardly be less than clever. *Macmillan's* speedily begins a new novel, "A Brave Lady," by Mrs. Craik, and "Doubles and Quits," the novel by Captain Lockhart that has been running through *Blackwood*, will now be published in book-form. There are many other announcements of new novels, but still it is true that of late in England the fiction of home production hardly equals in interest the translations of foreign novels. What with the author of "Max Havelaar" and Björnson and Hugo, and Turgeneff, and Reuter, and Auerbach, American readers, at any rate, incline to think that Reade, George Eliot, and Dickens hardly hold their own, either with their own or our audience. Doubtless this conclusion would hardly be reached if we applied as the only test the size of the audiences. But then, again, if that test were to be accepted, we should have Miss Mühlbach to account for, and some others. Mr. Trollope, we must not forget to say, will begin in the end of June a new story for "Once a Week," which periodical is now in the hands of Mr. Dallas, the author of "The Gay Science," who is said to make an efficient editor. In Poetry, there is nothing, we believe, more attractive than a little book made up of a number of pieces which were sent in to a Dundee newspaper, the proprietors of which had offered a prize for the best poem. Mr. George Gillfillan was an unfortunate choice of editor, perhaps, for although not a critic devoid of discrimination, he is not a critic of nice discrimination, and it is quite possible that if he omitted any of the pieces he omitted some of the best. However, what he gives us bear testimony to the fact that the people's poetry of Scotland is still, as of old, a strong growth, hardly to be matched elsewhere in the world. We have already referred to Keble's new book. Besides that and some translations from the classics—notably Lord Lytton's forthcoming "Odes and Epodes of Horace"—we have nothing to mention now except a translation, said to be not particularly successful, of "Uhland," by Mr. W. F. Sandars. The critics seem to be in ignorance of Longfellow's translations; and the one done by a young lady, which he quotes in his "Hyperion," "'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness!" seems very good beside Mr. Sandars's; and for "Many a year is in its grave," Uhland might properly have been thankful to his fair translator.

—As we remarked the other day, the *Guardian* (London)—which is called Mrs. Gamp by some partially irreverent English ecclesiastics—has set about discouraging the trade in lithographed sermons, and will no longer publish advertisements of them. Yet the practice of using other people's discourses has the sanction of Saint Augustine, if we remember right; and everybody remembers Sir Roger de Coverley's approval and enforcement of it. A more doubtful authority—especially in the eyes of our Catholic and High Church friends—is Bishop Burnet. He advises the young preacher that, when he chooses another man's sermon for his own delivery, he should not choose too good a one—one above his own capacity—as he may thereby be found out by his parishioners, which would not tend to edification. However, this is one of the questions that will hardly be settled by authority, but will be decided on its merits. As the thing is now managed, none but a man unfit for pastoral functions would have anything to do with it. It certainly savors very strongly of rascality when a clergyman buys and preaches as his own a sermon printed in script, with mock interlineations and erasures artistically put in, so that if by mischance one of his flock should pick it up, it might seem to be of home production. And it is but a mere trifle better when the clergyman sends to one of the many London shops which make disposal of such wares their business, and procures a hundred, or more or less, discourses which have been written and used by some dead man whose heirs have put them on the market. In this latter case, the curious parishioners may very likely, as other people have, come upon an endorsement which states where and when and by whom the sermon was originally preached, and the pastor would at least have a right to plead that one means of deceiving his people he had not used. But if a minister does as Doctor Parr is said to have done—let it be generally known that unless he put forth a printed slip stating that his sermon for the following day would be unborrowed it would be a borrowed one—or, if he does as a certain New York clergyman of our acquaintance once did—notify his congregation that they need not suppose that all the sermons he should preach would be his own—we do not know that as much is not to be urged in favor of the practice which the *Guardian* has recently taken to disliking as can be said in condemnation of it. It may be doubted, at any rate, if congregations would grumble much if the custom were quite general. The strictly denominational sermon, and the sermon explicatory of texts, are almost sure to be borrowed in great part, and it seems as if they might about as well be borrowed bodily. With the sermon enforcing moral duties, and the sermon to arouse religious fervor, the case is different. Moral sermons are probably best when they are sent pretty directly into particular pews—the next pew at the least, as the joke goes; and the sermon addressed to the devotional element of our natures is not likely to be good unless it springs directly from the heart and soul of the preacher.

—Lord Romilly, Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon), the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Airlie, Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, Sir W. S. Maxwell, Doctor C. Russell, Doctor Dasent, and Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, constitute a commission, recently appointed, which will report on the historical documents known to be in existence in private collections in England. There need be no doubt that, as a result of the labors of this commission—and the names promise workmanlike research—more than one valuable addition will be made not only to our historical treasures, but to our stores belonging to other departments of literature. Things do not move so fast in England but that we may expect to see old chests in the lumber-rooms of ancient houses giving up works never heard of and works once known but long lost sight of. The present century has seen English history in great part rewritten, because discoveries in public and private collections have necessitated disbelief in the accounts of historians no further distant from us than a century ago; but literature pure and simple also owes much to the last sixty or seventy years, as witness the discoveries made by Shakespearian investigators, who so late as last year rejoiced in an important "find;" the deciphering, if not the discovery, of Pepys's Diary, which is at least as great a gain to the literature of entertainment as it is to history; the discovery of Evelyn's Diary and of Milton's "Christian Doctrine." It is to be wished that the English commission, with its weighty names, might be able to bring it about that some of the Continental governments should permit British or foreign agents to make explorations abroad. Tischendorf's Asiatic researches have but recently given us almost the most valuable of our Biblical codices; and who can tell what might not be found in hidden places in those countries where learning once flourished and is now in utter decay, and which are ruled by obedient allies of England? The monasteries of Greece and Turkey might yield as rich fruits as are expected from British India when the commission there at work shall have searched thoroughly the depositories of that region.

—Blackstone, in discussing the nature and origin of feudal tenures, takes occasion to speak of the conditions of peace which the Cimbri, confident of victory, offered the Romans just before the battle at Vercellæ, in which they were so ruinously defeated. Florus narrates the circumstances, but apparently, as indeed might be supposed, without understanding very clearly by what tenures the barbarians were accustomed to hold lands or expected to hold the grants which they demanded from the Romans. Before and since Blackstone's day this subject was, and has been, more or less ventilated, and is now pretty well understood, though work still remains to be done before the field is exhausted. We find in Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* a review of a history of the Burgundians in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era, by Professor Binding, of Basle, which is to form the first volume of an extensive work upon the laws of that nation. The author is pronounced to have succeeded in reconciling the vague and contradictory statements in regard to the landed institutions of the tribe, and to have arrived at a result "in a manner equally acute and convincing, and certain of general acceptance." It is well known that the method of the barbarian conquerors was to exact from the inhabitants a certain portion of the lands, varying in different countries. The system followed by the Burgundians seems to have been as follows: Each large landed proprietor was required to receive a Burgundian family to an equal share of his estates. No actual division was made, but a kind of joint ownership was established. In course of time, however, it was found convenient to make an actual partition. The special assignment was made by lot, to determine, that is, which Burgundian

should be assigned to each piece of land (not to each proprietor, for one proprietor might own several estates); in this there was no regard to rank. *Sors* was the name of the portion of land which fell to the barbarian; the two co-proprietors were called *consortes*, also *hospites*, and the relation between them *hospitalitas*. The proportion of one-half was after a while found insufficient, and the Romans were forced to content themselves with one-third of their arable land, and to give up besides one-third of the slaves, *Unfreie* (who had not been subject to the original division). Those Burgundians, however, who had received from the king a portion of the royal domain, *fisc*, had no share in this second partition. The ancestral kinsmen of the Burgundians were less fortunate in effecting arrangements with Marius and Catulus.

—The fourth volume of Varnhagen von Ense's journals, which has just issued from the German press, is very entertaining reading, albeit much of it, although its author calls it "Leaves from German History," must be called mere gossip concerning the sayings and doings of the people of the court at Berlin. One of its stories concerns Wilhelm von Humboldt, and as it throws a little side-light on a distinguished figure, and moreover serves tolerably well as a sample of the contents of Von Ense's book, we reproduce it here: "A story is told of him which shows that, fine as was his culture, he was capable of the greatest coarseness. He was at an assembly at the Geheimerath Rust's, when another guest, seeing a lady leave the room whom he took for Frau von Humboldt, respectfully drew his attention to the circumstance. Von Humboldt looked, and perceived that the stranger had made a mistake—the lady in question was the humpbacked wife of the Hanoverian ambassador; but, instead of thanking him, he replied sharply: 'Do you think I have married all the humpbacked women there are?'" The stranger's impertinence deprives him of sympathy, and constitutes some excuse for the "sharpness;" but it is almost to be hoped that Frau von Humboldt may, at one time or another, have repaid her husband for the brutality of his speech.

"ARNE" AND "THE FISHER MAIDEN."*

At first, after having read these novels of Björnson's, the reader is so charmed that he can only enjoy; and if, by-and-by, he begins to think of the sources of his pleasure, he stops himself, very likely, and feels like making an end by saying that the truth is that some books are simply to be enjoyed and not critically examined. "Arne," in particular, so nearly perfect and so purely delightful, affects one as any beautiful appearance in nature does—a brook, the first green, a lovely sunset—and for awhile analysis of the charm seems impertinent. But the books that disarm criticism, even if it be that they do not best repay it, are those that best endure it. So, while we can in no way so well fulfil one of the critic's most important duties as by indulging ourselves in one of his chiefest pleasures—as by heartily advising all lovers of stories, and all lovers of poetry, and all lovers of nature in her sunny aspects, and all who get pleasure from the quickening of their best and kindliest sympathies, to make the acquaintance of this captivating poet of nature and the affections—still, it may be as well to say a word or two of less undiscriminating comment on works upon which it is so easy to lavish praise—which it is so impossible not to praise.

At the bottom of both stories we have the idea of a "vocation" which perturbs the spirit of a young man or young woman whose life has been shut within narrow limits—the stir of life in the bud whose nature it is to become leaf or blossom, and which cannot and, being human, will not be thwarted. Arne—a love-child, whose father is Nils, the village fiddler, the handsomest and most active of all the young men, and whose mother is a simple, kind-hearted girl—grows up to youth without companions, except his own thoughts, which nourish in him the poetical temperament of which his father had the germ. He makes songs in which he expresses his longing to go out into the world beyond the mountains, where, as it seems to him, he will find what he vaguely wants. One of the prettiest of these is that beginning

> "What shall I see if ever I go
> Over the mountains high?
> Now, I can see but the peaks of snow,
> Crowning the cliffs where the pine-trees grow,
> Waiting and longing to rise
> Nearer the beckoning skies."

So he is always melancholy and secretly dissatisfied with himself and all about him. As his mother says, he would fain go forth to fetch the sunshine, and cannot yet see that he would have it if he would but open windows in his house wall—a wise saying of hers, the old clergyman thinks, "but, indeed, she had thought of hardly anything else for eight years."

Arne is a good son, however, and stays with his mother despite his uneasiness, solacing himself with his books and his songs. And then, too, there is Baard Böen's little daughter, Eli, of whom the young poet begins to think just at the time when, perhaps, the wanderer in his blood would have got the better of his filial affection but for this ally; and, on her part, Eli is not so shy as to frighten wholly away her backward and sensitive lover. With the help of his mother's simple managing—the story of which is told with a most felicitous mixture of pathos, and humor, and delicate sentiment; and by favor of Eli's mother—who in the bottom of her heart cherishes some tender recollections of the good-for-nothing Nils, and looks kindly on the son for the father's sake; and with the furtherance of Eli's father—who feels some remorse at having struck Nils the blow that crippled him, the two young people marry, and we leave Arne with sunshine let into his house; with his vocation discovered; possessing the knowledge that in the gratification of his craving affections, in the love of a wife to inspire his songs and afterwards to sing them with him, he is to be content and happy.

How pure and sweet the love idyl is, how vivid the picture of the hamlet life, how we are made to feel the beauty of nature, what an impression of innocence and happiness the whole work makes upon the mind, how simple and frank yet artistic the handling of the materials is, we should despair of making the reader understand by our best efforts, and must content ourselves with sending him to Björnson. If he find any other blemish than the insertion of the chapter in which Arne attends the feast and hears the guests tell tales, we do not know where it will be. This chapter, by the way, contains what we take to be the original of that frightful story which Doctor Holmes, in the preface of his "Guardian Angel," attributes to a New England source—the story of the youth who drags his father by the hair along a path near the homestead, and at a certain point is told by the old man to stop, as he had not dragged *his* father any further than to there.

In "Arne" the author touched but lightly on the conception which we have said underlies both these works. Or, rather, Arne Kampen's "felt call" was of a kind—although he at first did not believe so, or did not think so—which could be obeyed without any resulting interference with the ordinary round of his life as a dweller on his native farm, among the neighbors, and trees, and streams, and hills that he had known from boyhood. There was a struggle, but it was brief and not severe, and it ended in the harmonious conjunction of the poet's ideal and actual life; all of the world that he, doing his best, could have found beyond the mountains, he found within them when he brought his Eli there.

In the "Fisher Maiden" the power of the vocation is more insisted upon, and there is no doubt that it is in great part in consequence of this that in the "Fisher Maiden" we have not so good a work as "Arne." In the lattter story Björnson undertakes to defend the theatre—for which in his early youth he wrote a little—and also to deal with a more important and more difficult subject. He tries to show us a young girl who possesses dramatic genius, and who has a passionate desire to go upon the stage, and to show us how this genius and passion influence her character, actions, and life. But, as we think, he fails in these respects. It is a matter hardly worth speaking about—we did not begin it, however—but the stage will no more stand because of our author's defence than it will fall because of the attacks which his more religious Norwegians make upon it; he should have said nothing or been more conclusive. Again, Petra's longing to be an actress is not so much made to appear like the instinctive selection of a foreordained career, as like the whim—to be sure it was a whim that she cherished long—of a restless and impressible girl, very much struck by a spectacle utterly new and strange to her (it is on the occasion of her first visit to the theatre, when she sits rapt or rises unconsciously to her feet, taking the action of the play to be reality, that she forms her irrevocable determination to become an actress). And, finally, her dramatic genius we are tacitly asked to take for granted, as we hardly see her offering any more convincing proof that she possesses it than climbing up and down from the ground to her chamber window, in imitation of Romeo. So far as concerns the outward incidents of Petra's life after she has witnessed her first play, the effects of her resolve are made sufficiently obvious. Going, chance-directed and careless whither, into the interior of Norway, she lights upon a parsonage into which she is rather unaccountably received as one of the family, and there she devotes herself to reading dramatic literature with great assiduity—with what sorts of results as regards the study of Shakespeare we have just seen; also, in pursuance of her purpose she reso-

* "Arne. By Björnstjerne Björnson." Boston: Sever & Francis. 1869. "The Fisher Maiden. By Björnstjerne Björnson." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

lutely refuses to entertain thoughts of marriage. This does not seem much like truth to nature; Björnson does not, however, trouble himself with any more artistic representations of the influence of Petra's purpose upon her fortunes, nor, keen as his eyes are for the aspects of life as it is in the affections, does he deal in any subtle manner—hardly does he deal at all, indeed—with the changes which her character and ways of thinking must have undergone when she came to live her new life—an intellectual existence so different from that which had been hers before she knew that theatres existed. In short, all the "vocation" part of the story is decidedly weak rather than strong, and seems like something extraneous and only rather clumsily connected with the admirable part of it.

Much of it is admirable. The first half of it—which relates, with great skill and with a characteristically light touch, the unfortunate love of Gunlaug, Petra's mother, and Pedro Ohlsen, her weak-souled father; which sketches the childhood and girlhood of the Fisher Maiden herself, and describes her abortive love affairs, or rather the shadowy imitations of love affairs with which she amuses her fancy and puts off the demands of her heart; which gives us a glimpse of the fishing village and its people—all this is interesting and pleasing, and some of it is work of a kind that is out of the reach of any but a man of genius. Good, also, though it is more sketchily done—and, much against our will, is subordinated to Petra's dramatic studies—is the description in the latter half of the book of the life at the parsonage; and particularly good is the scene in which the pastor is "dealt with" by a deputation of his people on the subject of keeping a piano.

One of Björnson's strong points is his skill in putting a landscape before us, not by "word-painting," though for that matter "word-painting" never puts a landscape before us, but by a few happy sentences which serve us as eyes because they are the words of one with a strong love of nature; with an ability to see the picturesqueness of a scene as well as to feel the sentiment of it; with the ability, too, and the will, to choose descriptive words, and with an incapacity of performing the word-painter's trick of selecting ill-fitting fine phrases because they are fine. Touches of this power now and again occur in the "Fisher Maiden," but not so frequently as in "Arne." From the latter book we quote a passage which justifies this praise, although it is not the best thing of the kind which might be found:

"Arne went to the other window, and looked out also. Indoors it was warm and quiet; outdoors it was cold, and a sharp wind swept through the vale, bending the branches of the trees, and making their shadows creep trembling on the snow. A light shone over from the parsonage, then vanished, then appeared again, taking various shapes and colors, as a distant light always seems to do when one looks at it long and intently. Opposite, the mountain stood dark, with deep shadow at its foot, where a thousand fairy tales hovered; but with its snowy upper plains bright in the moonlight. The stars were shining, and northern lights were flickering in one quarter of the sky, but they did not spread. A little way from the window, down towards the water, stood some trees, whose shadows kept stealing over to each other; but the tall ash stood alone, writing on the snow."

It is not then for his power as a thinker that Björnson is to be admired. He is a lyrical poet. Capable of failing in the drama, liable to seem weak when he attempts to take philosophical views of life, he is yet gifted with such a capacity of feeling, and he has so much of the poet's power to tell us with precision what moves his soul and appears to his vision, and so much of the artist's power of selection and self-restraint, that he takes his place among the most genuine and delightful of the minor poets of nature and of the affections.

He is a man whom Burns might have delighted in—he is so tender, so simple, of so manly a disposition, and of such womanly delicacy and intensity of sympathy. If he, perhaps, wants something of Burns's strong understanding, he has a fineness which Burns lacked, and a purity in which Burns's works, at any rate, are sometimes wanting. To be sure he lives in a better age, and has had advantages of education from which the other was debarred. It is to this last fact, probably, that Björnson owes it that he is Burns's superior in artistic culture. For instance, he could never, we may be sure, have written some of Burns's letters; he might fail in intellectual grasp, but hardly ever in taste, we should say.

THE "SHEPHERDS" IN EGYPT.*

That difficult historical problem embodied in Manetho's narrative of the subjection of Egypt to the sway of "Shepherd Kings"—a narrative preserved only in scanty and evidently mutilated fragments—seems to be gradually, though slowly, approaching a solution, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of such able Egyptologists as Lepsius, Rougé, Mariette, Brugsch, Dümichen, and Chabas. The elaborate treatise on the "Shepherds" by the last-named scholar gives us a clear and satisfactory idea of the progress archæological research has made on this topic. It enables us to sum up what has been more or less definitely settled on the basis of indubitable discoveries; what is regarded as probable hypothesis by the most competent critics; and what is still to be deciphered.

Whether the name Hyksos—which, of all who quote Manetho, is mentioned by Josephus alone—was the national name of the invaders, or was applied to them by the Egyptians; whether they were Arabs, Phœnicians, or of still another race; whether the first dynasty founded by them in Egypt was the fifteenth Manethonian dynasty, according to the extract given by Africanus, or the seventeenth, as Eusebius has it; whether their sway over that country lasted nine hundred and fifty-three years (Africanus), or five hundred and eleven years, besides the indefinite time of the long struggle which resulted in their expulsion (Josephus), or, possibly, only a little upward of a century (Eusebius); whether any one of the various lists of Shepherd Kings that have been preserved is a correct copy from the original text of Manetho—all this is still shrouded in obscurity. It is only on the close of the Hyksos period that the papyri and the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments shed some light.

According to the latter sources, the Shepherds belonged to a group of Asiatic people known in monumental records under the names of Menti and Sati. These peoples, in very early times, occupied the territories adjoining Egypt on the north-east. Against the incursions of the Sati a king of the twelfth dynasty erected a wall on that border. The names of the Hyksos kings, linguistically examined, seem to indicate, contrary to the statements quoted from Manetho, a non-Semitic origin of the invaders of Egypt. If the name Hyksos was Egyptian, it may have signified "vile kings" in its application to the foreign rulers, and, in a modified form, "vile captives" when applied to the remnants of their race after their defeat by the Egyptians; for *hik*, in ancient Egyptian, signifies "king," *hak* "captive," and *shos* "vile." The word Shepherds would thus be merely an interpolation made by Josephus, who was desirous to establish the identity of the Hyksos with the pastoral ancestors of his people; and we may easily suppose that Africanus, Eusebius, and others adopted it from him. The Egyptian papyri generally designate the Hyksos by the word *Aat*, which signifies "plague" or "scourge."

These barbarians first appeared in Egypt, we read in Josephus after Manetho, during the reign of a king called Timæus, or Amuntimæus, as some manuscripts have it. This name, which has a good Egyptian sound, can as little be discovered on the monuments as the word Hyksos. The inroad of the invaders, we learn from the same source, was sudden, their conquest easy, their depredations terrible; they pillaged, burned, and massacred, and all whose lives they spared they reduced to slavery. Their first six kings were all bent on extirpating the native Egyptians; but after them came a period of comparative tranquillity and peace—the Hyksos kings reigning at Memphis in Northern Egypt, and the native princes reigning in Thebes, until the latter assumed the offensive, and began their long and successful strife for deliverance. It is at this point that the sources of original Egyptian information begin to flow—scantily, it is true, but clearly, and with a fair promise of gradually increasing abundance.

A papyrus, known to Egyptologists under the title of "Papyrus Sallier I.," introduces us both to Apapi, the Hyksos ruler of the North, and to Sekenen-Ra ("Warlike Sun"), the Egyptian ruler of the South. It was the time when "the land of Egypt was under the Scourges, there being no Lord-Life-Health-Strength" (that is, king) over the whole of it. When King Sekenen-Ra was Hik of the land of the South, the Scourges were in the city of the Amu, and the chief Apapi was in "Ha-uar" (Avaris), the Hyksos stronghold mentioned by Josephus. King Apapi made Sutekh "his divine lord, and worshipped none of the gods of the whole land. He erected for him a temple of excellent workmanship, to last for ages." He established festivals in his honor, and ordered daily sacrifices. This Sutekh is identified with Set, the rival of Horus, who was worshipped in Memphis in the earliest times of Egyptian history, and was probably chosen by the Hyksos king as an object of worship for his then already half-civilized and half-Egyptianized people, on account of his fitly representing the supremacy of the North over the South. Having established this worship, Apapi assembled the council of scribes to deliberate on a message to be sent to the Chief of the South, Sekenen-Ra. A message couched in pacific terms was despatched in all haste, the contents of which—alluded to only in a few words of the much-mutilated papyrus—seem to have been the demand of

* "Les Pasteurs en Egypte. Par F. Chabas, Chevalier de l'Ordre Impérial de la Légion d'Honneur, du Lion Néerlandais et de la Couronne Royale de Prusse (IIIe Classe), Membre de l'Académie de Sciences à Amsterdam, etc. Mémoire publié par l'Académie Royale de Sciences à Amsterdam." Amsterdam: 1868.

certain privileges, in exchange for which the Northern prince offered to allow in his dominions the worship of Ammon-Ra, the principal divinity of Thebes. This message, received with indignation by Sekenen-Ra, "his grand commanders, his officers, and the skilful guides who were around him," seems to have led, after a long period of comparative peace, to hostile complications, which, at a time not exactly to be defined, culminated in the war for independence.

This Sekenĕn-Ra, as is shown by a "Papyrus Abbott," is one of three kings of the South who bore that name, or rather surname, probably bestowed on them on account of their leading in the great national struggle. Of these, Sekenen-Ra Ta-aa-Ken appears to have achieved signal successes over the oppressors of his country, and to have paved the way to their final expulsion in the early years of his successor, Ahmes I., the first king of the eighteenth dynasty, whose reign is placed, though without certainty, in the seventeenth century B.C.

In the liberating campaigns of these two monarchs, as subsequently under their successors, fought Ahmes, the son of Abna, a naval officer, who, in his old age, immortalized his exploits in various wars by a long biographical inscription on his own future tomb, which we cannot reproduce here in full, interesting as it is to the student of Egyptology. Suffice it to say that Avaris was taken after some unimportant engagements, and that the siege and capture, in the fifth year of the reign of Ahmes I., of the town of Sharuhana—presumed to be the Biblical Sharuhen, situated on the southern border of Palestine—closed the Hyksos war. Lower Egypt was delivered, and Ahmes I. turned his victorious arms, with equal effect, against the Nubians, who seem to have taken advantage of his northern campaigns to invade the southern districts of his realm. Neither during this Nubian war, nor afterwards, did the Hyksos make any attempt to reconquer Egypt.

The plain narrative of Ahmes, son of Abna, entirely disposes of the fanciful account given by Josephus, after Manetho, of the expulsion of the Shepherds. His "King Thutmosis," who with four hundred and eighty thousand men vainly tried to capture Avaris, and was compelled to grant a capitulation to the Hyksos garrison of no less than half that number, is little more than a myth. The authenticity of the Egyptian inscription-narrative, on the other hand, is confirmed by the contents of a similar production of another Ahmes, "controller of war-prizes," who, like the son of Abna, served under the first kings of the eighteenth dynasty.

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from remarking that we find the Aat of the Egyptians—the "Plague" or "Scourge," as they designated the Hyksos—faithfully reproduced in the early Hebrew documents under the name of *Tzir'ah*, a word generally translated "wasp" or "hornet," but obviously identical in meaning with the Hebrew *tzaraath*, "plague," and the Arabic *tzeria*, "scourge" or "plague." When Moses says (Exod. xxiii. 28) that the Lord will "send the *Tzir'ah* to drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite from before" the Israelites, or when we hear from Joshua (xxiv. 11, 12) that those and several other peoples of Palestine were actually driven out by "the Tzir'ah" from before them—that word designates neither a swarm of wasps or hornets, nor terror or disease figuratively so expressed. It means the people long known to the Hebrews as "the Scourge" of Egypt, and who, when expelled from that country, desolated and disorganized the petty states of Canaan, thus rendering them an easy prey to the subsequent conquerors. What space of time separated the occupation of Palestine by the Hebrews from the previous inroads of the Hyksos, is a point still to be established; but the identification of the Biblical *Tzir'ah* with the Egyptian *Aat* can hardly fail to cast some light on the chronology both of the "Exodus" and of the history of Manetho's "Shepherds"—if he ever used this term. His Ποιμενες (Shepherds), we venture to suggest, may be a corruption—voluntary or accidental—of Λοιμοι (Plagues).

Child-World. By the Authors of "Poems Written for a Child." (New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.)—We are decidedly of opinion that if we had a class of youthful critics—critics, say, from eight years old to thirteen or fourteen—a good many "juvenile books" would be forthwith put on the high shelves with the literature for adults, as being in no sense "truly royal books for the young;" and not at all "the very thing to win children's hearts;" and very far from "commanding the suffrages of all denizens of the nursery." Grown-up critics are remarkably apt to forget that the writing which makes them for the moment children again, is not only not necessarily what boys and girls will like, but almost of necessity is what they will not like—at the least, is what they will not much care for. The subject is a wide one; but there is one rule that we may pretty safely lay down, and that is, that whatever else children are interested in they are not interested in introspection; the "child-world," so delightful to men and women, is nothing to them. Take a book like "Little Rosy's Travels," for instance: the adult reader is charmed by its picture—so "true to nature," *we* say—of a little girl's daily life. But children like it for its adventures; a little girl enjoys it just as she would enjoy having Miss Rosy sit with her and tell how she went a-fishing without leave, and the big fish pulled her into the brook; and how once she was allowed to ride home on the load of hay; and how one morning before breakfast she went with her mother to the farm-house and saw the pigs—and so on. The more or less pensive and more or less humorous pleasure which the child's mother gets from reading the book the child almost entirely misses. Yet a much-praised class of so-called juveniles have for their chief, if not for their only, value—which is often great, as witness "Dealings with the Fairies," and "Liliput Levee," and, so far as our observation has gone, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"—have, we say, for the greater part of their value their power to please us who have left childhood behind us and like to look back.

To our apprehension, the very agreeable little book before us is not truly a book for young people; at any rate, most of it is not. We will quote a poem by "B.," who seems to us the cleverer of the two authors, and, what is more to the purpose, a better writer for the young than "A.," her partner:

"The Sea-gull *is* so sorry!
She flings herself about,
And utters little wailing cries,
And flutters in and out.
The fishes do not sympathize:
Fish are so very cool—
They make so many rules, you know,
And who can *feel* by rule?

"They have a rule for swimming,
A rule for taking food;
They have a rule for pleasure trips,
A rule for doing good.
And people who make rules like that
May dine, and work, and swim;
But never know how sweet a thing
It is to take a whim!

"I'd like to be a Sea-gull,
With lovely beak and claws;
I would not like to be a fish,
Subject to fishy laws.
And if they make more changes soon
By Acts of Parliament,
I won't consent to be a fish—
I *never will* consent!

"Rules are so very tiresome,
And so is good advice,
I'd like to be a reckless bird—
I think it would be nice.
Sea-gulls are sentimental, though,
Fishes are dull and sly;
I don't object to sentiment,
But dulness makes me cry.

"I do distrust a herring,
I quite despise a pike;
Of all the fish that ever lived,
A cod I most dislike!
They're stupid and self-satisfied,
And indolent and gruff.
I'm speaking of their characters—
To eat they're good enough.

"*Why* is the Sea-gull sorry?
I'm not allowed to tell!
The fish, who will not sympathize,
Know what's the matter well!
And you who'd feel with all your hearts,
And give her love and tears,
Are not allowed to hear a word—
And such is life, my dears!"

Now, there is no doubt that a boy or a girl who has never wished for the freedom of clouds, or waves, or happy beasts and birds, may be set down as exceptionally materialistic and literalistic. So far as concerns the child's wish to be a sea-gull, exempt from rules and good advice, our poem is a success as juvenile literature; for children reading it will sympathize with the supposed speaker, and be pleased to find themselves in company and in print. Probably, too, any child would speedily think of the gull as "sorry." But as for the rest, Heine might have done it. The poor, unappreciated sea-gull, pining for sympathy which the unpoetic, methodical fish do not accord; who pities himself, and whose soul utters lyrical cries amid a dreary waste of uncongenial companionship; but who constantly eats up the herring, whom he must say he distrusts; and fattens on the pike, whose interested character his own fine nature cannot help despising; and levies his heaviest contributions on the Philistine cod, whom he really cannot help hating—this is a victim to delicacy of spiritual and mental constitution whom Heine would have been pleased to meet—in mature years; but what even Heine would have done with him had he met him in his childhood, we do not see. So, good as "The Sea-Gull" is, in part, as poetry for children, and nice as it is for adults in its mixture of childlike-

ness and the thoughts of maturer years, it cannot be regarded as being a very excellent "juvenile" poem.

We have chosen for comment a not unfavorable specimen of the contents of "Child-World;" some half-dozen of the pieces are better, but some twenty-five or thirty are not so good. The young people's favorites will be, we should say, "A Ballad," which tells of a brave deed done in the Crimea; "The Little Schooner," which tells of a wreck and a rescue; "My Pony," which contains a horse, and so is sure of friends among all boys; and "The Fairy's Wedding," which the girls will like for its subject and its prettiness. The young people's elders will like almost everything in the volume. Some of the poems will please many of them as embodying the fleeting fancies of a more than usually imaginative child; more will please them as producing the impressions that their children's sayings and doings produce, or re-creating for them the world in which they themselves were children; and some as being—whether or not we think of children in connection with them—good, better than many works far more pretentious, because marked by delicate humor and true poetical ability.

Latin Lessons, adapted to the "Manual Latin Grammar," prepared by William F. Allen, A.M., and Joseph H. Allen. (Boston: Edwin Ginn.)—In the Latin series which the Messrs. Allen—experienced teachers—have undertaken to prepare for the use of schools, this text-book holds the second place, following the Latin Grammar, which we noticed on its appearance, and closely connected with it by references. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the best of its kind in the country, whether we consider its method or the scholarship of the editors. We like their principle of selecting a single excellent author from whom to draw examples for illustrating the chief features of the grammar, and then, after a thorough study of these details, introducing the pupil to the original work in its completeness and connection of thought. In this way mastery of a tolerably copious vocabulary and a thorough acquaintance with one good style is ensured at the same time; and, though the editors seem in their preface to think that they have not guaranteed pupils against "painfully toiling through the rudiments," we believe it will depend upon the teacher whether with these aids this shall prove at all too severely true. We agree too with the Messrs. Allen that Cæsar, as they found by laborious experiment, combines in his Commentaries the most desirable qualities for the purposes of these Lessons. So much of his work as relates the story of the Helvetian War, in the first book, is made the basis of the preliminary instruction, and is then given entire for exercise in reading, with carefully collated text, and a map of operations borrowed from Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar." The notes, also, have the benefit of the Imperial investigations, and of all the later learning concerning the conquest of Gaul. Both here and in the "Lessons" proper there is a good deal of freshness in the translations and remarks; as when (p. 78) they say, with a side-glance at Fenians and Know-Nothings: "The Druids were a religious or priestly order, jealous of the aristocracy of the tribe or clan, which represented what might be called the patriotic or native-Celtic party." Again (p. 47) we have for *ventum est:* "There has been coming done;" and (p. 84), "*frigora* is a cold season, or spells of cold weather." These are idiomatic and forcible renderings; and such are numerous.

The Horse in the Stable and the Field: his Management in Health and Disease. By "Stonehenge" (J. H. Walsh, F.R.C.S.), with copious notes and additions by R. McClure, M.D., V.S., and Ellwood Harvey, M.D. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.)—"Stonehenge" has a good reputation for his writings on the horse. As a rule, however, his works are intended more for the student and professional practitioner than for the layman, but in this edition the work is stripped of its professional technicalities and brought to the level of the general reader. Mr. McClure's notes and additions give increased value to the book, and will make it more acceptable to our farmers, among whom, indeed, a work of this kind is much needed. We are sorry to see, however, that the system of Mr. Rarey is introduced in connection with the chapters on the horse. A recent professor in the art of breaking horses offers us a more effective instrument in the preliminary lessons than any of Rarey's means and appliances—we allude to the "war bridle." It gives greater command over the animal, and he is thrown with more ease and with the expenditure of much less physical force on the part of the operator. Mr. Ellwood Harvey's article on "The Trotting Horse of America" will add to the value of the American edition.

Gun, Rod, and Saddle. By Ubique (Gilmore). (New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams.)—Mr. Gilmore's book is made up of articles culled from English sporting papers, to which, from time to time, he has been a contributor. As newspaper articles, we might imagine them moderately agreeable reading; but, collected in book form, one is cloyed with uninterrupted slaughter. The last chapter in the book is one entitled "Hints on Shooting." This is full of practical good sense, and for this alone we commend the work to young sportsmen.

The Trapper's Guide. By S. Newhouse. Edited by the Oneida Community. (New York: Oakley, Mason & Co. 1869.)—The "Trapper's Guide" is little else than an attractive advertisement of Mr. Newhouse's traps, which are manufactured by the Oneida Community, and are warranted to destroy anything from an infant to a grizzly bear. It is, however, quite attractive—advertisement or not—and apart from its commercial intentions, it contains facts of value to the trapper, the sportsman, and the naturalist. That it talks of good traps is a thing certain, for the Community has made itself a deservedly good name in this branch of manufacture.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Sermons, Sept. 1868-Mar. 1869	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	$2 50
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The Week.

THE Anti-Slavery Association, the Equal Rights Association, and the Universal Peace Society, have been furnishing the profane with a good deal of food for unholy mirth, during the past week, by the proceedings at their anniversary meetings. The Anti-Slavery Association has always been more or less incommoded by the necessity under which it labored of furnishing a "free platform" to all who were dissatisfied with existing social and political arrangements, and this inconvenience has, of course, been increased by the difficulty which it now finds in giving a good reason for its existence. But the end, it appears, is at hand, for Mr. Phillips announces that the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment will indicate that its work is done. The "Equal Rights Association," or, to speak plainly, the Woman's Suffrage Association, has probably during the week done more to bring discredit on the female suffrage movement than all its enemies put together could do in ten years. In the first place, its managers displayed a remarkable incapacity for the transaction of business, and allowed their meetings to be marked with as much confusion and riot as the proceedings of a Jacobin club. Many of the most notorious political and social quacks of the day brought their pills and powders, washes and gargles, to the meeting, and were allowed to display and puff them on the platform, with the most amusing results, the audience highly enjoying the rows between them and the impotent officers. We could, however, for our part, forgive them all these things, for they may be the consequence of inexperience and want of executive ability. What we cannot forgive them for is putting some notorious politicians of the baser sort among their vice-presidents. We found there, for instance, our old friend Mr. J. M. Ashley, whose recent appointment to a Federal office has been one of the scandals of Grant's administration, and who has been convicted, on his own admission, of very gross abuse of his position as a legislator. We might mention others, but we refrain. If the leaders of the Woman's Rights movement imagine they are going to get the support of the best portion of the community as long as they exhibit this disgraceful indifference to personal and political character, they are greatly mistaken.

The only good reason women can offer for giving them the suffrage, is that the community will be the better of their having it, and the community will not be the better of their having it unless they do something more than increase the number of voters. What we want of them is, not more ballots, but a new element in politics. The curse of politics at the present day is the ignorance and low personal character of politicians. Do the women who are claiming the suffrage show signs of respect for skill and training and purity in public men? Not a bit of it. The wildest War-horse that ever whisked a troublesome tail has never displayed more contempt for reason and experience than is displayed on the Woman's Rights platform, and nowhere does your blattering and slightly tainted demagogue meet with a warmer greeting. The leaders of the movement keep telling us that they will "purify and elevate politics" if we give them the franchise, but, like many other reformers, they do not want to begin till they have got it. We believe, however, the public is getting tired of this little game. Anybody who proposes to "purify and elevate politics" must not ask us to wait till he gets this and that bill or amendment carried. We insist on the women beginning "the purification and the elevation" *now*. They must discountenance corruption at once by refusing corrupt men such honors as they may have to bestow, and promote good government by encouraging and supporting men who understand the art of government or show some disposition to acquire it.

Senator Wilson has just written a letter to the *Independent*, in which he expresses his opinion of the first sixty days of the new administration. On the whole, he is very well content. Grant's Indian policy is to be commended, he thinks, for its humanity, its discouragement of knavery, and its Christianity; the negro has nothing to complain of, for he has been duly considered in the distribution of honors and offices; economy is aimed at by all the heads of departments; the conduct and language of the President are worthy of the place which he fills. But in the matter of appointments to office, Mr. Wilson is not so entirely satisfied. He is constrained to confess that "several appointments have been made that were not fit to be made," and that the truest friends of the President see that this is so; it is true that "in the multiplicity of his appointments the President has sometimes failed to put the right man in the right place." But Mr. Wilson ought to tell the reason of some of these regrettable errors. The President has done some things in the way of filling offices which must of course make all of us who are truly good mourn very much, but he was not altogether without some shadow of excuse. For example, he nominated Mr. Pile for a foreign mission for which that gentleman was in all ways utterly unfit—except, indeed, morally; we have never heard anything against his moral character—and Mr. Pile came pretty near getting his confirmation. We do not know whether or not Mr. Wilson voted for or against Mr. Pile; but why did he enable Mr. Pile to urge his "claims," by pointing to Mr. Wilson's name among the signatures of his "endorsers?" We believe that Grant has decided to keep Mr. Ashley in Montana—if he behaves himself, we suppose, of course—as "a dreadful warning" to himself. Now, one of the things against which the figure of the "original impeacher" is probably to warn the President is the placing of any confidence hereafter in "strong papers," signed by a hundred and odd Senators and Representatives. Yet we suppose that Mr. Wilson's name was freely given to Mr. Ashley; and we shall wait for proofs to the contrary before we believe that when Mr. Wilson's colleague was fighting for the confirmation of the dishonest "friend of human freedom" and Mr. Case, Mr. Wilson withheld his favorable vote. Or did he decline to vote? Nobody is heard saying that Mr. Wilson voted against him, good thing as that would be to hear said. We are glad to see the pretty general disposition to "give Grant time" and to "let him have a fair chance;" but as long as we are in so kind a mood, why not be kind to all our good Senators too, and throw one end of the mantle of charity over our representatives in the House?

So far as the new Administration is contained in the Cabinet, it seems to be working very well. The *Herald* reporter "interviews" Mr. Fish a little too often, perhaps, but we do not observe that that ingratiating gentleman gets too many secrets of state out of the Secretary, who, however, might as well, we shall say, remand him to his imagination; the remarkable *World* correspondent gets on well enough by means of that quality. For the rest, we hear no more about Mr. Fish's having no mind of his own, and no definite views as to this country's foreign relations. It would not be surprising if Mr. Fish did more than any other one man to shape our course in foreign affairs during the next four years. Mr. Borie is understood to leave much power in the hands of Admiral Porter, and the two of them, with Captain Ammen, who is at the head of the Docks and Yards Bureau, are at work reducing expenses, and selling worthless material. The two naval men, knowing the ins and outs of the service, can, if so minded, do more of this kind of work, and do it much better, than any civilian could; and that they are so minded there is no doubt. Secretary Borie, then, who has been somewhat cried out against as doing nothing, is not ill employed just now in doing that. As for his being much under the Admiral's influence, we do not hear of any ill effects arising from this source, and till some such are heard of, it is too early to speak of too much influence. However, it is probable that there will be Congressmen enough to watch the Admiral, even if the Secretary does not do it for himself, and there is no reason to believe that he cannot. Secretary Rawlins everybody praises, and everybody regrets the ill health that makes his service a sacrifice. Mr. Creswell found his department in bad enough order, and it will not be an easy task for him to make it properly efficient again; but he is known to be a hard worker, and we believe there is, as yet, absolutely no complaint about him, nor about Secretary Cox; and Attorney-General Hoar maintains the repute with which he entered on office. It is satisfactory to think that if Massachusetts supplies some of the sentimentalism that may make our foreign affairs a source of trouble to us, she is represented in the Cabinet by a hard-headed man of law, who will drive no nail that he cannot clinch, and who is one of the last men in the world to put his country in the wrong, or to make her more or less ridiculous by putting her in a position which she cannot hold. On the whole, it is too early to speak as yet, but everything, so far, indicates that we have got a sensible, able Cabinet, who, with the President, may be trusted to bring sound sense to the consideration of whatever business they may have in hand. Possibly Mr. Boutwell should be excepted from this praise.

Gold has, somehow, been rising steadily ever since Mr. Boutwell took office, and stands now about 141. Part of this is, no doubt, due to temporary causes, and all of it may be due to circumstances which he cannot control. The exact composition of the discount on irredeemable paper, or the premium on gold, whichever one likes to call it, is one of the unsolved problems of political economy. We do not know for certain what causes it; but we do know for certain what will put an end to it, and the only thing that will put an end to it, and that is the redemption of, or the ability to redeem, the paper in specie. All attempts to get round this hard fact, or modify it, or neutralize it, must fail, and the sooner the Secretary and everybody else give up the job in despair, the better. No buying of bonds, or cancelling of bonds, it is quite evident, will bring greenbacks any nearer to par, or keep them from going, under the operation of influences of constant occurrence, farther from par. If the present rise opens either Mr. Boutwell's eyes or those of the public on this point, it will be a blessing in disguise. By the way, we perceive a good clerk has been dismissed from the Treasury because "he was opposed to impeachment." When one reads stories of this kind, and knows that the chief of the Treasury helped to get Mr. Butler into Congress, one is always disposed to doubt whether, after all, there is a generally recognized moral standard among politicians, or whether most of them do not carry one of their own manufacture in their pockets along with their keys, their pen-knives, and their wallets.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, speaking of Mr. Motley's instructions, says: "The precise character of these instructions is a matter of much speculation here, but hardly one of doubt. Mr. Motley's sentiments on the *Alabama* question are known to be in accordance with those of Mr. Sumner." Mr. Sumner has numerous "sentiments" on the *Alabama* question. If the correspondent means that Mr. Motley agrees with all of them, we can affirm pretty confidently that he is mistaken. With Mr. Sumner's indignation against England, and Mr. Sumner's feeling that reparation of some kind is due from her, Mr. Motley doubtless sympathizes; but we venture to assert positively that with Mr. Sumner's legal positions he does not agree, and that he will not attempt to maintain them, and indeed no lawyer of good standing in the country would advise him to do so. We believe Mr. Motley goes out in a sensible frame of mind, and with a determination to stand by the law, and that in his legal outfit neither Mr. Sumner's "rule of damages," nor his deductions as to the consequences of the neutrality proclamation, find any place. The *Times* points out with great force that Mr. Sumner does not actually say in his speech that England is *legally* liable for the expenses of two years of war; but he suggests that she is liable in equity, and evidently intends to produce in the popular mind the impression that no settlement will be a fair one which does not compel her to pay the cost of two years' fighting. As regards the English sneers and derision, we confess we think it would be an excellent thing to introduce the practice between the two countries of having all abusive or insulting articles and speeches, and all expressions of delight or triumph over the misfortunes of either country, emanating from the orators or writers of the other, assessed and paid for out of the national treasury. The rule ought to work both ways of course, and a kind of clearing-house be kept, presided over by an international commission, in which all blatherskite or abuse on both sides should be filed regularly, and a balance struck at the end of each year, and paid for by the party which had been indulging most freely. The record would be a sorry one, but it would certainly prove wholesome, especially if the governments were to have recourse against the writers for reimbursement. The number of "tuneful oracles" now employed in showing up the Yankees, and laying bare the wickedness and deceit of John Bull, which would become suddenly dumb, would be amazing; and if some of the priests betook themselves to the employment for which they are best fitted, there would be a prodigious fall in vegetables.

During the week, there has arrived news "by private letters from rebel sources" of a battle between the Spaniards and the insurgents, the latter commanded by Quesada in person. Quesada put all the Cubans in front, but prudently protected them by an entrenchment, and, to make assurance doubly sure, he "placed a force of four hundred American and Dominican volunteers in their rear, with orders to fire on them if they ran." Thus placed between two fires, "the Cubans fought with desperation," and repulsed two assaults. "The third being very determined and severe, they began to waver," and here their leader ordered "the rear-guard," as the despatch pleasantly calls the Americans and Dominicans, to advance, and the Cubans hearing them coming, and naturally having less dread of the foe in front than of the foe behind, went madly at the Spaniards. "A hand-to-hand combat ensued, in which the butchery was horrible, but the Spaniards finally gave way and retreated, but in good order." We have quoted here the exact words of the despatch, as supplied by the Cuban organs; and the New York *Tribune*, which is the principal one, remarks that "hereafter the Cubans will fight instead of retreating to the mountains on the approach of a large body of Spanish troops." But the same paper has been assuring us for the last three months that the insurrection was steadily growing, and that the Spanish cause was hopeless. So that it appears by merely "retreating to the mountains on the approach of Spanish troops" the rebels would eventually have driven the Spaniards out of the island. Why then abandon this eminently cheap and humane style of operations for sanguinary engagements such as we have been describing? Why waste the blood of brave men in fighting when the same results can be attained by running away? It is hardly necessary to offer any comment on the report of the "battle." The question will

suggest itself to every honest and intelligent man, how much longer this attempt at imposture is to be kept up? Here we are not only asked to sympathize with insurgents who, according to the accounts of their friends, cannot be depended on to stand an attack behind earthworks, and whose courage their general thinks it necessary to stimulate by putting a line of foreign volunteers behind them to slaughter them if they waver, but we are asked to believe in their success. The report, however, itself bears all the marks of being the composition of "the reliable gentleman." The line of picked troops placed in the rear to keep the riff-raff up to their work, the growing terror of the riff-raff, culminating in despair, and followed by a mêlée and "horrible butchery," are phenomena which "the reliable gentleman" has witnessed on many a field before now, and which he takes a morbid delight in describing.

From England there is little news which may not be found in our correspondent's letter or which we have not discussed elsewhere, *apropos* of the state of Ireland. It appears to be tolerably plain that the disestablishment of the Church will not prove a pacification, and that the land question must be dealt with in a way which, to satisfy the tenantry, will have to be revolutionary. A comical illustration of the spirit in which some of the clergy of the doomed Establishment are taking their misfortune was afforded at Killarney, during Prince Alfred's recent visit. One clergyman refused to officiate before him, at a small church, because the son of the gentleman who built it had voted for the Gladstone bill. Another was then applied to, and he gladly accepted; and the Lord-Lieutenant being of the party, he gave him a piece of his mind on the Church question. The other English trouble is the growth of pauperism, which has reached, in London and its vicinity especially, what may be called appalling proportions. The primary cause of this sudden increase was undoubtedly the failure of the cotton supply during our war. This threw great numbers of persons out of employment in the manufacturing districts, and dissipated their savings; and they drifted to London in the vague hope with which large cities seem to inspire men—that there "something would turn up." After the war came the commercial collapse of 1866, and the breakdown of the swarm of joint-stock companies, producing fresh depression which has lasted till now, and leaving a vast crowd of operatives not only paupers, but hopeless and helpless paupers. One of the beauties of the forced manufacturing system which we are trying at such heavy expense to transfer to this country is, that where there are no waste lands to act as a break, the mistake of one man reduces a thousand to beggary; and in the old world they remain beggared. When we get the West tolerably well filled up, they will remain beggared here. We are only beginning to find out, all over the world, what a serious thing it is to have the material growth of society outstrip mental and moral growth. Emigration on an enormous scale is much talked of in England; but this would, of course—even if it were possible to carry it out—only prove a palliative. No change being effected in the character of the laborers left behind, they would breed fast enough to fill up the void with very much the same kind of people as had been drawn off.

France is laboring in the throes of preparations for the elections, which take place early next week. The great increase in the number of opposition candidates, coupled with the recalcitrant spirit displayed by the late legislature, which, however, passed the law giving pensions to the veterans of the empire before dissolving, and the growing doubts amongst even Imperialists as to the practicability of personal government, have naturally alarmed the Government, which has now been for several months taking precautionary measures. One of the first was the permission, if not even encouragement, given to the meetings of the "Reds," and the careful publication and distribution of reports of the worst speeches, so as to frighten the small farmers, about property and the family. The next was the address of circulars to the mayors of communes, announcing grants from the treasury for small local improvements, and intimating that they had been made on the urgent solicitation of this or that Government candidate. In addition to these there is, of course, the usual vigorous canvassing of the mayors, letter-carriers, gendarmes, and forest guards, who are in France a very numerous body, and are expected to "work for the party" as vigorously as Americans in the same position; but they have the advantage over their American brethren of working simply in obedience to orders, and not for life—that is to say, if the Government were defeated at the polls, or even overthrown by force, they would not be "decapitated." The Imperialists are, of course, certain of a large majority; but then what they are fighting against is the increase of the minority, and this seems certain, do what they may. The Belgian trouble is said to be settled by a compromise, under which the Belgian legislation stands; but the French company gets something in the nature of a lease of the Belgian roads, for which they had bargained. The Belgian minister, M. Frrèe Orban, made a journey to Paris to enter on negotiations, but this being taken as a sign of fear, he got nothing for his pains.

Affairs in Spain may fairly be said to be in an indescribable condition. All attempts to find a monarch have failed completely. The refusal of Dom Ferando of Portugal left nobody in the field but the Duc de Montpensier, and he is said to have no warm friend but Admiral Topete. Prim and Serrano only support him coldly, and even they may now be said to have abandoned him. This long delay has had the effect of disgusting the lukewarm Monarchists, and driving them over to the Republicans, while it has besides disheartened the ardent ones. Everybody of all parties is forced to admit, that to give a monarchy a chance of success, the monarch would have to be chosen warmly and unanimously, and all chance of a choice of this kind has passed away. Everybody put up now would have to be placed on the throne with more or less assistance from the army, and this would of course mean that he would be in the hands of a military clique. Indeed, for any monarch to succeed in our day whose claims and fitness had undergone long discussion at the hands of a popular assembly, he would have to be well-nigh superhuman. In the meantime, the majority shrinks from the idea of a republic—which to many of them is an abyss, of which none can see the bottom, and to others would simply be a military dictatorship under popular forms. The last plan talked of is a Council of Regency, as a sort of interim government, until something turns up. The debates on the constitution continue, and all its radical features have been adopted.

Shere Ali, the successful competitor for the Afghan throne, after some nineteen years of warfare, is a very lucky man. The Russians have now pushed down in Central Asia nearly to his northern frontier, and the English have been for some time on his southern frontier, and his alliance has therefore become of considerable importance to both of them. The Governor-General has, however, got the whip-hand of the Russians, and has had the monarch at a "durbar" or grand reception, where the chiefs sit side by side on a dais, in the presence of their vassals and dependents, to say civil things to each other, and exchange presents. Lord Mayo gave Shere Ali a splendid sword and other articles, besides a battery or two of field artillery, and assured him of British favor and protection, and a large yearly stipend, and the Afghan "responded in appropriate terms," as the reporters say. The Russians, on the other hand, are looking on somewhat suspiciously. Negotiations, of which Mr. Gladstone has spoken with some reserve, are in progress for the purpose of coming to a friendly understanding with regard to the limits of the territory and pretensions of the two powers in Asia, but this does not prevent the British dealings with the Afghans being looked on with an unfriendly eye. The *Moscow Gazette* and the *Golos* give it plainly to be understood that the Russian party are not satisfied with it, and are disposed to play at the same game. The latter paper says that the Ameer is likely enough, when he has spent the pounds sterling, to "try roubles for a change." A fight between the two great powers in that region would be, in some ways, a ridiculous spectacle. India gains enormously in all ways to which Christian men attach any importance by having the Russians for a neighbor north of the Himalayas instead of the barbarians of Turkestan and Bokhara, while the presence of the English in India will greatly simplify the Russian work of pacification and civilization. Shere Ali, who is an old hand at intrigue, will probably in the meantime fill his pockets.

"SPARRING FOR WIND."

We spoke last week of the injurious moral effect of keeping quarrels with foreign nations open—or, to use the language of our correspondent "America," "sparring for wind." "Sparring for wind" is a process usually resorted to by persons actually engaged in a fight, or, in other words, is simply a tactical device to make subsequent blows more effective. Consequently, the phrase is hardly applicable to the course which some persons now wish us to pursue toward England. We are not engaged in hostilities with anybody, and there is consequently no occasion for us to "spar" in order to get our wind. We can get it as people usually get it who have got themselves out of breath by violent exertions—that is, by keeping quiet and attending to our ordinary business. "Sparring" really means in the present case, however, the interchange of abuse by the newspapers of the two countries; the periodical delivery in Congress and Parliament, by their ranters and blatherskites, of denunciatory harangues; the periodical production by Banks of "reports" and resolutions showing England to be the great enemy of mankind; and the deliberate encouragement of, or connivance at, by our Government of all schemes and enterprises, however wild or violent, or however worthless the persons engaged in them, which have for their object the annoyance or confusion of Great Britain; and our deliberate abstinence from all co-operation with her in the promotion of the interests of the human race. This is what "sparring" means between two nations not actually engaged in hostilities; and this is all it can mean. It is, in short, the work of a pair of barbarians; and it cannot possibly be kept up very long by any country without lowering the moral tone of the whole community.

Can it be kept up very long without doing great material injury, particularly to a country situated as the United States is at this moment? We think not. A government like that of Frederick the Great, or any other great military monarchy ruling a simple and agricultural community, could very well afford to cherish grudges against one or more of its neighbors, and announce its intention to pay off old scores whenever it found fighting convenient. Such states are always in a state of preparation for war; and the farmer's calculations, and his work, are in no way affected by the signs of the political horizon. The experience of the rich commercial and manufacturing nations of the European Continent in our day shows, however, that next to actual war in its injurious effects on trade and industry, is a state of suspense, or of expectation or fear of war. Nay, it is, we believe, the deliberate opinion of the most intelligent Frenchmen and Prussians that it is on the whole much less expensive to fight at once, and have it over, than keep threatening and intending to fight; and this not owing to the fact simply that large armies are kept on foot, and large sums expended in armaments, but owing to the semi-paralysis which uncertainty always brings with it, and the effects of which, though less easy to estimate than the cost of armies and navies, are undoubtedly more injurious to national interests.

This is true too, be it remembered, of countries in which trade and industry are in their normal condition, and in which the currency is beyond the reach of political vicissitudes, and which have not recently passed through any exhausting struggles, and whose military and civil service is organized with the highest degree of efficiency. It is doubly true of a country like this, which is just recovering from a tremendous civil war, and whose currency, by being left without other basis than the wisdom and honesty of politicians, is dependent for its value on the entire absence of political disturbance. A single foolish speech at Washington may lower the price of all commodities and the value of outstanding debts from one to twenty per cent. The price of gold is now the one anxiety of the financial world, and, in fact, the whole time and attention of the Secretary of the Treasury are absorbed in keeping it down, and "regulating the market," or "foiling the speculators," as it is called. Nothing he can do in this way can, however, provide a thorough remedy. The only remedy is a return to specie payments, and a return to specie payments is not possible as long as a foreign war is among the probable contingencies of the future. To restore order to our finances, bring gold back into circulation, put an end to the troubles in the labor market, and check the great spirit of speculation which is not only disorganizing productive industry, but is corrupting politics, we need several years of quiet, of *confidence*, and of hard work. This we cannot have if the policy of keeping alive differences with England, for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on her at a more convenient season, be persisted in.

To make this policy effective, it must be accompanied by a state of chronic exasperation against England, so that when the time for fighting comes people may be ready for it. Hatred of England must be cherished, and the memory of her wrong-doing must be strengthened in the press, on the platform, and through social intercourse. We cannot do this, however, and still reserve to the Government the power of choosing its own time to draw the sword. If we keep the public of the two countries in this irritable temper, we must be ready for war at any moment. The slightest incident may bring it on—a squabble between fishermen, an excess of zeal on the part of a naval officer, a small boundary dispute—in short, anything on which the two powers can take opposite views. Consequently, every man among us would have to trade, build, speculate, lend, borrow, and contract with the possibility of a bloody and protracted struggle with England constantly present to his mind. If everybody fell into a pacific temper, and became indifferent to vengeance on her, of course the war would never take place, and the policy of waiting would become ridiculous.

That such a war would be bloody and protracted, no reasonable man can doubt. If we once satisfy Englishmen that we are bent on fighting or humiliating them, and that nothing else will satisfy us, England will act, as *first-class powers have always acted*, when threatened or bullied persistently; that is, she will fiercely resist. There is not a case on record of submission, on the part of a power of England's standing, to such demands as some hot-headed people would now have the United States make on her. She would undoubtedly fight, and fight desperately, and fight with what would be a revolutionary energy. The one weight upon her would be Ireland; but we think no calm observer can doubt that any attempts of the Irish to aid the United States in the struggle would simply result in a war of races, in which the Irish would be well-nigh exterminated, and the island made a desert, for their intervention in the struggle would unite the working and middle and upper classes in England as one man, and convert the war into one of races and creeds. We should get Canada but as a conquest, with its inhabitants bitterly hostile, and thus release the English garrison. We should drive English commerce from the seas—that is, send English ships under other flags; but we should indefinitely postpone the restoration of our own, and we should make repudiation certain. Our debt would be wiped out: Pendleton would at last see his dream fulfilled, and into the gulf of bankruptcy and misery thus caused some millions of eyes at the South would look down joyously. Last, but not least, we should have closed, in the estimation of the world, the era of constitutional government. The spectacle presented by the two great Anglo-Saxon nations on coming out of the conflict would certainly not encourage others to try or persist in the experiment. And does any sane man believe that we should get at the close of the war the apology for the Queen's proclamation, and the repayment of half the expenses of putting down the rebellion, which Mr. Sumner has been pleased to ask for?

We may say all this with the better grace, because we believe America has a perfectly good case against England; that all that portion of her claims for damages which is computable, and which the opinion of the civilized world will pronounce reasonable, will be paid, if firmly, calmly, and decently urged; and that along with payment can be obtained an expression of regret for the wrong-doing which brought this damage about. But the negotiations will have to be conducted by statesmen and not by rhetoricians, and they ought to be pressed *now*. Both honor and interest forbid delay. There ought to be no pause till the thing is settled. To send an ambassador to London with instructions to do nothing, and talk as the representative of a friendly power when his Government is really meditating war for unredressed wrongs, would be a very foolish and wicked performance. America is the offended party; her business is to seek redress, and policy as well as dignity forbid her resting till she gets it. Mr. Motley, thanks to Mr. Sumner's speech, will have a much more difficult task than either Mr. Adams or Mr. Johnson:

it was "a great speech," but a sorry help to a diplomatist. Nevertheless, we believe Mr. Motley can close the quarrel; for we believe it was merely Mr. Reverdy Johnson's personal folly which led to the present abrupt and unfortunate break in the negotiations.

MR. BOUTWELL'S POLICY.

Simple as Mr. Boutwell has made the *accounts* of the Treasury, the *affairs* of the Treasury are more complicated than ever. The difficulty of the Secretary in deciding what to do with his surplus gold is one of his smallest difficulties. There are many who believe that a more difficult question will soon arise—how to meet his currency deficiency. It is the Secretary from whom every one will expect the suggestion how to avoid the immense loss from idle Treasury balances, how to abolish the mischievous three per cent. certificates, how to return to specie payments, how, in short, to restore the national finances to a moderate degree of health and stability. In how far Mr. Boutwell may be able to solve these questions, time only can show. For the present, we propose to point out only what we think the errors of the Secretary in relation to his sales of surplus gold.

The gold interest on the national debt amounts every year to $124,000,000, or about $10,500,000 a month. This interest is payable at somewhat irregular intervals, so that at certain periods of the year the amount which the country owes for interest is larger than at others. The periods when the amount thus owing is largest are the 1st of May and the 1st of November. According to the debt statement just published, the amount of gold interest owing on the 1st of this month was a trifle over $45,000,000, while the Treasury held gold of its own to the amount of $92,000,000, or $47,000,000 more than the interest accrued at that time on the whole debt. If the Treasury had paid off on the 1st of May all the interest that it owed, whether due at the time or not, it would still have held $47,000,000 of gold that belonged to it; and if its coin income from customs duties continued at the present average rate of $15,000,000 a month, or even if it fell off to only $11,000,000 a month—a very great and unexpected falling-off—it would still receive every month as much coin revenue as it needed for interest payments, and would continue to hold $47,000,000 of gold over and above its present or accruing gold indebtedness. It is this $47,000,000 of gold which is commonly called the surplus coin in the Treasury. It is evident that unless the receipts from customs fall far below the present average, the surplus will always continue at about the figure of $47,000,000. Should the present average rate of receipts continue, the surplus would rapidly increase.

Simple-minded people ask, Why meddle with this surplus at all? why not leave it alone entirely? There are a number of reasons why it must be meddled with. In the first place, there are not, as far as can be ascertained, much more than $100,000,000 in specie in all the States east of the Rocky Mountains; there is certainly not more than that amount at the disposal of the mercantile and financial community in the principal money-centres on the Atlantic. Now, with $92,000,000 of this amount in the Treasury, there will be only $8,000,000 left in the hands of the community; and as the customs amount to about $15,000,000 a month, and must be paid in coin, it is easy to see what a dead-lock must result. Indeed, about the middle of April last affairs had come to just that crisis. The gold in the country had pretty much all gone into the Treasury, merchants who had duties to pay found it impossible to borrow gold for the purpose, and when they attempted to buy it the price advanced so rapidly that the Secretary himself became convinced of the necessity of relieving the community, and offered to prepay the coin interest on the bonds before it was due, and even sold some of his surplus gold, in order to enable the merchants to get the coin for duties. The question naturally arises, Why should the Secretary interfere? If the merchants had duties to pay, and they could not get the coin here, they could have procured it in Europe or elsewhere, and thus the supply of coin in the country would have been increased, and the recurrence of a similar complication avoided. Has not the Secretary's interference really prevented the remedy from being obtained? It has indeed done so, but only in order to avoid another worse evil.

The income of the Treasury consists of coin from duties, and currency from internal revenue and other sources. Its expenditures consist of coin for interest payments, and currency for the army, navy, and other requirements. For several years past the receipts in coin from customs have exceeded the requirements in coin for interest, and the receipts in currency from internal revenue have fallen below the requirements in currency for the army, navy, etc. The Treasury has always received more gold than it needed and less currency—it has consequently always had to sell a part of its coin revenue in order to make up the deficiency in its currency revenue. If, therefore, these sales are an imperative necessity, it is the part of wisdom to sell the gold when the supply upon the market is small and the demand active, rather than when the supply is large and the demand limited. If the Secretary had refused to relieve the market by sale or by prepaying the interest, the price of gold would have advanced largely, and coin might possibly have been obtained from elsewhere; but the Treasury would still have been obliged to sell, and would then probably have sold at a time when the supply was large and the demand limited, thus again depressing the price after a large advance, and introducing a fresh element of fluctuation into a market that already fluctuates too much. The position, then, is this: So long as the currency receipts do not at least equal the currency expenditures, the Treasury will be necessarily a seller of gold; and as long as the Treasury has necessarily to sell gold, it ought to sell it at the times when gold is needed, even if it thereby temporarily prevent the accession of fresh gold from abroad.

The selling of gold to supply the deficiency in the currency revenue is evidently an imperative necessity—a matter in which the Secretary has no choice. Here we stand on firm ground. As long as there is a surplus in the gold revenue and a deficit in the currency revenue, the Secretary must sell gold, and he must sell gold enough to meet that deficiency. The amount that he will be obliged to sell depends upon the amount of that deficiency. The amount of that deficiency depends upon results that no man can foretell; it cannot be known in advance, and can only be developed month by month, week by week, as the revenues are collected. It is, therefore, impossible to provide for it any length of time in advance. The necessity to sell gold to provide currency may come upon the Treasury at any moment. That moment may be one when the supply of gold upon the market is large, the demand limited, and the price low. It may be a moment when money in the financial centres is scarce, when a sudden sale of gold by the Treasury would make money still more scarce, create a panic, and disturb all the financial and commercial operations of the whole country. It is therefore evidently a wise policy to distribute the sales of gold over as wide a period of time as possible, and not to make the operations o the Treasury depend upon the necessity for sudden and large sales. The only way to avoid the necessity for large and sudden sales of gold is to keep on hand a moderately large currency balance. The present currency balance in the Treasury is far too low to be safe. The recent stringency in the money market, extending virtually over the last six months, and the desire to alleviate, or at least not to aggravate, that stringency, was Mr. McCulloch's, and probably has been Mr. Boutwell's, motive and excuse for letting his currency balance run down to the extremely low figure of $6,000,000 or $7,000,000. If it is the present Secretary's intention to realize gradually from his present weekly sales of gold the currency which he almost certainly will need some time during the summer, his policy is to be highly commended. But he must not part again with the currency so obtained. As long as he sells gold to meet his almost unavoidable currency deficit, he is on safe and solid ground. But he must keep his currency for the purpose for which he is obtaining it. The moment he sells gold for any other purpose than that of providing for his currency deficit, or the moment he employs the currency so obtained for another purpose, he is in imminent danger of serious complications. Up to this point any ordinary business man of good capacity can clearly understand and judge the wisdom of his course. Beyond this point, the question becomes more complicated.

It must be distinctly understood that the surplus gold which the Secretary is justified in selling is only the surplus that accrues, month by month, after deducting the coin interest that accrues during the same

period. At the present rate of customs receipts, this surplus amounts to between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 a month. Of this surplus the Secretary may, and indeed must, sell enough to meet his currency deficit; and as the currency deficit cannot be calculated in advance, it must be left to his discretion and judgment how much of it, and when, he will sell. But it is far different with that much larger amount of surplus, the $47,000,000 referred to above, which is the accumulated coin surplus of years. The accruing monthly surplus is the Secretary's, to dispose of as he may think best for the exclusive purpose of meeting his probable currency deficit. The accumulated surplus, the $47,000,000, is the people's. The Secretary must not touch it except for reasons of the utmost gravity, in cases of the greatest emergency, with the clearest popular understanding of his purposes, and the most decided popular approval. Right or wrong, the people regard this accumulated surplus as the principal guarantee for the ultimate redemption of their depreciated currency.

Mr. Boutwell announces through the public prints that he will buy hereafter, until further notice, United States bonds to the extent of one million a week. Where does he propose to obtain the currency to pay for them? On the first of this month his currency balance was less than eight millions, a sum far too small for safety in ordinary times, but dangerously inadequate in times of wild speculation and inflation at home and abroad. It is true that during the present month he will be in receipt of large amounts from income tax, but his receipts during the months next following will again be light, and even any surplus he may have this month will not be more than enough to raise his currency balance to a safe figure. It is true that during the month of April the Secretary shows a surplus of receipts over expenditures of over six millions, but he surely does not for one moment believe that he can maintain that rate of surplus for any length of time. We cannot believe that Mr. Boutwell seriously anticipates such a surplus, and even if he does, and has better reasons for doing so than we know of, is it wise, is it prudent to dispose permanently of such a surplus, not only before he has it in hand, but even before he is moderately certain of getting it at all? The more the circumstances are examined, the more it becomes clear that Mr. Boutwell does not propose to pay for the bonds he intends buying out of any surplus he may have at the end of the year, but that he is *selling the people's accumulated surplus of years in order to buy the bonds he advertises for.* The gold he is now selling is not the accruing monthly surplus of gold that he is obliged to sell to meet his accruing currency deficit—that he will be obliged to sell anyhow, later on—but gold that there is no necessity for him to sell. We are at just that period of the year when gold in the ordinary course of events becomes abundant and unprofitable to hold here, when, besides, the tendency of the markets is to cause gold to be shipped abroad even though it be profitable to hold it here—at the period of the year when ordinary prudence should make the Secretary hesitate about making even the most necessary sales of surplus gold; and yet Mr. Boutwell proposes to sell large amounts of gold, not to provide in advance for his currency deficit, not from any necessity, but simply because the coin accumulation in the Treasury frightens him, or because he thinks an absurd law of Congress, relating to an impossible sinking-fund, never put into practice, never understood by those who made it, must be more imperative on him than on his predecessors, who disregarded it with the unanimous consent of the people.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

The latest news from Ireland gives reason to believe that the disestablishment of the Church will not, as many people in England hoped and believed, pacify the island and put the land question out of sight. The Gladstone Ministry have entered in good earnest on the work of conciliation; and along with their attack on the Church, have set the greater portion, if not all, of the imprisoned Fenians at liberty, evidently believing that this display of clemency would make sufficient impression on these gentlemen to secure, if not their love or gratitude for the English Government, at least their silence and forbearance; that, in short, it would be taken as an evidence of a forgiving spirit. This expectation has been completely disappointed. The Fenians and their friends show that they have, as the Opposition in England predicted, taken it as a sign of fear. The language of the liberated prisoners has been as bold and defiant as ever, and in fact they evidently feel under obligations to the Government, not for having released, but for having imprisoned them, inasmuch as it has given them what is worth a good deal to a Fenian leader—the honors of martyrdom. To have passed a short term in a "British dungeon" is, in fact, now an essential qualification for any man looking forward to a political career in the "Irish Republic." At a banquet given to some of the martyrs in Cork, the Mayor—a Mr. O'Sullivan—indulged in a panegyric on those who had suffered in the Fenian cause, rated O'Farrell—who attempted the assassination of Prince Alfred at Sydney by shooting him in the back—as highly as any of them, and in fact passed a glowing eulogium on him, reducing his crime to the rank of a mistake or indiscretion, and his remarks were loudly applauded by the moralists who sat round the board. About the same time, the Orangemen and Catholics came into collision in the classic streets of Londonderry, and had a fine riot, lasting nearly two hours, and only suppressed by the arrival of the troops. Every week, too, brings the news of the murder of some landlord, or man of the landlord class, with that dreadful secrecy and dreadful indifference on the part of the surrounding population which make these murders so appalling and so impressive.

Now, these are certainly not the results or the accompaniments which people looked for when Mr. Gladstone commenced to abolish the Establishment; and they are slowly convincing the English public that the disestablishment of the Church will not prove sufficient; that some new arrangement of the land tenure, and perhaps a revolutionary one, will have to accompany it. As usual, however, the Tories refuse—as they have always refused—to believe that Irish grievances are real, and that Irish discontent and disturbance are not the result of somebody's machinations. In the old days, before the emancipation, it was the fashion to accuse "Popish" priests of being the authors of all the trouble, by putting bad ideas into the minds of the common people. When the lay agitators made their appearance with O'Connell, of course they had to bear the blame; but they having died out, John Bright has been fixed on as the cause of all the trouble; and Lord Claude Hamilton, the brother of the late Lord-Lieutenant the Duke of Abercorn, recently made a determined attack on him in the House of Commons, accusing him of having spread abroad, by his speeches on Ireland a year or two ago, the notion that the tenantry were entitled to the absolute ownership of the land, and that its transfer to them would be not only a feasible, but a proper settlement of the Irish difficulty; and he maintained that the appearance of the author of this theory amongst the Ministers of the Crown has naturally confirmed the delusions and stimulated the passions to which the present disturbances are due. A rumor, too, has been spread that Mr. Bright did really intend to introduce a land bill in accordance with his own views; and Lord Russell, in the House of Lords, called on the Government for a repudiation of the report or an explanation of it.

There is, however, another opinion spreading in England as to the cause of the Irish troubles and the possibility of removing them, which is perhaps more important than any, inasmuch as it is taking hold of the minds of many Liberals, who are really anxious to have Ireland governed not in accordance with English but with Irish notions. According to this opinion, the belief that the Irish are sure of help from the United States some day before long, and that England knows this, and is afraid both of America and the Fenians accordingly, and can, therefore, now be coerced into any desired concession either with regard to the land tenures or anything else, has taken fast hold of the Irish mind, and, therefore, no reasonable reform which the British Parliament can now initiate or carry out will satisfy the malcontents. This belief, too, they say, is strengthened by the *Alabama* controversy, and by the impression which American politicians are so busy in spreading—that as long as the *Alabama* claims are unsatisfied, England's hands are tied, and she dare not fight. Consequently, it is, as long as this belief prevails, useless to look for the pacification of Ireland by anything short of the complete surrender of the island to the priests and the most ignorant of the peasantry. A very large portion of the English public—and amongst them are, we regret to say, some of the

best friends and warmest sympathizers with America and American ideas—begin to feel that the moment is near at hand when this incubus must be thrown off by force, and English control over its domestic polity won or lost by a trial of strength with this country. This feeling has, it is useless to disguise, received a powerful stimulus from Mr. Sumner's recent speech; and there is now no knowing how far it may go, or what influence it may have on Irish reform. One thing it is certain to do; and that is, rekindle that mixture of race-hatred and religious hatred of which the Irish have for so many centuries been the unfortunate objects, and which is just as strong as ever it was, and in fact stronger, amongst the English masses, and to which the spectacle of the Irish playing the part once more of the allies of a foreign enemy, and their presence in large numbers in the English manufacturing towns, would lend fresh fury.

That the Irish would reap any benefit, either temporary or permanent, from the convulsion, it seems to us impossible to believe. The Irish Catholics have always proved a worthless ally to the enemies of England. They have for three centuries been ready to join any invader, and yet they have never been able to put the English Government in half the peril to which it was exposed from the Pretender's handful of Highlanders. They did little or nothing for Charles I., and brought Cromwell on themselves. Their support of James was feeble, inefficient, and easily disposed of, and their alliance with the French Directory was one of the jokes of the Revolutionary wars. The armed pressure on England in 1782, which extorted the concession of legislative independence, was a purely Protestant movement, and the men who conducted it were the grandsons of those who fought under William at the Boyne, and defended Derry and Enniskillen—in other words, were the ruling race. The power of organization for military purposes, based on a sober appreciation of facts, and a sober sense of the difficulties and necessities of an armed resistance to England, has never shown itself amongst the Catholics in the smallest degree. It is impossible to ascribe this want of executive ability to the unfortunate circumstances under which they find themselves in Ireland, in view of what we have seen of the Fenian organization here. No enterprise more thoroughly childish, or more nearly resembling play, has probably ever been engaged in by grown men. An outbreak in Ireland, therefore, in aid of a foreign enemy of England, would be a partial rising of the peasantry, under the lead of a batch of such generals, colonels, and captains from this country as figure in the "War Department" of the Fenian Brotherhood and headed the invasion of Canada, and they would find arrayed against them, as one man, all the intelligence, wealth, and capacity of the island, with the whole population and resources of England and Scotland at their backs. The result of such a conflict, unless accompanied by the landing of a large foreign army and the destruction of the British fleet, could hardly be doubtful. But the prospect, either for England or Ireland, is not a pleasant one.

NEW PARTIES.

That the Republican and Democratic parties have so long continued to be the sole occupants of the political field—that no new faction should arise to claim its right to exist and to struggle for the mastery—has probably surprised many people. It has certainly not been for want of vigorous attempts to break the solidity of both parties that they still remain intact; in one we have had Johnson and Seward with their schemes of reconstruction, and Butler with his policy of repudiation; in the other, the factious venom of Blair and the insidious poison of Chase have been at work; yet Republicans are still to-day the party of Equal Rights, and Democrats are still to-day the party of opposition to the negro. Within a week have the Democratic legislators of Indiana resigned their seats in order to defeat negro suffrage; within a week have we not read in the columns of the *World* thrilling articles on "miscegenation?" The old enemies still stand facing each other, although the spectators have been assuring each combatant for years past that the quarrel is over.

Now, for our own part, we have always maintained that the quarrel could not be over until one side or the other gained the victory, and lately it has been apparent enough that the victory could only be assured by the election of Grant and the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. One of these objects is accomplished, the other not quite yet. Until it is, we do not expect much change in the aspect of politics, but when it is—and the work is being done at a rapid rate—what is going be the result? Are we going to have new parties? Are Democrats and Republicans to take other names? Or are we going to drift along in the old fashion, surprising all the world by our love of tradition? To give decisive answers to these questions would need the gift of prophecy; but for a partial answer, we think the materials are within reach. Already, it seems to us, new parties are endeavoring on all sides to gain a foothold in popular approval, which they may use, when the fitting moment comes, to usurp the succession left empty by their predecessors.

First, of course, comes Senator Sprague, with all the appliances ready for the formation of a workingman's party. The Senator's view of the situation is that, the issue of the war being dead, slavery abolished, the negro enfranchised, and the Copperheads put to rout, it is time for wise men to be looking around them to see what new questions may be made the ground for a new move in the grand march of civilization. Casting about him for a solution of this question, he sees that the relations of capital and labor are by no means of the most pacific character. There is the eight-hour movement; there are the strikes all over the country; there are the trades unions; there is Mr. Wells's report, showing that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer every year. Besides all this, he is a capitalist himself, and his neighbors are capitalists, and he knows from personal experience how "live" a question the great workingman question is. Accordingly, with a boldness which cannot be too much admired, and which shows how confident he is of his position, he turns upon the Republican party and exposes to it the absurdity of its own existence—shows it how like a carnival of misrule are its proceedings, and how necessary it is for the welfare of the country that some pure-minded patriot should step in to shield the Republic from its wanton attacks. He rushes into the breach himself, and explains how the rallying of a new party about him would save everything from destruction. We don't recollect the details of Mr. Sprague's policy; we doubt if any one does; the main thing is that his object was to found a new party upon the ruins of the two old ones.

New Party No. 2 comes from a different quarter. Various gentlemen—we hesitate to give their names, because some of them enjoy a prominence which nothing we might say could reduce, and others an obscurity from which we would not for the world drag them,—various gentlemen, seeing, with Mr. Sprague, that the issues of the war are dead, slavery abolished, the negro enfranchised, and the Copperheads put to rout, say within themselves: "What new question can be found which shall unite the people of our common country in one grand political blow? Evidently, the acquisition of territory. It has done so in times past; it will do so in times to come." Straightway the Annexation party rises into view, with its newspapers, its mass-meetings, its leaders, aiming on the north at Canada, on the south at Cuba and Mexico. When a prominent Western legislator introduced into Congress, a few months since, his resolution looking to a protectorate of San Domingo; when a noted Eastern statesman the other day obtained the passage of resolutions of sympathy with Cuba; when one of our "great dailies" advocates the cession of British America in satisfaction of the *Alabama* claims, and advertises the scheme by means of a special Canadian correspondent—we only see in all these various acts various evidence of the prevalent feeling that the time is coming when "new parties" will be needed. Just as Mr. Sprague sees visions and dreams dreams of a workingman's party, so do these others of a great "real estate" movement, which shall, by its harmony with the natural yearning of a great people, prove the fit successor to the glories of the expiring organizations it is to displace.

No less sure are the Free-traders that the moment is at length arriving in which an effective blow can be struck on behalf of commercial liberty. The questions which they discern as requiring immediate solution are those which connect themselves with commerce; and the new party which in their estimation is to carry all before it is that which writes "Down with Protection" upon its banners, and calls the

poor and the down-trodden to arms. The coffers of the League begin to fill with money, and in order that every influence may be brought to bear, other planks are added to their platform. It was the misfortune of the gallant Sprague that he had only one weapon; the same difficulty exists in the case of the Annexationists, and till very recently was a fatal defect in the equipment of the Free-traders; but lately, grown wiser through experience, they seem to be attempting the formation of a party which shall not only embrace those who sympathize with them on the subject of free-trade, but those, also, who are anxious for a return to a specie currency, and those who desire civil service reform. The late meeting at Boston, in which Edward Atkinson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mr. Garrison, and others took part—to be followed, as we hear, by the establishment of an independent journal, with a large capital—looks, it must be confessed, more like political "business" than anything we have yet seen. To what it may lead we cannot say, but it is one more new party aiming to supplant the old.

Mr. Sprague has come to grief; the Annexationists are in a bad way; whether the Reform League will or will not change the face of politics we do not undertake to say; but one fact in connection with these movements deserves notice, and that is, that the Administration is in a position to get all the benefit possible from them without any of the risk which necessarily attends the career of the leaders who begin them. Coming to power at a time when a general belief prevails that both the Republican and Democratic parties have seen their best days, absolutely unfettered as to the future, it may examine and probe in every direction, profiting by the experience of the agitators and schemers who would guide it, and adopting its own policy after the amplest experiments *in corpore vili*. Whether the eight-hour agitation will furnish a good basis for a policy, whether annexation will, whether free-trade will, the Administration has good means of discovering, without exposing itself to the dangers always attending political rashness. Whether a new party is needed at all, or whether the old ones will serve for four years more, will very largely depend upon the conduct of Grant. He has already settled the reconstruction question in Virginia and Texas; the *Alabama* question, it is becoming more and more evident, he has in his hands, and not in Mr. Sumner's; the annexation question has thus far been determined by him, and not by mass-meetings in this city. The Indian policy of the Government is his own. Suppose now that, after mature consideration of the different plans suggested by Mr. Sprague and others for the reform of the multifarious evils that beset our body politic, he should come to the conclusion that a certain bill of Mr. Jenckes for the reform of the civil service was necessary to the welfare of the country. Suppose, further, that he says so to Congress, urges it upon Congress, insists upon it to Congress. We think it would pass. It seems to be taken for granted that any mad scheme of territorial aggrandizement or foreign war which he might propose would be at once acceded to; is it not possible that good measures would be also received with favor, as they have been already? If so, then the new parties which now loom up in every quarter might disappear, for their aims would have been to a certain extent anticipated, though there can be no rest till some policy with regard to the tariff has achieved a decided triumph. At present Congress votes one way on this subject, and thinks another.

SOME HYGEISTS, OLD AND NEW.

THERE is a certain debatable ground lying between the domain of medical science and the ordinary range of popular reading, in which a good deal of light literary skirmishing is kept up in a desultory way. To so great an extent is it done nowadays, that any man, the least adventurous in this wise, can scarce fail to be induced, or rather driven, in spite of himself, by the broadside of the liniment-man or the almanac of the pill-maker or the more persistent volume of the more respectable medicine-man or doctor, to do something or other for his lungs or liver, to spare an oppressed mucous membrane, or to rescue a languishing cutaneous surface. That the public lends a willing, indeed an avid, ear to such appeals is indicated by the great number and variety of these publications. The taste for them is not unreasonable, neither is it a modern, though it seems a growing one.

Among the earliest of books upon which—as if the world would not willingly let them die—the printing-press was set to work, was that of the school of Salerno, "De conservandâ bonâ valetudine." Few secular books multiplied their editions through centuries more than this; its commentaries were many and ponderous; its translations were not a few, though its original Latin is of that happy depravity that it might easily be read, one would say, by an average druggist's apprentice. It was meant for a popular treatise on hygiene (being the advice of the faculty of Salerno to King Richard I. of England, when he passed that way in a probably crapulous and atrabilious condition), and it has many of the best characteristics of such treatises. Its speech is direct and simple. Its queer rhyming verses stick in the memory. It is eminently safe: to this day few would be so hardy as to contradict

> "Ex magnâ cœnâ, stomacho sit magna pœna,
> Ut sis nocte levis, sit tibi cœna brevis,"

or to gainsay the advice to wash one's face with cold water in the morning, enforced as it is with citations from Aristotle, Paulus Ægineta, Rhazes, and Avicenna. Moreover, it has the oracular air, the tone of authority, that the people so impartially loves, whether it deliver truth or its opposite. This air of authority, some cynics would have us believe, carries its owner faster and farther in popular esteem than any other quality. However this may be, we may admit that, helped by a deal of vociferation—and an undeniable spice of genius—it did so much for one quack more than three hundred years ago, that to this day, perhaps, people pray over his grave in Salzburg for help against cholera and such like disasters.

The above-mentioned *opusculum* of the school of Salerno is obsolete. Its antique vocabulary condemns it before a time-serving generation. It makes no mention of phosphates. And Alexis St. Martin appears upon none of its pages. He cannot be kept out of any modern treatise, by the greatest vigilance, later than the middle of the second chapter. However, he displaces one "Dr. Goss, who had the power of ruminating," or (to avoid the ambiguity of this verb as applied to the human species) of regurgitating his food at will, which must have rendered him not so agreeable as a companion as interesting in a book. Popular works on digestion used to swear, in a small and painful way, by Goss, until destiny overtook him in the person of our friend St. Martin, who, on the whole, is a rather more pleasing subject of contemplation.

The contemporary literature of hygiene is extensive and various enough to need some kind of classification. Its *raison d'être* is strikingly diverse in one case and another. First, There are the deliverances of the apostles of what Mr. Carlyle calls "the potato gospel." It is noticeable enough that the fiercest shouts for bran and uncontaminated green-groceries proceed from a neighborhood notorious for east winds of a quality which should set well-regulated minds to thinking seriously of train-oil and tallow candles; also, that these demands are delivered with an animus that calls to mind the intense ten minutes before feeding-time in the department of large carnivora in zoölogical gardens. Dyspepsia is gastric fanaticism; it will not long exist dissociated from its moral analogue. One may properly listen delighted to hear these sages make it manifest that the regeneration of the human species is a mere matter of nitrogen and phosphorus, and bewail too late the parental ignorance that sifted the bran from out the bread of our childhood, and not only that, but bespread our slices with the insidious enemy, butter—driving, as we may say, unregeneracy into us and clinching it.

Then there are the forceful utterances, of intermittent loudness and persistence, of those who brandish the dumb-bell—who, standing somewhat aloof from the charmed circle of the P. R., take a moral but dispassionate view of the muscularity displayed therein, gaining wisdom thence that impels them to lay hold of their fellow-men with affectionate violence, till they are a terror to all of their friends who are, as Mr. Nasby says, "normal," who pummel their members and crack their joints to exorcise the foul fiends of pain and weakness. Then we have the confused cries of those who at one operation renovate the epidermis and purify the interior consciousness by the penetrating vapor of the Russian or the unearthly heats of the Turkish bath, and with these we hear the murmurs of those who are about to reform society by dry-earth sewerage.

We need do no more than mention that class of books which the "agents" hawk about the country, for no one is so lucky as not to have seen many of them. "Alexis," of course, figures in them, and diseases are always "the ills that flesh is heir to," and old age is never less than "the sere and yellow leaf," and sleep is "tired nature's sweet restorer." Let us hope that these fine expressions, and the free, if sometimes irrelevant, use of Scriptural sentences may counterbalance the ill effects of the wildly loose statements of physiological, chemical, and statistical facts that abound

in these books, and of the pruriency which a large class of them do as much to excite as if they were avowedly impure. Another point we may properly mention is the uniformity with which, in this whole genus of works, the admission escapes each author that he may be found at No. so-and-so, in such-and-such a street, or that the great principles which he inculcates are carried into effect at such-and-such an establishment.

The newest book which we feel to be of what we might almost call absolutely vital importance to the continuance of the human family on any terms worth having, is one which has given us great satisfaction as combining so many of the features of hygienic literature that we have been touching on. Its naïvely ambiguous title is "How not to be Sick," which, as a large part of the book is devoted to an exposition of a little pet "pathy" of the author's, may well be taken in an objurgatory or dissuasive sense by the more cautious of his readers.

It shows the already mentioned gift for quoting irrelevant scraps of Scripture with such unhesitating freedom that a melodious snuffle runs as a diapason from preface to finis. "If children live on carbonaceous food, and the necessary elements are not furnished till the second teeth are formed, 'there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment.'" "If mothers could be made to realize" their responsibilities, "they would, notwithstanding the embarrassments, overcome all difficulties, however great, and, breaking away from the starch and grease-eating customs of society, would say, with Joshua of old, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord,'" etc. If it were at all worth the while, we should be glad to show how fully our author justifies what we have said about the rhetorical charms which spring so unexpectedly in this department of literature, and how, in his case, they mingle with an erudition peculiarly his own, as where, for instance, he tells us "*Hordeum* is the Greek name for barley." Those same east winds we spoke of have blown also upon this good man, and now he cannot have bran enough to his dinner, nor be too well guarded from butter. And if anybody wants to know anything more about "How not to be Sick," we beg him to ask some one whose leisure hours number twenty-four in the day.

Now some people, whose literary range is quite restricted, read a great deal in books relating or professing to relate to the preservation and restoration of health, and the majority do so with absolute indiscrimination. There is a necessity for every man to have some theory of medicine and hygiene, even if it be, as it very generally is, a curiously erroneous one. We have known several such, each tolerably satisfactory to its constructor and proprietor, based upon the advertising columns of those religious newspapers which, while maintaining the highest standard of virtue, go so far to relieve what might otherwise be the oppressive vacancy of a well-regulated Sunday afternoon in the country. Much needs to be done by way of educating the popular mind to juster ideas in this regard. An essay in the "Atlantic Almanac" for the current year, by Dr. Holmes, "Concerning the Human Body and its Management" (its authorship makes it superfluous to qualify it as sensible and witty and pungent), is a capital miniature model of what may be done by the right man in this way. Then there are the exquisite "Five Lay Sermons on Health," by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh—somewhat too much *de haut en bas*, perhaps, for the sternest of our republicans, but charming to the more grovelling mind, and full of thoroughly good advice. Dr. Bowditch's recent papers on consumption, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are another specimen of how instruction may be given to the people on special medical topics of vital importance; and a serviceable and clever little book, not republished, we believe, in America, is the "Lectures on Public Health" of Dr. Marpother, of Dublin. We mention it with pleasure not merely for its intrinsic merits, but because it is among the first-fruits of the new professorship of hygiene in the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. Has any seat of "the new education" in this country an instructor, not merely in the art of preserving individual health, but in the great subjects of the alimentation and hygienic government of communities? He is more needed in those institutions than in any school for medical students, who can, from their other studies, supplement the lack of special instruction in this branch.

But when all has been said, by way of instruction, exhortation, and entreaty, by wise men and by fanatics, there are two practical heroes upon whom much of our hope for the future is built—the one who is to regenerate our popular cookery, and turn it from its still too exclusive devotion to salæratus and the frying-pan, and that other who is to plant our sunniest hillsides with the vine, whose teeming wealth shall make it even more inexcusable than now for people to corrode their vitals with vitriolic spirits.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 30, 1869.

WE have just received a report of Mr. Sumner's speech upon the *Alabama* claims, and a good many comments have been made upon it. I do not wish to express any opinion on the controversy, as in fact I could add nothing to your knowledge of a matter which is as well understood upon your side of the water as upon ours. I will merely state what I believe to be the general feeling here, which is, for the rest, pretty well represented in the articles which appear in the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other leading newspapers. It is simply that the ground taken in Mr. Sumner's speech is one upon which it is impossible for us to enter into any negotiations with a prospect of success. The damages inflicted by the *Alabama*, and our responsibility for them, are, it is said, a fair question for arbitration; but it is impossible that we should begin by acknowledging ourselves to be in the wrong, and humbly apologizing upon our knees; or that we should admit in any case that we are liable for "half the cost of suppressing the rebellion," or two thousand millions of dollars. Why, it is said, is nothing said about France, which was just as hostile to the United States as England, and would, but for our opposition, have been willing to recognize the independence of the South? The whole argument, it is said, is of the feminine nature, and imports into a merely legal question the general sentimental grievance, which, however important, is not relevant to the purpose. In short, we fear that if Mr. Motley comes to press these views upon our Government, there is no present chance of a satisfactory solution of the existing difficulties. We must wait, and trust to the effects of time in cooling the passions which at present render discussion to any purpose impracticable. I will say no more upon this not very agreeable topic, and I can only hope that it may not become more prominent.

The matter which still occupies the place of honor in newspaper columns—though in private it has almost ceased to be discussed—is the long battle over the Irish Church. Nothing has happened within Parliament of any importance. The House of Commons is devoting three evenings a week to help it to drag its slow length through committee. Every clause gives a fresh position to be held doggedly by the Conservative forces, and to be successively stormed by the Ministerial majority. Sometimes Mr. Gladstone is victorious by as much as 120; sometimes the majority falls to a little above 80. But, after a longer or shorter battle, the result is always the same; every clause in the bill is passed without material alteration; and nothing new is to be looked for till the peers are allowed to try their hands upon legislation. Outside the House, however, there are some manifestations of public sentiment which are worth notice. The purpose of the supporters of the bill is to restore tranquillity to Ireland by doing uniform justice to men of all religious creeds. The approach of a better system of things was officially marked by the release of a number of Fenian prisoners. We must all hope that the policy thus indicated will be ultimately successful; but the omens are not at present very favorable. The Irish people—or at least a part of them—are giving us some very broad hints as to their view of the matter. There has been a fresh outbreak of agrarian outrages of the old type, to which we are so painfully accustomed. A landlord goes out for a walk; he is found dead by the roadside, with his skull broken and a dozen bullets in his body; the deed has been done in broad daylight, and within a short distance of people working in the fields; but not the slightest clue can be found to the perpetrators of the crime, and magistrates and police are hopelessly at fault. Two landlords have been thus murdered within a few days. Again, Prince Arthur has been making an Irish tour, by way, I presume, of appealing to the popular love of a prince and answering the complaint that the royal family never show themselves in Ireland. One result of his presence was a desperate fight in the streets of Derry between the Protestants and Catholics, who had collected to welcome him, in which revolvers were freely used and three men are reported to have been killed. But a still more remarkable demonstration took place at Cork. Two of the released Fenians—Warren and Costello—were treated to a farewell banquet previous to their departure for America, at which the mayor presided. This gentleman, besides indulging in the usual style of Irish eloquence about the oppressions of England, and eulogizing various Fenian heroes, selected for especial honor "that noble Irishman, O'Farrell," who, as you may possibly remember, shot the Duke of Edinburgh in Australia, and was hanged for his patriotic action. O'Farrell, said the mayor, would be as highly thought of as any of the men who had sacrificed their lives for Ireland. This eulogium was introduced *apropos* of the presence in Ireland of the brother of O'Farrell's intended victim, and may be considered as a specially felicitous expression of opinion. The mayor will, I presume, be called to account for his eloquence; and I should imagine that

Prince Arthur will hardly attend the banquet to which the Cork town council had invited him. But it is sufficiently plain that the abolition of the Irish Church will not go far to conciliate patriots of this stamp. Indeed, it is plain that the Fenians consider themselves to have already extorted one concession from their tyrants, and to regard it as merely a stepping-stone to more important changes. When the Church is abolished, we shall have the land question. Government has stated that a bill upon that subject is ready for next session, but they decline to state what is its nature. The vague expectation that some great changes may be expected has doubtless contributed to excite the minds of the people; and the first result of an act of justice may be rather an increase than a diminution of the existing discontent. The Irish question is not destined to be settled in this or next year's session, nor, I fear, in a good many sessions after that. The Liberal majority is sufficiently compact to force the present measure through Parliament; but there is a danger that the Irish agitations may produce a degree of bad feeling which will make a policy of justice more difficult in the immediate future. It is hard to feel sanguine as to the possibility of establishing a cordial conciliation between races so widely contrasted.

The mention of Ireland suggests a topic which has lately been coming into prominence in England. The growth of pauperism, which has been terribly rapid during the last two years of commercial depression, has suggested amongst other remedies the possibility of a large emigration. A public meeting was held not long ago at Exeter Hall, in which the most sweeping proposals were put forward. The only way, it was said, of raising the position of the English laborer to a proper standard, was by an emigration rather of millions than of thousands. To carry out such a plan effectually would require Government assistance; and it was suggested that Government should, in fact, take a very large proportion—say half—of our lowest classes and set them down bodily on the shores of America and Australia. This heroic remedy has of course no chance of being adopted; we are much too economical just now, and our governing classes would have little disposition to spend their money in removing a large part of the labor of the country. Better arguments may be found in the interests of the people themselves. I do not imagine that our colonies, to say nothing of the United States, would be particularly gratified at a proposal to swamp their labor markets with masses of paupers; for the great burden upon the poor-rates consists of the class which has been demoralized by long poverty, and of families where pauperism is hereditary. This class would probably be as shiftless in New York or Melbourne as they are in London, and the temporary relief afforded to our rates would probably soon be filled up by the rapid expansion of the reckless part of the population. We cannot get rid of the responsibility of this terrible growth of our civilization by simply shipping it across the sea, tempting as the proposal appears at first sight. The proposal to send out our skilled artisans is equally disagreeable; for that would be to get rid of our most valuable classes and leave us with the refuse. For these, as for other obvious reasons, I see little chance that any such scheme as I have mentioned will be put into execution; but the proposal is significant of some tendencies which may become important. The Irish precedent has shown what amazing proportions may be taken by a spontaneous emigration, and though that precedent may be now inapplicable, it is plain that the idea of a more partial exodus is beginning to be discussed amongst the English working classes. There has, for example, been a strike amongst the artisans employed in the cotton factories at Preston; and instead of simply supporting men out of work, the unions have adopted the plan of helping a good many of them to emigrate. The trades unions in other departments have felt the effect of the commercial depression, and some of them which were formerly very prosperous have experienced such a falling off in their funds as to make their situation rather precarious. They are beginning to discuss the propriety of the course put in practice at Preston, and would obviously find a considerable relief in exporting the surplus labor, instead of leaving it to weigh permanently upon their funds. In the course of the Government plans of economy, some of the dockyards have been reduced, and a good many of the artisans thus thrown out of work come upon the parish. A certain number have already been sent out at Government expense, and more, I believe, are likely to follow. These and other symptoms go to prove that an increased emigration is very likely to take place amongst our unemployed laborers in various departments of industry; and although any spasmodic attempts at wholesale emigration are scarcely probable or desirable, the stream which sets outwards from our shores is likely to increase considerably in volume.

Mr. Dickens, I am sorry to say, has been at last compelled to give up his readings, which have been almost as popular here as they seem to have been in America. The strain upon his strength has been too great, and notice has been given that he will not again appear in public for some months. I am glad, however, to be able to add that his illness does not appear to be so serious but that a short period of rest will in all probability restore him to his usual strength.

Correspondence.

HERBERT SPENCER'S REPUTATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: A writer in your last week's issue, in criticising "Taine's Ideal in Art," expresses himself as follows:

"It is Herbert Spencer's reputation over again; all very well for the 'general public,' but the chemists and physicians, the painters and the architects, are disposed to scoff at the new light. Does this prove anything? Of itself it proves nothing positively; but yet the views of 'experts' are exceedingly well worthy of notice."

There are few papers in which such an utterance in regard to Spencer would deserve notice, but since you have lifted it into importance by fathering it, it is desirable as well as just that it should be controverted.

Neither Spencer himself nor any of his most enthusiastic followers has ever claimed that he occupies a leading position as a specialist. In the prefaces of more than one of his volumes, he distinctly expresses his obligations to various "experts" (all, by the way, leaders in their respective departments) for their assistance and correction in matters of detail. Therefore, if your critic meant to imply that "experts" have no opinion of Spencer as an "expert," he took the pains to state a platitude which of itself shows his unfitness to express any opinion on the subject. It is, therefore, only considerate to suppose that he meant to imply that Spencer's reputation as a philosopher—as a correlator of special truths rather than as a discoverer of them (this being the only reputation ever claimed for him) is "all very well for the general public," but that the "experts" are "disposed to scoff at him."

The precise nature of a man's reputation does not, of course, admit of demonstration, but a few authoritative illustrations can fix it pretty definitely. Agreeing with your critic that "the views of 'experts' are exceedingly well worthy of notice," I append a few of them.

I. Dr. G. D. Hooker, Government Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Kew, a botanist certainly second to none in England, and last year President of the British Association, not only in his inaugural address pronounced Spencer "one of our deepest thinkers," but, referring from his own point of view as an "expert" in botany, spoke of certain discoveries made by Mr. Spencer through "a series of admirably contrived and conducted experiments," and spoke of Mr. Spencer's paper as an example of what may be done by an acute observer and experimentalist, versed in physics and chemistry, but, above all, thoroughly instructed in scientific methods.

II. Prof. Huxley, in a lecture last winter before the Royal Institution, on "Biology," the subject in which he is specially an "expert," said, after expressing his own adherence to the doctrine of evolution: "The only complete and systematic statement of the doctrine with which I am acquainted is that contained in Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'System of Philosophy;' a work which should be carefully studied by all who desire to know whither scientific thought is tending."

III. G. H. Lewes, whose opinion on the comparative claims of systems of philosophy must be considered that of an "expert," says of Spencer, in the last edition of his "History of Philosophy": "He alone, of all British thinkers, has organized a philosophy. . . . Even antagonists are compelled to admit the force and clearness of his genius, and *the extent and profundity of his scientific knowledge*. It is questionable whether any thinker of finer calibre has appeared in our country."

IV. John Stuart Mill, the greatest living "expert" in those laws of thought on which the soundness of any system of philosophy must ultimately rest, says of Spencer that his "'Principles of Psychology' are, on the whole, one of the finest examples we possess of the psychological method in its full power" (Mill's "Hamilton," chapter xiii.) "One of the acutest metaphysicians of modern times" (*Ibid.*, chapter ii.)

"Mr. Spencer is one of the small number of persons who, by the solidity and encyclopædical character of their knowledge, and their power of coördination and concatenation, may claim to be peers of M. Comte, and entitled to a vote in the estimate of him" (Mill's "Review of Comte"). "One of

the most vigorous as well as boldest thinkers that English speculation has yet produced" (*Ibid.*)

It is of such men as these that your critic's "General Public" is largely composed. If further evidence is needed, it can be had without stint. It is clearly not the "experts" who do the "scoffing." H. H.

New York, May 3, 1869.

[Our critic may have taken the pains to state a platitude, but he stated it by way of illustration; and, as we may remind "H. H.," to illustrate the unknown by the known—even by that which is known to the point of commonplaceness—is something worth taking pains to do.

As regards Mr. Spencer's claim to be considered an expert whom experts should respect for a specialist's excellence in their particular lines of labor—a claim which, apparently, "H. H." does not wholly give up, after all—we do not see that it is well supported by the citations. Dr. Hooker praises Mr. Spencer, not as a botanical authority, but as a man who devised and conducted extremely well a certain series of experiments. Professor Huxley says that Mr. Spencer's works are worth the careful attention of persons who would know the drift of the scientific thought of the day, and, further, that he has made the only complete statement of the doctrine of evolution, which no doubt is true—as true, and as relevant to the matter in hand, as that Goldsmith wrote the only complete "Vicar of Wakefield." The doctrine of evolution is Mr. Spencer's, and it is in his books that we are to look for a full statement of it; but the fact that we find it there does not make Mr. Spencer a specialist in biology, in the sense in which Professor Huxley is such, any more than his "Nebular Hypothesis" essay makes him such a specialist in astronomy as Leverrier. We need not go through Mr. Mill's or Mr. Lewes's remarks; they are not addressed to the question whether or not we are to regard Mr. Spencer as great in any field except that in which a successful laborer hardly goes by the name of expert or specialist.

It is hardly necessary, we should say, to add that our critic did not at all intend to do what "H. H." thinks it would be only considerate to suppose he did intend to do—namely, speak disrespectfully of "the only reputation claimed" for Mr. Spencer—the reputation of a "correlator of special truths, rather than a discoverer of them." To deny a man a reputation he does not claim is not to deny him a reputation he does claim; "H. H." has knocked down an antagonist of his own setting up. We may say, in conclusion, that Mr. Spencer's reputation being used by our critic incidentally and illustratively, the whole article in which the reference occurs is better than a detached sentence or two, if any one would like to know the critic's precise attitude of mind as regards the question.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

The "Life of Daniel Webster," by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, which has been so long talked of, is announced as in press by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The same house will republish "Gheel, the City of the Simple," which has made so favorable and marked an impression in England. It is by the author of "Feudal Castles of France" and "Flemish Interiors."——Mr. G. W. Carleton will publish "Hilt to Hilt," a new story by Mr. J. E. Cooke, and a translation of Renan's "Life of Saint Paul."——We have received a prospectus announcing the future publication, by subscription, of a work with the title of "The Histories of the Jewish Congregations of America," prepared by the Rev. Raphael D'C. Lewin, a writer unknown to us, who says that his aim is to put before the public a complete history of the Jews and Judaism in America. "The first portion of the work will contain the accurate histories of the various congregations of the country, from the dates of their organization to the present time, embracing a period of over two centuries," and will be perhaps as useful as any of the parts, though, doubtless, not the most interesting of them. It will be in one volume, and will be sold at the price of three dollars.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers announce "A Day by the Fire," and other papers hitherto uncollected, by Leigh Hunt; a new volume of poems by Dora Greenwell; "Out of Town," by the facetious F. C. Burnand, whose "Happy Thoughts" recently opened so new and true a view of fun, and "The Commentaries of Major Blake," by the same author.——Messrs. Sheldon & Co. announce Mrs. Jane G. Austin's "Cipher," the novel which has been running through the *Galaxy* to the satisfaction of the readers of that periodical. Mr. Richard Grant White's "Words and Their Uses" will be issued by the same firm.——Messrs. Scribner & Co. will soon publish in book form the articles on "Divorce" which President Woolsey has been contributing to the *New Englander;* "Great Hunts," by Victor Meunier—an addition to the Library of Wonders—and "Foreign Missions: their Relations and Claims," by the Rev. Dr. Rufus Anderson.——Messrs. Turner Brothers & Co. announce a work, entitled "Married," by Mrs. C. J. Newby, an Englishwoman who has met with some favor from the critics, and more from the readers of novels. She is the author of "Kate Kennedy," "Common Sense," "Margaret Hamilton," "Only Temper," and other stories of which the same house are about to publish new editions.——We may say here, in reply to a remark in Monday's *Times*, that the "character album" we spoke of last week as announced by Leypoldt & Holt, *is* announced by that firm, is original in some respects, and is as new as most books, though it is not the first of its species; that some irreverent clergymen do to our knowledge call the *Guardian* Mrs. Gamp; and, finally, that the *Nation* of last week—the same number commented on by the *Times*—contained a formal correction of an error in regard to the place of residence of Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, and a humble apology for the mistake which confounded him with a Canadian. What more would any one have than deep contrition and prompt reparation?

—We gave some account of *Le Nouveau Monde* when it was first started in this city as a political and literary weekly. It appears to have achieved success, and on the 15th of last month to have entered on a new series and second volume. By way of additional attractiveness, it has made an arrangement with the Paris *Monde Illustré*, by which the two papers can be had together for nine dollars a year, which is certainly not dear. The illustrated weekly is forwarded regularly to this country, and of its kind is to be praised, though valuable for little else besides its engravings. In *Le Nouveau Monde* we have found a good variety of reading matter, skilfully and decently composed or compiled; and we should suppose that those high schools and academies which subscribe for it in large quantities—using it, apparently, in place of a text-book in French—have reason to be satisfied with what they get. It is now publishing each week Erckmann-Chatrian's "L'Invasion."

—Editing a country newspaper is getting to be an easier thing than ever, we should say, and perhaps more profitable, as the editor and proprietor has more opportunity now than formerly to devote his personal attention to the job printing that usually gives the country editor his main support. We believe it was the publishers of the *Atlantic* who began the practice of sending out—"for the convenience of editors"—broadsides containing extracts from the forthcoming number of the magazine, which should be reproduced in the journals to which they were sent, "with credit to the magazine," of course. In a little while *Lippincott's*, the *Galaxy*, *Putnam's*, *Appleton's Journal*, and the rest followed suit; and now in thousands of sanctums the scissors are plied without the old wear and tear of mind. There is no criminality in the arrangement, we suppose. It is no great credit to our journalism, perhaps; and perhaps it does its part toward deferring the time when the Americans who exercise most influence upon their fellow-citizens will constitute a class of men worthy of their power—will be journalists, honest, pretending to be nothing that they are not, able to do their own work, and above dictation of any sort. But we may admit that, though it is a practice not much to our taste, the practice which it displaces was in no respect a good one. The publishers had some reason to be dissatisfied with the way in which their magazines have customarily been reviewed by most of the papers. The country press was seen in almost its worst aspect at the time when it was paying for its magazines by "noticing" them. It never made any pretence of criticising; it merely, for value received, made monthly paragraphs on "Periodicals Received"—a title embracing everything from the *Atlantic* to *Demorest's*—which began with a word or two of praise, expressed in terms either perfectly conventional and meaningless or else ridiculous, and which ended with a more or less incorrect list of "the remaining contents." So it is not very wonderful that Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. invented the circular broadside—or, rather, adapted to literature the well-known circular broadside, by means of which the New England Loyal Publication Society did such yeoman's service during the war, by weekly administering sound political doctrine to some seventeen or eighteen hundred Northern editors, of whom many had no "views" of their own. And, of course, what one

house has thought it necessary to do, nearly all the other houses must do also.

—There has been a good deal of dispute of late as to whether or not there was ever any Barbara Freitchie; and whether, if there ever were, it was or was not she who defiantly displayed the Federal flag when General T. J. Jackson entered the town at the head of his rebel troops; and, finally, whether or not any Federal flag was displayed by anybody on any such occasion. The controversy was settled, we believe, in favor of Mr. Whittier's heroine's having been truly the real heroine of a true story, and a later copy of the Frederick *Examiner* seems to confirm this conclusion. We learn from the *Examiner* that by order of the town government the house of "the Freitchie woman" has been removed, and that laborers have recently been at work digging down some ten feet below the surface, as if to remove the very spot on which it stood—"to wipe the damned thing out," as the *Examiner* says, apparently quoting the language of some councilman. It appears—if the Republican journal's statements are true, and we do not vouch that they are not somewhat colored by partisanship—that the authorities passed a resolution which provided for the widening and straightening of Carroll Creek. They then decided that the Freitchie house was in the way of the necessary improvement, and voted that it should be taken to pieces. The house was, however, not so much in the way but that in making the creek straighter—it must have been excessively crooked before, one would say—and to reach the point at which they aimed, it was found necessary to make three very sharp angular turns, which accordingly were made. The house, then, like the old woman who lived in it, now exists on earth only in picture and song and story; but both old Barbara and the house thus have a lease of life long enough and indestructible enough to make the alleged action of the Frederick authorities another illustration of the truth that, except a parish vestry, no body of men is so stupid as a town council.

—Neither in diplomatic archives, nor in the despatches of commanders, nor in the chronicles of party struggles, nor in the records of legislative debates, can the whole story of the war of the rebellion be found. It differs from most wars in the fact that it was, to an extent almost unparalleled, a war in which every inhabitant of the contending countries not only took an intense interest, but one in which everybody, man or woman, as citizen of a town, as member of a church, as preacher, or teacher, or politician, or speaker, or knitter of socks, or taxpayer, actually took an active and more or less efficient part of some kind. It was emphatically a people's war; and what with our Sanitary Commissions and Christian Commissions and Freedman's Commissions; what with our system of allowing our volunteers to elect their officers, and of letting them vote for candidates for civil offices; what with our unexampled tolerance and even encouragement of newspaper reporters at the front, and our organized bands of women who nursed in the hospitals, it never ceased, even on the very field of battle itself, to wear the aspect of a people's war. So it happened that to write the real story of the struggle it would have been necessary even for a historian of the old school, and it is doubly necessary for a historian of the better school, to survey and traverse a very wide field in order to gather together the materials with which to construct an adequate work on the great rebellion. The North has not been careless of its duty in this respect; each month during the war and each month since has added something to the immense store from which our coming Thucydides is to draw. The South, as was natural in the defeated party, and as was to be expected of a people but very little accustomed to work in literature, has hitherto done almost nothing to make the record complete. Yet unless the Southern side of the case is presented in proper fulness, as only Southern labor can present it, we shall never have the great debate fitly treated. We are glad to see that a Southern Historical Society has been formed, which will devote itself to collecting reliable data of the civil and military events in the career of the Confederacy. Doctor Palmer of New Orleans is its President. General Lee is the Vice-President for Virginia, General Breckinridge for Kentucky, General Braxton Bragg for Louisiana, Mr. A. H. Stephens for Georgia. It is to be hoped that they will go to work systematically and laboriously, and set on foot branch societies with energetic secretaries in as many Southern cities as possible. Northern Historical Societies might do much worse than to put themselves in communication with the new member of the sisterhood and render it such aid as they can. We do not know if any of the Historical Societies in the Border States or their neighbors are doing what we suppose they easily might do in the way of securing authentic records of the part which the Southern Unionists took in the war. Ohio, Maryland, North Carolina, West Virginia, and Missouri ought to be able to offer us some extremely interesting contributions to history. The two States last-named would render a valuable service to American literature—to say nothing of politics and patriotism—if they would promote research of the kind by legislative enactment and a small grant of money for the use of a domestic commission.

—The Springfield *Republican* allows the English correspondent of the *Tribune* to lead it into asserting that the *Pall Mall Gazette* wants to go to war with this country over Mr. Sumner's speech, and that the said belligerent journal is "the organ of the British landed aristocracy." The *Pall Mall Gazette* might just about as well be called the organ of the British Radicals as of the British landed aristocracy. There is hardly a political or social doctrine of importance which "the landed aristocracy as such" hold dear, of which the *Gazette* is not the enemy, and its principal and ablest writer is a pure Benthamite. In fact, what the correspondent probably meant when he talked of it as an "organ" was, that the landed aristocracy read it, but they do this because it is a good evening paper, and not because it reproduces their peculiar opinions on either church or state.

—A work which makes what we are inclined to think may be a dubious claim to be considered unique, is now on sale at the store of Scribner, Welford & Company. It is a volume entitled "Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis, apud Nov-Anglos," and was printed in 1761 at the press of J. Green and J. Russel, of Boston. It contains the metrical laments and congratulations in which Harvard College loyally indulged upon the death of George the Second and the accession of his grandson, and was presented to the latter monarch by his humble subjects, the President and Fellows of the "infant seminary." It did them credit, the *Monthly Review* thought, and in July, 1763, that periodical devoted four pages to a very civil notice of the poems, styling the Latin and Greek verses elegant, and informing its readers that while, as was to be expected, some of the English verses, as well as some of the Greek and Latin, were not especially good, some others, although the work of a son of Harvard who was but youthful, were "allowed to be nervous." Any one who wishes to know what young alumnus it was who earned this praise, may probably discover his name by looking into Mr. Duyckinck's Cyclopædia, where the "Pietas et Gratulatio" receives considerable attention. Of the English verses not especially worthy of praise, we suppose these that follow may be taken as a specimen; they celebrate the ante-nuptial voyage of the future Queen Charlotte:

> "George gave the word—the naval chiefs obey;
> And thro' the ocean cleave their rapid way.
> They gain the port, on Elbe's fair stream now ride;
> And there receive young Brunswick's future Bride.
>
> Each british crew now anxious for THE FAIR
> Tho' seldom used to pray, thus framed a prayer—
> 'Ye latent rocks! bow down your craggy heads;
> 'Ye sands destructive! sink your covered beds:
> 'Ye winds! forget to rage—in gentle gales
> 'Propitious blow and fan the british sails:
> 'O NEPTUNE, Britain's friend! the tempests reign
> 'And guard fair Charlotte thro' your rough domain.'",

"Though seldom used to pray," as applied to the ship's companies of that day, may be praised as a good, natural stroke, unless, indeed, we may suppose it reluctantly put in to explain the obviously bad fist of it that "each british crew" makes of praying in the succeeding verses. But what is a colonial poet to do who has it laid upon him to make a naval squadron pray, when unfortunately in all the works of the ingenious Mr. Pope not a single precedent for marine devotions is to be found? He must do what he can. It is not in this same "gratulatio," but in a "laudatio" upon George the Second that the reader may find a more pleasing instance of poetic aggrandizement than is often happened upon. After the European exploits by sea and land of the hero of Dettingen have been recalled to memory, the muse, crossing the water, makes mention of the cisatlantic glory of his arms, and depicts the triumph of the British musket over the savage weapon which is known to us as the tomahawk:

> "*Here* he restrained the Indian's thirst of gore,
> And bade the murderous Tomax drink no more."

Yet, doubtless, we of this present day of realism in poetry may easily laugh a little too much at our ancestor's grandiloquent tomax—or grand delinquent, as Mr. Lowell's unconsciously wise friend once said. It might be hard to prove, after all, that there is not as much of the truth in the school whose poorer scholars fell into the pit of "poetical conventionalism" in ideas and words, as in the school that flourishes just now, and whose poorest scholars make nature—everything in nature—to be art, and, furthermore, to be all that there is of art. After all, it may be that there is not such an immense deal to choose between Mr. Edward Moore's and Mr. Cawthorne's method, on the one hand, and Mr. Whitman's, with his gravel-pit architecture, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti's, with his criminal-court-

report poetry, on the other. It is a little curious—to return to our "Pietas et Gratulatio"—to find the President and Fellows of a college so soon to be in rebellion against the King addressing him as in the following sentences of their preface. There is an independent tone, however, in their expression of loyalty which is consistent enough with the actions of "the Massachusetts" not so very many months later. It says, in prose that may be "allowed to be nervous": "It was the fate of our Ancestors to be driven from their native country by an Administration very different from that of your Majesty. They then complained of their hard treatment, but they saw not the Design of Providence. Had Great Britain been always governed by Princes like those of your Majesty's illustrious House its Dominion would have been confined to its own Islands; no one would have been persuaded to exchange the happy country for any other whatsoever. Thus it is that the Divine Wisdom produces good out of evil; and makes arbitrary Princes the instruments of extending the Dominions of a Patriot King." One might look far among congratulatory addresses to monarchs before finding one with a more manly ring, or with so little promise of scrupulous obedience to any king not a Patriot King. The volume is a quarto, in red morocco covers, on which are stamped the royal arms. The printing is very good, the Greek type being particularly clear; and the whole appearance of the book is much to the credit of the Boston workmanship of a hundred and eight years ago. If it be truly unique, the University Library ought to be put in possession of it.

—The race—whose cradle was the British Isles, we were going to say—which, sprung from various stocks, and gathered from various lands into Great Britain and Ireland, has overflowed its island limits, and spread over every quarter of the world, is very badly off for a name for itself. Look at almost any one of the larger bodies politic into which it is divided, and we shall find that the people composing it are entirely unable to find a name acceptable to all of them, or which any outsider would regard as truly descriptive. What, for instance, is a citizen of the United States to call himself if he wishes to use but one word as expressive of his nationality? The European will call him an American. But so is a Patagonian an American. Or if the Patagonian and the other dwellers south of Darien are styled South Americans, and the other denizens of the New World North Americans, still we people of the thirty-seven States have no more right to the exclusive use of the latter term than the Canadian has. The best name we have got as yet is Yankees, and to call a Southern State man a Yankee is to drive him half frantic. The Canadian's difficulties are as great as ours; the Dominion of Canada has no name applicable to all its subjects. The Nova-Scotian indignantly declines to call himself a Canadian, and prefers even the designation of "Provincial" with which Yankee "runners" or "drummers" are apt to irritate him. The Prince Edward's Islanders and New-Brunswickers are in an equally bad case. Then there are the members of the ruling race in India; they cannot style themselves Indians without suggesting the idea of our aborigines; and Anglo-Indians will hardly do, for the Scotchmen who abound in India, as everywhere else where hard work and a little consequent money-making is to be done, would no doubt decline to be called anything less than Scoto-Indians. The Australian is, perhaps, rather better off than his neighbors; but still, when the various colonies of his demi-continent grow to importance, what will the New South Welshman, or the Victorian, or the Western Australian do for a tolerable patrial? In the mother country, the affair is in still greater confusion. Shall we call the islanders Anglo-Saxons? The Welsh, Scotch, and Irish forbid it; and so, we suppose, would Norman, Dane, and Huguenot; and so, for the matter of that, would pretty much everybody who delights himself with ethnology; Mr. Edward Freeman has for years been almost unhappy on the subject. "English" will not do at all. They have a St. Andrew's Society in Glasgow which devotes itself to hauling over the coals every writer and every speaker who dares to say or to write "English" when, as the Society holds, he ought to say or to write "British." Sir Archibald Alison—the *Saturday Review* informs us—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Lord Palmerston—and not to mention many more, the Queen herself—have been brought to book by the Glasgow patriots for slights and scorns put upon Albin—if there be a Lowland Scotch Albin—by the careless use of such terms as "England," "English," and "Englishmen," when the proper words were "Britain" and the like. But what Irishman will submit to be called a Briton? It would be as reasonable to expect our own "last surviving soldier of the Revolution" to call himself a Britisher as to suppose that any friend of Owen Roe's or Lord Edward's would accept a name which the perfidious and bloody Sassenach are willing to bear. But if neither "Anglo-Saxon," nor "English," nor "British" will serve the turn, there is nothing that will; and the most vigorous and dominating of modern races must be content to get on as it may unchristened. Probably it is the race of all races that will feel least discontent and discomfort on account of its semi-anonymous condition. So that it governs India, and absorbs America, and founds empire in Australia, and makes all the world pay tribute to the islands that are the commercial centre of the globe, it will bother its artistic soul not very much about the fine name or set of names that it ought to have in place of its present clumsy system of self-nomenclature. We think of no better advice to give to persons who may have mental difficulty as to the proper course to be pursued in this matter, than that they should bear in mind Mr. Bright's remark to Mr. Burns, a member of the above-mentioned Glasgow society. It appears that as soon as Mr. Burns sees in print any infraction of the rule of accuracy which it is the Society's business to maintain, or hears of any oral infraction of it, he at once addresses the offender by letter, enclosing a copy of a certain pamphlet which he has written. Mr. Bright having received admonition, replied that "custom and convenience are in many things omnipotent." Anglo-Saxon, we think, we shall continue to use as a good enough name for the race that rules Great Britain and Ireland, the American Union, India, Australia, and the Dominion of Canada; and English, Anglo-Indian, Australian, and American seem to us to be good enough descriptive words and well enough understood to justify us in disregarding the objections of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Burns, and whatever gentleman it is who stands up for the Cambro-Briton and the Celt.

—Russia possesses in the *Codex Sinaiticus* one of the three great lights on the original text of the Bible, and has besides in her Slavonic version a side-light of considerable interest, if not value. It has been assumed that because Saint Cyril, "the apostle to the Slavi," and Saint Methodius, his brother, who made this version in the latter half of the ninth century, were Greek missionaries, "they forced the barbarous language to adapt itself to the forms of the Greek," or, in other words, translated from the Greek rather than from the Latin or Hebrew originals. This, however, is considered an open question, and so also—for the reason that the original manuscripts are lost—is the question whether the translators adopted the principal Slavonic tongue or one of its dialects—the ancient Serb being most probably that which was used. There is again a doubt as to the characters they employed—whether the Glagolitic, or (substantially) the present Russian alphabet, which Cyril either invented or adapted from the Glagolitic. M. Solski has undertaken for Russia to recover, as far as possible, the original text of the missionaries, and has already satisfied himself that a great many alterations have been made by the copyists—who were not, it must be confessed, without excuse in their efforts to improve the obscure and strained expressions which the Slavic tongue was made to bear; and that the text has undergone several revisions, and even new translations. Still more: the commentaries on the Scriptures, which abound in Russia, are based on a different version from the one commonly accepted; so that a labor not less great than Tischendorf's will be needed to collate and publish side by side the numerous variations just indicated. And after all has been done in this direction, in the service of history chiefly, Russia's well-wishers would like to banish the work to the Imperial archives, and substitute for it a Russian translation and a Russian service, to be used by priests and people and nobility, in place of the jargon and medley heretofore in vogue.

BALDWIN'S "PRE-HISTORIC NATIONS."*

THE importance, in the history of remote antiquity, of the Africo-Asian race which, after the clear indications of the Mosaic ethnological table, is designated as Hamitic, Cushite, or Ethiopic, has long been a favorite theme of archæological speculation. The civilization and power of Meroë, Egypt, and Arabia Felix were incontestably the achievements of that race in pre-historic times; Phœnicia, the mother of so many inventions and colonies, was, according to that Hebrew record, with which the narrative of Herodotus so well agrees, a nation of the same ethnic family, notwithstanding her use of a Semitic tongue; and late discoveries have also confirmed the correctness of the connection in the Biblical narrative of the Hamitic element represented by Nimrod with the great centres of power on the Euphrates and Tigris. Many competent archæologists, however, extend the sphere of the ancient Hamites far beyond the limits above mentioned.

According to George Rawlinson, "linguistic discovery tends to show

* "Pre-Historic Nations; or, Enquiries concerning some of the Great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity, and their probable relation to a still older Civilization of the Ethiopians or Cushites of Arabia. By John D. Baldwin, A.M." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

that a Cushite or Ethiopian race did, in the earliest times, extend itself along the shores of the Southern Ocean from Abyssinia to India. The whole peninsula of India was peopled by a race of this character before the influx of the Aryans; it extended along the sea-coast through the modern Beluchistan and Kerman; the cities on the northern shores of the Persian Gulf are shown by the brick inscriptions found in their ruins to have belonged to this race." This was the race of the Ethiopians of whom "the uniform voice of primitive antiquity" spoke as dwelling on the shores of the Southern Ocean "from India to the Pillars of Hercules." And long before Rawlinson, Maurice, in his "Ancient History of Hindustan," spoke thus of the "daring Cushite genius" when "in its full career of glory": "It was they who built the tower of Belus and raised the pyramids of Egypt; it was they who formed the grottoes near the Nile, and scooped the caverns of Salsette and Elephanta." Heeren, too, fully appreciated the almost universal significance of the Ethiopians in the traditions of primitive times. He found them in the annals of the Egyptian priests; he found their legends interwoven with the traditions of Asiatic wars and conquests, their glory sung by Hellenic bards when the Greeks scarcely knew Italy and Sicily by name, and their lustre undiminished "when fable gave way to the clear light of history."

Fully convinced of the correctness, and somewhat dazzled, we fancy, by the vague light of the Cushite theory, Mr. Baldwin presents it to us in its widest possible developments. He exhausts "traditions, mythologies, fragmentary records, mouldering monuments, and other remains of the pre-historic ages," and ransacks all the stores of recent research, to prove that the Cushites were the original civilizers of South-western Asia, and that, radiating thence, their influence was not only established all along the coast regions, on the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, but also extended through the continent of Africa, and probably across the great oceans, to the shores of what we call the New World.

The original seat of that grand race he finds in Arabia, the principal part of what, as he believes, the Hebrew Scriptures called the Land of Cush, and the Sanscrit Puranas designated as the interior Cusha-dwipa—a geographical division comprising the regions extending from the borders of Hindostan to the Red Sea, beyond which lay, according to the same legendary documents, the exterior region of the same name. The Arabia of Mr. Baldwin, however, is not the Arabia with which old accounts and traditions have made our fancy familiar—a land of dreary wastes and deserts, roamed over by homeless and restless Bedouins, and only dotted with oases, and fringed with fertile tracts. Accepting Mr. Palgrave's most favorable testimony, he sees even in Central Arabia—so long hidden from the eye of civilized observers—"a rich and beautiful country, a settled and civilized population . . . cities, towns, tillage, and regular government." The desert is the outer fringe of a vast and fertile table-land; the Bedouin is a degenerate outgrowth of the fixed nation, and in no respect its representative; where we were taught to see but arid and treeless wastes, there populous cities, with bastions, towers, and gates, have been discovered. And what now is waste in Arabia was in olden times, to a great extent, cultivated, populous, and flourishing. Witness the remnants of ancient tanks of vast dimensions, and the splendid ruins, of which only a part has as yet been explored, of grand centres of civilization, "from Balbec and Petra to Mareb and Zhafar." The magnificence of Yemen in antiquity has always been a theme of admiration, and there remain abundant traces to show that the wonderful ancient tales of Sheba and the Sabæans were in the main based on ample facts. Strabo, Pliny, Ptolemy, and others testify that the coasts of Southern Arabia were lined with great cities. The inscriptions on the ruins, in what we call the Himyaric tongue, show that the people that once flourished in tropical Arabia were not of the Semitic race. They were the Adites of the remotest age of Moslem tradition, which speaks of their splendor and riches in the same exaggerated strain with which it execrates their fatal infidelity. Semitic invasion and Moslem fanaticism have destroyed that noble branch of the Cushite race; but some living remnants of it and its language can still be discovered.

These Cushites of Arabia, Mr. Baldwin endeavors to prove, were in full possession of the grand inventions which afterward created the greatness and glory of the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and the Phœnicians—descendants of the same race, and, in their earliest history, colonies of the same country, with which they, for a long period, formed one vast empire. Long before the Phœnicians—the disseminators of the alphabet in the West—left the shores of the Erythræan Sea; long before the Egyptians reared their pyramids and obelisks, and the Chaldeans erected their observatory on the temple of Belus—astronomy, mathematics, and the art of writing flourished in Arabia, a country from which, in much later times, Europe received the arithmetical figures and the science of algebra. Long before Sidon or Tyre was founded, the people that founded them, when still dwellers in Arabia, navigated, together with other Arabian Cushites, all the adjacent and many remote seas, carrying on a vast commerce, and planting colonies on the most distant shores. The circumnavigation of Africa, in the time of King Necho, instead of being the only, may have been the last undertaken by the Phœnicians. The colonies of the Cushites were organized on the plan of the mother country, the government being based on local self-government, with a loose bond of federation, such as united the cities of Phœnicia or of Philistia. Oman, in modern Arabia, offers another example of this form of government.

Were the Cushites of Arabia autochthons? Was their culture entirely originated by themselves? Or did it spring from a still older civilization? When did it begin? Mr. Baldwin attempts no distinct answer to these questions. The first period of Arabian history is naturally wrapt in mystery. The beginning of the second—"the period of colonizing enterprise, commercial greatness, and extensive empire"—he places as early as "7,000 or 8,000 years before Christ, and it may have begun much earlier." "Early in this period Cushite colonies were established in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, which in subsequent ages became Barbara, Egypt, and Chaldea. . . . The Cushites occupied India, Western Asia to the Mediterranean, and extensive regions in Africa. . . . The vast commercial system by which they brought together 'the ends of the earth' was created, and that unrivalled eminence in maritime and manufacturing skill was developed, which the Phœnicians retained down to the time of the Hellenes and the Romans. In this period were the grandest ages of the great empire of Ethiopia, or Cusha-dwipa." This was followed, Mr. Baldwin believes, by a period of disintegration. First, Chaldea and Egypt; and then, "under the control of the people called Phœnicians, Northern Arabia, Syria, and the connected communities on the Mediterranean," became separate dominions. The Sanscrit branch of the Aryans invaded India, gradually subduing the Cushites, who had amalgamated with the earlier and darker inhabitants of the country, and in their rock temples worshipped Baal under the name of Siva, whom the Brahmans eventually received in their Pantheon. Arabia was divided and decayed. Its south-western parts alone continued to flourish for a long period, the Sabæans and Himyarites representing the Cushite civilization down to a time comparatively modern. The north was overrun by nomadic Semites, who occupied the Hedjaz, originated Mohammedanism, and eventually transformed the whole country. Egypt, Chaldea, and Phœnicia, the three grandest offshoots of Cushite Arabia, flourished for thousands of years after the dissolution of the original empire, and before the power of the Semites culminated in the Assyrian realm. We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Baldwin through the pages in which he traces the vicissitudes of the Cushite kingdoms and colonies in Africa, Asia, and Europe, from periods all but lost in the night of time, down to an age so late as the days of the Caliphs, when in the far East a "Malayan" empire of Cushite origin still survived. Down to this day the Berbers and Touaricks of Northern and Central Africa preserve some distinct and noble features of ancient Ethiopian descent and culture.

The materials which our author uses for his vast work of pre-historic reconstruction are by no means scanty, though decidedly of unequal value, and we must confess he handles them with skill and confidence. There is much in the whole scheme that hardly requires an argument; for much of it he has substantial arguments drawn from the oldest as well as the latest authorities; other parts he builds upon or corroborates by hypotheses and conjectures of a rather hazardous character. With erudition and zeal he collects all the evidence in favor of the theory that can be discovered in the pages of ancient and mediæval historians and poets, or of modern travellers and archæologists. Vedas, Puranas, the Dabistan, Homer, the Koran, fragments and legends of every kind, are made to contribute their support. The apparently most extravagant statements of Manetho, Berosus, Diodorus Siculus, Ptolemy, Strabo, Masudi, or Edrisi are eagerly used as evidence of a high order. Dionysus or Osiris, Cepheus, Zohak, Saturn, Kaiamors, Orpheus, and other mythical heroes of Hellenic or Eastern antiquity are restored to historical importance, and some of them even placed in chronological order. Gaps are filled out with hypothetical developments, such as should or might have taken place. Where an assertion cannot be proved, its opposite is ridiculed as far as possible. The restraints of "Usher's chronology" are justly spurned, and its defenders overwhelmed with contemptuous invectives; historical skepticism is treated with still greater and bitterer scorn; and even such critics as Grote, Wil-

kinson, and Renan are often unceremoniously handled. Whatever is in the way of the universal Cushite theory—belief in the Greeks as the earliest or foremost civilizers, Turanianizing linguistic speculations, or single assertions, in ancients or moderns, of a contestable character—Mr. Baldwin treats with the unsparing rigor of enthusiastic faith. On the whole, in spite of asserting and proving too much, he makes his theory sufficiently plausible.

We must, however, add that he fails to convince. Of course we do not mean to dispute the hoary antiquity or the greatness of Egypt or Chaldea, or the vast extent of Phœnician commercial and colonizing enterprise. Nor will we dispute with him about the meaning of the Hebrew word Cush (concerning which we are far from agreeing with his confidently quoted authorities), for the name has little to do with the theory. But he fails to prove by philological evidence, the only possible test—if it be possible at the present stage of Cushite linguistic research, which we greatly doubt—the identity in race of all the nations whom he glorifies as Cushites. He fails to show why his mighty and so highly civilized Cushites were everywhere so easily and so completely denationalized—the Babylonians, for instance, by conquering Assyrians, the settled Arabians by invading Semitic nomads, the Phœnicians by mere contact with their neighbors. We say by mere contact, for such names as Sidon, Tyre, Laish, Melcarth, Cadmus, Cabiri, "Sydyk the Just," and many others, make it evident, all Mr. Baldwin's assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Phœnicians on the shores of the Mediterranean spoke a Semitic tongue in the times of their greatest power, no less than when Tyrian colonists carried such Semitic names as Carthage, Byrsa, Cirta, Zama, Hamilcar, Hannibal, Asdrubal, or Gades to the coasts of Africa and Spain. All the important Philistine names, too, as we find them both in the Greek writers and in the Hebrew Scriptures—Ecron, Gath, Ashdod, Ascalon, Gaza, Dagon, Abimelech, and so on—are purely Semitic. Mr. Baldwin fails satisfactorily to explain why "that old Cushite race, so great and influential in its time," has not only everywhere succumbed to aggressors of lower culture, but "almost wholly disappeared from the earth," with its literatures and languages; while Semites, Aryans, and Turanians continue to flourish in tribes and nations, with languages beautifully developed and preserved in fresh distinctiveness. These and many other easy objections to his theory Mr. Baldwin has hardly attempted to meet; but, we must acknowledge it, none would prove fatal to the whole structure, though parts of it could easily be made to crumble under the hand of severe criticism. We have presented its outlines to our readers; let the curious examine it more closely in the text of the author. The "Pre-Historic Nations," though not a perfectly sound book, is in a high degree both instructive and suggestive.

THE SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE LATE WAR.*

The average Northern man will probably take little interest in the elaborate discussions concerning the nature of the Federal Government, the sovereignty of the States, and the right of secession, with which Mr. Stephens has filled the large volume before us. These questions were thoroughly settled in the minds of the mass of Northern men long before the war; and the abyss which the events of the winter of 1860–61 opened to their eyes speedily convinced such of the Northern people as previously were in doubt that, whatever arguments might be adduced for the right to secede, the argument for self-preservation answered them all. Mr. Stephens quotes largely from the language of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Greeley, in support of the right of secession or revolution; but he has learned, in the history of the last few years, that a great nation does not put its life at the mercy of every speech of a Western Congressman or every article of an erratic editor; and it seems as if he might have learned it before—as if a man of sense need not have waited for a bloody war to teach him the futility of this sort of argument, once so common in the South, and not yet quite obsolete there.

But, while the great majority of Northern readers will reject an argument in favor of secession as impatiently as they would an argument in favor of the Ptolemaic system, there are many who will be glad to see what is to be said upon that side, with a view to putting their minds into sufficient harmony with those of the Southern people to understand the feelings and temper of the South. To persons of this philosophic temperament, willing to "listen patiently to any sober and godly man who will sincerely argue that two and two make five," Mr. Stephens's book will be interesting. His propositions are far from being so repugnant to reason as the two-and-two argument. He quietly assumes a good deal that would be very offensive if argued at length, and confines himself to demonstrating the right of each State to withdraw from the Union at its own pleasure. This is done by means of an imaginary discussion, carried on at great length between Mr. Stephens, Judge Bynum, a Radical Republican, Professor Norton, a Conservative Republican, and Major Heister, a War Democrat—the three latter persons being, of course, fictitious. The greater part of the arguments consist of quotations from Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Webster, etc., etc., with comments upon them—all tending to show that the United States never constituted a nation, and that each State of the Union retained not only all sovereign rights not delegated to the Federal Government, but had also the right at any moment to revoke the powers it had delegated.

Of course Mr. Stephens's supposed visitors get the worst of the argument, and gradually recant their heresies. For he has very little to say about slavery. While thinking it perfectly right, he holds that it had no appreciable influence in giving rise to the doctrine of State rights, and that the war was carried on by the South in support of that doctrine, and not in behalf of slavery, except as an incidental and inferior consideration. In this Mr. Stephens is partly correct, as we suppose, and wholly sincere. Slavery did not, in any just sense, give birth to the State-rights doctrine. The ablest advocates of that doctrine were, it is true, slaveholders, but they were also abolitionists; and Samuel Adams, who was among its most strenuous supporters, was a Massachusetts man who never owned a slave. But the growth of slavery had, long before the war, made that institution the chief concern of the South; and we are not afraid to say that it could be easily shown that after 1840 its representatives never hesitated to encroach upon State rights when anything was to be gained for slavery, although they promptly fell back upon those rights when the interests of their darling institution required that course. Yet, in the main, the existence of slavery obviously depended upon the maintenance of State sovereignty; and therefore the South adhered in theory to that doctrine; and we have no doubt that by far the most of those who fought upon the Southern side believed that they were fighting for State rights rather than for slavery.

We should be glad to give extracts from Mr. Stephens's book, to show its spirit and style; but it is itself chiefly made up of extracts, and long ones, so that we could not possibly do justice to it. Its calm and dignified tone, the ability with which the views of "the Fathers" are brought out, and the evident sincerity of the author, deserve, and will secure, the respect of every fair-minded reader. Mr. Stephens presents a very strong argument in favor of the doctrine that the Constitution was a compact between the States, and shows conclusively, of course, that this is a federal, and not a consolidated republic. This reasoning being satisfactorily completed, he seems to think that it follows, quite as a matter of course, that any one of the States can withdraw from the federation and rescind the compact. For this proposition he requires no further authority than a line from Montesquieu, and a brief reference to the law regulating contracts between private citizens. But, in fact, this is the weak point in the whole Southern argument. There is a perfect *non sequitur*. All free governments are founded upon an implied contract; but nothing short of a total failure of performance upon one side has ever been supposed to release the other. Even in private life, marriage is a contract in which mutual affection is the prime consideration and the foremost obligation, without which the bond is a monstrous yoke, yet no decent community allows the compact to be broken for the mere failure of this consideration. Mr. Stephens does not pretend that the constitutional "compact" had been violated by all the Northern States: his single insincerity is in pretending to think that it was violated by thirteen of them; and he does not venture to assert that any one State had violated all or even most of its obligations, or that the breach of duty had been productive of any serious injury. He claims for each State the absolute right to withdraw at its sovereign will and pleasure, with or without cause. We say that, even conceding all his premises, this is not in the least a necessary inference from them.

Mr. Stephens's book cannot occupy the place which he hopes for it; but it will be a useful contribution to the literature of the war, out of which a future historian will be able to construct an impartial account of its origin. In the books now written, the historian will see conclusive evidence that the North and South had each grown up into such complete antagonism upon the doctrine of State rights, that neither section could even understand the other. He will comprehend the tendency of the North toward nationality of spirit arising from its more frequent intercourse with foreign nations, and the increased facilities of communication among its own people; while he will see in the rapid growth of slavery at the South, with

* "A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens." Vol. I. Philadelphia: The National Publishing Co. Pp. 654.

its inevitable consequences in retarding the progress of real civilization, a potent cause of adherence to the doctrine of exclusive State sovereignty, and also a cause of alienation from a free community, bound to the South by political ties, but separated from it in spirit by as marked a difference as exists between the mediæval days and the nineteenth century.

A House of Cards. A Novel. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (Boston: Littell & Gay.)—The plot of this story seems to us to have been well invented, and to have been handled with more skill than ordinarily goes to the construction of a novel. Mrs. Hoey has kept her main purpose steadily before her, and worked up to it with a good, artistic appreciation of the points to be made, and, so far as the main business of her story is concerned, with little or no unnecessary by-play. She does a good deal of rather prolix dissection of motives and of mental processes, with which we do not find so much fault in itself as for the reason that it interferes with the action of the book, which is never too brisk; and neither her character-painting nor her descriptions of social life—although they are in a way undeniably clever—seem to us the result of careful observation. In writing her story, the moral purpose of it was evidently the thing she had most at heart; and her characters have been carefully thought out and fitted to the parts they had to play with reference to the total effect rather than to their intrinsic truthfulness and vitality. As a general rule, we suppose that a novel whose main business is the development and study of character is pleasanter reading than one which depends for its interest mainly upon the skilful elucidation of its plot—that is, when both of them at all approximate excellence in their several lines; but when character-painting is undertaken, as it is every day, by persons quite innocently incompetent to the task, the result is even drearier than any other sort of entertainment. As Mrs. Hoey is not a genius, and is a clever woman, much given to the analysis of morbid states of mind and to pondering upon the necessary results of given actions, but with no dramatic ability, and a not at all keen perception of shades of character—she has, we think, shown good sense in devoting herself to that field in which she could work with the greatest hopes of success. Her problem in the present story was to illustrate the reflex action of deliberately committed evil actions not necessarily crimes, and to show how they must react on the character and may react on the outward lives of those who commit them. As we have said, her plot seems well contrived to meet this end, and her conception of her characters, especially of her heroine, deserves a good deal of praise. Her idea of what they should be is invariably much better than she succeeds in making her delineation. They are not weak, nor at all stupidly put together, but they want vitality. Apparently, Mrs. Hoey lacks skill to dissect the living subject. Her plot, although it is not a complicated one, is one not easy to compress into a few lines; and as her book, which has, on the whole, more good points than bad ones, is still far from being excellent, it seems not advisable to devote more space to it than will serve to note our appreciation of the painstaking and conscientious work in it, and to recommend it to novel-readers as better worth reading than most of the current books of its class.

The Gain of a Loss. A Novel. By the author of "The Last of the Cavaliers." (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.)—It is some time since we have encountered "the Jesuit" in an English novel—not, we think, since the days when Lady Fullerton was writing anti-Catholic stories; at any rate, they seemed anti-Catholic enough to our Protestant ears. He comes to light again in "The Gain of a Loss," and we are glad to find not one of his typical and well-known peculiarities wanting—he is as stealthy, as wily, and as unscrupulous as ever. As of old, his principal business is to "alienate into the coffers of the Church" all the property belonging to other people that by hook or by crook he can lay his hands on; he is, in short, as immoral in private and as hypocritical in public as only the Jesuit of an Englishwoman's novel can ever hope to be. Poetical justice is meted out to him at last in a satisfactory manner; not simply in that his machinations come to naught—that was to be expected—but his secret sins are discovered, and he is dogged throughout Europe by a vindictive old woman whose meditated vengeance is grimly foreshadowed thus: "There are convent prisons where priests do penance for the crime of having been found out."

The novel contains, also, a number of other romantic and rather high-strung personages—some of them remarkable for their beauty, some for their goodness; none, we think, for their superior intelligence—viewing them, that is, from an outsider's standpoint. As for the hero, it is hard to say whether his personal beauty, the mystery surrounding his birth, or his stanch Protestantism, which is of the muscular-Christian type, endears him most to the heroine and to the reader. He is by no means a bad fellow, although to the reader of many novels his character will not seem too startingly original. The story is pleasantly told, and will not, we suppose, be found the less readable because it contains plot and incident enough for one of twice its length—not that it is itself short. It is not a satisfactory novel in any but a very limited sense of the words; but besides being quite healthy morally—in the narrow sense of that word—it is at all events free from dulness—that worst fault which can be laid to the charge of any book which is written simply to amuse.

Fishing in American Waters. By Genio C. Scott. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—Mr. Genio C. Scott, though he does some slight Izaak Waltonism that does not make him more agreeable, is, on the whole, an honest, straightforward angler, who believes what he writes—barring his verses—and tells all he knows *con amore;* and he knows a good deal. Mr. Scott's book is one of the most complete and sensible works on angling ever published—the most complete and sensible, so far as we know. The arrangement of it is admirable, the composition is good; the drawing and engraving of the fish are well done.

The book is divided into five parts: "Coast and Estuary Fishing, with Rod and Line," "Fresh-water Fishing, with Fly and Bait," "Commercial Fisheries," "Ancient and Modern Fish Culture," "A Glimpse of Ichthyology," and an appendix on cookery adapted to the resources of sportsmen in the wilderness. The article on "Modern Fish Culture" is one that the amateur breeder of fish will find of practical value and assistance. There is no department of fishing that Mr. Scott does not treat of, from tying a fly to gaffing the salmon. His descriptive powers are unusually strong; and it is curious to turn from a good vivid bit of his prose and see that his verse is the most dreary bosh imaginable. Mr. Scott has also—what looks like a fault—a habit of praising the tackle sold by one or two houses, wherever and whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. With illustrations. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.)—Miss Alcott's literary success seems to be very like that achieved by her favorite, "Jo," in this pleasant little story. She has not endangered her popularity by any excessive refinement, nor by too hard a struggle after ideal excellence in her work. Her book is just such a hearty, unaffected, and "genial" description of family life as will appeal to the majority of average readers, and is as certain to attain a kind of success which is apt enough fatally to endanger its author's pretensions to do better work in future. Meantime, "Little Women" is entertaining reading, and, as far as its moral lesson goes, may safely be put into the hands of young people, and will be likely, too, to give their elders a certain pleasure.

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The Week.

THE Washington news of the week is not of great importance. Apparently in accordance with the maxim which he has contributed to the science of government, that the best way to get a bad law abrogated is to enforce it rigidly, President Grant has taken steps to enforce so far as he can the Eight Hour Law, as it is called, which the last Congress passed. Both House and Senate left the phraseology—verbiage, as they more happily say down South—of the law so ambiguous, that Attorney-General Evarts and Attorney-General Hoar both thought its less forced construction, if the words alone were looked at, to be that which required a reduction of the laborer's wages correspondent to the reduction in the hours of labor. To the question why they did not interpret it by the expressed intention of Congress, both those "hard legal minds" might perhaps have hinted that the true intent of Congress at or about election times is to be gathered from various things. Grant, however, has taken Congress at its word, and we shall see if the United States gets as much work in eight hours a day as in ten. We hope the Secretaries will give orders that figures bearing on this matter may be collected. The only other piece of news of any consequence is one that we are very glad to chronicle. Mr. Fisher, the Commissioner of Patents, has four vacancies in his department, and of course he has any number of applicants for them. He makes to each the same reply, to the effect that if each will come again, on such a day, and be examined, he need not fear that he will not be first assistant if he can pass high enough. We wish the Secretary might give orders in this instance, too, that information might be collected as to the relative efficiency of these and other clerks appointed on the old system. But then, just as the men get to doing their business well, they and the Secretary will go out together. An anonymous letter in the *Times* denies the statement published in the *Evening Post*, and reproduced by us, that a Treasury clerk had been dismissed for opposing impeachment.

Virginia, according to the President's proclamation, is to vote on the 6th of July, and the contest will be exciting, and the result, we suppose, is to be called very doubtful, so far as concerns the governorship. Both parties are said to be confident of carrying the State, and if that is so now, it is altogether probable that in the course of the next six weeks the Conservative Republicans will become yet more confident; it being reasonable to suppose that they will continue to make some, if not a great many, converts to the policy of voting from among the men who have hitherto upheld the doctrine that a white man, who is truly white, will not lower himself by having part or lot in the matter of carrying on in the Old Dominion a government in which blacks have a voice. But no such degree of approval is now given these men as was given them two years ago. Everybody anticipates the defeat of the provisions of the constitution which are to be submitted separately, and some predict the rejection of the whole instrument; but for the reasons already hinted at we think this unlikely, whether Wells beats Walker, or Walker Wells. It is odd reasoning which leads men who know that when once their State is in the Union they obtain almost absolute control of its constitution, to refuse to take any steps to get their destinies in their own hands, because they cannot take all the steps at once. As in Arkansas, so in Virginia, under the gubernatorial contest, which sets all the politicians at work, is the partially concealed struggle for the Senatorship—the great prize now of American political life, with its immense power for the ambitious, its social consideration, and with its opportunities for speedy fortune-making for the dishonest and greedy.

The aspect of Southern political affairs, while it is not so promising as the aspect of Southern industrial affairs, is yet hardly of a kind to justify the spasm of despondency which seized upon some of our contemporaries at the time of the "May meetings." In Arkansas there is some political excitement growing out of the rather quiet fight which is going on between Governor Powell, the so-called carpet-bagger, and the majority of the negro voters on the one hand, and the dissatisfied Republicans, composed of old native Arkansan Whigs, who afterwards were home-made Yankees or "scalawags" or native Unionists, and who now are almost willing, it is said, to join the Democrats in order to beat the Powell men. This would hardly be worth mentioning, perhaps, if it were not that it is in such contests as this that we may expect the negro to learn something of his value as a voter, and the white man—even the white Democrat of Arkansas, who has but now been under martial law in a good part of the State—to learn something of the value of the negro as a political ally. In some of the States further from the frontier of barbarism than the wild South-western States, the politician would be more bold than practical as a leader who even now should argue for the removal of the negro element of the body politic. Few North Carolina politicians, for example, would attempt to take such a course. Louisiana seems to be politically quiet, and so does Mississippi; but from Alabama and Georgia accounts come of some murders, and more threatenings, caused by political hatreds. There seems no reason, however, why the killing of Mr. Adkins, in Georgia, should be attributed to anything but the murderer's desire for the old man's money. The killing of Holmes in Virginia, too, was just such an affray as is common enough in the South; one man is "wanted" by the sheriff, another man is what the first man considers officious in aiding and encouraging the officer, and is therefore shot—being not unarmed himself, by the way. This is bad enough, and the murdered man's color and politics may have had their effect in helping on his death; but still it is not strictly a political outrage.

A difficulty of some importance has arisen in Virginia, owing to the inability of the judges to take the test-oath, and their consequent unfitness for office under the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment. There are many counties in which, since the passage of the Amendment, there is not a single lawyer to be found legally qualified to sit on the bench and administer justice. This is, of course, delightful for the criminals, and some of them who have been sentenced by disfranchised judges have taken to suing out writs of *habeas corpus*, for the purpose of getting themselves released from prison. One of these cases came, recently, before Chief-Justice Chase, who took the

ground that the Fourteenth Amendment was not to be construed in a sense which would make it destructive of social order, and that, therefore, such officials as were necessary to the punishment of crime, and the protection of life and property, must be held qualified to act under it, even if unable to take the oath, as long as no others are to be had. In short, he held that there could be *de facto* judges in the interest of society as well as a *de facto* government, and that their acts were valid to the extent which social exigencies might make necessary. He accordingly sent the petitioner back to prison. The case also came before the celebrated Judge Underwood, who made mince-meat of the Chief-Justice. He took his stand on the *habeas corpus* as the palladium of our liberties, cited Boswell and Macaulay as to its value, said that if the Chief-Justice's ruling were good law, the "Constitution would become a mat to wipe our feet on, not a shield to protect our breasts." He enquired, scornfully, what is "a court *de facto?*" and said he would not be frightened at this time of day by a little law Latin; quoted Marshall to show the nature of a United States court, and Mansfield in the great Somerset slave case, to show that a judge should not be deterred from pronouncing a decision by the consideration of the inconvenience that would result from it. In fact, a more excruciating castigation was probably never inflicted by one great judicial officer on another. Underwood clearly ought to be Chief-Justice himself, and we have little doubt that were Ben. Wade President, he would be. With Wade in the White House, Train in the War Department, Sprague in the Treasury, Butler in the State Department, and Underwood as sole Judge of the Supreme Court, the howls and execrations of humiliated and terrified foreign tyrants would rend the skies.

We have from Cuba a variety of news. It appears that the battle of which we spoke last week was only a skirmish after all; but "Colonel Stockton, of Oil City," Pennsylvania, who has come back from the insurrectionary districts, says the rebel army amounts to 73,599, of whom 42,252 (we like the close accuracy of this) are drilling in "instruction camps," and are as yet only armed with sugar-knives. To make them fight, we suppose it will take a "rear-guard" of Americans and Dominicans of at least 25,000 men. It appears that the mouths of those who asked for a sight of the revolutionary government are now closed; for Cespedes has become a "President," and has issued a proclamation announcing that a "federal democratic republic has been established throughout the island," and a "provisional constitution has been ratified" (by whom, and on what day?) "The country is divided into four departments," we also learn, and "the more important offices have been distributed as follows"—he then gives the names of "the president of the chamber of representatives," of "the secretaries" we presume of the same body, of the minister of war, and of the general-in-chief. "The other offices," he says, "which are necessary for the administration of the government, will be filled without delay by gentlemen who inspire confidence." An impudent and inquisitive person might enquire, where is the Chamber of Representatives, and how is it composed? and who appointed the President? but we trust for the present no such persons will present themselves. Cespedes has issued a second proclamation to the people, and Quesada one to the army, filled with the noblest sentiments; but there is an unpleasant report from Havana that the bloody proclamation of Valamesda, issued April 4, to which we have more than once referred, was preceded by as bloody a one of Cespedes, issued Feb. 18, and the Spanish authorities produce the document. To this the New York "Cuban Republican Junta" reply, that it is true that Cespedes issued the bloody proclamation referred to; but that it was called forth, as the preamble to it, which the Spaniards suppressed, expressly states, by the Spanish atrocities. There are reports at this writing of the landing of 700 filibusters and of a fight between them and the Spanish troops, in which the latter were worsted. But we may as well say, frankly, that except the Cespedes proclamations, there has not been a particle of news from the island during the week in which any sensible or intelligent person can place any confidence, and yet there has been a good deal of news.

The agricultural news from the South—the important news just now—continues to be good, except such as relates to some local disaster like the breaking of the levee at one or two points in Louisiana. Cotton and corn are reported as doing well, and the recent assembling at Memphis of seven hundred delegates from every Southern State, all bent on industrial reorganization, is a promising sign. It is a pity that it was marked by one incident which shows that it had too much likeness to the curious gatherings which used to meet in old times and prove that slavery had nothing to do with the decay of the South, and that a line of screw steamers out of Norfolk was all that was needed to rehabilitate Virginia and make Portsmouth eclipse New York. Still it is expecting a little too much to expect a Southern gentleman, if he had the luck to have it, to refrain from reading to a mass-meeting of other Southern gentlemen a letter from General Lee; and we certainly should not expect the mass-meeting of Southern gentlemen to refrain from most enthusiastic and very long-continued applause. Only it was not strictly commercial, considering the source whence the South will have to draw much of the capital it hopes for; it helps a little to postpone the day of Northern disbelief in stories of Southern hostility to Northern men; and not altogether unreasonably. In Virginia there is some taking up of small farms by the European immigrants, of whom a slender stream sets towards the South, most going to Virginia or to Texas. That the latter State needs a little Northern immigration may be suspected when it is said—without contradiction and seemingly on good authority—that in Galveston, the largest city in Texas, there is but one man who deals in ice, who therefore has a monopoly of the business, and that, too, in a place with an almost tropical climate; that there is not a dry-dock in which a vessel may be repaired; that there is not a brickmaker, though material for bricks exists in abundance; that there is not a hat-maker, nor a broom-maker, nor a turning-lathe; that the whole State cannot show a manufactory of "fertilizers," though bones are plenty; nor a shoe factory; nor a paper-mill; nor a chandlery; nor a carriage factory. Most of the immigration into Texas goes to the German district, and is agricultural in character.

The key to the change of ministry in Italy, which was announced without explanation by the Cable a fortnight since, is found in the latest advices by mail, according to which the event is one of the most fortunate which has happened to the kingdom for many a year. Instead, as it appeared, of the Menabrea ministry being forced to resign after having survived one grave crisis after another with undiminished vigor, the Government has in fact received a most important accession from the Piedmontese faction, called the *Permanente*, which, ever since 1865, has voted with the Opposition to embarrass and defeat the measures of what may be called the National party, as well as the party of order and reform. This transfer of allegiance not only increases the Government majority in the Chamber, but really marks the end of that particularism—to borrow a word from German politics—which has hitherto been the greatest enemy of solid progress in Italy. The Neapolitan faction remains, but perhaps not for all time; and the state, which has never lost ground since Mentana, now feels that the epoch of assured prosperity has been reached. This happy result has been brought about through the initiative of Count Cambray-Digny, which accounts for his remaining in the reconstructed Cabinet, while several of his colleagues retired in favor of the Piedmontese. Prior to this change, it was argued that the new partisans of the Government ought not to be rewarded by immediate admission to the Cabinet, lest the contrast between their late hostility and their present loyalty should afford the Opposition too great a handle, and weaken the ministry itself for the measures it might have to sustain; and lest there should prove to have been not a union, but merely a coalition of parties. This fear, however, is hardly justified in view of the special, well-known grievance which animated the *Permanente*, and which bound them to find fault with everything that emanated from a government sitting in Florence instead of in Turin. Once reconciled on this score, and induced to forget the pangs of diminished self-importance, this party could without difficulty advocate any measure on its merits, and be at the same time a shining example of patriotism and political abnegation.

The elections in France have resulted in raising the minority in the Corps Législatif from 45 to 90, the Government candidates elected numbering 193. When it is remembered that the Opposition began in 1852 with five members only, and that it was owing solely to the exertions of the workingmen of Paris that these were elected, this seems a great gain; but when it is remembered, on the other hand, that it has taken seventeen years to make it in, it does not seem so very great after all. However, forty-five Opposition members proved a serious annoyance to the Government in the last legislature; and ninety combining with the lukewarm—of whom a certain number are sure to make their way in even under the Government wings—the coming session will probably be very stormy. Emile Ollivier, as has been foreseen ever since he took to coquetting with the Emperor, and especially since he wrote his book giving an account of it, has been dropped out; but he appears to be the only one of the original Liberals who has come to grief.

From England, the news relates wholly to the *Alabama* matter and Mr. Sumner's speech. The press is occupied about little else. A sort of panic appears to have been produced by a letter of Goldwin Smith's, published in the *Beehive*, advising the abandonment of an emigration enterprise, for which he had been collecting information, and expressing his belief that resident English might shortly have to quit the United States. This was, of course, taken as an expression of his opinion that war was imminent, and the various papers began to talk in view of the emergency. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is disposed to fight, and so are all the Tory papers; the *Times* argues in a paternal spirit; the *Daily News* and *Spectator* assail the Sumner speech with great sharpness; and the *Broad Arrow*, a paper devoted to the interests of the Civil Service, is not only ready to go to war, as a painful necessity, but as a pleasant duty which could not but have a satisfactory and triumphant conclusion. Mr. F. W. Newman, the brother of John, writes to the *Star* defending Mr. Sumner, on the ground that the very violence of his language, by giving free vent to the popular feeling, had a tendency to soothe popular resentment, and that it served the purpose of convincing England of her sins and shortcomings; and he ridicules the idea that the rejection of a treaty is an implied menace of war, or that Mr. Sumner's speech contains any such menace. But he defends the conduct of the English Government in issuing the proclamation of neutrality on the strength of a quotation from "a memoir of the Hon. John Jay on emancipation," which states that in August, 1861, Mr. Seward advised American Ministers in Europe that "the President, so far from rejecting, willingly accepted the doctrine that the Federal Government could not reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest;" so Mr. Newman proposes that Englishmen should suffer for the "misdeeds" of their Government, and Americans for the "misdeeds" of theirs; but until it has been settled what are and what are not "misdeeds," it does not seem to us that this suggestion contributes much towards a satisfactory arrangement. There is no sign of war that we know of anywhere but in London; and there it will probably be confined to the "Household Troops" on one side and the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* on the other. The latter is evidently bent on battle, and is determined not to be taken alive, and his whoops and shrieks come over the ocean on every blast that blows.

Mr. Sumner is, it seems, receiving anonymous and insulting letters from "English bullies" on account of his late speech, and has begun to hand them over to the reporters for publication. The object of publishing them must either be to show that there are ruffians in England who write anonymous letters—which every one knew before—or that Mr. Sumner is undergoing martyrdom. We presume there is nobody in this country, or any other, occupying a conspicuous position, who is not exposed to this kind of annoyance; but then sensible men usually put anonymous letters, whether filled with abuse of the receiver or of anybody else, in the waste-basket. The cases in which statesmen call reporters in to copy them and print them are happily rare, and long may they continue so. Even the luxury of being the victim of persecution can hardly be enjoyed through them, as nobody knows who writes them, and a public man might horrify the world by the publication of a letter threatening to cut off his head and boil him down for glue, which was written after all by a schoolboy or a sot or a lunatic. "Bullies" rarely write anonymous letters; the authors are usually timorous sneaks, who would not hurt a fly unless they could take him unawares. We warrant that the Washington or Boston police will hold Mr. Sumner harmless against all the "bullies" on the globe for a mere trifle. His greatest danger at present, we take it, is from poison. We have our own reasons for believing that, should his foreign enemies decide on making a victim of him for his late address, they will try and get access to his soup.

President Woolsey, of Yale College, who, as those who have read his book know, is no mean authority on questions of international law, though he cannot be called a professional student of it, and who is, as few politicians are, able to speak on such questions as an intelligent human being and not as a partisan, has delivered two lectures to the Senior Class on the *Alabama* case, taking Mr. Sumner's speech as his text. He holds, we are glad to say, precisely the same position as the *Nation* with regard to the total absence of necessary connection between the neutrality proclamation and the sailing of the *Alabama*, and, consequently, the folly and needlessness of treating them as part and parcel of the same transaction, and insisting on what we are sure not to get—an apology for the issue of the proclamation—the *Alabama* depredations constituting of themselves a real and sufficient grief, satisfaction for which ought to be insisted on. Dr. Woolsey also assails Mr. Sumner's theory of "ocean belligerency" as something distinct, in the case of a power like the Confederacy, having several ports actually accessible to trade, from land belligerency—maintaining that the distinction has really its seat only in Mr. Sumner's imagination. Taking up the question whether there was animus in the proclamation, he argues that there was in what was known of the state of things at the South, in the letters of Mr. Seward, the articles of Mr. Greeley, in the general foreboding of the Northern public, quite sufficient reason for believing that the English Government may have issued the proclamation in good faith, without unfriendly intent, and with an honest desire to be neutral; in short, he holds that a "neutral looking at the state of things occurring here might have inferred that a state of war did exist." Coming to the case of the *Alabama*, President Woolsey declares that her departure was (municipally) illegal, and contrary to international law; that Lord Russell was guilty of culpable negligence in not stopping her—in fact, Dr. Woolsey says that "on reading the evidence he felt like shaking him;" that Earl Russell had ample warning; that there was treachery amongst other officials; and that for all this there is good ground for a claim for damages, but that war in support of it would not be justifiable until the British Government had refused to submit the question to a proper tribunal, which we infer he holds it has not yet done.

President Woolsey said in the course of his lecture that he wished it to be understood "that he had not been bribed by British gold" to take the ground he was taking before his young men. This is all very fine for him to say, but does he really expect the intelligent readers of the *Daily Tom-tom* or of the *Weekly Hammer and Tongs* to believe him? Does he not know that one of the favorite devices of these great organs is, whenever any important question comes before the American people for decision, to endeavor to prevent all discussion of it by saddling everybody who ventures to differ from them with some odious imputation before he opens his lips? During the war, and on all questions arising out of the war, the mouths of many honest and capable men were stopped by the cry of "Copperhead." On the tariff question and on all questions of international law, they are sought to be stopped by the cry of "British gold" and "Englishmen;" and by keeping up a good yelling reiteration of these phrases, it is generally possible to frighten timid men into their bedrooms, and some even into the beds and under the blankets. But unless we are greatly mistaken, the day for this particular form of blatherskite has gone by. There never has been a time when it was more necessary for men of intelligence to hold their own against this barbaric clamor and insist on being heard, and we doubt whether there ever was a time when there was a better chance of their succeeding.

THE GOVERNOR'S "FALL."

THE "fall" of Governor Hoffman—or, to speak more plainly, his signing a bill enabling the Erie operators to retain possession of the road in defiance of the stockholders for an indefinite period, after having given the highest promise of purity and integrity during the earlier months of his career—is causing the greatest surprise and lamentation amongst the good people of all parties who admired and lauded him. Even such old and experienced observers as the New York *Times* and *Evening Post* are plunged in tribulation by the revelation of the Governor's weakness, and of course the bankers, brokers, and "prominent financiers" who made haste to praise him when he began to send in his vetoes to the Legislature two months ago, are proportionately depressed.

Now, it was well to praise him when he gave signs of a willingness to disregard party ties and base party traditions and usages, and do his duty. Any man in public life who does good things has a right to the support and applause of good people, no matter what fears we may entertain as to his last end; and there has never been a time when such men needed it more than they do now; but then there is no excuse for the grief and astonishment which the Governor's "fall" is producing. How anybody possessing even a moderate or distant acquaintance with the character and aims of "the men inside politics" could have believed in the reality of his sudden conversion, or have supposed that he was going to break permanently with all the associations and traditions of his public life, passes our comprehension. It is all the more incomprehensible from the fact that Mr. Hoffman is by no means the first backslider of whom this city has had experience. When that eminent man, Fernando Wood, was elected Mayor in 1854, he was fresh from a little "unpleasantness" in the courts, which had resulted in proving him guilty of forgery and embezzlement perpetrated on his own partner. The facts of the case were perfectly well known to all our leading citizens, and the rest of his career, so far as known, had been that of a politician of the lowest class. When he took office, however, he made his appearance as a friend of virtue and good order, and made a decided hit. The police, of which he had entire control, made the lives of the gamblers, mock auctioneers, and prostitutes miserable, and in fact he acted with such vigor against all forms of vice and immorality that the wicked began to wind up their business preparatory to removing. The Mayor's office was crowded every day with bankers, brokers, financiers, and ministers calling to compliment his Honor, and thank him for the noble work he was doing. His swindling operations were spoken of as trifling "indiscretions"—we believe this is now the phrase applied to the crimes of "faithful" men—and in fact he played his cards so successfully that he obtained a gorgeous testimonial signed by the leading merchants asking him to stand for a second term. Once firmly seated, he "fell," as Hoffman has fallen and as O'Gorman has fallen, and as the whole tribe to which they belong are sure to fall sooner or later, no matter what their early promises or reforms may be.

We do not mean to put Hoffman in the same category with Wood as a private individual. But as politicians they have to be tried by the same tests. To expect "a man inside politics" to reform—that is, to become public-spirited, straightforward, high-minded, scrupulous—is to expect him to abandon deliberately a career which he has deliberately chosen, to break with the friends and associates of many years, to give up all hope of political advancement, and to sink into obscurity as soon as his term of office, if he holds one, expires. Had Governor Hoffman held out against the Erie Ring after it had got Tammany at its back, he would, two years hence, have found not only that he had no chance of renomination for the governorship, but that he had lost all chance of ever holding any public office whatever in the gift of the people. All hope of the senatorship, of the vice-presidency or presidency—for, of course, he hopes one day to be President—would be gone; and not only this, but he would find himself, on his return to the city, ostracized by his Democratic associates. He would find himself formally excluded from all Democratic councils and caucuses, and his opinions on political matters treated as worthless, and his character generally stigmatized as treacherous. To set off against this blasting of his political prospects and attendant social discomfort, he would have the good opinion of two or three Republican newspapers, which probably would hardly ever again mention his name, and of a number of respectable merchants, whom he would hardly ever see.

Would the Republicans take him up and reward him for his "noble stand" against corruption by giving him as prominent a place in their ranks as the one he had lost in the Democratic ranks? Not at all. He would find amongst them just as little appreciation of personal independence and integrity on the part of politicians as amongst the Democrats. He would find his honesty absolutely no recommendation to them, while his openly avowed indifference to party usages and obligations would make him an object of suspicion to all "the managers." His professions of conscientiousness and his scruples would be a standing subject of merriment in the more secret party conclaves, and the regular party organs would occasionally refer to him as a designing donkey, whom the Democrats showed their shrewdness in getting rid of. He would find that some of the worst men who have ever appeared in public life in any country or age—men compared with whose careers that of Fisk and Lane, base and shameless though it be, is innocent and pure—stand high in the Republican councils, and exert a powerful influence on the party, and obtain for themselves or their friends some of its best offices, and are supported and voted for by some of its best members. He would find a long course of honesty and integrity of just as little use to a political aspirant in Massachusetts as in the Sixth Ward of this city—a foul record just as little hindrance. He would find in one party, as in the other, a man's title to political honors tried by tests which the worst men can stand just as successfully as, and even more successfully than, the best—that is, the test of temporary adhesion to some piece of political doctrine.

The moral of Hoffman's fall, as of that of so many other men as good as he, is that the respectable citizens, not of this city and State only, but of all cities and States, must give up the notion that they can accomplish anything for good by patting on the back or writing flattering testimonials to anybody who, having got by accident or intrigue into high official position, treats them to a few spasms of virtue and independence. The work of reform cannot be done by chance or by spasms. It is, and has always been, a long steady pull, carried on with persistence and vigilance. We must begin, in the first place, by creating a reasonable belief in the minds of young men who are coming on the stage that unmitigated rascality will prove a disqualification for office in any party. No such belief can ever spring up as long as Republican constituencies send such men as Banks and Butler to Congress, and a Republican administration appoints such men as Sickles and Ashley to high official positions, not only without any concerted and emphatic remonstrance from the virtuous public, but with the hearty approval or the studied silence of the more influential portion of the Republican press. As long as these *facts* meet the eye of the rising generation, our *preachings* of reform must remain vain, and our code of political ethics a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. If the Government went right in the presence of such scandals, we should despair not of its future only, but of that of the race; for it would destroy our faith in the moral government of the world. One of the modes by which Providence works the deliverance of mankind from the reign of knavery is by making public misery one of its consequences. If the community did not suffer when the Fisks were in the ascendant, the world would be ruled by Fisks; if any party could achieve permanent success under the leadership of its knaves, no party would ever effect any reform. Nobody needs to be a sage to know that no permanent change can be made in the moral condition of public life without a vigorous and successful effort on the part of the community either to get rid of "the men inside politics," or, if this be not possible, to terrify them into at least a show of virtue.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH IN ENGLAND.

THE effect Mr. Sumner's speech has produced in England has probably surprised very few thinking men either here or anywhere else. The astonishment of some of the newspapers at it has the charm of almost infantile simplicity, but it is nevertheless very amusing. To read some of their comments on it, one would suppose that John Bull was well known to be a saintly character, who went

about the world begging people to point out faults in him, that he might at once own them and weep over them, and that he was constantly advertising for persons whom he might have injured in order to pay them handsome damages. In fact, it is only on the theory that they thought themselves dealing with an ideal, etherealized John Bull instead of the real one, that we can account for Mr. Sumner's delivery of his speech as a means of peaceably enforcing a claim, or for the *Tribune's* sapient proposal that Great Britain should surrender Canada, both as a sign of friendship and an admission of deep and deadly sin. In so far as the speech was addressed to the English public as a means of convincing them that they were in the wrong, and persuading them to do right, it has of course proved a complete failure. It has united the English people in sentiment on the *Alabama* question, and has strengthened the hands of those who are opposed to all reparation whatever. One merit may be allowed it—that of bringing home to the English mind what never has been thoroughly brought home to it before—the fact that Americans, of all classes and conditions, were deeply offended by the course of the English public and Government during the war, and have not got over it. Of this it has all along been difficult to persuade Englishmen, mainly, we believe, owing to the fact that no man of prominence and weight had given utterance to the sentiment. One of the unfortunate consequences of the constancy with which a large portion of the press abuses England year in and year out is, that when there comes a crisis like the present, when real and unusual resentment seeks expression, the newspapers are inadequate to the task, because nobody minds them. They have, owing to the limitations of human speech, to leave it doubtful in the minds of their foreign readers whether the American sense of British perfidy and unscrupulousness is any one year a whit stronger than it was any other year of the last ninety. Congress has thus far done nothing to supply the deficiency. There is not, and has not been for years, a serious debate in either branch on foreign questions. In the House, the illustrious Banks has it all his own way, and his speeches and resolutions of course have long ago ceased to influence any rational person in either hemisphere. In the Senate, the work of commenting on English policy has been left to Mr. Chandler; but no American has ever had the face to ask any foreigner to heeds him. The consequence is that for seven long years the public here has been feeling very bitterly towards England, and has been left by it representatives without the means of letting its feelings be known. The proper mode of giving formal utterance to popular sentiment towards foreign powers is a discussion in the legislature participated in by the leading men of the country. In the United States it is only the Senate which is fitted for any such duty. The Senate, however, mainly, no doubt, owing to its share in the treaty-making power, and its consequent practice of doing foreign *business* in secret session, has the habit of avoiding all public treatment of international questions. In the present instance it has departed from its practice, and published Mr. Sumner's speech as an expression of feeling; and that the speech has served one good purpose in satisfying the English public that people here are exasperated, there is no denying.

But there is no denying, also, that in so far as it was intended to answer the highest end of all oratory—the persuasion of those who differ with you, it has not only not succeeded, but has rendered agreement more difficult than ever. It has strengthened the English enemies of America, and weakened the English friends of America, and, what is worse, has shaken the confidence of the latter in the moral strength of the American cause, and gone far towards preparing them to throw their weight in against it. Many Americans may say they do not care for this; but it is not open to those to say it who have attached so much importance to English "sympathy" that they are half-inclined to fight England for not giving it. The father who whipped his boy for not loving him may not have cared for his boy's love, but the mere fact of the whipping barred the use of this plea in defending the whipping. So that there is really something melancholy in the justification which some of those who have been most clamorous on this matter of sympathy take in contemplating the rage and alarm excited in England by the speech, and the pleasure which, according to his friends the reporters, it gives Mr. Sumner to find himself the object of English abuse.

We have already discussed the speech, considered as a legal statement of the American case. It had some strong points, but the want of logical connection and agreement between them, and the tone of exaggeration and inflation which pervaded it, made it a very unfortunate presentation of our complaint in the forum of international law, and is well calculated to prejudice the American cause in the eyes of foreign lawyers. The statesmen of other countries are not used to the fervid mode of treating legal points at the hands of men high in office. Mr. Sumner, to be sure, is not a member of the Cabinet, but he occupies in European eyes a more important position than that of a member of the Cabinet, in being, as regards foreign affairs, the most important member of a body which even rejects treaties when it pleases, and the one man of the legislature to whose authority on foreign affairs the public generally defers. Men occupying similar positions in Europe always speak under a sense of responsibility, with an abiding consciousness of the gravity of the consequences that may result from their indiscretions. Even if they are not restrained by intellectual pride from making themselves the mouthpiece of mere popular passion, they are restrained by the reflection that they may, if they talk wildly, help to bring on a bloody war.

Our correspondent "America," whose letters we think are as good an expression of the wounded feelings of the best class of Americans as we have seen, has had the merit of not mixing up sentiment with law. He feels offended as a gentleman feels who has been badly treated by another gentleman, and he wants much the same kind of satisfaction. He holds that the code of Christian ethics, properly so called, which prescribes forgiveness of injuries and patience in our relations with wrong-doers, is not applicable to nations; that the first duty of a statesman is to bear the flag with honor, though it might be his duty as an individual to turn his right cheek to the man who had smitten him on the left. This distinction exists, it is true; but as civilization advances, every nation's estimate of what is due to its honor is influenced by the consideration of the grave consequences attendant on all attempts to vindicate it. Hot words and unhandsome behavior between individuals may be avenged simply by coolness, or fisticuffs, or mutual slaughter. In any case, all that happens is that two high-minded and touchy gentlemen have their clothes torn and their lives or limbs imperilled. No great interest is seriously affected by their manner of terminating their differences. But when nations come to blows, the moral and material welfare of millions, both of the present and coming generations, is involved in the contest. The very march of civilization is retarded by every shot that is fired, and fountains of misery are unsealed which often flow for centuries. The man who can approach a controversy which may have to be closed by such an arbitrament as this in the same spirit, and with the same loose watch on his tongue, with which he would approach a difference between individuals, not only need not disclaim the character of a Christian, but would find some difficulty in enrolling himself in any recognized school of philosophy or jurisprudence. The bravest soldiers and the finest gentlemen that have ever lived have been the heartiest in their horror of war, the readiest to exhaust all other means of obtaining redress before resorting to it; and men who really dread war, as all good men ought, are just as careful about creating the state of feeling out of which war may flash unexpectedly as about striking the first blow. Taunts, defiance, and passionate charges are things, therefore, which men in positions of responsibility are bound to avoid until the moment of physical action is near at hand. They have no place in civilized diplomacy, and it is not till the resources of diplomacy are exhausted that the war-drum should be beaten.

THE PROPER PROTECTORS OF WOMEN.

A CASE occurred in Maryland the other day, in which a girl, in a respectable position in life, who had been seduced under promise of marriage, deliberately killed her betrayer as he sat on the piazza of the hotel—firing a second shot into his body, in order to make sure work of it, as he lay helpless. She was of course arrested; but, being considered too good for the jail, she was confined at the hotel of the town where she lived, and was the recipient of marked attentions from the society of the place while awaiting her trial. She was acquitted

at once, and the jury were followed home and serenaded in honor of their verdict. The young man is said to have held a very good character. He was the only support, or the main support, of a mother and sisters; and it was their dependence on him, it was reported, that prevented his keeping faith with the woman whom he had betrayed, and his own weakness was the source of great pain and trouble of mind to him. Nevertheless, his neighbors evidently looked on him as no better than a wild animal, and treated his assassin with as much consideration as if she had defended a babe against a tiger, and honored the jury not only as dispensers of justice, but as vindicators of the oppressed.

About the same time, in Quebec, a jury acquitted a young man who had assassinated the seducer of his sister—though in this case, it must be admitted, the seducer was one of a peculiarly heartless and depraved type. The Cole case in Albany was treated by the jury in a somewhat similar way. In fact, it may be said that, in the eyes of juries, the killing of a seducer, either by his victim or by any of her male relatives, is perfectly legal; while in the eyes of the community it is, on the whole, praiseworthy. Moreover, the friends of the murdered person have no means of putting in any plea in extenuation, even if they have one to urge. The public prosecutor confines himself to proving the killing, and the deliberation with which it was done. The defence then proves the seduction, pure and simple, as the French say, and the case is closed. In fact, both the verdict of the jury and the verdict of the public are based on the assumption which every man knows to be incorrect—that seducers are always depraved villains, who do their dreadful work, in pure wantonness, on a perfectly innocent and unsuspecting passive object, and that the woman in no way contributes to her fall. The theory that she may have had a share in bringing it about receives no consideration whatever; and, of course, it can hardly be supported by evidence, because from the very nature of the occurrence, the circumstances which led to it are never known to more than two persons; and one of these has always been put out of the way by death before it becomes the subject of judicial enquiry. The strongest argument in favor of jury trials has always been that it brings the average common sense and everyday experience of average men to the consideration of questions of guilt or innocence, liability or non-liability, arising in controversies between individuals. This argument is generally sound; but it may be safely said that in the trial of all suits arising out of the relations of the sexes, it totally fails. The jurymen discard their individual experience of the facts of life completely, and look at the subject wholly from the point of view of an outraged father or husband—that is, of a man maddened by a terrible misfortune. This amounts to saying that the trial of such cases before juries is a disgusting farce; and that is exactly what we mean to say.

It is after the trial is over, however, that its absurdity becomes fully apparent. The jury who have acquitted the prisoner, and the judge who has charged in his or her favor, and the lawyer who has thundered against the dead seducer, will, on coming out of the court-house, meet and receive into their houses with perfect cordiality men whom they know to have been guilty of the very offence for which they have just pronounced assassination in cold blood a suitable penalty. They will vote for them for Congress and the governorship, sign recommendations for them for high and responsible public offices, and subscribe to public dinners in their honor. In one celebrated case, which was tried in Washington some years ago, the prisoner, who had murdered his wife's seducer, and over the woes of whose "desolated home" the court, jury, and bar almost blubbered, and who was acquitted at once, was himself a notorious profligate of the very lowest type—a kind of man, in fact, with which the contemporaries of Tacitus were, we are glad to say, more familiar than the communities of the modern world.

This disposition to treat lightly murders committed in defence of female honor cannot be ascribed, therefore, to a morbidly high estimate of the value of female purity to society, because if it were we should have rigid, nay ferocious, legislation for its protection, and we should see male offenders against it visited with severe social penalties. What is really at the bottom of it is a remnant of the feeling which—though of different degrees of strength in different communities, and though in this and others in our own day kept down or disguised by religious or moral culture—treats the immoral pursuit of women as a kind of a game of great danger, but which ought to be left open to anybody courageous enough to engage in it, and success in which is, on the whole, a sign of the possession of certain enviable qualities. Should the player fail, however, and lose his life, men hold themselves at liberty to say—served him right; he knew the risk before he engaged in the enterprise. Society puts itself towards the parties in the relation of an umpire, and simply watches the contest, notes the result, decides whether the play was fair, and dismisses the victor with a pat on the back. At the same time, as something must be done for the protection of the family, while putting the whole burden of the guilt on the seducer, and justifying his violent death, it treats its victim afterwards as just as guilty as he was, and makes an outcast of her. In fact, to sum up, they enquire into his death on the theory that he was the sole culprit, and after the trial treat her as if she was the sole culprit.

The Women's Rights advocates have been recently looking into this extraordinary state of things, with the view of finding a remedy; and what seemed to meet with favor with them, if rightly reported, was the time-honored device of making such a change in public opinion as would visit the seducer with the same social penalties as his victim. The infliction of the same social penalties on both parties is, however, something which we shall probably never see. Moralists have been trying to bring it about for over two thousand years, and have not succeeded. The Stoics preached the equality of their guilt before the Church began to preach it, and the Church has preached it incessantly ever since, but in vain. The reasons of their failure, it seems to us, are not far to seek. In the forum of abstract justice, temptations are put into the scale against guilt; and it cannot be denied, and never has been denied, that men's passions weigh heavily amongst temptations in this particular field of vice. In the second place, there is no code of morals, however lofty its sanctions, the enforcement of which is not modified by purely utilitarian considerations. Society refuses to treat men's licentiousness with the same severity as women's, because the consequences to the family, to children, and to property are less serious, and must, in the nature of things, always remain less serious; so that, though in the forum of conscience or the purely religious forum, such as that of the church, a male seducer may be treated as equally guilty with his victim, no such theory will probably ever govern the conduct of society at large.

The best remedy within our reach, and it is a remedy to which the champions of women's rights are bound to pay particular attention, is the training of the female understanding to weigh probabilities and estimate consequences and control feelings. It is impossible to believe that after society has been reorganized on the footing of "equal rights," women or their husbands or fathers will be allowed to avenge the wrongs of the sex by acts of violence; and the exact rights and wrongs of a case of seduction is something no court of justice can ever weigh. Not only must it always be impossible to ascertain the exact facts of each case, but the peculiarities, both moral and physical, of both parties must enter so largely into the result, that no human tribunal could ever divide the guilt between them with even an approach to fairness or accuracy. Women must, therefore, be taught to take care of their own honor, and to bear unsupported the loss of it. The present division of the responsibility of its protection is a disgrace to our civilization.

THE DECAY OF NEW ENGLAND.

It may not be known to most of our readers that whenever the *World* desires to adorn the tale of the profligacy of the age with a particularly pointed moral, the great storehouse from which it draws its illustrations is New England. Whenever any peculiarly cruel case of desertion, bigamy, or child-murder occurs in any of the Middle, Western, or Southern States, the *World*, in chronicling the fact, couples with it the reflection: "These are as bad as the things which happen in Massachusetts." Now such reflections as these strike sadly on the ears of those who have been accustomed to see Massachusetts and her sister States held up to the admiration of mankind as the home of all the virtuous. It is indeed amazing that the time should have come when Sybaritic New York should denounce Puritan New England.

Nor is it only the foreigner who mocks at her. Within her very gates is the enemy. In the first place, there is the arch-fiend, Dr. Allen, who claims the credit of the discovery that the native New England population is dying out—a discovery the truth of which we have disputed in these columns, yet none the less must we admit the appearance of the doctor's lucubrations to be indicative of the dying-out of something or other—perhaps public spirit, perhaps local pride, perhaps self-confidence—in that section of the country in which he writes. Thirty years ago, if a prominent *savant* or even a prominent minister had boldly avowed the belief that the native population was disappearing, he would have been flayed alive. Not even Dr. Channing would have dared to face the scorn which would have followed the declaration of such heresy. But to-day Dr. Allen makes a reputation out of it. And not only is it openly asserted that the Puritan stock is diminishing, but even that such of it as remains is no longer what it should be. Strange stories are afloat (Massachusetts men circulating them, be it remembered) that, not content with the natural decrease in population, the descendants of the Pilgrim band are taking measures calculated to still further reduce the birth-rate. We are unable to say whether this is so or not, as it is not a matter about which statistics are readily furnished by those best able to give them; but the curious part of the matter is, that the scandalous stories which have got about should have fastened themselves upon New England. Why New England, when it is supposed that every villany flourishes best in New York? Where corrupt judges abound, and the watering of railroad stock is done by Fisk and Lane, and "The Butcher-cart Thief" dwells, and Reddy the Blacksmith, and the criminal population control politics, and O'Brien is elected sheriff, there certainly, one would say, misoprogenitiveness might be expected to flourish. But no; it is against Massachusetts that Dr. Storer complains.

Then the Irish are said to be rapidly filling up the places which are left vacant for them by the missing natives. Thirty years ago the American operative system was the pride of Massachusetts. The mills at Lawrence and Lowell were worked by pure-minded and industrious Americans; now, how changed the scene! The American operative is no more—nothing is seen but the embruted face of "six hundred years of wrong." The whole manufacturing population is Irish, with a few native superintendents and treasurers scattered about here and there to keep the machines in running order. It is New Ireland, not New England any longer. As it is in the country, so it is in the city; in Boston, is is said, the Irish vote controls, or will soon control, politics, and a State Police has been established to enforce laws with which the municipal constabulary do not sympathize. It is said that a quorum of the Board of Aldermen can more easily be found at the Parker House than in the City Hall; and recently the question has arisen whether there is not some partnership between the city police and the housebreaking "ring." We do not pretend for a moment to decide the question, but the opening of such discussions does not tend to improve the reputation of the State; and what the tendency of putting it in the hands of a legislative committee is, we all know only too well.

Nor is this all. We have lately conversed with an intelligent gentleman from Massachusetts, who, being a "gold gambler," naturally took a gloomy and unpatriotic view of things, and from whose criticism, therefore, a great abatement must of course be made. Indeed, if we were to take as gospel-truth what the speculating and commercial classes say about the country and its various sections, we hardly know where we should be at all. But, thank heaven! we may yet find unalloyed truth in the editorials of the daily press and in the speeches of Congressmen off duty. Still, in the absence, for the last month or two, of any authoritative declarations from those quarters on the subject we are now discussing, it may not be inopportune to cite what this gentleman whom we "interviewed" said; and it was this: That in national politics, New England had sunk below the level even of New York—that was his way of putting it; that the majority of her Congressional delegation were nobodies, and the one or two brilliant exceptions were disgraceful demagogues, who had made a political reputation out of the want of a military one. One of them, he said, openly advocated national dishonesty, and was elected to Congress because his constituents thought that of no consequence. The other spent his whole time in fomenting dissenions between this country and nations with whom we were at peace. As for such fellows as Morrissey, they might be corrupt and ignorant—no one expected a prize-fighter to be anything else, and they had consequently very little influence; but the spectacle of Banks and Butler legislating was a sight which, if long open to the public gaze, would pervert its moral sense altogether. He did not confine himself either to Massachusetts, but went on to say that Sprague in Rhode Island, and the shadow of Barnum hovering over Connecticut, were enough to make any one blush for his country.

We confess that at the time we hardly knew what to say. The gold gambler always has such a truculent way with him in discoursing on these themes, that it is awkward to meet his arguments. Still, after mature reflection, we are inclined to think that there is a good deal to be said on the other side. The fact is that the New Englanders, after having been content to inhabit the rock-bound coast and sterile uplands east of the Hudson for two hundred years, have lately made up their minds that there are other parts of the world more highly favored than their old home, and places where man can obtain more substantial happiness with less difficulty than by ploughing either the granite of the Berkshire hills or even the richer lands where the old "river gods" of the Connecticut used to live and govern. The result is that at present the New Englander is engaged in his old work of emigration. He is leaving his home, and making a new one for himself in Ohio, in New York, in Texas, in Florida. We do not offer this as a new theory, for the fact is of course generally admitted, but its necessary effect upon New England has hitherto not been regarded as much as its probable effect on the lands which he is selecting for his descendants to inhabit. We are for ever felicitating ourselves that the West is being peopled in great measure by the hardy citizens of Maine, but we are continually forgetting what sort of an effect this is likely to have upon Maine. As the poor but ambitious farmers of the East leave their domicile, a new stream must flow in to take their place, and that stream is Irish. The moment this movement begins, it accelerates the other; the two races are in the field of labor to one another as specie and paper are in the field of finance; the poorer driving the better out. The Lawrence mill-hand of twenty years ago is an Iowa capitalist of to-day; the mill-hand of to-day is an Irish peasant. The population is rapidly becoming divided into two sharply defined classes: the Irish laborer, and the native employer. The result of this state of society is not particularly delightful in any aspect. Still, there is something to be said for New England. Notwithstanding the recent assertion of the *Times* that it would undertake to gather together in this city a larger number of highly cultivated men and women, at a shorter notice than such a collection could be got together in Boston or Springfield, few people, we are afraid, would agree in this bold assertion, for most people yet think that New England contains the most cultivated Americans there are to be found, and that Harvard and Yale are more likely at present to produce eminent culture than Columbia and Cornell. If she produces such men as Barnum and Sprague, does she not also give the country such men as Andrew and Hoar? If such soldiers as Butler and Banks are to be credited to her, so are many others. And we think there are signs that the days of these men are passing away, and that the time may not be far distant when a new kind of statesmen will control her destinies. Meanwhile, whether the decay goes on or not depends rather on her own practical exertions than upon the ability with which she conducts the controversy with the newspapers and public men of this city as to which is the wickedest place in the world, New York or New England.

THE POWER OF TALK IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Albert Mario recently wrote to a Florence paper, that (in substance) anybody in the United States might write and publish against its form of government, and in favor of a monarchy or empire, without disturbing the slumbers of the Attorney-General; but that of course the case would be very different should a few or many rise in insurrection against the Union.

Thereupon the *Perseveranza* of Milan asks the *Nation* the following questions:

1. Are the laws in all the States of the Union the same in regard to freedom of the press?

2. Would the authorities take no notice of a paper which should habitually and outrageously vilify the republican form of government, and constantly urge its overthrow?

3. If there is no legal restraint or menace, is the temper of the people such that they would tolerate such a journal in its course?

4. And if a mob should destroy the paper, could redress be obtained in the courts?

There are, we believe, no laws in force in any State in the Union now which forbid any man discussing any subject he pleases, either orally or in print, provided he does not defame individuals. Should he do so, they have their remedy, either by a civil or criminal prosecution. If they choose the criminal prosecution, the public prosecutor will, of course, conduct the case in the same way, and under the influence of the same motives, as if he were conducting a prosecution for theft or manslaughter. There was an attempt made in 1798 to restrain abuse of the Federal Government and its officials, by declaring it a criminal offence to libel them, permitting the defendant, however, to plead the truth of his allegations; but the act was extremely unpopular, and it was very soon repealed. In we believe all the Slave States, during the existence of slavery, the circulation of "incendiary publications"—that is, printed or written books, papers, pamphlets, or circulars containing any sentiments, doctrine, advice, or, to use the words of the Mississippi Statute, "inuendoes calculated to produce a decidedly dangerous or rebellious disaffection among the colored population of the State"—was a criminal offence punishable with greater or less severity. We doubt, however, if many cases under these statutes were ever tried before a judicial tribune. We have never heard of one. What usually happened when anybody was suspected of circulating or publishing or selling seditious publications was, that he was "waited upon" by a "committee of the citizens"—that is, a mob—and invited in lighter cases to leave the State instanter, which he invariably did; and, in graver cases, was murdered, or tarred and feathered, or ridden on a rail. For several years before the war, the Southern postmasters, with the connivance of the Federal Government, refused to deliver to subscribers, at the South, Northern papers which advocated anti-slavery opinions, and no bookseller dared to offer anti-slavery books for sale.

During the war there were a few places in the South in which newspapers maintained throughout the struggle their hostility to the rebellion. Unionist papers were generally suppressed either by mobs or the hand of military authority. At the North cases occurred here and there, especially in the Border and Western States, in which papers of decidedly "Copperhead" tendency were either mobbed, or compelled through fear of mob violence to moderate their tone; but there was no large city at the North in which throughout the whole war there did not exist one or more publications which treated the rebellion as justifiable, rejoiced over Confederate victories, and denounced the Union soldiers as brigands, and the leading officers of the Government as criminals of the blackest dye. One or two such offenders in regions bordering on the theatre of war were tried and punished by military courts, and a few more were assailed by mobs; but no attempt was ever made to prosecute them before a civil court, for the simple reason that there is no law in the United States to prohibit anybody's denouncing the Government or advising its overthrow. There is published in this city at this moment a paper called the *Imperialist*, which openly advocates the substitution of monarchical for republican institutions; but the only penalty it has to fear is not being bought by many people. There were at one time legal restrictions in Massachusetts, and, if we are not mistaken, in one or two other New England States, on religious discussion, but they have everywhere been done away. There is now only one political offence known to the jurisprudence of the United States, and that is treason; and treason consists in levying war against the Government; and to bring the offence home to anybody he must be proved to have committed "overt acts."

So that Signor Mario is strictly correct when he says the Attorney-General does not trouble himself about seditious publications. A paper might devote itself daily—and thousands of papers do—to exciting "hatred and contempt of the Government," as they say in France. If they get subscribers enough to live, so much the better for the proprietors; if they do not, so much the worse for them; the world goes on all the same, and the Government stands. The authorities would not and do not notice them, for the simple reason that there is no law to enable them to punish them. In fact, it may be said that the principle is firmly established in the United States that, to verbal attacks on the Government, verbal replies are the only proper defence. If anybody says a particular official is a thief, he can be sued for libel on the individual; but the Government in its political capacity in no way concerns itself with the proceeding. We do not believe that a publication advocating a change in the form of government would now have anything worse to fear in any part of the Union than bankruptcy.

The basis of this indifference, which seems so strange to foreigners, is the general confidence in the might and wisdom of the majority. Everybody feels that an attempt at revolution would, in the absence of a great standing army, be ridiculous, unless the majority were in favor of it. If the majority were in favor of it, however, there would be no need to resort to violence, and the desired changes could be effected, as they are every day, by the ordinary machinery. The establishment of any other form of government than a republican one is forbidden by the Federal Constitution. There may be men who think this restriction a hard one, and who would like to do away with it, and who think the establishment of a monarchy possible, but they are classed with the slightly crazy enthusiasts, and nobody takes the trouble to argue against them.

In saying all this, we beg to assure the *Perseveranza* we are filling our columns with what Americans will consider commonplaces. We doubt if the information will be especially valuable to people like the Italians or Frenchmen, who have not tried the experiment of free government long enough to be satisfied of the power of mere talk in bringing about political changes. In both the United States and England, the public has again and again seen the most momentous modifications made in the government as the result of protracted discussion or "agitation," as it is called. This experience has made such a profound impression on all minds, that even the wildest enthusiast persuades himself that if he can only get the means of publishing a paper, he will eventually bring the majority over to his way of thinking. There is not an institution or social relation existing in the United States at this moment for whose abolition somebody is not laboring in the press or on the platform. There are papers and associations working for the abolition of capital, of wages, of property, of marriage, of the family, of animal food, of penal laws, of bolted flour, of taxation, of the army and navy, of colleges, of churches. But the last thing anybody thinks of is asking or giving to any institution, or doctrine, or custom the shield of legal protection. The law offers nothing even to the Government but a fair field and no favor. Everybody and everything has to submit to be questioned by all comers; and everything and everybody is questioned with greater or less freedom. *All* the results of this system are certainly not admirable. The license of the press is often revolting, but then the press improves most, and is best restrained, under the influence of public opinion simply. We have no doubt the best thing you can do with a blackguard who wants to assail somebody is to give him the means of doing it. He is less mischievous in print than he will be out of it.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 14, 1869.

THE great topic of the past fortnight has, I am sorry to say, been the dispute upon which I said a few words in my last letter. Mr. Sumner's speech has been the text of a great many newspaper articles, and has occupied much private conversation. There has been something like a panic in regard to 5-20 bonds in the City; and, in short, the prospect of increasing difficulty in our relations with America has caused more apprehension and annoyance than on any recent occasion. One circumstance which has contributed very greatly to this state of feeling has been a letter from Mr. Goldwin Smith. The respect which all Liberal politicians feel for that gentleman is so great that I would not lightly accuse him of imprudence. At the same time, I feel bound to say that his letter was singularly well calculated to produce an uneasy feeling, and one which I cannot but hope is more than the facts would justify. Mr. Smith, it seems, had been consulted in regard to the prospects of an English emigration, and the pith of his letter consists in the statement that there is so much danger of an interruption to friendly relations between the two countries that he cannot at present give any information on the subject. This has caused a marked sensation, and has excited many comments in the press of both parties. If, it is said, matters are so serious that a gentleman who speaks so decidedly from the American point of view as Mr. Smith, considers that the probability of a rupture is to be seriously taken into account by intending emigrants, we must be prepared for very unpleasant contingencies. If the *Standard* or any Tory paper had said such a thing, we might have set it down to their general hostility to America, which is naturally prepared to exaggerate American hostility to us. But when a high authority, who is

in some sort the ambassador of English Radicals to their transatlantic friends, finds it necessary to anticipate serious trouble, the significance of his remarks is very different. I have been informed by several persons of high position, who are generally little given to such suspicions, that the United States Government has made up its mind, with the general agreement of the people, to declare war against us, to seize Canada, and to demand payment of some hundreds of millions of pounds sterling.

You know far better than I can do how far this impression is justified by the state of American feeling. English opinion, so far as I have been able to observe, has been remarkably unanimous. We have, it is generally said, made all the concessions which the United States have any right to demand; we do not wish to retreat, and we cannot go further. If additional claims are put forward of the nature indicated in Mr. Sumner's speech, we must civilly and firmly decline to take them into consideration, and leave it to the United States to take the next step as may seem good to them. This has been the substance of all the expressions of opinion, whether in public or private, that I have been able to hear; and it has of course been mixed with a good many demonstrations of the unreasonableness of the American people in fancying that they have any serious grounds of complaint against us.

I will not, however, dwell any further upon this view of the question, because I sincerely hope, and even venture firmly to believe, that the controversy has not so threatening an aspect as some people have been trying to prove. But I may perhaps add a few remarks on the general state of English feeling upon the subject. Nothing is more desirable, to my mind, than an increase of friendliness between the two countries—not merely for the obvious reasons which have been put forward in dozens of after-dinner orations, including those of poor Mr. Reverdy Johnson, but because I think they are singularly well fitted to correct each other's failings. Their differences, as much as their points of likeness, make a better feeling desirable. Each nation is admirably qualified to criticise the other; but criticism is never so effective as when it comes from a friend. We—if you will allow me to speak frankly—could teach you some very useful lessons; I say nothing of free trade, which seems to be sometimes denounced as a diabolical device of perfidious England; but I may suggest that a higher standard of morality and efficiency in public officials would not be a bad thing in America, and that on that point they might learn something from the poor old mother country. Unluckily, when we denounce the spoils-of-office principle, we generally improve the occasion by arguing that all democracies are necessarily corrupt and degrading, and in that form you can hardly be expected to receive our advice. Far from sugaring the pill, which could only be asked by children, we smear it with a few drops of vitriol, which even grown people may fairly dislike. In England, on the other hand, we have much to learn from you. We are advancing by no imperceptible strides in the direction of democracy; but if we go with eyes constantly averted, groaning and shuddering at every step, we shall probably stumble and blunder. If we accept the inevitable cheerfully, and make the best of what is coming, we may gain the benefits without the frightful evils of a revolution. Now, the American example is constantly and more closely than ever before our attention. Everything which encourages an anti-American feeling in England is so much thrown into the scale of obstructive Conservatism; everything which tends towards a better sympathy between the two nation smooths away difficulties in the path of genuine reformers. A war with America—I can scarcely write the words with patience—would be an evil not merely in a material point of view, though it would be bad enough as a mere question of pounds and dollars, but because it would imply a reaction of which the ultimate consequences would probably be disastrous in the extreme. Therefore, a merely selfish desire for the interests of my own country makes me look with aversion on every new outbreak of international antipathy.

The same principle, however, explains that a really cordial feeling between our governing classes and the United States is scarcely to be expected in the present generation. An ordinary Englishman in the upper ranks, with a great respect for landed proprietors, a liking for a lord, a weakness for the Established Church, and a fair share of the prejudices which gather round those institutions, will never really admire a people which exists in defiance of them, and boasts of its emancipation. The English upper and middle classes disliked slavery; but they had no lively appreciation of evils which existed at a great distance in a state of society of which they had no experience, and which was rather a matter of abstract speculation than of any pressing or immediate importance to them. On the other hand, they disliked democracy with an intense personal hatred not unmingled with much fear. They were very comfortable and well off, and had things pretty much their own way; and though willing to be liberal toward dinnerless and houseless poor, had no notion of allowing the ragged part of the population to assert much power in the management of affairs. So long as a poor man touches his hat respectfully, and goes to church pretty steadily, he ought to be patronized, lectured, and improved; but, at any price, he must accept his station. Therefore the lively antipathy to democracy altogether overpowered, during the late rebellion, the theoretical dislike to slavery. I speak, of course, only of the majority of the upper classes—the result of the war has made some change. It has made contempt impossible; we must all acknowledge that the United States form a very big, if not a very great nation; more than this, it has strengthened, to some extent, the democratic party in England, and has made people willing to acknowledge that Americans had more in them than was generally believed. But it would be absurd to suppose that the dislike to which I have referred was suppressed, though it might be smothered; it was so far diminished that, in the absence of any provocation, a better state of feeling would have every chance of gradually growing up in its place; but it is equally true that a serious difficulty with America would give it fresh life, and cause another outburst of the old passionate vituperation of democracy in all its shapes. There is indeed this difference, that affairs in America are far more familiar to most Englishmen than they used to be, but familiarity does not of necessity breed affection.

The moral I wish to draw is not a very novel one; but I hope it may justify this rather long disquisition. It is, in the first place, that people who can raise themselves above national animosities—always foolish and sometimes dangerous—must wish, in the interests of the human race generally, to see the growth of a better appreciation of the two countries by each other; and, in the second place, by way of corollary, that on this side (as I presume on the other) mutual good feeling is a plant of tender growth, and might easily be stunted by an untimely storm. At present, we are in that neutral stage when, without any particular cordiality, we are, I believe, fully impressed with the policy of dealing in a fair and friendly spirit; and, if we are met with corresponding readiness, I can see no reason why a satisfactory settlement of our difficulties should not be attained At the same time, I repeat that the pretensions sanctioned by Mr. Sumner appear to us to be overbearing in a high degree, and that to insist upon them would be to call out a strong outburst of the old hostile feeling. Sir H. Bulwer, an elder brother of the novelist, and a very clever diplomatist, is to bring the subject before the House of Commons, when there will probably be an interesting debate.

I turn from the subject, which is at the best not very agreeable, to say that at last the House of Commons is freed from the incubus of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone's bill has passed with less mutilation than the most sanguine could have expected, and the great majorities which have attended its passage have probably given it sufficient impetus to go without much injury through the House of Lords. Meanwhile, the Commons having no more important subjects on hand than the education of the people, the improvement of bankruptcy laws, the proper care of the criminal classes, and other trifles of that description, have felt that they might take a Whitsuntide holiday, and adjourned accordingly for a fortnight. When they return, we hope that some business will be done.

Correspondence.

"SPAR FOR WIND!"

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: John Locke said, "Define your terms." A failure to discriminate between two meanings of the same word may be as fatal to argument as is the "non-distribution of the middle" in logic. An editorial comment objects to the use of the phrase at the head of this article, because "sparring" is provocative to England, and because the phrase only applies to a case where hostilities have begun. It seems to me they *have* begun, and point to delay, surrender, or instant war.

"To spar" has the original and secondary meanings of the dictionary—1, to fight or box; 2, to wrangle. But it has a third meaning, derived from common parlance, as your expressive word "blatherskite" is derived from "blatterer."

Among pugilists, "to spar," in the phrase objected to, means nothing like provocation or an incitement to attack. It refers to the dilatory process of fending off—keeping an antagonist from close quarters—putting off the supreme moment till recuperation, and still keeping in the ring. Stinging insult would be fatal to this "tactical device." In this sense,

and believing that "hostilities" *did* begin when England sent out the *Alabama*, and will continue until she atones for it, and that we sparred for wind through Mr. Lincoln's administration, the phrase was used in illustration to express the posture of confronting our powerful antagonist, making our full ultimate demand, and, if she shall reject it, laying it on the table, and refusing to settle it *now*, for a song, or by war. I propose a determined silence on the irritating subject till we, our demand being kept alive by official notice, shall be prepared to compel payment or condone the offence. If forgetfulness of injury or any other reason for letting the matter die shall supervene, so be it. The defensive persistence of the phrase, "spar for wind," does not imply a *provoking* continuance of the wrangle, nor is such stimulus necessary to the long-winded temper of

AMERICA.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce "The Reason Why," which is a book of household or domestic science; or, as it is commonly called, familiar science. The "Farmer's and Gardener's Reason Why" is another work—or two other works—presumably of the same general character, announced by the same firm. "The Vicar of Bullhampton" is the new story by Mr. Anthony Trollope, which is to appear in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and afterwards in book-form. The same house have in contemplation an edition, in Latin and English, of the "Regimen Sanitatis Salerni;" or, "The Code of Health of the School of Salernum"—a work sufficiently described in an article on "Some Hygeists, Old and New," in the *Nation* of last week. The editor of the forthcoming edition will be Doctor John Ordronaux, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Law School of Columbia College.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger will publish a volume of translations, by Henry Wireman, of select poems from the works of Rückert, Chamisso, and other German lyrists. "Gems of German Lyrics" is the title of Mr. Wireman's book.——We are informed that the proprietors of the *College Courant* will publish in the two immediately forthcoming numbers of their paper two lectures upon the *Alabama* claims, recently delivered by President Woolsey, of Yale. President Woolsey is well known as a student of the law of nations, his little treatise on the subject having been widely welcomed as a text-book of value. His character, also, is well known, and highly respected wherever it is known, and his countrymen will listen carefully to whatever he may have to offer for their consideration. We have elsewhere referred to the lectures as reported in the *Times*. The *Courant's* report will differ from that of the *Times* in being *verbatim*, and in having the author's revision.

—The suit brought in Cincinnati against Mr. Henry G. Shaw for fraudulently importing books from Canada into this country, paying upon them only a small part of the duty that should have been paid, has just been decided before Judge Leavitt, and decided in favor of the United States Government. The books brought to Cincinnati are therefore forfeited, and there is no real doubt that the same result will attend the suits pending at Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago, and St. Louis. We do not think that anything was brought out at this trial which throws light on the question whether or not the English publishers, or some of them, who sold Shaw the books were really his partners in an attempt to defraud the United States Revenue; and, so far as we have seen, nothing came out which helps at all to explain the very remarkable action which Solicitor Jordan took when he released the books sold to Mr. Shaw by Messrs. Bell & Daldy—a firm which has not made so full an explanation of its dealings with Mr. Shaw as some of the other English publishers felt it incumbent on them to make. Mr. Jordan is no longer a legal adviser of the Treasury, we see.

—A correspondent writes to us that "the Minnesota Historical Society not long since received a copy of the Domesday Book of England—an edition photozincographed from the original by Col. Sir H. James, R.E., F.R.S., of the Ordnance Bureau (the discoverer of the photozincographic process), on vellum paper, resembling the parchment of the original Domesday. The text is a fac-simile of the original—blots, erasures, and all. It is in two volumes, a folio of 764 pages, and a quarto of 900 pages, elegantly bound in morocco. This biblical rarity, which cost a sum equivalent to $152 in currency, was the gift of Hon. Henry S. Sanford, U. S. Minister to Brussels. Copies of this edition of the Domesday must be very rare in this country." The Boston Public Library, the Harvard College Library, and the Boston Athenæum Library, have the Domesday Book (folio), of the edition of 1783, we presume, and the supplementary volume of 1816 (also in folio). These libraries all have also the Indexes (octavo). The Astor Library, also, is in possession of a copy, complete, of this edition and of the additamenta. We do not know that any of our libraries have a complete copy of the photozincographed work, but the Athenæum Library has that part relating to Cornwall, and the Boston Public Library has those parts which relate to Essex, Worcestershire, and Wiltshire; and both these libraries will, no doubt, get the whole of the work.

—The fourth lecture in the Lowell Institute course, on the early history of Massachusetts, has been printed in the same elegant form as those of Dr. Ellis's and Prof. Washburn's, already noticed. It is by Prof. Joel Parker, and discusses the "First Charter and the Early Religious Legislation of Massachusetts." The larger half of it is devoted to a historico-legal interpretation of the charter, in order to establish (1) the truly colonial, as against the theory of the purely commercial, nature of the enterprise which resulted in the Puritan Commonwealth; (2) the right to set up the government where it was finally transferred—within the limits of the colony itself; (3) the right of general legislation for the plantation, and of specific religious legislation; (4) the right of exclusion and banishment of persons obnoxious to the colony; (5) the right to create courts with full powers of judicature, independent of the courts of the mother country. These points are argued with great closeness and ability, and with not a little humor of the dry sort, with which those are familiar who are familiar with Prof. Parker; with criticism, also, of Bancroft and Story, and other authorities not too well informed in their subject. Then follows an examination of the acts of the Puritans with regard to the several sectaries that gave them trouble, and a general defence of them, by their own standard, against the charges of persecution. The Quakers, who put the Puritan purpose to a strain under which it broke down, are treated by Prof. Parker with less lenity than by Dr. Ellis, though not otherwise with a different judgment; and Longfellow is mildly censured for his misrepresentation of the spirit of the times which he depicts in his "New England Tragedies." Comparisons of Massachusetts with Plymouth and the Connecticut colonies, and with Rhode Island, and frequent references to our present politics, add strength to the lecturer's argument, which, as the product of a very eminent lawyer, forms an admirable complement to Dr. Ellis's conclusions, and closes the question, "What did the Puritans intend by coming to America?" According as this is answered, all subordinate questions must be.

—We are glad to say that the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* has entered upon its third year and third volume, and may be supposed to be doing tolerably well—which will be good news to all judicious American friends of literature, whether Christians or pagans. It is still in the editorial charge of Mr. William F. Harris, and among its contributors, besides Mr. Harris, the most important it hitherto has had, are Mr. Charles S. Peirce, of Cambridge, a son of Professor Benjamin Peirce; Mr. Bronson Alcott, Doctor Hedge, Mr. Thomas Davidson, a writer of ability in other fields than the philosophic, Mr. D. A. Wasson, and Mr. A. E. Kroeger. Of these writers some have worked as translators, and a smaller number as contributors of original matter. The main value of the magazine has been its expositions of the philosophic systems born in Germany and France—expositions which, as it would seem designedly, have been of a character to attract the reader before somewhat indifferent and more ignorant. Within the two years of its existence the *Journal* has done more to make American readers of intelligent curiosity better acquainted with Hegel, Fichte, Schopenhauer, Cousin, and Schelling than most other agencies combined. There will be a slight change, we are informed, in the form of the *Journal*. It will be printed in larger type and on heavier paper, and will thus become the fitter for binding and preservation. August, October, and December will be the months of publication for the three remaining numbers of this third volume; the first number was published in April. The magazine is for sale in New York by Messrs. John Wiley & Son, in Boston by Messrs. A. Williams & Co., in Cincinnati by Messrs. Blanchard & Co., in St. Louis by Mr. E. P. Gray and Mr. F. Roeselin, in London by Messrs. Trübner & Co.

—After a long delay, which was spent in pretty vigorous discussion and canvassing, Professor Charles W. Eliot, the nominee of the Harvard College Corporation, has been confirmed as President by the Board of Overseers. The majority in his favor was two to one, or sixteen to eight—a majority which, we imagine, would have been larger had all the Overseers been present and compelled to vote, and which would, we think, certainly have been larger had the voting been done by the Board after it had been to a certain extent remodelled, as it will be by the election now at hand. We have little to add to what we have already said as regards this matter.

We offer our best wishes to the new President, who has before him a task in some respects as difficult and delicate as it is in all respects important. The uniting of the *fortiter in re* and the *suaviter in modo* is seldom more to be desired than when the quiet world of learned cloisters, so to speak, is necessarily to be disturbed; when with the help, or at least the acquiescence, of the much-respected men of the old order, we are to try to introduce the new order, which cannot but seem to them anything rather than an improvement. We hope for President Eliot a smooth and pleasant, as well as a vigorous and fruitful, administration; and we feel sure that a just understanding of the precise conditions of the educational problem that is now to be worked out at Cambridge would strongly confirm in their approval of the Overseers' choice all those who, though not upon the spot—and not very well-informed as to just what it is that must be done—yet regarded with favor Professor Eliot's nomination. It is well enough that there has been some delay in the selection of a man to fill so important a post; and there is no reason to regret that there was a stout fight and a decisive result. Thus the winning policy will, or should, be the more temperately and judiciously put in operation, and the losing policy will not, or should not, be factiously insisted upon, nor allowed to interfere with the consummation of the wish and will of the majority. As between a majority and minority alike in all respects, except that the one *is* a majority and the other a minority, the latter ought, we suppose—even in matters which "the brute force of numbers cannot decide"—to submit with dignified good temper.

—It is what the Yankees call "poor pay" for having fulmined over the United States and England to hear the Charlottesville *Chronicle* speak of the fulmining in this manner: "The great Massachusetts bully, Wilson, is a little taken aback at the reception of his great *Alabama* speech in England. He thinks he snuffs danger in the breeze, and is getting ready to craw-fish. It is announced that on the first opportunity he will modify his language and soften his expression." The *Chronicle* is a paper with more ability than good information, and we suppose it never has really drawn a long, full breath since the Whig party died; but, as a rule, it is in a better than semi-animate condition, and it seldom makes errors like this one. The Southern journals, however, are never safe from the handiwork of "our talented young townsman," who, capable of glowing oratory as he is, and proud of his brilliant pen too, is not very apt to earn his weekly salary when the statement of facts is the business. The scorn cast upon "Wilson" in the paragraph above quoted is quite a good specimen of his manner, only it is less dignified and more racy than is usual with him. Mr. Wilson will probably forgive him as soon as Mr. Sumner.

—The late and forthcoming English books which range themselves under the head of Miscellaneous seem to be more interesting than those which are to be classified as works in History and Biography, Religious and Theological works, Scientific works, works of Fiction, or books of Poetry. Messrs. Trübner & Co. publish a translation, by Professor John Dowson, of a Hindustani version of certain Arabic fables. The Hindoo translator called the work "Ikhuwánu-s Safá," and Professor Dowson calls it "The Brothers of Purity." In Hindustani it is as old as the year 1810, or as the days of "the noblest of dignified nobles, the cream of powerful princes, the Hatim of the age and the Plato of the time, the chief of chiefs and hero of heroes, Nawáb Governor-General Lord Minto Bahádur." "So," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "did the image of a Scotch Whig peer reflect itself in the mind of a Calcutta moulvie of that period." The fabulist relates that once upon a time ambassadors on the part of the beasts met in conference the ambassadors of men, and exhibited their grievances. The mule, the hawk, and other able representatives of what Erskine called "the mute creation," argued that it was intended that man should not exercise an absolute supremacy over the rest of the animal creation, but a superiority which should be used for the general good. The work has, however, for its main object to advocate the principle of religious tolerance, and this business is done, we believe, by the human interlocutors, and not by the beasts, who but seldom in all natural history have emulated the polemical proficiency of Dryden's unimaginative imaginary hind and panther and boar and leopard. The ambassadors of the men are from various countries, and occupy themselves in setting forth the goodness of their various beliefs. For example, a Syrian, "in woollen garments, with a belt round his waist, and with a censer in his hand, in which he kept burning incense and making smoke," while he spoke something with a bad voice in modulated tones, stands as a representative of (Roman Catholic) Christianity—"the religion of the Lord Jesus"—a system which he praises. Yes, the representative of Mohammedanism replies, "it is true; but he has forgotten to say this: we have not discharged the duty of serving Him; we have become infidels; we pay worship to the crucifix; we eat the flesh of swine after offering them in sacrifice; we have used deceit and calumny against God," etc. This method of advocating toleration, the reminding each other that we are all bad together, is a method that was more serviceable once than now, when the sincerest attacks on beliefs go deeper than a *tu quoque* addressed by holders of one creed to holders of another creed. It is agreeable news that the Viscountess Strangford has given us a volume of "Selections from the Writings, Social and Political, of the late Lord Strangford." A second edition is published of one of a set of works which might, perhaps, have a tolerably good sale here, even in the present depressed condition of the trade in miscellaneous books, and for which a permanent popularity might, we should think, not unreasonably be anticipated. They compose a series of compilations published by Mr. Edward Howell, of Liverpool, and prepared by Dr. C. T. Ramage. That one of the series which has reached its second edition is an eight hundred page octavo, entitled "Beautiful Thoughts from Latin Authors, with English Translations." It is provided with Latin and English indexes. Uniform with this volume are volumes of "Beautiful Thoughts from Greek Authors," from "French and Italian Authors," and from "German and Spanish Authors." Such works need many editors, and Dr. Ramage has probably had assistance, for his books are praised as not bad. Our American public—for reasons which will occur to any one who thinks for a moment of the value that we do after all (certain appearances to the contrary notwithstanding) set upon scholarship and polish, and of our repugnance to making ourselves ridiculous, and of the not perfect character of our educational training—our American public, we say, is eager rather than unwilling to read books of verbal criticism. Perhaps such works are too much in the nature of "specific" doses not to produce a sort of distrust of them; but this is a state of mind in regard to them which may easily be too much indulged. They are, sure enough, very often books of a sort to which a hasty and ill-natured person might apply Swift's remark, that some books he read with interest and profit, though they made him think little of their authors. But something may be got from almost any one of them. A good argument in their favor is an argument that is often urged as against them—oftener indirectly than directly urged—the fact, namely, that out of all the writers in all the world there never yet was a perfect writer, so far as we can tell. Always something a little better may be done in the way of perfectly expressing one's self, and hard as perfect action is, perfect speech is so much harder that perfect actions have been, but perfect speech, it is probable, never. "Rules and Cautions in English Grammar" is by Professor William Rushton, of Cork. His work is "based on the analysis of sentences," it is said; and "border-land words" get some of his attention. The interest felt in the boat race between Harvard on the one side and Oxford and Cambridge on the other, may lead to the perusal of a book, written by an Oxford man apparently, entitled "Hints on Oxford and Cambridge Aquatics," by Mr. E. G. Banks. Mr. Samuel Beal has translated, and Messrs. Trübner & Co. have published, in one volume, two works originally written in Chinese, and written, one of them, in the year of our era 415, the other in the year 518. "The Travels of Fah-Hean and of Sung-Yun" is the English title of the book, and it contains the account of their journeys which two Chinese Buddhists made from their native country into India. An attempt to interpret some of the principles characteristic of Mill's "Logic" and Professor Boole's "Laws of Thought" is made by Mr. J. P. Hughling in his "Logic of Names." Bibliographers will like to see "A History of Early Dutch, German, and English Printers' Marks," by P. J. Berjeau.

—Among new English books in Poetry we have this month more books than good ones—as, indeed, everywhere and always. A volume with a queer and unpromising title is the late Mr. C. G. B. Daubeny's "Fugitive Poems connected with Natural History and Physical Science." Apparently either the title, or the book, or both, is the work of a not very poetical-minded man. Pertaining to poetry are reprints of Wadham's "English Versification" and Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie." Lovers of the Elizabethans and the Elizabethan drama will be glad to hear of a new three-volume edition of John Ford's poetical and dramatic works. The Rev. Mr. A. Dyce—of whose death, which is a loss to English scholarship and literature, we hear as we go to press—was the editor of the new edition, which corrects innumerable errors in the work of Dyce's predecessor, Gifford. In History and Biography we have an edition, prepared by G. H. Maberly, of the "Historia Ecclesiastica" of the Venerable Bede; "An Historic Review of the Military Institutions of France," by M. le Duc d'Aumale, who is not pleased with the Emperor's system; still another "History of Ireland"—this time by a Mr. John Mitchell; a new and cheap

edition of Barry Cornwall's "Memoir of Lamb;" a "History of the Norman Kings of England," by Mr. Thomas Cobbe, a barrister, who claims that he has newly collated contemporary chronicles; and a work, in two volumes, "On Parliamentary Government in England," by Mr. Alpheus Todd. The work by Mr. William Lee, entitled "Daniel Defoe: his Life and Recently Discovered Writings," of which we spoke some weeks since, is now published, and seems to be of great literary interest. Five years ago the *London Review* published six letters written by Defoe (circa 1717) to Mr. De la Fay, of the Secretary-of-State's office, in which it is made manifest that the veteran pamphleteer and journalist was so far from having given up political writing in 1715, as his biographers have said, that he was for years very busy for the Whig Government at the dirty work of "disabling and enervating" Tory journals so as they should "do no Mischief." His plan must have been delightful to the scheming nature of "a Scots gentleman in the Swedish service," and "a British officer in the service of the Czar," and "Young Sheppard" (Jack) "just hanged at Tyburn," and "William Bond, of Bury St. Edmunds," and "Andrew Moreton, Esquire," and "Robinson Crusoe," and "Legion," and a legion of other people, under whose outward appearance was concealed Master Daniel Foe, or Daniel Defoe. The plan was to procure himself employment as a political writer on a Tory paper—the proprietors of which, knowing his great abilities and his sufferings in the cause, would of course never suspect but that he was a good Tory—and then proceed to "take the sting out of it," so that while it should be "kept to pass as Tory," it should do no harm to the Whigs. His services as "Translator of the Foreign News" he would at the same time sell to another paper, and would manage "to be so far concerned in it as to be able to prevent the Mischievous Part of it, and yet neither Mist (*Mist's Weekly Journal*) nor any of those concerned with him have the least Guess or Suspicion by whose Direction I do it." For this sort of work the Government paid him a yearly salary. Mr. Lee, with the clue which these letters furnish, has gone over the periodical literature of the years between 1712 and 1731—the latter being the year of De Foe's death—and has found nearly three volumes of new matter which he takes to be the work of this fecund and masterly writer. Of the genuineness of the letters which put De Foe's character in so dubious a light, we suppose there is no doubt; as to the genuineness of the articles republished by Mr. Lee there may of course be doubt, even if the authenticity of the letters to Mr. De la Fay be considered beyond question. Mr. John Camden Hotten is Mr. Lee's publisher; and Mr. Lee is unknown to us; and the book has not yet been subjected to the test of criticism by the better English authorities; nor has a copy of it yet come over here, so that we can speak of it only from hearsay, and not with any certainty; but it cannot fail to be interesting in a high degree, and most certainly is important if true. Some such writer as Mr. John Forster or Mr. Henry Morley might make a very great success in a biography of De Foe; and some criticisms of a *Pall Mall Gazette* critic, in the beginning of 1868, on Mr. Henry Kingsley's edition of "Robinson Crusoe," would be well worth any such biographer's attention. The Theological literature of the month adds one more volume to the "Ecce" literature: "Ecce Christus" is the title. The Rev. Mr. Orby Shipley edits the "Invocation of Saints"—a book designed as a manual of devotions for the use of members of the English Church. Father Newman issues a new edition of the "Apologia," which now goes by the title of "The History of My Religious Opinions." We believe that in its newer form the book lacks the famous exposure of Mr. Charles Kingsley. It is a lack that will not be regretted very much—though the prefatory discussion was excellent argumentation, and though, in the time of the controversy, it was pleasant enough to see justice done upon the original "muscular Christian," who used to preach up manly traits of character in a voice that had given rise to fearful suspicions about the sex of his virtue and valor before the "Apologia" came to his destruction. "Five Years in a Protestant Sisterhood and Ten Years in a Catholic Convent" we may perhaps as well put under the head of Theological and Religious Literature as under that of Biography; or, more strictly speaking, Autobiography. In Fiction, Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" appears to be as successful in attraction as anything, though we have a new book by the author of "Cometh up as a Flower ("Red as a Rose was She" he calls it), and Mr. William Black's story, "In Silk Attire," goes into a second edition. Not all fiction, we suppose, is "Tim Doolan, the Irish Emigrant; being a full and particular account of his Reasons for Emigrating, his Passage across the Atlantic, his Arrival in New York, his Brief Sojourn in the United States, and his further Emigration to Canada." It is a title that reads as if we might have the "novel of incident and manners" among us once again. But we are informed that the book has "a serious religious tendency"—which the novel of incident and manners was perhaps more apt to have in some of its chapters than in all of its volumes. We fear, too, that the author of "Tim Doolan" may find so many reasons why his deluded countrymen should fly from this country to Canada West as to make his book not so taking as it might be as a work of fiction.

—The Parisian gentlemen who exercise their minds in the embellishing or the inventing of little tales about this and that eminent Frenchman, might turn their faculties to more profitable use if they would go into a close investigation of the character and habits of the well-known M. Michel Chasles, of the Scientific Department of the French Institute. With every disposition to think well of him, and to speak of him with the respect due to his reputation, we are compelled to say that collections of letters, never before heard of, written by distinguished men of a past age to other distinguished men, M. Chasles discovers with a frequency that makes it necessary to believe that he has semi-miraculous luck; or that he is very gullible; or that he is not so honest as a famous mathematician and a French Academician ought to be. Everybody will recollect how he was mixed up in an attempt to make the world believe that Newton had been anticipated in all his important discoveries by Pascal, and that Pascal was deprived of his just fame by the base ingratitude and knavery of the cheating Englishman. It will be remembered, too, that upon the exposure of the true character of the forged documents on which rested this heavy charge against Newton, M. Chasles declined to tell from whom he had received the newly-discovered letters which made good his great countryman's claim to Newton's honors. His silence was respected; it was said that perhaps he had bound himself to secrecy. But it will be no more than fair if M. Chasles is severely questioned as to the source whence he got a new batch of literary forgeries—we think there need be not the least hesitancy in calling them so—which he is now offering to the world. He has the partial endorsement of the Academy of Sciences, of which he is a member, the documents in question having been printed by order of that body, and its Perpetual Secretary, M. Elie de Beaumont, having asserted his belief in their genuineness. Professor Owen presents them to the English public in the last number of *Fraser's*, and while he does not explicitly declare that he thinks them authentic, he nevertheless seems to think their authenticity a thing to be taken for granted. The unauthenticity of such things is, however, always to be presumed; and, as a matter of fact, we may say that as it always should be so it always is, except by those with whom belief is rather an effort of credulity than a belief. The documents consist of letters written by John Milton to Molière, to Louis XIV., and to Voiture—all concerning Galileo and his difficulties; by Galileo himself to Louis XIII., and by Louis XIV. to Cassini and to Milton. In one of these letters from the Grand Monarque to Cassini, the king speaks of the duty of acknowledging quotations, and remarks that M. Newton had failed in his duty to "MM. Descartes *et Pascal*"—a little reference to the former "discovery" which would make one say that the author of M. Chasles' batch of letters concerning Newton and Pascal, and the author of this batch concerning Galileo, are, in all probability, one and the same person, and not too shrewd a person either. There are so many magazines nowadays that anything on which talk is possible gets talked about; and, moreover, the "silly season" comes on apace, when people are permitted to go up all sorts of trees for all sorts of mare's nests, that so the newspapers may be filled; wherefore we may very probably see some considerable number of articles about the new letters; but the conclusion which it is safe to predict will be reached is, that M. Chasles has concocted, or else has either wilfully or unknowingly lent himself to a literary fraud too transparent to be even interesting as a piece of rascality. Indeed, the golden days of literary forgeries are now some two or three centuries old.

—"Raphael and the Beginnings of the German Reformation," and a review of recent literature relating to Holbein—the latter with an illustration—are concluded in No. 7 (Vol. IV.) of Dr. Lützow's *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, or *Journal of Plastic Art*. An interesting account of two Austrian architects, Eduard van der Nüll and August von Siccardsburg, who were partners in elevating the profession in their native country, and both died early, is given in the opening article, accompanied with a portrait of the former, and a favorable specimen of their joint work on a Government building in Vienna. There is, besides, the usual variety of correspondence and art intelligence. Since this periodical was the first to publish cuts of the silver-ware found at Hildesheim, we may here note that No. 4 of *The Workshop*—an art journal of a practical kind, which is always filled with well-chosen designs—contains engravings, mostly of real size, of five of the pieces discovered. Among them is the patera with the

Minerva in high relief, which was also figured in the *Zeitschrift*. *The Workshop* shows a segment of it only.

—It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of Hegel's birth next year. The school of that philosopher has now dwindled down in Germany to a very small number—though, remarkably enough, his method and ideas are gaining some ground both in Italy, France, England, and America—so that we fear the celebration will excite little enthusiasm. Still, whether one agrees with Hegel or not, as one cannot deny that he wielded an immense and, in part, very fructifying influence on almost every department of enquiry, especially on such as history, theology, æsthetics, etc., the centenary is deserving of commemoration, if any such birthdays deserve it. Professor Rosenkranz, of Königsberg—perhaps the best representative living of the right wing of Hegel's school—intends to publish a work exhibiting the master as a German classic. Not unlikely some of our American Hegelians may assist in honoring their master's memory. It is worth notice how much greater hold Hegel seems to take upon the American mind than upon the mind of any other people outside of his native Germany. His followers here are of course not all Americans, for the German blood is strong in the West, where the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy" most flourishes; but we fancy that more Americans than Englishmen or Frenchmen or Italians call the great idealist Rabbi.

—On the 19th of January last a man died in Leipzig whose name used to be on everybody's lips some fifteen years ago—the Baron von Reichenbach, the discoverer—if we are to say so—of the Od force. His career was in many respects so peculiar that we should not do amiss to give our readers a good many details; but we confine ourselves to the following facts: Von Reichenbach was born at Stuttgart on the 12th of February, 1778, where his father was librarian to the court. He studied law at Tübingen, but took his doctor's degree in philosophy, and showed a strong preference for the natural sciences. After leaving the university, he gratified his love of what is out-of-the-way and adventurous by spending three years in trying to secure the means and followers to found a German state on one of the South Sea Islands. This brought on him the wrath of Napoleon, who made him pay for his political fancies by a residence on Hohenasperg. After recovering his liberty, he joined with another nobleman in erecting iron-works and introducing beet-sugar manufactories into Moravia; but, quarrelling with his partner, retired into private life with a considerable fortune. Besides discovering creosote and paraffine, he published various geological essays. But his name was made famous, or at all events well-known, by the letters on odic magnetism, published in 1852. From this time forward he devoted himself to investigations into the od force, animal magnetism, and related subjects, publishing at intervals the results at which he supposed himself to have arrived. His ideas found little sympathy among men of science; but at the same time it is probable that he opened glimpses into a domain which still needs and deserves exploring. A few years ago he lost all his property, and came in consequence to Leipzig, with a view to interesting scientific men in his theory; but death terminated his disappointments and his hopes.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

Lippincott's for June opens with some chapters of "Beyond the Breakers; an American novel," a story which may be more satisfactory to those of its readers who have taken it regularly in course than to us who have not read it faithfully from month to month; we should say that there is still room for the coming writer of the American novel. The second article is made up of two translations of the 'Dies Iræ," which possess merit, the editor thinks. They will, however, strike most persons who know the original or any one of the numerous English versions which have preceded these, as being decidedly uncalled for. The first is particularly bad for its unfaithfulness to the Latin, and for a disregard of anything like a decent standard of good English:

"Day of terrible requital"

is perhaps tolerable for

"Dies iræ, dies illa;"

but,

"Testing every trust and title,"

would have seemed to be an even impossible rendering of the second verse:

——"Solvet sæclum in favilla"—

if we had not evidence here to the contrary. Nothing that is good is to be said of this stanza:

"Prostrate in the dust before thee,
Heart-contrited, I implore thee,
Have a care for me unworthy."

"Heart-contrited" is no doubt the most unsuccessful of late compound adjectives, and the "have a care," with its suggestion of threat or warning, is bad enough. So, too, there is something grating in the line which stands for

"Inter oves locum præsta."

It reads in the English like the prayer of an office-seeker rather than that of a Christian in view of judgment—

"With thy sheep grant me position."

And little enough like the language of a Christian is the translation of "Jesu pie," by "Jesu pious!" The Latin adjective is probably expletive; or possibly it may refer to the stanza preceding, and may be considered an adjuration of the Son to recollect that it was by the will of his Father, in obedience to parental command, that he came into the world to save sinners:

"Recordare, Jesu pie!
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ"—

as a reminder to him that the wish which the Saviour knows so well was near the heart of his Father, the "rex tremendæ majestatis," ought to be obeyed with filial piety. At any rate, whether or not we take the preceding stanza to refer to the first person of the Trinity or the second, our word "pious," so different in meaning from "pius," will not have the effect of pleasing most readers. But the whole version is filled full of failings and faults; and this not wholly because of the translator's failure as mere translator, but because he does not know the piece as a poem. It is clear enough in the original that the supposed speaker, shutting his book, meditates on the description that is given in the New Testament and in the writings of the church of the last dread day. The first six stanzas contain the soliloquy in which he recapitulates the circumstances which are to attend the final judgment, and mingles with the recapitulation some obvious, or as we may say inevitable, reflections. It is not until we come to the seventh stanza that the poem becomes really lyrical. But thence to the end it is not more lyrical and apostrophic than up to that point it is meditative and descriptive. That this had never got into the translator's mind is made evident by his unfortunate rendering of the second stanza—

"Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricter discussurus"—

which is given thus:

"How great trembling shall be ours
When the judge puts on his powers,
And thy lasting issue lowers."

As so much English these lines are poor, and as so much English for so much Latin they are extremely poor; but the word "thy" in the last line, showing a radical misconception of the poet's intention, makes nearly as strong a case against the new translator as do all the the rest of his lines together. The second version that is given us is a paraphrase rather than a translation, and combines the usual faults of both those methods of rendering a poem, and we do not observe that it has any of the excellences of either.

As well worth reading as anything else in this month's *Lippincott's* is Mr. Dodge's defence of Byron against the attacks of some of his wife's friends. Mr. Dodge more particularly concerns himself with the conduct of Moore in not publishing Byron's journal, and charges that "Tommy," who "dearly loved a lord" who was a living lord, acted with bad faith and servility in withholding it from the press. There should not be much doubt, we think, that this is a true view to take; but it may very well be doubted if it would have been much worth while to let the world see the journal. It would have rather gratified curiosity than have thrown any new light on the poet and his works: and it may be suspected that should it ever, by means of any of the copies that were taken, be made public, Moore's disobedience of his friend's wishes will seem not to his friend's disadvantage. The journal may probably have shown Lady Byron somewhat sinning as well as more or less sinned against; but after all, probably there is nowhere now, outside of Miss Martineau's house and the cottages of the poor whom Lady Byron befriended, any such fervid belief in her utter blamelessness as to make it much worth while to attack her; and it is some time since the private affairs of the poet ceased to seem of equal importance with his poetry.

Mr. G. M. Towle's "Englishman on the Continent" is a satirical piece on a well-worn subject, upon which most of the writers apt to make choice of it could hardly be expected to be entertaining. And when satire is not entertaining, it is frequently disagreeable, as exhibiting what seems like ill-nature, and as being at the same time feeble—an attempt unsuccessful. Surely it must be in great part the fault of a man's temper, or of his deficiencies of one kind or another, if he can truthfully talk in this

spirit about the better classes of any European nation: "In the multitude of offensive travelling English you will find here and there more than one agreeable, well-bred, kind-hearted, quiet, and genial men and women." And then, too, must there not be another multitude of the inoffensive? It is not, to be sure, given to everybody to be well-bred or quiet or "genial;" but if not a majority, at any rate a large minority of the better educated people of all Christian nations are reasonably kind-hearted, and not too disagreeable in their ways of thinking and feeling, and not very offensive as regards manners. Probably if we were to take Bradshaw and fly to the uttermost parts of the civilized world, we should hardly find anywhere one absolutely perfect man or woman engaged in foreign travel. But it is only necessary not to be imperfect ourselves beyond a certain point to find, as we travel, that on the whole we are travelling with people not much worse than those we left behind—or than those that left home when we set out. Most of the sweeping abuse of mankind can fortunately be made of very narrow application. "Harneyhow's Hummock," by Mrs. Jane G. Austin, is a story, written apparently in one of those moods of luxurious indulgence of feeling to which women are prone, and which Mrs. Austin, as author, too constantly allows play. There is some indication of strength and some slight truth to nature in the ill-managed figure of Beulah, and some evidence of goodness and soundness of nature, on the author's part, in the unlikely way in which the story is wound up. But half as much pains to find some story worth the telling for its real significance and value as Mrs. Austin spends in pouring mere feeling into those that she is in the habit of telling, would be pains very profitably spent. And harder work in the selecting and rejecting of tales to tell would, beyond doubt, make itself agreeably manifest in the details of those that should be chosen and told. But however that might be, the story here told is "unhealthy," and, well meant as it no doubt is, must be condemned as being really immoral.

The Spiritualists are the theme of the writer of the first paper in the *Catholic World* for June. It is written to prove that the phenomena of "spiritism"—as "spiritualism" is perhaps better called—are not super natural—for the supernatural is God, and what God does immediately without intermediaries; and that they are not produced by the souls of deceased men and women, but that they are superhuman—subterhuman would seem a better word—as being the work of the demons of the great enemy of mankind, and of the arch-fiend himself. "Satan and his hosts having rebelled against God, and in refusing to worship the incarnate Son as God, were cast out of heaven and became the bitter enemies of Him and the human race. Satan, as the chief of the fallen angels, evil demons, or devils, carries on incessant war against God, and seeks to draw men away from their allegiance to him, and to get himself worshipped by them in his place,' and spiritism is one of the means he uses to effect his ends. This theory accounts also for planchette—a piece of wood of which devils now take possession, or did until lately, as formerly they entered into wooden images and images of gold, silver, lead, and other metals.

A writer on "Spanish Life and Character" is unusually civil to the revolutionists, admitting that the reverential tendency of Spanish character has in politics no doubt overpassed the legitimate barriers, and loyalty has done some mischief—a tone which we commend for adoption to some of our Roman Catholic friends who are so fond of the most Catholic Isabella that they forget the fact that it was a good majority of the most Catholic Spaniards who turned her out. We may add, too, that we are informed—and are willing to believe it not improbable—that the Holy Father feels a good deal of regret at having bestowed upon her Majesty the Golden Rose. The author of "Two Months in Spain during the late Revolution" atones, however, for the liberality of spirit with which the author of "Spanish Life and Character" treats his opponents. "These juntas," says the "Two Months'" lady, "who now rule in each city under the provisional government, are composed of people of low birth and low morals." In Cadiz they were taken from "the low townspeople, who are noted drunkards and unbelievers. . . . . Their first work has been to try and kill the Jesuits," and so on. Mr. Aubrey de Vere's May Carol we have not room to quote, but it is well worth looking at. It is, as is usual with his hymns, both original, ingenious, and subtle, and at the same time clear in thought and full of the sweetness of religious feeling. "The Geography of Roses" could not help being pleasant, though it is a slight piece, and "Good Old Saxon" is also agreeable, though not very weighty. Father Hecker's article—we suppose it is his—upon "The Approaching Council of the Vatican," contains some late information as to the composition of the committees and so forth, and some remarks about those wretched New Englanders who, it appears, have been reviling Father Hecker—who knows them thoroughly; he "went through all that," as they say, before he was twenty-one, at Brook Farm—for telling them that their decadence is due to want of faith. The article, like most of Father Hecker's, does not leave on one the impression that it is conclusive of the various matters it touches upon. We may suggest, by the way, that "the mocking ridicule of Voltairian infidelity" in which a portion of the press indulged when it heard that the Council was to be called, could not have been very much worse than Father Hecker's own lamentable assertion that "the Council of the Vatican will possess the same infallible authority with that which met at Jerusalem under Saint Peter"—where and when, we believe, Saint Paul withstood the "head of the church" to his face, "for he was to be blamed."

"Malbone" is concluded in this month's *Atlantic*—the hot-blooded young child of the sun being drowned out of the way in a fearful storm—which, from the beginning, was sure to come on that Newport coast and dispose of inconvenient personages—and the other characters going away as becomes them—that is to say, Miss Hope to lead a life of lofty soul-seclusion, and attend to her culture; Mr. Malbone, probably in old clothes and sunburn, to lead a life of self-denying usefulness, of which we may be sure he will be consciously unconscious to a degree that will get him Miss Hope yet; Aunt Jane to elaborate impromptu remarks of the most excessive brightness, sharpness, and naïve oddity. "The Hamlets of the Stage" is the first of a set, or a pair, of articles, and will be read with some pleasure. Its most distinguishing characteristic is a glow of that peculiar enthusiasm for the departed glorious which is, perhaps, never seen less alloyed by emotions worse than itself than when it is shed over the dead and gone heroes and heroines of the green-room. It is enthusiasm in which partisanship has no share; which is mingled with something of the pensiveness that always attends the memory of old pleasure and gaiety; which is called forth not so much by qualities that demand admiration as by those that conciliate affection, and even permit of a sort of patronage from him who applauds; whose usual votaries are the unsevere; and which, altogether, is perhaps enthusiasm in its most amiable form. "The Foe in the Household"—which is by Caroline Chesebro, it appears—continues to be interesting, or, rather, may be said to grow more so. The personages are not like any whom we have ever met, yet they are so contrived as to give the reader an effortless and very lively belief in their real existence, and in the true vitality of their intellectual and spiritual natures. It is dangerous, if accuracy is desired, to speak of a story before it is done, and it is disagreeable to try to express a judgment on a story, as such, which comes to the reader by bits; but still, recanting is always possible; so we will say that we do not now think of any American women who write novels whose books we should prefer to this "Foe in the Household" for our own reading. Though the situation is a painful one, and there is an easy possibility of morbidness; and though the sort of life to which we are introduced is too high-strained to be truly enjoyable and bracing as we share it, and the presentation of it will, perhaps, when done, not produce the effect a work of art should; and though the management of some of the details is not perfect—still the novel is fresh; it is honest and thoughtful; it is done with care, and not unskilfully; and it was worth doing. Nor, after all, is it likely that such a person as Delia, though evil things may happen to her, can ever really come to grief; so the painfulness of the situation as it stands need not deter any one from reading the story.

Mr. N. S. Shaler writes on "Earthquakes," and incidentally gives us a strain or two of that tremendous poetry which can be got from the blankest and most business-like prose that states some of the late discoveries of science—notably those relating to heat and light. It is as impressive and exalting, as genuinely poetic, as any of the pictures or visions of the imagination, to hear such things as this: "At a recent period in the history of our solar system, the heat of the earth was so great that the zone now occupied by life was the scene of contending elements; and at a future time almost measurably distant, when the other great source of energy, the sun, shall become in like manner stilled, when the great struggle between matter and heat now going on there shall be over, this little oasis of life, in the midst of the expanse of matter which obeys only physical laws, will cease to be. . . . That [heat] which we receive from celestial sources comes to us softened and equalized by the distance it traverses. The inconceivable convulsions of the sun, the flames a million miles high which burst from the fiery mass, the furious sounds which accompany this great struggle of matter with creative force, are quite lost in space, and there come to us only the equable and beneficent light and heat. We should have remained ignorant of the convulsions which attend the evolution of these properties, if we had been compelled to perceive them in their effects on the surface of the earth." Mr.

Shaler's philosophizing is perhaps hardly so good as his poetry To generalize to good purpose upon the effects of earthquakes on the character of the men and natives living in regions liable to seismic shocks, a very great deal of very various knowledge is requisite, and a comprehensive and minute knowledge of the geology of a country and of its history in the matter of earthquakes is but a scanty preparation for solving a most difficult problem—one of the most difficult with which the philosophic student of history has to deal, and one in which as yet more blunders have been made than striking successes gained.

We believe there is nothing else in this *Atlantic* that calls for particular notice. "Birds' Nests" is by Mr. John Burroughs, a writer whom we believe we always have to praise, and praise most when he is most himself, and has the birds and beasts for his subject and not men. The poetry is by Mr. Whittier ("Norembega") and Miss Celia Thaxter ("By the Roadside")—the latter seeming to us rather the better of the two. "China in our Kitchens" gives partial expression to the wail which comes up, louder from Boston than anywhere else that we hear of, about servant girls. Perhaps it is a part of the decay of New England that it no longer is capable of "keeping house?" Mr. C. C. Coffin advises that the Chinaman should be employed in the place of the tyrannical Irish girl—a suggestion perhaps worth attention.

Hours at Home has for its two most interesting articles a little sketch of Gottfried August Burger, by Mr. S. S. Conant, and a paper on "Model Lodging-Houses" by Mr. C. L. Brace. "Model Lodging-Houses" is too narrow a title for the essay, which deals rather with houses in which families regularly live—eating and, if necessary, working as well as sleeping in them. Mr. Brace points out very clearly how much more useful it is for a capitalist with some philanthropy to erect "model" dwelling-houses which can be let at a reasonable profit, than for a philanthropist who has capital to erect unpaying buildings—like Mr. Peabody's in London—which are successful as charities, so called, but on the whole are injurious to the class sought to be benefited, as well as unprofitable to the owners of them. Paying model houses would surely kill out tenement-houses, by showing landlords sooner or later that it is for their interest to build dwellings instead of poisonous sties of tenement-houses. The account which Mr. Brace is able to give of some of the London enterprises is very encouraging, and we suppose there is little doubt that the English success could be equalled here in this most crowded of civilized cities.

The article on Burger is readable and instructive. Perhaps so much need hardly have been said about "The Brave Man," a poem which might be called "people's poetry" in another than the best sense of that term; but, on the whole, substantial justice is done to Burger as poet and as man. The essay might with advantage have been fuller of details both critical and biographical, for its subject is a figure not much known. For the rest, the June *Hours at Home* has something about Prussia by Professor E. P. Evans, who also might well have doubled his number of pages; an article on "The Relations of Books and Reading to a Religious Life," by Professor Noah Porter; a neat little piece of serious poetry by A. D. F. Randolph; and the first half of Mr. Froude's rather feeble address on "University Education."

Probably the ordinary magazine reader will find *Putnam's* as interesting as any of the month's magazines except the *Galaxy*. "My Brass Valise," by F. R. Stockton, is a clever short story, which will dispose every American citizen who reads it to renewed contempt for the Emperor of the French and his mode of life. "Ferdinand de Lesseps and the Suez Canal" is by Mr. Edward De Leon, who it seems at one time represented the United States at the Court of the Pacha of Egypt, and who apparently had opportunities—which he has partly used, but has not made the most of—to learn and tell a good deal about life, social and official, at the Egyptian Court. We cannot say that he writes with a coolness and weightiness which compel us to think him a man who can be depended upon to convey to other men a perfectly correct and clear idea of what may have passed before him, and we do not know how much we are to believe without modification of his account of the enterprise which M. de Lesseps has carried to completion. We see that his article in the June *Harper's* conveys an impression as to the commercial value of the African canal which is at variance with that conveyed by his article in *Putnam's*. The latter is calculated to dash the hopes of those who had been thinking of the Pacific Railroad as sure to be the most travelled road, if not the only one, between the West and East. An impression directly to the contrary would be a natural effect of the article in *Harper's*, entitled "Said Pacha of Egypt." The maps and plans which accompany the article in *Putnam's* are of a kind to confuse, rather than be of assistance. "A Stranded Ship," by Miss or Mrs. L. Clarke Davis, is brought to a conclusion in this number. At the end it contains what seems as if it might be a correct, and certainly is a pretty vivid, description of the wreck of a vessel, and the taking out to her of a life-line, but apart from this scene, the story is neither probable nor forcible. "The Euroclydon," which we find agreeable, if only for its new puns, reads a little like the work of a hand not very practised at story-telling, but of a hand that might attain successes. The ship's company are not unlike other ship's companies with which the most of us have at one time or another been thrown, and the circumstances of the adventure are new. "Summer Snow" we suppose to be by the narrator of the Alpine experiences which were published in *Putnam's* some year or so ago, and which we found a more readable Swiss piece than it is natural for an habitual reader of magazines to suppose could at this day be produced. "Summer Snow" is as straightforward and unhackneyed as its predecessors —as "Yankee" and "individualized," and—in a certain way which we do not insist upon calling the best—is truthful and taking. It differs from most "sketches of European travel" as the talk of a lively friend who has just come home from abroad differs from the lectures on Wednesday evenings of a pastor who has just returned from his vacation visit to Italy and the Holy Land. "A Sybilline Trio" tells with more fulness than was necessary, or to be expected, of how the writer used at one time to meet in one house Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Somerville, and Mrs. H. B. Stowe. "Some Things in London and Paris" is a rambling article, which would be more interesting if it were more frankly gossipy than it is, concerning some of the changes which are to be noticed in the England of 1869 as compared with the England of 1836. No doubt its author could, if he liked, make several papers composed of reminiscences over which most of us would be very willing to spend an hour or two, and there is no reason why such chat should involve any unfairness to any of the men, American or English, more or less noted, in whose company Mr. Putnam has passed a good deal of time. The other departments of the magazine are well filled this month, though as usual they seem to us to contain too much scrappy information; too many facts about the most of which any given reader cares nothing, and straightway forgets utterly; and too little of thought and criticism. This makes the "Literature, Art, and Science Abroad," for instance, less instructive than it might be, and less attractive.

The *Galaxy* of course begins with the June chapters of Charles Reade's novel. We do not yet find ourselves believing that "Put Yourself in his Place" is going to be one of its author's best works. Perhaps he is now too old, and, advisedly, no longer trusts himself to employ as the motive of his stories the essentially youthful sexual passion and affection which is the root of all his earlier stories, which are no doubt his best; perhaps we are henceforth to expect of him—and to most other writers this would be a high compliment—nothing more than that he shall fall somewhat short of the youthful Charles Reade—the Charles Reade who wrote rather of women and men as such than of social institutions and men and women as affecting each the other. We find, however, that at the end of each instalment of "Put Yourself in his Place," we wish not only for the whole of the story, but for the next instalment of it, and would like it at once—a fact which we suppose may be taken as proof that whatever else Mr. Reade has now become incapable of doing, he is at any rate skilful in contriving how a story shall be fitted for the needs of a monthly magazine.

"'George Eliot' and George Lewes" is by Mr. Justin McCarthy, and is clever and "magazinable," as all his writing is pretty sure to be. It may be doubted whether "George Eliot" is properly to be put so high as Mr. McCarthy puts her. We should say that he is somewhat biased by the way in which the men who manage the English critical press have seen fit to magnify her. She is a sort of incarnate protest against a number of things which believing Englishmen of the thoughtful classes secretly dislike, but openly treat with civility and apparent respect. It is not unnatural, then, that having done work which entitles her to the admiration of everybody who respects talents of the first order, she should reap among the critics a reward proportioned rather to her deserts as an author conjointly with her services to the cause of anti-conventionalism, than to her deserts as an author alone. Then, too, we suppose it is in vain to deny that the fate of an English author who directly or indirectly influences the London press is apt to be different from that of an author without the means of influencing the British Aristarchus or his friends. We do not say we are incapable of seeing and acknowledging great power in "George Eliot;" we have more than once expressed our obligations to her, and our admiration for her; but Mr. McCarthy we think sets her too high, as do most late English journalists of the better sort. We may say, too, that Mr. McCarthy's apparent wonder at the marriage of a woman like Miss Evans with

a man like Mr. Lewes would disappear if he would give a little consideration to the circumstances in which Miss Evans found her future husband. Such things it is perhaps as well not to talk about at all; but now that the matter has been mentioned, we may remind the reader that in accordance with a provision of the English law which seems very severe, but probably might be justified on general principles, Mr. Lewes found himself irrevocably committed, by an act of great mercy on his part, to live with a wife who had been shamefully faithless. Upon the commission of one such offence as hers the law gives to the husband a divorce; but if he is moved to forgive, and the same offence is again committed, he is debarred by his condoning from legal freedom from his bond. Such, unless we are misinformed, were the circumstances under which Mr. Lewes met Miss Evans, and it is not at all hard to see how such a case might enlist the heart of a woman whose intellect already saw reason enough for giving respect to the biographer of Goethe, to the historian of philosophy, to the successful man of science—even to the very unsuccessful novelist, for Miss Evans had not then herself written novels—to the man of multifarious information and of immense agility and quickness of mind. Of the duty of the pair in the circumstances in which they were we do not now say anything at length, or anything except that the fact of a duty's being very hard to perform—hard for others as well as utterly unpleasing to ourselves—is not so much a reason as a sort of an excuse for its neglect or for transgressing the law.

Mr. De Forest's "Duchesne Estate" is very spirited, and, of course, has plenty of local color, and its readers will be older novel-readers than we, or sharper, if they see wholly through the plot before they see the end of the novel. General McClellan's "General Jomini" has some things in it which are new, as being derived from a personal acquaintance with the great strategist; and all of it is easy to read, but it is not peculiarly satisfactory. Perhaps it is a necessity of such subjects as are related to a thousand great things, that all which a man can well tell us of them seems to be but a little part of what might be told, and therefore inadequate.

"The Aurora Borealis, or Polar Lights," an illustrated paper—apparently carefully prepared—by Professor Loomis, of Yale, is the first article in *Harper's*. It is followed by another illustrated paper, "Winter on the Plains," by Mr. Theodore Davis, a deservedly popular reporter of the life of the overland journey to the mountains. "Pawnbrokers and Loan Offices" would have been bettered a little by containing an account of our domestic Mont de Pieté, which has done so much good in Boston by partially superseding the imperfectly responsible fraternity of pawnbrokers. It seems, by the way, very reasonable to suppose that its usefulness, and that of any similar institution, in any of our cities—and not only its usefulness but its profitableness—might be very much increased by the establishment of well-managed branch offices in those regions where the city poor congregate most thickly, and where each lender on pledges has a little domain of wretchedness, in which his sway partakes more or less of the nature of a pervading tyranny. Mr. McCarthy's "My Enemy's Daughter" gives us Mr. Lewes in a fictitious dress, but obviously Mr. Lewes. Mr. Newman Hall's "British Wild Flowers" we must mention, as one of the worst specimens that has ever been anywhere seen of the kind of literature with which the publishers of magazines encumber their pages for the mere sake of a name distinguished or, as one might say, notorious. It is verses that would disgrace Mrs. Leo Hunter. "Leo and Luther" is noticeable as as the work of a new writer who paints with Mr. John S. C. Abbott's brush as well as Mr. Abbott does; and "Deliverance Armstrong" is a very ordinary love-story, which yet has some incidents that are original we think—a thing so little to be expected in a *Harper's* love-story that it produces a somewhat curious and pleasing effect of incongruity.

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The Week.

THERE is political activity nowhere in the country now, except in Tennessee and Virginia, but in both those States it is very great, and in the former the excitement is very considerable. The result in neither, so far as concerns the success of candidates, will be of particular interest to the people outside of Virginia and Tennessee. Already the thing of most importance which the contest could effect has been effected—the Tennessee Republicans have been compelled to give up the proscriptive policy which—natural enough, and even not uncommendable, in the years first succeeding the war—has now been too long in force. Mr. Stokes wanted the governorship, and so did Mr. Senter, who has the advantages of having Mr. Brownlow's backing and the present possession of the office, which he fills *vice* Brownlow elected to the Senate. Stokes is said to be very strong in East Tennessee, he being a typical East Tennesseean himself; and when the party to which both he and Senter belong met the other day in convention, the followers of each were so nearly equal in strength, and the opposition of the one to the other so virulent, that the convention split amid the wildest cursing and bawling and giving of the lie and challenging to fight, and each candidate now claims that he is *the* nominee, and was nominated by acclamation—the latter assertion seeming reasonable. It is impossible to tell, at this distance, what will be the result. An event understood to be in Stokes's favor is a decision just made in the State Supreme Court, to the effect that the power to set aside registration for frauds and irregularities, which was attempted to be conferred on the governor by the Legislature, and was actually employed by Brownlow, is a judicial power, and cannot be lawfully exercised by the Executive.

But it is not certain that Senter will lose anything by this decision. It was among the possibilities, of course, that, being governor, he might decide on setting aside the vote of some precincts whose political complexion should displease him; and under the law as it was before the decision, some thousands of voters were disfranchised who now, it is very probable, may not vote for any friend and protégé of the man who disfranchised them. But whoever plays the political game with Brownlow for adviser, may be expected to play a bold game, and Senter, whether or not he was moved thereto by a knowledge of what the court's decision on the registry cases would be, has, all of a sudden, come out as an enemy of proscription and a friend of the enfranchisement of certain of the disfranchised—of an upset of Brownlow's pet policy. Stokes can do no less than follow suit; and so the case stands—a fight that we do not see how Mr. Andrew Johnson, being on the spot, can keep out of at all, yet we hear nothing of his being in it. Whether or not a peace will be patched up before the election we do not know, but in any case nobody will be sorry to hear that the Republicans of Tennessee begin to feel more disposed to trust their late Confederate neighbors, and everybody will hope that some of the other Border States—notably Missouri—may follow the new example Tennessee sets them as they followed the old. As Mr. Greeley writes to the West Virginia Republicans: "*Now* you can amnesty the Rebels. Soon the question will be, Shall they amnesty you?" And this he says because each year a certain number of the disfranchised die and a certain number of their sons, who cannot be disfranchised, take their places—numbers so large that, in West Virginia's case, the "Rebels," Mr. Greeley estimates, will in six years have overcome the present majority against their side. Emigration will interfere with this predicted course of things, and so will new questions; but still the policy is a good one, and the argument has weight. On the other hand, it may not be utterly uncalled for to pray that the late rebels, when newly enfranchised, may not devote themselves to remembering the past of their history and forgetting the future of it—a species of vicious bull which is a Southern favorite.

General Butler has been "interviewed" during the week, and announced—though not for the first time—his belief that the charge of the premature concession of belligerency to the South had no legal basis, owing to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation and to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Moran *agt.* the Equitable Insurance Co., delivered eleven days before the Queen's proclamation, in which the court ruled that the blockade was not, as Mr. Sumner says, a pacific, but a belligerent blockade. The General added that he concurred in the remark attributed to Chief-Justice Chase, that "we could not stand five minutes before any court in Europe on the legal positions of Sumner's speech." The General's own charge against England is in fact not a legal one at all, but a political one, namely: that the object of her whole policy was to break down this Government; and his remedy is a strict embargo, so as to stop all importations from her, and stop the export of our bonds to pay for them.

Mr. Laird has come out with a letter, for which the English Government will hardly thank him, showing that his proceedings in the preparation and despatch of the *Alabama* were (municipally) legal, and perfectly open to official inspection from first to last. This helps to bar the escape of the Government from moral responsibility, and at the same time affords an opportunity of affirming in a most decided and decisive way the doctrine for which the United States has contended throughout the controversy, that a state is bound to provide municipal machinery for the fulfilment of its international obligations, and that the refusal of Lord Palmerston to do so, and the public applause which greeted his refusal, were a shameless evasion of a duty, on the performance of which the very existence of international law, in any other character than that of a body of ethical doctrine, depends. The Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool has received Mr. Motley with a good deal of

unction, and it is with no desire to mar the effect of "the interchange of civilities," but with the view of warning adult Englishmen against the bad results of allowing their passions and prejudices to affect their foreign policy, that we mention that the outrageous conduct of the members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce during the war, not to resident Americans only, but to every Englishman who professed sympathy with the North, makes their present expressions of cordiality towards the United States bear an unpleasant resemblance to the oriental sign of self-abasement known as "eating dirt." Moreover, we advise the Free Trade League here to request them solemnly to stop petitioning United States Ministers, the minute they land, for free trade. United States ambassadors have no control over the tariff, as Liverpool traders ought to know, and their recommendations of free trade produce much the same effect on the American public as the appearance of Satan would produce at a missionary meeting, if he clothed himself in a gown and bands, and undertook to offer advice as to the conduct of the operations.

The only other additional contributions to the *Alabama* controversy are the appearance of a letter in the London *Times* from Senator Grimes, of Iowa, denying that there was any disposition in this country to go to war with England at present, and alleging that the cause of complaint against her was not the premature recognition of Southern belligerency, but the fact that the *Alabama* was a British ship which in a time of peace preyed on American commerce. The Northwestern States, he said, wanted Canada in order to give them the control of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, but had no desire or intention of taking it by force, and did not see the necessity of doing so. His account of the publication of Mr. Sumner's speech is, that the injunction of secrecy was removed at the orator's own request; but Senator Thayer, of Nebraska, informs the Associated Press that it was removed on the motion of Mr. Chandler, and that the impression was at the time that the speech was endorsed by all—no one, with the exception of McCreery, of Kentucky, dissenting.

Senator Grimes has been severely rebuked by the London correspondent of the *Tribune* for writing to the *Times* without permission, unauthorized correspondence with that journal being, it appears, only permitted to Mr. Motley and men of his literary standing. The same writer administers a sharp and well-deserved rap on the knuckles to Mr. Sumner and other senators for not having taken his (the correspondent's) advice, and appointed Mr. Moran *chargé d'affaires* in London on Mr. Adams's resignation, instead of sending over Mr. Reverdy Johnson. He communicated to the *Tribune* some weeks ago, also, the exclusive and important intelligence that there was a triple alliance on foot against this country by France, England, and Spain. "The fact," said he, "which at this moment dwarfs all other facts is the beginning of negotiations for an alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, France, and Spain against the United States. This I telegraphed to you two days ago. *It is still a secret in London.* I shall say nothing of the sources of my information, *nor can I add much to the original statement.*" As we have since heard nothing of this infamous league from either the *Tribune* or him, we cannot, in spite of our unwillingness to impute improper motives to any brother journalist, help fearing that this silence is not altogether accidental. We know well that it would not suit the purposes of these designing powers to have themselves watched by our enterprising contemporary, and we know, too, that their treasuries are full of the fruits of plunder and oppression.

There is one point in the *Alabama* controversy which has been greatly dwelt on, as an aggravation both of the connivance of England at the operations of the rebel cruisers, and of the operations themselves, and that is that the rebels had no prize courts, and destroyed enemy's property at sea without submitting it to adjudication. This point was touched upon in *Harper's Weekly* last week, and we see it again in a recent letter of the Rev. Dr. Henry to the Hartford *Courant*. Now the fact is, the rebels *had* Courts of Admiralty—their Confederate District Courts exercising admiralty jurisdiction under the Confederate Constitution, just as those of the United States, of which they were an exact copy, did here at the North. Secondly, a belligerent cruiser is not obliged by the law of nations to carry in prizes for judicial condemnation unless there is some doubt or dispute about the title to the captured property. If the ship, and all it contains, be confessedly enemy's property, he may destroy it on the spot. R. H. Dana says, in his edition of Wheaton: "A trial by a prize tribunal is not a right enemies can claim, *nor a duty to them.* They have no standing in court. If it be assumed that all captures are enemy's property, there need be no prize courts." In fact, in all maritime wars, large numbers of vessels have been burnt at sea, by belligerent captors, when for any reason it was inconvenient to take them into port for sale, there being no pretence of neutral interest in the ship or cargo. It was done on both sides during the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. The principle of international law is, that enemies' property captured at sea vests instanter in the captor, to keep or destroy as he sees fit. Prize courts exist, in fact, for the protection of neutrals.

The Presbyterian General Assembly (New School), now sitting in this city, has had before it for some days a recommendation for prayer for peace between, if correctly reported, the "two great Protestant nations" of the world. It would, we suspect, puzzle any theologian in the country to show that war between two Protestant nations was a whit more repulsive to the Almighty, or more likely to elicit his interference, than war between two Catholic or pagan nations. In fact, if Protestants have more light on questions of international duty than the members of other faiths, their fighting amongst themselves would call for deeper condemnation, and it could hardly come in more appropriate form than in their being allowed to fight it out. The *reductio ad absurdum* was very neatly performed on the proposal, however, by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, who discussed it on Monday morning last in "a fierce war speech." He expressed his willingness to *pray* for peace, but openly declared his *desire* for war, although it might not be the duty of the United States to undertake it just at this moment. The Assembly seemed to perceive very clearly the impossibility of circumventing either the Lord of Hosts or the God of Peace by a prayer offered in this spirit, and accordingly indefinitely postponed the whole matter.

Of one woman, at least, it may be said that she is not only helping to prove the fitness of her sex for a share in political life, but is, while doing so, helping to "purify and elevate" politics. We mean the present postmistress of Janesville, Wis., for whom we hereby express our hearty admiration. She was unable to get herself nominated or recommended for office by the Congressman of the district—a distinction she shares with almost everybody in the United States who is fit for office—so she determined to fight him; but instead of going about abusing him on the platform, she polled the town on the respective merits of his candidate and herself, and got a majority of two hundred votes in her own favor. Armed with this she went to Washington, where she again beat him, and got the appointment; and now, fresh from the field, she asks Mr. Jenckes's permission to repeat his speech on civil service reform before such audiences as she can get to listen to her in the district. We believe Mr. Jenckes is more sanguine than ever of his final success in carrying his bill. A vigorous agitation of the question in the West next fall has been determined on, and the speakers will now be fortified by the history of the first three months of Grant's administration, and by, we believe, the unanimous testimony of the heads of bureaux, if not of departments, in the public service. We may add that, inasmuch as whatever helps to make office the reward of knowledge and good character simply, naturally helps to lower the importance of the "quality" of sex, no class of persons is more interested in the reform than women; nevertheless, we have yet to hear a word in support of Mr. Jenckes's movement at any of their lectures or conventions. We trust they are going to mend their ways in this respect.

The *Saturday Review* recently, by way of illustrating the low state of morals and manners in the United States, remarked that "the most accomplished journalists vie with the lowest demagogues in unreasoning vituperation. The *Nation*, which stands on the intellectual level of the best European periodicals, descends into a blind and hysterical fury whenever it refers to England." It is very difficult to know how to deal with assertions of this kind. About the meaning of the phrase "a blind and hysterical fury" there can hardly be much difference between us and the *Review*, so that we are reduced to the unpleasant necessity of believing that when the writer predicated any such state of the *Nation*, on any subject, he was at least utterly reckless. Nothing has ever appeared in the *Nation* to furnish the slightest justification for it. What we endeavor to furnish our readers on all questions, is as near an approach to correct information and honest criticism as our means will permit. The public the *Nation* addresses, as far as our knowledge goes, demands as little "fury" and fustian as any public in the world, and it is lucky that it is so, because, if the supply of it ever became essential to the existence of the paper, it would quietly and comfortably disappear. We may add that both America and England have enough journalists and orators in their service able and willing to roar their way to any conclusion in law, politics, or morals which the popular taste or passion at the moment may call for, without our opening our little stall amongst them. We should have no chance, we are glad to say, in that particular market, and we intend to keep out of it.

The Charleston *Courier*, in a voice that has an undertone of lament in it, says that of course South Carolina has always been a barbarous State, but hopes that it will gratify our "DownEast friends" to hear that "we are rapidly assimilating ourselves and our laws to Down Eastern ideas." The particular act of assimilation that called out these remarks was the hearing before Judge Orr of three petitions for divorce, of which two were granted. One decree separated a woman from a man who had deserted her and married another woman in a Northern State, and the second, also in the wife's favor, was granted on the ground of the husband's cruelty, desertion, and bigamy. These are the first divorce cases that ever came up in South Carolina. It is a State which formerly held Northern "isms" in such abhorrence that it had on its statute-books a law regulating the amount of property a man should be permitted to leave his mistress, but the "carpet-bagger" now controls its legislation. Connecticut, meantime, goes on from bad to worse. Divorces in that State are to marriages there as one to ten; and as the Irish population do not patronize the divorce courts, the percentage of annulled marriages to permanent ones must be greater than one-tenth. It is, however, to be remembered that people go from other States to Connecticut for convenience of disjunction, just as they go to Indiana. The report is false, by the way, that the Indiana Legislature have modified the divorce law in the interest of the family. It stands as before, the House not concurring with the Senate's views of marriage, and, as one of our exchanges pleasantly says, "husbands and wives may govern themselves accordingly." Neither in the West nor the East, so far as we can see, does the tendency to experiment with marriage grow weaker.

A correspondent calls our attention, in confirmation of our remarks last week on the effect of the native emigration from New England on the character of the remaining population, to the large number of New Englanders and New Yorkers to be found in all branches of the public service. Of the seven members of the Johnson Cabinet, three were New Englanders—Welles, McCulloch, and Evarts, and three were New Yorkers by birth—Seward, Schofield, and Randall. Of the sixty-six senators of the Thirty-ninth Congress, twenty-six were New Englanders and ten New Yorkers by birth, making six majority of the Senate as it then stood. It was the same in the Fortieth Congress. In the House, of two hundred and twenty-eight members of the Thirty-ninth Congress, one hundred and five were natives of New England and New York. In fact, New Englanders and New Yorkers may be said to conduct the press, the commerce, the railroads and manufactures of the Western States—in other words, to do the work of civilization in them and to lift them from the barbarism of frontier life. Without them there is little doubt that Iowa, and Minnesota, and Wisconsin, in spite of their exemption from slavery, would not have differed so widely from Arkansas and other States of the South-west as they now do. The whole movement is a striking illustration of the immense and unprecedented advantage the United States enjoy of being able to send out their best men to form colonies without losing their services. No other country has been able to plant distant colonies without a proportionate loss of strength and energy at the centre.

The *Tribune* has at last got a correspondent in Cuba, so that we are likely to have some direct and reliable information as to some portion of the fighting at least. He landed on the coast in the bay of Nipe, on the 12th of May—three weeks ago—with a filibustering expedition, which he numbers at 5,000 men, with ten guns, and ammunition to suit, in the steamer *Perit*. The landing, he says, was attended with little or no difficulty. His narrative only comes down to the landing, however, although it is an immense improvement on the "private advices" and "the letters received here" on which we have hitherto been dependent for our information; but it would be much more valuable if he were not so wrapt up in the cause as he seems to be. The temptation to put a good face on everything will be irresistible. To rumor of the old kind we are indebted for the account of the fight which followed the landing. According to it, the Spaniards landed "several hundred soldiers," and took the filibusters in the rear, who retired and abandoned their guns, which fell into the hands of the troops. This appears, at first sight, to be a very extraordinary performance on the part of 5,000 desperate filibusters; but it appears they only "retired for the purpose of re-forming." This little ceremony completed, "they returned in force, made a brilliant charge, and compelled the Spaniards to retreat in disorder." Other Havana despatches say, however, that all accounts of the battle are worthless, as each side claims a brilliant victory. The Jamaica *Dispatch*, too, says that the *Perit* went to Kingston after landing her cargo, and while there "Captain Charles Wright of the Cuban army" gave some particulars of the expedition to the reporters, setting down the number of the filibusters at 350. There are fresh accounts from Havana of the defeats of the Nipe Bay filibusters, but nothing very well authenticated. General Dulce, who has been a dreadful failure, and seems to be conscious of it, and at all events is mortally sick, has been superseded. His successor, Rodas, is a soldier of some distinction, and is not troubled with scruples, and under him a policy of more concentration and greater determination will doubtless be pursued.

The news from Ireland indicates growing discontent on the land question. There have been half a dozen murders during the winter, and there is a kind of panic amongst the landlords. The news comes from Lord Derby's estates—and he is said not to be a bad landlord, from the landlord point of view—that the tenants decline to pay any more rent, and believe that from 1870 the land is to be their own. But The O'Donoghue has shown that it is after all a mistake to suppose that crime is increasing, for there were in 1837 six times as many murders as there have been during the past year, and yet nobody thought an agrarian revolution was impending. How wide apart the landlord and tenant views of their rights are, however, may be inferred from the fact that the Earl of Derby considers himself—and is considered, as we have said—a very good landlord, and yet he conceives himself justified in ejecting the inhabitants of a whole district in case an undetected murder is committed in it. A personage of this sort has, we need hardly say, no place in a modern state. He belongs to the age of flint-locks, and wooden frigates, and stage-coaches. It is amongst the possibilities that if the Irish Church were once settled, there would be a split in the cabinet on the land question, Mr. Bright, at least, and most probably Mr. Gladstone, being well known to hold much more "advanced" views on this matter than most of their colleagues. Strong efforts are already making to push Mr. Bright to the wall, and make him either fight or surrender.

EUROPEAN FINANCE AND AMERICAN SECURITIES.

THE leading English journals, commenting upon the advance in the rate of interest established three weeks since by the Bank of England, admit that the advance was not occasioned by any change in the domestic demand for money, but was mainly adopted as a precautionary measure to stay the increasing tendency of English capital to seek investment in loans to foreign governments and foreign corporations of various kinds. The measure itself seems to have met with almost universal approval, the number of foreign borrowers seeking the use of English capital having increased during the last year in a measure perfectly startling, and well calculated to alarm thoughtful statesmen and far-sighted financiers. Later mails announce the intended introduction into the North German Parliament of a bill prepared by the Finance Committee, taxing all capital invested in loans to foreign governments, or invested in foreign securities of any kind, to the extent of one per cent. per annum. This measure, although vehemently denounced by leading financial authorities, and earnestly combated by cities like Frankfort, whose principal business is that of money-lending, seems, like the advance in the Bank of England's rate of discount, to be, on the whole, warmly approved of. It is evident that many people are beginning to discover indications of danger, or, at least, of inconvenience, likely to arise from the increasing investment of English and German capital in foreign countries. The United States have always been, but of late years have more than ever been, large borrowers of English and German capital, and the evident attempt to prevent us from borrowing more is therefore a subject well worthy of our most serious investigation.

By many persons the act of the Bank of England—intended, as it in part unquestionably was, to stop the increasing investment in American securities—was ascribed to unfriendly feeling produced by the *Alabama* controversy. This feeling may have hastened the action of the Bank, or may have added to the satisfaction with which the measure was popularly regarded; but it needs no profound knowledge of finance to become convinced that such motives had but a very slight influence in producing the measure itself. The proposed action of the North German Confederation, which certainly cannot be suspected of unfriendly feelings towards the United States, though different in its nature, yet evidently identical in its aim, proves conclusively that deeper and wider causes have led alike to the English rise in the discount and the German tax on capital invested abroad. The directors of the Bank of England know from experience that the money lent to foreign countries is apt to be in part taken away from England in the shape of gold coin; and as the ability of the Bank to lend to its domestic customers depends upon its maintaining a liberal supply of coin in its own vaults, and as the gold to be exported can only be obtained from the Bank itself, any export of gold tends to deprive the Bank of its ability to lend to its customers at home, and, if the export is continued, to prevent it even from redeeming its own notes, thereby creating uneasiness, confusion, panic, and widespread distress. If the rate of interest in England is low—say three per cent. per annum, and the rate of interest in America is high—say six per cent. per annum, English capitalists will want to lend their money in America, or, what amounts to the same thing, they will want to buy American securities. If English capitalists want to invest much money in America, or buy many American securities, they will have to do what they did six weeks ago—send English gold to America. But if English gold is sent to America, the coin will be drawn from the Bank of England, and the Bank will lose its reserves; and, as it cannot afford that, it must remove the incentive to invest in American securities by making the rate of interest in England as high as it is here. The Bank of England can accomplish this to some extent by advancing its own rate of interest, which advance being almost immediately followed by all other money-lenders, naturally has, for a time at least, the effect of advancing the rates of interest in all parts of the country. As soon as the rate of interest in England is as high as in America—in other words, as soon as Englishmen can get as much interest by lending their money at home as they can get by lending it abroad, they will, of course, lend it at home; the investment in foreign securities will cease; and no fear need be entertained any longer that gold will be exported, or the Bank lose its coin reserves. The action of the Bank of England is therefore explicable by simple motives of self-interest. The proposed action of the North German Parliament, though less directly traceable to individual self-seeking, is, nevertheless, mainly due to the same fear of disturbance to domestic finances, consequent upon a possible export of specie to pay for the foreign securities purchased.

But both the Bank of England and the North German Confederation are acting under influences which it is not unreasonable to suppose they themselves are scarcely conscious of—influences which we, standing at a distance, and guided by the rapid experience of seven or eight years of the fastest financial living ever indulged in, are perhaps better fitted than they to comprehend, but which even with us are barely beginning to be recognized. We know, as a matter of fact, that money—in the ordinary financial sense of the word—has been cheaper in England, France, and Germany during the last two years than it ever was before for a period of equal length. For months at a time money in England, as the phrase goes, went a-begging at one or one and a half per cent. per annum. Money—still adhering to the ordinary financial sense of the word—was either so abundant or so little wanted, that no one was willing or able to pay even so trifling an interest for it as one and a half per cent. per annum, and large amounts of money were left totally unemployed. The idle accumulations of gold and silver coin in the Bank of France and the Bank of England exceeded by far the largest amounts ever held by them prior to that time, and rose to over $350,000,000—a sum far larger than the largest amount of coin ever held in the United States, not only as an idle accumulation in the banks, but including the total circulation in the hands of the people. This immense accumulation of coin was due mainly to the suspension of specie payments in the United States. Every step towards resumption here is an unconscious and unintentional threat on our part to demand back our coin reserves.

When the United States abandoned specie payments, they virtually threw upon the money markets of the world the whole of the one hundred and fifty or two hundred millions of dollars in gold coin which at that time formed our metallic currency. Not only was there no cessation in the gold production in our Pacific mining States and in Australia—not only was there no stoppage in the ordinary annual addition to the world's supply from these sources—but the whole of our coin circulation was further added to the world's supply. In the first years of the war our coin circulation was largely hoarded at home; and when it began to return from hoards, and to be exported, the immense impetus given to the world's traffic by our war prevented the addition to the world's currency from being much noticed. It was only when, in 1865, the United States gradually resumed their natural position in the world's traffic, and especially when by their cotton supplies they cooled down the raging fever of cotton and other speculation in British India, with its attendant famine and pestilence—it was only then that the great financial centres began to experience the glut which the American coin reserves naturally produced in the narrowed channels of legitimate trade. Then came that wild, insane attempt to make a use for that which was useless; to invent business merely to find employment for money—the English "limited liability" fever. When it was found that no amount of money could make business out of nothing; when the limited liability bubble burst with the explosion of Overend, Gurney & Co.'s failure; when repeated efforts to revive the objectless speculation had resulted disastrously—then, but not until then, the financial world of Europe resigned itself to seeing the precious golden wealth lie idle in the vaults of the two great banks, until the only people that can use it to advantage—the original owners, the people of the United States—should make good their title to its possession by offering it profitable employment. The dulness of the European money markets during the last three years means nothing more nor less than that Europe has no means of giving safe and profitable employment to the coin reserves of the United States, which, owing to our erroneous financial policy, have been forced to accumulate there.

Faint efforts have, it is true, been made, and even with limited success, to induce England, France, and Germany to lend these surplus accumulations to Spain, Italy, Russia, Turkey, and who knows what

other poor and hopelessly bankrupt states. There are even men—and men of ability and influence, too—who are at this very day using such international quarrels as the *Alabama* controversy to cheat Englishmen and Germans into the belief that Turkey, and Spain, and the Pope of Rome are better and safer creditors than the United States. But Englishmen and Germans, who have visited this country, or who have friends and relatives and correspondents here, know better; and hence neither the efforts of the press nor the action of the Bank have so far materially interfered with the steady progress of investment in American securities. In truth, the advance in the Bank of England rate has not as yet produced the effect anticipated from it in advancing the rate of interest elsewhere. On the contrary, outside of the Bank, money seems obtainable almost as cheaply as before; and whatever influence the change has made on other securities, it has not, even combined with the *Alabama* controversy and with the recent ten per cent. rise in gold, depressed the price of American bonds more than one or two per cent. Within the last two weeks large orders for our bonds have again been received both from Germany and from England, and there is every likelihood that the demand will continue. As long as Europe cannot find safe, profitable employment for its money accumulations, so long will its money accumulations tend to seek employment here. As long as money can find safe employment in the United States at six per cent. interest, nothing that banks and governments can do will prevent all money from coming here that cannot be employed at home at as good a profit. What has prevented the even more rapid and more extensive employment of foreign capital here is fear that the essential element of safety is wanting. That element of safety—whatever selfish politicians and over-impatient journalists may say—has been furnished, to the satisfaction of European capitalists, by the administration of General Grant; and the unexpectedly favorable showing of our national accounts is bearing out the anticipations of his warmest admirers. In spite of the extraordinary and unnatural recent advance in the price of gold, in spite of some of Secretary Boutwell's measures which we cannot but consider injudicious, the capitalists of Europe are beginning to regard our financial future with growing confidence. They are beginning to recognize dimly that a large drain of specie from Europe to this country will and must set in so soon as our people are resolved upon returning to a specie currency. It is against this inevitable drain that the North German Government and the leaders of finance in England are instinctively arming themselves.

CONVENTIONS.

We have had, during the month which has just closed, a very fair amount, it will be admitted, of "free discussion" on all sorts of subjects. Convention has succeeded convention, and anniversary anniversary, until there is hardly a point in the body politic and the body social which has not been pinched and kneaded, or a joint which has not been cracked and stretched. The church, the family, property, wages, labor, capital, war, peace, man, woman, and child have undergone a thorough overhauling. Several societies have literally kept open house, somewhat as mediæval nobles did during Christmas week, making everybody welcome, and asking no questions, provided he contributed his share to the common stock of enjoyment, and swallowed a fair amount of whatever was set before him. The interest and *éclat* of these gatherings—we speak more particularly of those which provide what is called a "free platform"—has been heightened of late years by the increasing attention devoted to their proceedings by the press. Meetings which ten or twenty years ago would have met, debated, and dissolved in obscurity, and would have been only too thankful if they had not been interrupted or mobbed, are now reported conspicuously, and often in full, by the daily press, with all sorts of typographical decoration, and the reports are largely read by most people for amusement, but by a large number in the belief that they can find in them "signs of the times." This publicity, of course, helps to increase greatly the size of the audiences; but it also increases the number of the speeches and the variety and "spiciness" of the speaking. There is in every country—and in this, for obvious reasons, more than in most others—a large number of persons of little education and of little or no prehensile power; ignorant of what has already been discovered by others, and unprovided with the means of testing the value of what they think they have discovered themselves; fond of novelty, fond of notoriety, and cursed with the restlessness which the patriarch gave as the secret of Reuben's failure. They occupy themselves mainly either with mechanical inventions or with contributions to social science; and, of course, the present multiplicity of "free platforms" is a god-send to them. The one joy of their existence is the possession of an audience to listen to their last panacea—no easy thing to accomplish, under ordinary circumstances; but, owing to the adoption of the principle of reciprocity by many radical reformers, it is now within the reach of any bore or cracked person who has patience enough to take his turn when the speaking begins, and pay a decent amount of attention to the shallow and imperfect suggestions of the rest of the company. The numbers of this class are, of course, now that notoriety is within so easy reach, rapidly increasing.

At the bottom of all this folly and confusion there is, of course, a substratum of honest and conscientious and thoughtful effort. In every movement there are a number of persons, however small, who know what they aim at, and where they stand, and have reached their conclusions by reflection, and hold to them with deeply rooted conviction; but the fever and excitement of the march have now become so great that the bummers far outnumber the regular troops. There have been several striking examples of what may be done by men thoroughly in earnest, by taking up what seemed extreme positions in politics or society, and holding to them firmly until they had won over the rising generation to aid in their triumph. Amongst the most memorable cases of the effects of this persistence are the destruction of slavery in England and here, the abolition of the corn-laws in England, and the extension of the suffrage there and here, to say nothing of several minor but valuable reforms. All this was accomplished by incessant talk—by talk that to a large proportion of the community was, when it began, wicked or insane, but which, nevertheless, never slackened till the opposition was overcome and the work was done. But the secret of the success of all these agitations was that they were undertaken and carried out by men who were thoroughly persuaded of the feasibility of what they undertook, were well aware of the difficulty of their task, and examined themselves strictly as to their competence for it. Their success has produced on the minds of large numbers of weak admirers and imitators the impression that it was not so much their logic and persistence and familiarity with the subject which carried the day, but the talk itself—in short, that it was not the round-shot which drove the enemy from the field, but the noise of the cannonade; consequently, they think if they can produce a series of noises of equal intensity they can produce similar results. The great importance attached at all the conventions to "free speech" *per se*—that is, to letting everybody speak on any subject, be he wise or foolish—is undoubtedly due to a kind of superstitious reverence for the sound apart from the sense.

The most striking thing in the view most of the speakers at the convention take of society and social arrangements, is their want of confidence in the general progress of society and in the power of right living, as distinguished from right thinking or right legislation. One marked tendency in the speeches, too, is to make the government a kind of almoner or director of a charitable institution, rather than a protector of life and property. Prévost-Paradol, writing recently in his admirable volume on the condition and prospects of his own country, called "La France Nouvelle," says: "If we want to mark well the trait which distinguishes the demagogue from the reformer—the friend of the people—we shall find it in this: the reformer points out a particular evil, and proposes at the same time a practical and special means of curing it; he accepts discussion on this point, even concentrates it on it, and yields to reason if it is demonstrated to him that the social disorder by which his sight is offended cannot be entirely corrected, except, as too often happens in this world, at the cost of a still greater disorder. The demagogue, on the contrary, sticks to vague and incessant declamation on the sufferings of the people, on the enjoyments of the rich, on the inertia or bad will of the government without ever indicating how it could be arranged so that there should be no more poor, and without revealing to the state any means of ex-

tending to all citizens an equal share in the good things of this life." There are not many real self-seeking demagogues amongst the speakers at our reformatory conventions. They are mostly, at worst, ill-informed and ill-balanced zealots, but they begin to draw the demagogues. One finds an increasing number of the latter hanging about the doors or seated in the front benches among the audience, awaiting an invitation to the platform. Letters from them, too, begin to arrive, announcing that, though unable to attend in person, any earnest efforts to run a cheap and well-lighted tunnel for the use of the poor through the centre of the globe shall have their heartiest support in and out of Congress, and advising promoters of the enterprise to be vigilant and persistent, and the day will soon break. They are all a little afraid to have a real, determined radical on their track, and all a little anxious to have an outspoken society or league on their side. There is little doubt, however, that the present somewhat chaotic stage in the reformatory movement will soon pass away. One of the beauties even of great publicity is that it gets crude opinions into print, and print is a terrible solvent. A great deal of platform oratory can no more bear it than a ball-room beauty can bear the garish light of day after a night's dancing; and many a plan for the regeneration of mankind which seemed impregnable when solemnly addressed to the chair, serves only the next day to give hilarity to the national breakfast-table.

WHY FRENCHMEN DO NOT MULTIPLY.

When Dr. Nathan Allen, a year ago, in an article in the *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine*, ascribed the decline or stationariness of population in France to the love of Frenchwomen for "society, amusements, and light literature," and their consequent desire "to make domestic labor and household duties as easy as possible," we ventured to suggest that he would hardly have made this assertion had he been well acquainted with the social condition of France, and that, moreover, the very statistics which he quoted pointed very clearly to other causes for the comparatively small number of births in France than the selfish love of pleasure of French mothers. An able French writer in the English *Medical Times and Gazette* for the month of February discusses the question with a thorough knowledge both of the figures and of his countrymen's way of looking at their social duties, and sustains throughout our objections to Dr. Allen's theory.

The French population—the first shock and disorder of the Revolution over—increased at the very respectable rate of six per cent. per annum from 1801 to 1805. Then began the tremendous wars of the Empire, with their prodigious consumption of life; and the increase from 1805 to 1820 fell to four and a half per cent. The progress was regular at about the same rate to 1846—the country steadily recovering from its exhaustion. Then there was a check, and there was no increase during the ensuing five years, which can readily be accounted for by the Revolution and the alarm and uncertainty it diffused amongst property-holders of all classes. During the last nine or ten years the increase has only been about one and a half per cent. During the last forty years the number of children to a marriage has been constantly declining. In 1821, it was 4·24; in 1865, 3·07. There have been only 135,000 more births than deaths since 1855; and during the Crimean war there was a positive decrease of population.

Now, considering the immense space which France fills in modern civilization, we are all deeply concerned in the answer to the question whether this decline or failure to increase in population is or is not due to a failure of vital power; whether, in short, as Dr. Allen says, the subjugation of the women by tastes and habits in the force of which there is not the least chance of our witnessing any decline, has really caused a diminution of their productive power. The writer in the *Medical Times* says there is no good reason for answering this question in the affirmative. There are striking indications, apart from the steady growth in the duration of life, that the *vis vitæ* is at least as strong as ever. Broca, the anthropologist, shows that the average height of French conscripts has not diminished one-twenty-fifth of an inch since the beginning of the century, in spite of the great loss of life among the able-bodied men; while the physical vigor of the male population has clearly increased. In 1824, 276 men had to be drawn upon in order to furnish 100 sound recruits to the army; in 1866, only 203. This is one sign; another is, that the number of illegitimate children remains pretty constantly the same; that is, there are about as many as there are fathers willing to support them. If the productive power of the women were declining, the result would appear in the decreased number of these unfortunates, as well as in that of the legitimate children.

There are, however, other reasons for believing that the true cause of the decline in population lies, as we argued, where neither legislator nor moralist can reach it—that is, in the will of the people. Among the influences which have operated to keep down population ever since the Revolution is, first of all, the passion for social equality. Everybody who knows the French workmen and peasants testifies to its strength. Every one of them wants to rise in the social sphere; if he cannot do it himself, he desires to have his children do it; and we think, for our part, that there is nothing in the manners of any modern people more touching and more respectable than the thoughtfulness with which Frenchmen and Frenchwomen care for their children's future; the way in which they work for them and save for them; the restraint which parents in other respects worthless will often put on themselves in order to leave their children a good name; and the dread with which, on their account more than on his own, the average Frenchman shrinks from anything which his conventional code pronounces dishonorable or discreditable. It is not the noblest motive of action, of course, but there is something finely human about it. One of its manifestations is undoubtedly the smallness of the families. Men and women will not have more children than they can provide with a fair start, because there is nothing in a Frenchman's life, or in his aspirations, which can compensate him for his children's reproaches or take the place of their gratitude or respect. The laws of inheritance, too, particularly in so far as they affect landed property, do much in restraint of the increase of population. The small farmers, who have to divide their dearly cherished acres equally among their children, shrink from reducing each share to a mere shred, and amongst all persons who have inherited property there is a strong reluctance to bequeath to their children less than they themselves received from their parents.

The same feelings produce late, and increasingly late, marriages amongst the masses. The average marrying age in 1821 was 27; it is now 31; and though the size of the army has something to do with this, frugality and ambition and the great multiplicity of small proprietors have more. The extremes of wealth and poverty are both favorable to productiveness; among thrifty classes, whose incomes are small, and who desire to increase them, the rate of increase is low, as is shown by the state of things in Switzerland and other countries as well as in France; and some striking illustrations of the rule are found in the contrast presented by different provinces of France itself. In Brittany, which is wretchedly poor, the increase is very rapid; in Normandy, which is the most thriving district in the empire, the population is almost stationary. In Alsace, on the other hand, where, we do not know for what reason, the military spirit of the population is very strong—the young men nearly all entering the army, and furnishing nine-tenths of the gendarmerie and two-thirds of the substitutes furnished by well-to-do conscripts—the rate of increase is very high, the prudential restraint being removed by the military drain. All statistics bearing on the distribution of the national wealth, too, and on the popular standard of living, show that in spite of the low state of popular education the masses have within the last forty years made great advances in comfort, decency, and in all the outward signs of national prosperity and self-respect. But the contrasts which one constantly meets with in the French provinces between the material and mental condition of the peasantry are amongst the most curious phenomena of French society. The great number of very wealthy men to be found all over France, especially in the wine districts, with the manners, breeding, and minds of peasants, forms one of the great blots on French civilization.

JUSTICE WITHOUT LAW.

Those well-meaning but ill-judging people who have no patience with "red tape," who detest legal forms, and constantly pray for the advent of a new system, in which abstract justice shall be administered,

regardless of law, may find matter for long and profitable reflection in the last judicial scandal of New York.

One of the ablest and most clear-headed of the judges in this city, having become irritated by the escape from his jurisdiction of a mother with her child while he was considering whether the child should be left with her or given to its father, suspected that two sisters of this woman had aided her escape. For this suspicion he had certainly strong grounds, but not a particle of legal evidence. There was, however, enough evidence before him to show that they kept a house of ill-fame; and upon the strength of this, he issued a warrant for their arrest, under which they were committed to prison. The law requires that all prisoners shall have a speedy examination, and peremptorily forbids their detention for more than eight days without a hearing. These women had been kept for more than this period without any examination, when Mr. John D. Townsend was employed by them to obtain their release. Mr. Townsend presented their statement to the judge who had caused their arrest, when the judge warned him not to touch the case, giving him notice that if he did he need never expect any more judicial favors. Notwithstanding this threat, Mr. Townsend persevered, and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus* for his clients from Judge Clerke, who however made it returnable before Judge Cardozo, who had committed them, having previously promised to do so at the request of the latter judge. When the prisoners were brought before Judge Cardozo, he immediately remanded them for a week without giving them any hearing. At the adjourned day, the District Attorney appeared, with Messrs. John Graham and Edwin W. Stoughton, nominally to prosecute the charge against the prisoners, but really to lend their support to the judge in what they evidently considered a personal quarrel between the court and the prisoners' counsel. The formality of hearing the prisoners' application to be released on bail, and of hearing the evidence, or rather total want of evidence, as to their complicity in their sister's escape, was completed; and then, when all the real business was over, Mr. Graham delivered an oration full of scurrilous abuse of Mr. Townsend for having dared to take up a case which the court had desired him to leave alone, and especially for having published the facts in the newspapers. The prisoners were then released.

We are anxious to make a fair statement of this transaction, because, so far as we have any knowledge of the facts, Judge Cardozo's chief motive was a commendable one. He desired to save a little girl and her mother from a life of infamy; and in the first instance he used perfectly legitimate methods of pressure to accomplish this result. Being thwarted, and, as he believed, through the means of these two women, he allowed his indignation to lead him into measures which are palpably inconsistent with the safety of any citizen, if they are to be precedents for any future action. If a bad woman can be kept in jail for two or three weeks without a chance to vindicate herself, to get a hearing, or to give bail, a good woman may receive the same treatment whenever she happens to displease a judge. If lawyers are to be frightened out of one case, they may be frightened out of another; and no man, however innocent, can get a chance to be heard by counsel, if a judge is under the impression that he is guilty.

These incidents have awakened a profound feeling among the members of the bar of New York, as well they may. The acknowledged bad character of the women who have been the victims in this instance has made it a not particularly agreeable thing to speak in their behalf; but it is universally felt that a precedent has been established which may be used to the prejudice of persons of spotless fame. For our own part, we do not desire to make these facts a text for censure of individual judges, who doubtless believed that they were only acting a little irregularly in a good cause, and doing a kind of summary justice. We see in these events a timely warning against the common error which leads multitudes of good men to desire a suspension, in urgent cases, of those rules of law which secure the guilty, equally with the innocent, the aid of counsel and the means of self-vindication.

Those Republicans who denounced Mr. Evarts for assuming the defence of Andrew Johnson, struck a blow at the administration of justice precisely the same in kind as the warning which Judge Cardozo gave to Mrs. Pearsall's lawyer. When Mr. Bingham talked insolently before the Senate of the "hired advocates" of the President, he set the example for the brutality of Mr. Graham in his onslaught upon the lawyer who had dared to act in opposition to a judge. The justification in the latter case is at least as good as in the former. If Mr. Johnson was "the greatest criminal of the age," the woman Pearsall is certainly no saint. If the ex-President was believed to be conspiring against the welfare of the country, the prisoners in this case were believed by the judge to have conspired to nullify his decrees and to ruin a young girl.

But no guilt on one side, and no goodness of motive on the other, will suffice in either case to excuse the attack made upon the independence of counsel. It is time, however, that we all learned to place their true value upon the precautions of the law against oppression and hasty judgment. Undoubtedly they often enable the guilty to escape; but if they are broken down, everything will be left to the absolute discretion of the courts, and the best of men will be the easiest victims of tyranny.

THE HARVARD AND OXFORD BOAT-RACE.

PERHAPS if a minute philosopher were intent upon assigning all the causes which for so long a period have resulted in the constant victory of Harvard over Yale, he would not omit from his calculation the effect upon nerve, temper, and skill which practice on the Charles River must have on any crew. Between the college "float" and Boston, three bridges span the river, no solid, stone-founded structures, but those most noxious of all bridges to rowing men—the pile-built draw of forty years ago, its spider legs sucking the tide between them in every imaginable direction except the one in which it is naturally running, and the whole ungainly mass dropped into the water in such a way that the open space left under the draw for boats to pass through shall rather resemble in its eddying and shifting currents the Niagara whirlpool than anything else—except always that the motion of the latter is constant, if it is peculiar, while the motion of the Charles beneath the bridges is not only *sui generis*, but never the same for twenty minutes together. So, at least, it strikes the uninitiated oar that shoots them for the first time. Through these draws, however, the Harvard men for years have been pulling every day of their lives; and what strikes the uninitiated freshman as dangerous work—there are only a few feet to spare from the tips of the oars to the sides of the bridge—strikes the experienced senior as child's play. The difficulty overcome is doubled, too, by the practice of steering without a coxswain, throwing upon the bow-oar the responsibility of two characters. The river is, on the whole, one of the most disagreeable in the world, and mastering it practises any crew in the difficult arts of obedience and steadiness. It is over this course that the Harvard four who are to row Oxford now pull every evening.

Of these four, two are already definitely selected, and these are Loring and Simmons, both of Massachusetts, well known to the rowing public as men of the Harvard crew which beat Yale last year over the Worcester course in the unprecedented time of 17 minutes 48½ seconds. The other two will, in all probability, be Rice and Bass, Western men, and new oars, about whom there has, we understand, been an amusing controversy within the college walls—such particulars of which as have leaked out may not inappropriately be mentioned here, though we do not undertake to vouch for the exact accuracy of every word of it. The story goes that a certain set among the undergraduates at Harvard, well enough content to have an international boat-race, were yet sadly displeased at hearing that two Western "sons of the soil" would probably be included in the crew, being of the opinion that the ideal four were not sons of "the soil," but of macadamized or even paved roads. This set started various objections to the race—as that the challenge had been sent without proper authority; that the whole thing had been got up, like the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, with indecent haste, meanwhile privately circulating the scandalous and horrible allegation that Bass and Rice were "not representative men." But the trouble with their case seemed to be that whether Bass and Rice were or were not "representative men," there was, at any rate, the promise in them of remarkably good oars, which to the candid observer appeared to be the main question. The best means possible of settling the trouble were taken—a general meeting of those interested in the question was held, and a vote cast, by which it appeared that a heavy majority of the rowing interest were sound on the main question, and in favor of having the race come off.

The Harvard four of 1869 will therefore in all probability consist of

Simmons, Loring, Rice, and Bass. Simmons will be stroke; Loring, bow as well as captain. The office of captain is one of peculiar responsibility, and has been lately borrowed by Harvard from the English system. The captain is, in one word, dictator; he selects, trains, and directs the crew; he changes their position in the boat; he is absolute; there is no appeal from his decision. He may make the stroke bow, and the bow stroke; he may turn the whole crew out and put other men in their places. It is fortunate, under these circumstances, that Harvard is in the hands of a man twenty-five years old, and a remarkably mature oar at that. And it may be well enough to say here that the prevalent opinion that the Harvard crew will be younger than the Oxford is entirely a mistake. Their average age will be twenty-three.

The Oxford four consist of the stroke and three men who sat behind him in the eight-oar which beat Cambridge in March of this year. Their names are, Darbishire (stroke), Tinné, Yarborough, and Benson (bow). We give below, in tabular form, all the facts which we have been able to obtain about the two crews:

HARVARD.

	Age.	Height. ft. in.	Racing weight. lbs.
Stroke, W. H. Simmons,	20	5 11½	174
2. S. W. Rice,	26	5 11½	165
3. G. Bass,	23	5 10½	164
Bow, A. P. Loring,	25	5 11½	158

The Harvard coxswain is not yet selected, but will probably weigh about 100.

OXFORD.

	Racing weight, March, 1869. lbs.
Stroke, S. Darbishire (Balliol),	160
2. Z. C. Tinné (University),	188
3. A. C. Yarborough (Lincoln),	166
Bow, W. D. Benson (Balliol),	160½
D. A. Neilson (St. John's), cox.,	110

We have numbered the English crew according to the American system, in order that the two may be uniform. In England, bow is No. 1 and stroke is No. 4. With us this order is reversed.

There are several circumstances which make it almost impossible to calculate the chances of the two crews. Harvard will carry a coxswain—a thing unheard of for nearly three college generations, all the boats of late years having been made with a steering apparatus, which the bow-oar manages with his feet. In the second place, a college four-oar has been or a long time almost an unknown boat on American waters. This would not make much difference if there was any English college boat the time of which could be compared with any American college boat. But, while we always pull six oars, they always pull eight. When it is considered, n addition to this, that the Harvard men are accustomed to turn a stake in the middle of the course, and the Oxford always pull a straight course without turning, and that the length of the course in the two countries is never the same, it will be seen that no calculation can determine in advance the probabilities. However, there are one or two facts well authenticated, which serve to show that the Harvard crew need not dread that overwhelming defeat which is predicted for it by the conservative and despondent. The "Henley course" comes nearer being an exact mile in length than any other in England. The "Henley time" made by an eight-oar over this course has the reputation of being the best time made in the country. Now, an average of some nine or ten years of this time shows 5m. 50sec. as the best English eight-oar time on a mile course. Last year the Harvard crew, in their race with Yale at Worcester, made the first mile in a three-mile course in 5m. 30sec. In other words, an American six-oar has done better than the average English eight. It is true that the Henley time is made against a current, but it is a very sluggish one, running not more than half a mile an hour, and it is also true that the American time of 5.30, though made on dead water, was made on a long course on which no crew would dare to use all their power for the first mile.

With regard to "style," or what might be called in less technical language the manner of rowing, there can be little doubt that Harvard will equal and probably excel Oxford. The Harvard stroke, about which so much has been said at one time and another, has very much changed since the day when the object of every man was first to bend far enough forward to touch the bottom of the boat with his lips, and then, recovering himself, to get far enough back to touch the legs of the man behind him with the back of his head. The principle of the Harvard stroke then was length; the longer the blade of the oar could be kept in the water, the better. This system has, however, given way to one in which the aim is to bring the strength of the crew to bear upon that part of the stroke in which force most tells. It seems obvious that if a man bends very far behind an erect position, he will lose a great deal of force in the effort necessary for the recover. Instead of being able to throw himself lightly forward, he must struggle up, as best he may, from the bottom of the boat, in which he is almost lying at full length. And then after he has expended time and strength in this absurd way, he has gained nothing by it. He leaned back in order to give force to the end of his stroke, and it is generally admitted now that strength laid out at the end of the stroke is of little consequence. The important moment is when the crew "catches the beginning"—that is to say, when, letting the blades of their oars sink till the water covers them, they *pull*. It is at that moment that legs and arms and back all tell, and that, according to the best accounts, is the moment for which the Oxford men care most. So, also, is it with Harvard. No one is more alive to the necessity of catching the beginning than the captain of the international four. The Harvard stroke, as at present practised, is effected in this way: the men bend well forward, seize the water with the oar, and then pull until their backs slant a little back of a perpendicular, and then *da capo*, the body moving through an angle of about fifty degrees. We do not believe, from all that can be learnt about the Oxford stroke, that there is much difference between the two. As to the *personnel* of the crews, it may certainly be said that the four men who pull every evening on the Charles look beautifully in a boat, and that the same can hardly be said of the four Englishmen as they appear in a photograph of the Oxford eight which beat Cambridge last March. Tinné looks too heavy even for a man of his enormous weight, and while Darbishire looks finely and Benson prettily, Yarborough, beyond all doubt, looks a positively ugly oar. On the other hand, Simmons and Loring are, in the opinion of all competent critics, "lovely," and Rice and Bass are, in appearance, better than Yarborough and Tinné. Of course, it is to be thought of that, in speaking of the Englishmen, we speak of men whom we have not seen in the flesh.

On the whole, considering that Harvard has the advantage in age; that the crews are very nearly matched in weight; that Simmons and Loring have pulled in eight or nine races; that English rowing has, in the opinion of good judges, deteriorated of late years; and that American rowing has very much improved, we cannot see any reason why anybody should despair of the Republic. No doubt England has had a much longer experience in aquatic sports than we have had, but that deficiency did not prevent the *America*, some twenty years ago, from "teaching the English yachting." On one or two points we feel confident. In the first place, we shall have a lighter boat. For some reason or other, the English builders have not yet learnt the art of turning out light boats; and we may pretty safely say the difference in weight between the Oxford "ship" and the Harvard boat will not be small. In the second place, we feel pretty sure that the manner of rowing of the American crew will be finer than that of their antagonists. It is mentioned in a casual way in one of the accounts of the Oxford and Cambridge race of this year, that one of the men caught a crab and tumbled over into the lap of the man behind. Whether this is an ordinary occurrence in England we cannot say, but if it happened here in a Worcester race, it would not be mentioned in the newspapers as a natural accident. The man in either the Yale or Harvard six who caught a crab and tumbled over into the lap of the man behind would almost be drummed out of civilized society; his friends would blush for him, his acquaintances would try to forget him, his name would be a by-word, and his memory covered with shame. In the light of this "crab," we can perhaps better understand what Mr. Morrison (the Cambridge "coach" of this year) means when he says: "The rowing of the present day is far inferior to that of ten years ago; it has now degenerated into a scramble, although the Oxford crews of the last few years have been good enough to beat those that Cambridge has sent up against them."

In what we have said, we have compared Harvard and Oxford, omitting Cambridge, because much more is known about Oxford, and because that is the winning college, having beaten her adversary steadily for nine successive years. It is not certain, but it is likely rather than unlikely, that Cambridge also will compete; and, in addition to this, the London Rowing Club, the best amateur club in England, has sent a challenge to Harvard, suggesting that as victory over Oxford only might not be sufficient to establish their claim to the championship of the world, the Harvard crew might like also to beat them—the London Rowing Club. This delicately courteous proposal can hardly fail to be accepted, although, the challenge having only just arrived, the question has not yet, we believe, been decided. The summer will, at all events, be an interesting one for all those who care for aquatic sports; and if we are beaten, we must include the damages to our feelings in the *Alabama* claims, and try again.

ART-STUDY IN THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL AT PARIS.

No. III.

THE FÊTE OF THE BIEN-VENUS.

THE treasury of the school, when it had experienced the addition of two or three more "welcomes," betrayed a pressing distension, quite appreciable to the wise ones. One of our oldest heads, Lenoir, confided to me his apprehension that if relief were not afforded to the common bag, it would go off—that is, the treasurer would use it to marry upon, down in the country. This Lenoir, in our distribution of parts, has been chosen for his qualities to be spokesman and honorable ringleader. He can crawl with our petitions up to the Bureau, or he can flourish with our compliments up to the Professor. Yet, at first sight, Lenoir seems to lack the graces of the persuader. He is one of those under-sized youths, with dense, dark flesh and quick and close-set eyes, whom English generalizers have often called the monkeyish or skipping French. For my part, I will never disparage a man who is capable of Lenoir's smile—a smile fathoms deep, and some five inches broad, and one of singular fineness and art. Perhaps this masterpiece is effective because—as I notice when his muscular cheeks work so as to show, as the term goes here, the teeth barefoot—it is really based upon formidable foundations. Here is a slight bodily organization displaying (what is a perpetual development among the Latin families, as a famous dentist has told me) a gorilla-jaw and horse-teeth out of all seeming proportion. When the latest evaporation of race results in a jaw, and the jaw results in a smile, who shall stand before it? One thinks how, several times in Spanish, French, and Italian affairs, the smiles of little men, planted upon these inordinate and insatiable maxillaries, have worried considerable surfaces of the earth. Lenoir is prosperous enough to dress in English style, and comes to the *atelier* wedged in his trowsers and lost in his sleeves.

"We of Paris run after the English mode," he has said to me sagaciously; "though we can only hope for a success of caricature. Would any one take me for a *petit crevé* of Pe-ca-de-le? But, after all, what will you have? It is but a piece of bad historic art. Our masters have no better success. Do you suppose Piloty's Romans look as the Romans really looked? Would an Antwerp burgher of the fourteenth century acknowledge the best archæology of Leys or Tissot? No. Translation is travesty."

This is the philosopher who, clambering upon a stout easel, proposes an investment of the public purse.

"Respect the attitude of Lenoir!" cries the nearest student; "he is waving a handkerchief like the man with a signal in Géricault's 'Méduse.'"

The handkerchief was a paint-rag. The appeal interrupted a favorite game. School was done, and the model was hastily transforming himself, by a fatal assumption of clothing, from a Greek aristocrat to a miserable beggar of the century, and the liberated spirits of the studio, bestriding stools which they caused to gallop, were performing "the Metopes of the Parthenon." Two lines of cavalry, meeting in profile, were charging on these doughty quadrupeds, at the pace of snails, but with a pantomime indicating the stormiest velocity. The miserably slow approach, while the warriors kept up faces of martial satisfaction, and one seemed to rear, and another to lose his hat in the gale, was always a torture of drollery; and this was only augmented when, to stop for the oration, the opponents brought up in a hard trot, bearing back on each other, and pitching in their saddles with harrowing violence before they could halt.

The wooden clatter ceased, and the studio consented to listen. Lenoir, with an ease indicating his relations of trust and confidence with his comrades, described the late magnificent operations of the academic Bourse, and announced an accumulation worth about two francs to each of us. He proposed a *fête*—an afternoon in the suburbs, to wind up with a *matelote* supper. His speech was made with a pleasant oratorical readiness, and was not without a few of those echoes from Latin literature and those scraps or parodies of the French classics which constantly give a certain air of style and civility to colloquial humor in this country. He spoke like Musset's "Enfant du Siècle." A few years ago the type would have been different; the studio orator would have formed himself upon some military hero from Dumas, or imitated the dogmatism and antithesis of Hugo, to an audience smoking the clay pipe and wearing the hair docked *à l'Abelard*. As Lenoir used considerable gesture, the youths at his back fell to imitating him, with studious gravity and boundless exaggeration, until the infection spread, and every one in the room moved to the same wires, each body bending and all arms shooting parallel; while the speaker finished his address without discomposure or any moderation of his action. The motion for a *fête* was carried *nemine contradicente*. The solemn joy of the audience was then expressed by what we call a *Te Deum*. A fragment of an easel forming a large cross was borne along by Blanc, as priest, in a white blouse. This garment is in great demand as a scenic costume, and happy is the participant in a studio *Te Deum* who can find one to borrow; though a trifling solecism in one's ordinary way of dressing affords an acceptable substitute. The choir of rich young voices, slowly chanting "La Femme du Sergent," or something equally improving, to melancholy anthem music, creeps about the room at the heels of the priest. It is his duty to diversify the route by every possible vagary, winding amongst the furniture, mounting or jumping a succession of stools, etc., always trailing after him his ribbon of white-stoled choristers, without intermitting the gravity of the march or the doleful sonority of the music. Lenoir brought up the rear of this procession, likewise in a color suitable to his name; draped in a black surtout belonging to the tallest student, and scattering holy-water, largely fortified with soap and milk, from the big kirsch bottle which served him for *goupillon*, he reached incredibly distant people with his baptism, all the while singing with much gravity and elevation.

On the day following, at a fixed hour, we recruited in front of the Palais des Beaux-Arts. Our number was swelled by several alumni, honorably lost to the school from having passed into professional art. Glaize and Lecomte-Dunouy, whose works sometimes reach America, were among these, and were looked up to with highly-relished awe by the scholars, the great majority of whom had never produced a work able to pass into the *salon*. Lecomte was in a red shirt, and had boots that gave him all the feeling of a pioneer going out to conquer a wilderness; and several wore costumes more or less suggestive of hunting and heroism. Lenoir, the orator, merged easily with us all after his special function was over, merely turning up when there were tickets to buy or people to address.

How daring and superb it seemed, the vacating school at the first recess, leaving our class-room in solitude during study-hours! How we enjoyed our range and freedom! What incidents we found as we trooped off, past the Place de la Bastile, to take our places at the Embarcadère de Lyon! Old Madame Fleuron, publicly frying potatoes in her tiny *boutique*, was amazed to received simultaneous protestations of love from a crowd of suitors that completely darkened her window. She expressed her coyness by means of a dish of cold water that stood at hand; it was calming, and hurt nobody. The carter, hauling stone towards the Mazas prison, must have been stupefied to see the whole troop follow him solemnly, with their hats in their hands, as if his cart were the hearse containing the object of their joint affection. Blanc, snatching the white blouse again, passed on ahead, walked beside him in a ghostly manner, and repeatedly blessed him with two fingers. The man regarded him like Sancho looking at Don Quixote.

The inhabitants of Paris disdain too much, and strangers ignore entirely, the charming peninsula formed by the Marne with the Seine on the eastern side of Paris. Here the former stream, approaching and retreating from and again approaching the woods of Vincennes, essays on a smaller scale the doublings and coquetries which the Seine uses in making for the forest of Saint Germain. In this Vincennes region you have the clean suburban villages nearly touching each other, their limestone houses forming pale silhouettes against the soft hillsides. The ethereal ash and poplar trees, rising in lines like the traceries of cathedral windows or galleries, now branch into the most tender and most immaculate green, fit for the robe of Beatrice. And there is constantly some double of one of the rivers to cross, in a preposterous flat-boat like a bread-tray.

Through this serene Watteau-landscape, after disembarking at a little station half-buried in its proper garden, we tramped for a long afternoon. We were French, and therefore, of course, we were poor-spirited and uninventive. We insulted no passer-by, made no more unseemly noise than some pretty strong choruses, hurt nobody, had no fights among ourselves, and broke nothing except the violin of a wandering Italian, whom we incited to coax more music out of his shell than it was capable of; the ambitious instrument burst in the attempt to please us, and we collected its value among ourselves. We had one good game of ball, and a rather Olympian foot-race. These exercises seemed to kindle our enthusiasm for the *matelote*.

It was a glorious mess of fish, floating and steaming in a bath of greasy wine. While discussing it, we heard a good tenor voice in the next room. Lenoir was despatched to invite the tuneful stranger to share our dessert. The voice soon entered, latent in the person of a little dark, curly, grim-

acing, suburban bourgeois. He found all the banqueters got up like Egyptians of old, the heads all swathed in napkins folded to resemble the cap of the Sphynx, and wine-bottles, like the crown of Sesostris, leaning backward from every fifth occiput. He bowed, puzzled, and was soon made at home and set to sing. Lo! he chose the unlucky air from "La Dame Blanche," "Ah, quel plaisir d'être soldat." The sentiment of this romance is now detestable to young France, and we were obliged to cover his performance with a chorus of our own. This could not be done, of course, noiselessly. We sang Musset's fine growling chorus, "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand," so patriotically and well that an invitation came from the gendarmerie to display our uncommon vocal powers in some other place. The "soldat" got him to a high window, and pursued our departure with his odious refrain. We groaned. Somebody came to the door to see us off, bearing a large kerosene lamp. An enthusiast among us ran lightly up and blew it out, receiving some applause for the supposed witticism.

That poor joke suddenly placed us in the exquisite darkness of an April evening. The broad meadows spread far on either side the Marne, touched with a kind of fluctuating green. The trees lay traced against the sky, each surrounded by a cone of young leaves, like the flame around a taper. The hills were purplish and dark. Lenoir was thought to express completely the whole scene by saying, with rapture: "It is a Daubigny."

Correspondence.

HERBERT SPENCER AND THE EXPERTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your comments on H. H.'s letter in your issue of yesterday, you try to show that H. H. fails in proving what he expressly disclaims all intention of proving, and what no one cares to prove.

Neither with your critic nor with H. H. is it a question whether Mr. Spencer is an expert or not. The question is whether Mr. Spencer, *as a philosopher*, is "scoffed at" by experts or not. If your critic "did not intend to speak disrespectfully of the only reputation claimed for Mr. Spencer"—that of a philosopher—he must be himself an expert in the art of putting into practice Talleyrand's definition of language. He tells us in plain English that Mr. Spencer will do well enough for the "general public," but that "chemists and physicians" are "disposed to scoff at the new light."

This remark comes under the class which you have elsewhere so happily and judiciously characterized as the "little dig." It means just this: People who are not sufficiently instructed to be able to distinguish the genuine from the spurious, regard Mr. Spencer as an eminent philosopher; while those who are competent to pronounce an opinion on scientific subjects, regard him only as a fit object of derision.

Your critic thus raises a question of fact, which H. H. conclusively answers by showing that at least four gentlemen of vast special knowledge regard Mr. Spencer as a great philosophic thinker. Among "experts" no higher name can possibly be mentioned than that of Prof. Huxley. His testimony, instead of being irrelevant, is just to the point. When he says that the only complete statement of the Law of Evolution has been made by Mr. Spencer, he adds that he accepts the said law, and guides his own researches by it. He proclaims Mr. Spencer as his philosophical leader in his own field of study. We do not scoff at the men whose discoveries we accept as the basis of our own enquiries. I have trustworthy private information that Prof. Huxley's opinion of Mr. Spencer is shared by Prof. Tyndall. Messrs. Darwin, Vogt, Haeckel, Moleschott, Littré, and Bain are leaders in their respective departments. They do not "scoff" at Mr. Spencer. Their more recent works are interspersed with allusions to him as a profound philosophic thinker.

For the past ten years I have been very carefully observing the point now in question; and my conclusion is, that it is not the "experts" who do the scoffing at Mr. Spencer, but almost without exception the literary *dilettanti* who have never received the special scientific training without which Mr. Spencer's works cannot possibly be understood or appreciated. Hitherto Mr. Spencer's reputation has been mainly a reputation with special investigators—such as Messrs. Hooker, Tyndall, and Huxley—and of this reputation the "general public" has within the last five or six years caught the echo. As for the "general public" having *any* opinion of its own about the merits of the "First Principles" or the "Psychology," I imagine it is about as well qualified to have an opinion about Schrauf's "Physikalische Studien" or Schleicher's "Vergleichende Grammatik."

John Fiske.

Cambridge, May 21, 1869.

[The original question in dispute here was, whether, as our critic said, "the chemists and physicians, the painters and the architects, were disposed to scoff" at Herbert Spencer? H. H. asserted that they were not, and quoted, in proof of his assertion, the testimony of Dr. Hooker (botanist) as to the success of some of Mr. Spencer's experiments in botany; of Professor Huxley, as to the value of the "complete and systematic statement made by Mr. Spencer of the doctrine" of evolution; of Mr. Lewes, as to "the extent and profundity of his scientific knowledge;" of Mr. J. S. Mill, as to his acuteness as a metaphysician, and "the encyclopædical character" of his knowledge, and "power of condensation and concatenation," and the vigor and boldness of his thinking. There was in this really nothing for us to answer, but we did answer, pointing out that H. H. had not touched the point. Mr. Fiske, begging his pardon, does not touch it either; and we have only to repeat that it is quite true that the classes of persons of whom our critic spoke *are* disposed to scoff at Herbert Spencer, in so far as their special knowledge of their own field enables them to judge of his attainments in it. Whether an architect who disputes the accuracy of Mr. Spencer's knowledge of the principles of architecture, scoffs at him as a philosopher and an expert, may seem important to Mr. Fiske, but it does not to us. All this we say without finding it necessary or considering it in the least desirable, even if we had the power, to diminish the force of Mr. Fiske's testimony, or that of the philosophers he quotes, to Herbert Spencer's powers and attainments. "The general public" we abandon to its fate.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers announce for immediate issue a new edition of the famous "Autobiography" of Gibbon—a work which contains what is probably the best known, and the best, bit of literary autobiography in the language—the fine passage which tells how "it was in the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden" at Lausanne. The same house have in press, in addition to publications which we have previously announced, "Thorwaldsen," his life and works, translated from the French by Miss Luyster; "Short Sayings and Aphorisms," by Arthur Helps; Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia;" "The Memoirs of Madame de Lafayette," by her daughter; a novel entitled "The Cost of an Idea," by Miss Alcott; and a volume of "Little Men," by the same author, to match her "Little Women."——Messrs. Lee & Shepard will publish a work on Alaska, the result of a visit there by a competent writer, Mr. W. H. Dall; and "An American Woman in Europe," by Mrs. S. R. Urbino.——Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are to issue one after another with rapidity the volumes of their complete edition of Thackeray's works. It is uniform with the Charles Reade set which this house recently published, and the publication is part of the fight just now going on between Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. and the Harpers. The latter gentlemen are issuing a paper-covered "Thackeray" at a nominal price, and "Vanity Fair" appears in two forms simultaneously. The great novelist is dead, and loses nothing in this warfare; and the public will probably have at least the satisfaction of at last getting a complete American "Thackeray," which is what it could not do before; but such hostilities between two houses which ought to be chief supporters of the good name of the United States publishing world are much to be regretted, and would be altogether regrettable if it were not that possibly the fiercer the war grows for the right to rob the unfortunate foreign author, the nearer the day may be when his goods will be bought instead of stolen.

—Mr. Edward D. Neill, author of "Terra Mariæ; or, Threads of Maryland Colonial History," has just put out a little brochure of two hundred pages, ostensibly to prove that the first Lord Baltimore's charter for his Maryland colony was anything but "one of the noblest of the works that human hands have ever reared, the most glorious proclamation ever made f the liberty of thought and worship," as "an able and accomplished jurist

of the city of Baltimore" asserted in the teeth of the London *Athenæum*. No wilder talk than this has ever been uttered by any worshipper of the Puritans; but the proof of its folly was already to be found in the published work first-named, and what we have here is really the first instalment of another work, supplementary to the first, on "The Founders of Maryland." Mr. Neill, it would appear, has gone on gathering material, and now wishes to round out the very imperfect outlines of his first volume. But he repeats—sometimes more, sometimes less fully—much of his previous account of Sir George Calvert, and yet is very far from making the later sketch complete or independent of the earlier. We observe, too, frequent differences in the transcriptions of the same passage, and other evidences of carelessness not tolerable in a historian. A certain fact which, in "Terra Mariæ," only serves to prove the good-will of Governor Harvey of Virginia, is made in the pamphlet to prove a fresh visit of Baltimore to that colony. The later supposition does not at least seem more reasonable than the first. The parallel between the Carolina and Maryland charters, with which the pamphlet ends, proves the unoriginal character of the latter, and sets the question of freedom of worship at rest. Mr. Neill is doing good service by his investigations, but ought, in our opinion, to defer publishing until his fragments of history assume more interesting proportions, and can dispense more easily with the critical treatment to which he declines to subject them. A stricter attention to the chronology of his subject would also make his labors more valuable, and relieve them of their present undigested appearance; and he is singularly averse to naming the authorities whom he cites.

—A Philadelphia correspondent writes us as follows concerning the bequest of the late Doctor Rush, and the foundation in the Pennsylvania University of a new professorship: "Dr. James Rush, who died in this city on Tuesday week, aged eighty-three, bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, said to amount to a million, to the Philadelphia Library Company, and together with the money gave a square of ground on South Broad Street as the site for a library building—not a lending, but a free reading library. The old Library Company is a small stock company, with perhaps five hundred members, and they will no doubt keep up their organization for lending, but I believe it is agreed that their number shall not be increased. Dr. Rush was a learned and eccentric person, rather 'cynical,' as people said, who has written a long will, full of peculiar provisions; but his bequest is likely to be a very useful one hereafter. Also, last week, Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, of Princeton, delivered an inaugural address on the establishment of a chair of Political Economy and Social Science in the University. Mr. Stephen Colwell, a wealthy iron-master here, has long been a diligent student of political economy, as well as an occasional author on the subject. His "Ways and Means of Payment" is a learned review of the history and literature of the credit system, and he has written a great many pamphlets on this branch of science, and worked hard on the recent commission from which Mr. David Wells became the special commissioner. Mr. Colwell has collected with great care a large library of works on political economy—about ten thousand volumes—and probably so good a one cannot be found anywhere else in this country. His collection of pamphlets on the Bank of England numbers over six hundred pieces, and on each of the other great European banks—Venice, Genoa, and Amsterdam—his labors have been equally exhaustive. This library he presents to the University, together with a large sum of money, on condition that there shall be established and properly endowed a professorship, and for this he designates Dr. McIlvaine. The money, it is said, is already promised or secured among other merchants and manufacturers here, and the professorship will begin its regular duties in the fall. The University is just now attracting a great deal of attention, by reason of the vigorous efforts making in its behalf. The trustees have begun a plan of endowment, with a view to raise five hundred thousand dollars in one fund for the general purposes of the institution, and already one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed."

—Several reports and catalogues of public libraries, not free, that have reached us with this or last year's imprint, are agreeable reminders of the progress which these institutions are making in all parts of the country. Here, for instance, is one from Skowhegan, in Maine, of the latest founded library of all—scarcely a year and a half old; a sort of joint-stock concern, $20 entitling to a share, or $1, $1 75, and $3 securing the privilege of taking out books for three, six, and twelve months respectively Its 2,250 volumes are directly accessible to its patrons, whom no railings as yet shut out from the shelves, and who are earnestly requested by the librarian to remember the place from which they may have taken any book. On the other coast of the continent, at Portland, Oregon, which the citizens call Portland-on-Wallamet to distinguish it from its Down East namesake, is a library, now in its sixth year, with one life, thirteen honorary, and 144 subscribing members, and 2,673 volumes, and (Jan., 1869) a debt of $11 11. Nevertheless, having passed the period when plenty of persons were found to lend their names but no money to the enterprise, the Public Library Association is in good spirits, and has got into comfortable quarters, which include, we may note, a chess-room. People read, we learn from the report, about the same proportions of light and heavy literature on the Pacific as on the Atlantic coast. In the year 1868, there were circulated 6,398 volumes, of which 4,570 were works of fiction. Travels, history, and biography came next, but at a long interval; religion had but seventy-one devotees. Romances form but twenty-three per cent. of the library; their circulation was seventy-three per cent. of the whole. Coming now to the Valley of the Mississippi, we have a bulky, well-printed catalogue of the library of the Young Men's Association of Milwaukee, founded 1847. There are (1868) 2,000 members, who must pay an annual due of $3, unless life-membership is purchased for $50. The number of volumes exceeds 10,000. This institution supports itself handsomely, and has an elegant establishment, in which there has as yet been no demand for a chess-room. One of the principal objects of this association being to furnish public lectures, it has succeeded better with them than the other societies, which have merely resorted to them for temporary gain. Nevertheless, 1867 marked a falling-off in receipts as compared with 1866; Mr. Gough was engaged to speak too often, and there were losses on other speakers in a course which brought Barnum and Bishop Clark cheek by jowl. Finally, the Mercantile Library Association of St. Louis, founded 1846, reports seventeen honorary and 508 life members, 625 proprietors, 1,120 clerks who subscribe, and 1,260 beneficiaries; 29,810 volumes, and a fine property of over $200,000. It challenges comparison for its rooms, a chess-room included; and is evidently proud of its mineral and art collections. It has also a scholarship in Washington (St. Louis) University, and at last accounts was searching without success for a candidate.

—Of catalogues we have two, the Skowhegan and Milwaukee; the former classified on an original plan, the latter both alphabetical and classified. The Skowhegan typography is so wretched that the librarian's scheme probably has injustice done it, nevertheless we are sure that he has subdivided too far, and will perplex instead of aiding his patrons. We recommend him to study the much better executed arrangement of the Milwaukee catalogue. Who, for example, would easily find "Sermons" under the head of *Biblical Evidences, Interpretation, Illustration, and Application?* This is not properly a head but a sub-head of *Religion* or *Theology*, and therefore out of place in the alphabetical order. So the uninitiated would hardly look for "Letters" under E—*Epistolary Writings*. It is properly the sub-head of *History* or *Biography*. Recurring once more to the St. Louis Report, we may remark approvingly the binding up with it of a lecture delivered before the Association by Captain Silas Bent, in January of this year, on the "Thermometric Gateways to the Pole; surface currents of the ocean, and the influence of the latter upon the climates of the world." The lecturer's theory was, that what corresponds to the Gulf Stream on the eastern coast of Asia flows straight through Behring's Straits to the open sea about the North Pole, and if followed would infallibly lead there without the hardships and obstacles which attend any other course. A good many facts are cited to prove the reasonableness of this hypothesis, and Captain Bent asserts that the Gulf Stream is another highway if followed to the east of Spitzbergen instead of to the north—the latter being attempted by the *Germania* in its expedition last year. Captain Bent has probably noticed that M. J. Lamont, a French arctic explorer, who disbelieves in the open polar sea, is about to make a voyage in a steam-yacht of his own to the east of Spitzbergen, and may therefore become a discoverer in spite of himself. The practice of joining to catalogues, which are usually thrown into the waste-basket, some paper of value that will ensure their being preserved, we are glad to praise with this example before us. Whatever may be the correctness of Captain Bent's speculations, they are certainly worth pondering and putting on record.

—The English correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* has recently been making some remarks concerning the English Catholics, both Anglo-Catholics and Roman, which it was well enough worth while to make. "When an Oxford or Cambridge man goes over to Rome," says the correspondent, "a loud noise is made about it;" but when, as not unfrequently happens, these converts retrace their steps, little or nothing is said. Their friends might be willing enough to spread the news, but they themselves, we suppose, naturally desire that as little as possible should be

heard of their latest change. It is not a particularly hard thing to confess that one has been ignorantly wrong all one's life; but it is hard enough to confess that a deliberate and painstaking pilgrimage in search of the truth as to a particular matter has resulted in discomfiture; nor is the difficulty of the confession lessened by the suspicion that possibly one's feeling rather than one's judgment may have been the inciter of the journey. Our informant goes on to speak of a pamphlet—we presume, "The Church's Creed and the Crown's Creed"—which was not long since published by Mr. Foulkes, the Oxford tutor who followed Dr. Newman into the Roman Catholic Church, and says that it has been put upon the "Index Expurgatorius," having given great offence at Rome, and that its author may very probably return to the English Church, as Mr. Thomas Arnold—a son of Dr. Arnold—did, and Mr. Walford and Mr. Hemans—a son of the poetess—and Mr. F. T. Palgrave. To these names might have been added that of Mr. Sibthorpe, one of those earlier converts who went over at a time when every conversion made a great stir; and that of Dr. J. M. Forbes, of this city, whose conversion made rather more stir than that of any American churchman, unless possibly that of Bishop Ives; and any one who has kept count could increase this list. Mr. Foulkes, however, may or may not recant his Romanism. This pamphlet is not the first of his books that has been upon the Index; his "Divisions of Christendom" had the same fate years since. Pretty much all his time since he left the English Church he has belonged to what some one wittily called "the Roman *dis*obedience," and this last pamphlet is really not so much more out of the way than everything of his has been. It is as good as anything else, we think—and it is mainly for that reason we mention the matter—for the perusal of those who would like to see what is the peculiar attitude towards the Roman Church of several of that knot of Englishmen who, dissatisfied with the church in which they were born, are certainly unsatisfied in the church to which they went. It is they who give some encouragement to the "unperverted" to think that even Dr. Newman may yet be brought back, and to believe it not impossible that his reply to the invitation to assist at the Œcumenical Council may have been really meant to bear two meanings: he sent back word to the effect that the atmosphere of Rome did not agree with him. Doubtless this is what may be called slanderous; but it is not the less true that whether or not the greatest of the English converts to Rome ever returns, some of the men who went away with him have not been much better pleased with their new place than they were with their old, and that some of them let their experience be known. It is noteworthy, too, that those of the leaders in the famous awakening who staid in the English Church as "advanced men" and "Anglo-Catholics," seem to have succeeded in founding a religious school which keeps its believers content. The Puseyites or Ritualists are not, we believe, now losing men to Rome.

—Most people used to be somewhat surprised on finding that Mr. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" contained nothing of Dickens's. He has so well succeeded in incarnating typical traits and baptizing them with a name by which we remember them at once as traits and individuals—as when we think of creeping 'umbleness as Uriah Heep—and has given us so many expressions so universally known, that it was strange to most of us not to find them among the familiarly quoted. Mr. Bartlett seems to have thought so too, and in the latest edition of his book Dickens figures with the rest. Looking over the last volume of the "Globe Edition" of Dickens's works, we came on an "Index of Fictitious Places, Popular Sayings, etc.," which certainly we think vindicates the great humorist's claim to a place among the makers of household words. "A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body" and "gone to the demnition bow-wows," are about as surely familiar as they are quotations; and if this is denied, there is just before them "Barkis is willin'," and just before that—a contribution from Mr. Swiveller—"the balmy." "What larks" we had thought to be known only to us, and to us only as having among our acquaintances a persistent quoter of it, rather than as observers of the general literature of quotation; but its presence here is evidence in its favor. We cannot speak so favorably of "Oh my lungs and liver" from David Copperfield; nor of "I'll eat my head" from Oliver Twist; but there is the immortal "Please, sir, I want some more" of that young workus; and Cousin Feenix's "Not to put too fine a point on it;" and Mr. Mantilini's "One demd horrid grind;" and old Joey Bagstock's "Tough, sir, tough, and de-vilish sly;" and Captain Bunsby's "Overhaul your catechism;" and the same authority's remark that "the bearings of this observation lays in the application of it;" and Mr. Pickwick's "Pickwickian sense;" Mr. Micawber's "In case anything should turn up;" and poor Stephen Blackpool's "It's a' a muddle"—the only one of these more recollectable bits of Dickens which is not of a comic character. After all, however, to run through the other index, "A General Index of Characters and their Appearances," we come more plainly upon the root of that surprise we have spoken of. There is the long bead-roll of names—nearly a hundred pages of pretty fine print—from the African Knife-Swallower, a member of Mr. Crummles's company, down to "The Zephyr," officially known to the authorities of the Fleet Prison as Mivins. And between these names are all the Wellers and all the Micawbers and Captain Ed'ard Cuttle and Mr. Swiveller and Master Bitzer and the unequalled Mrs. Sairey Gamp and young Mr. Bailey, who thought that Sairey had the remains of a fine woman about her, and Mr. Venus, and hundreds more—a list that everybody can fill out, and which are household words in many thousand houses where Mr. Bartlett's admirable little book is not yet known. Dickens's names, by the way, are worth a brief essay. He is as successful a humorist of an aggravated type in his nomenclature, as Thackeray is a satirist in his—as, for instance, when at the end of a "Roundabout Paper," condemnatory of gossiping, he remarks, "By the way, did you see *what* a dress Lady Godiva Trotter had on last night?"

—We have more than once intended to call attention to the new comic—or rather satirical—paper which has been established in London. Its title is the same with that borne by the only American comic paper that ever showed signs of living and at the same time some promise of being fit to live; but as Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"—it was great luck, by the way, that he did not christen that most happily-named novel "Pencil Sketches of English Society"—preceded our New York journal, we need not accuse the English one of borrowing a title from us. The second title of *Vanity Fair* is "A Weekly Show of Political, Social, and Literary Wares;" but the motto on the cover quotes from Bunyan, "We buy the Truth." The legend at the head of the reading matter says: "That which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares." The mottoes seem inconsistent with the journal's name and character; and the inconsistency confounds the merchandisers with the pilgrims. Or are we to understand a subtle, satirical gibe flung out by modern indifferentism at the modern Vanity Fair and the Hopefuls, Christians, and Faithfuls of our day? However that may be, the journal is not particularly successful as an expositor of the doctrine of indifferentism; and certainly it is not particularly successful as representing the earnest faith and hope of our old acquaintances in the "Pilgrim's Progress." It seeks the truth apparently with some willingness; but not, one would say, with over-much of the ardor that sent Christian weeping to Mr. Evangelist. And it is not particularly witty, though it says some bright enough things; and not forcible, but rather at times feeble; and never is marked by anything like the easy superiority of power, and the keenness and the sort of contemptuous good-nature, which the great first painter of the Vanity Fair of the Modern Babylon has taught us to expect of any one who takes his mantle and his name. No doubt, even Mr. Pendennis would have been a somewhat sharper and wittier and cleverer and more scornful sneerer than "Jehu Junior"—though that gentleman is not without an acidity and acridity that his victims will appreciate—or than "Burgee" and "Choker" and their fellow-laborers. But the double nature of the paper occurs to one who takes up this line of remark upon it, and he is in doubt whether it does not propose to itself to be serious and of weight rather than satirically light. However, that is practically of not much consequence; the letterpress of *Vanity Fair* and the ability of its contributors would probably not have kept it alive for any length of time; and the portion of it to which it owes its success, its distinguishing feature, pertains to satire, illustrates the title rather than the mottoes, and would have met with acceptance in the booths and among the merchandisers rather than with Christian and his fellow-travellers. For some three or four months it has had the services of an extremely clever caricaturist, who has prepared for it a series of "Cartoon Statesmen"—colored lithographs—evidently the work of no Englishman, giving admirable caricature likenesses of Disraeli, Bright, Gladstone, Lowe, Foster, Granville, Argyll, Gray, Stansfeld, Cardwell, the Marquis of Hartington, Clarendon, Lord Hatherly, Lord Westbury, and Viscount Sydney. We call them the work of a foreigner because although most of them give us men so British that one might be tempted to say that nobody but a Briton born could have done them, still it is possible to see, we think, that the caricaturist feels the race, so to speak, as well as the personality of his subjects. No Englishman, however, that we know anything about could have been more skilful in the caricature of the men as individuals. The mental and spiritual trait most prominent in each is caught and emphasized with as much success as the mere form and features. The pedagogic Argyll and the fault-finding Grey

very odd things. One, who afterwards had an imitator, we believe—except so far as concerns the waistcoat—at Union College in this State, is referred to, who used regularly to invite the students of his class, in hot weather, to take off their coats, saying: "I should do so myself if I had not a dirty waistcoat on." The same professor did not hesitate to introduce remarks such as this: "You see, gentlemen, this book is so stupid that one might fancy my colleague P. had written it; but no, my colleague O. is the author; it is really so stupid that I should like to fling it against the wall." The days when these things were tolerated are long passed and gone; the jokes professors now allow themselves are mostly very mild—something like that of Professor Erdmann of Halle, who, in his lecture on academical studies, is said to have proved *à priori* that the possession of a big dog was involved in the very conception of a student. Those who wish to understand the ins and outs of a German university—its excellences and defects—ought to read this book. It even deserves translating.

Otto Gumprecht, the highly esteemed musical critic of the Berlin *Nationalzeitung*, has just published a work that deserves the attention of all who love music and wish to understand it and its great composers more fully. It is entitled "Musikalische Charakterbilder" ("Musical Character-pictures"). He sketches the artistic and personal life, in a popular and yet intelligent way, of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Weber, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer. As these eminent composers are looked at in connection with the general development of music, the whole may be recommended as a good survey of what is being styled the *post-classical* period of musical production. A far more pretentious publication, also relating to music, is "Die Tonkunst in der Culturgeschichte" ("The Art of Music in the History of Culture"), by Emil Naumann, of which the first half of Vol. I. has just appeared. The author's purpose is not to write a history of music—for he believes that that has already been well enough recounted more than once—but to exhibit music in its relation to, and influence on, the forms and laws of the development of the life of mind in general and the progress of civilization. A brief summary of the table of contents will show the range of the present volume: Book I. Music in connection with the other arts. Section I. The various modes of grouping the arts: 1. As filling time and space; 2. Relatively to their different material; 3. In view of their different relations to nature; 4. In relation to their age; 5. In relation to the degree of their mutual emancipation. Section II. Art in its unity: 1. The connection between the arts as co-operating towards the same ideal end; 2. In relation to their elementary and fundamental conditions; 3. Identity of their laws of the beautiful; 4. Agreement of the arts relatively to their forms of expansion; 5. Agreement relatively to the styles they have developed. The subsequent three volumes are to treat of the "Common origin and course of development of art, religion, and science," and "Musical art in relation to civilization—amongst the Chinese, Hindoos, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Germans, in Holland, Italy," etc. This is all German enough, outsiders will think; but we find much that is striking and true. A judgment on the work as a whole must be left to professional students of æsthetics.

The events of 1864 and 1866 have to a large extent revolutionized German modes of thinking on political matters. Principles are now recognized as good which a few years ago would have been indignantly repudiated as unworthy and revolutionary. Occasionally, this turning round has taken place in a way that one would scarcely approve, if one attached any worth at all to a high ethical tone in a nation. After all, however, we need not be surprised that such a change should have come over the spirit of German dreams; for not many people are more ready to accommodate their principles to their supposed practical needs than abstract theorizers. Take Hegel as an example. Perhaps no man ever made a grander attempt to deduce all things in heaven and earth *à priori* from the simplest abstract principle; yet he has been often enough reproached with squinting at the practical requirements and wishes of the Prussian court, both in political and theological matters, whilst apparently spurring straight on, with loosened reins, his speculative steed. Varnhagen von Ense, in the book of his which we mentioned in a late number of the *Nation*, says about Hegel: "Our ministers think they have in his philosophy one that is thoroughly *legitimistic*, suited to serve the state, and Prussian."

An outcome of the change in question is a new work by the celebrated Heidelberg professor of law—Dr. Bluntschli—on the "Modern Law of Nations" ("Das moderne Völkerrecht," etc.) Its leading point of view is pretty clearly indicated in the following words: "The law of nations respects the results of history, and treats the relations which show themselves to be the necessary bases and conditions of the life of the peoples not merely as facts to be tolerated, but as *developments of right*." This passage, which we render literally, suggests a world of considerations to any one who has been accustomed to read the phrases "historical right," etc., which were once so common in the mouths of German defenders of the divine or, at any rate, the "historical" rights of rulers as opposed to peoples. Bluntschli, who is a liberal, probably means more than the words quoted distinctly say. His prime intention is clearly, notwithstanding his being a South German, to justify the new order of things created by Prussia; but the principle laid down and the development in the book is, or ought to be, a protest against anything like finality in the political relations of nations. It seems as if we might not unreasonably hope that the law of nations will continue undergoing modifications until the nations themselves form, in effect, a vast confederation of republics, in which the enlightened popular will shall be the supreme earthly law. Bluntschli reviews the whole field covered by the term Law of Nations; discussing the foundation, nature, and limits of the law of nations; states, systems of states, and their organs in relation to the law of nations (*e.g.*, rulers, ambassadors, agents, consuls, etc.; their functions, rights, etc.); treaties; violations of the law, and modes of redress; war; rights of neutrals, etc. An appendix relates particularly to the American Articles of War of the year 1863, which are highly commended for the humane spirit they breathe.

Both jurists and theologians may find something to interest them in Dr. Duschak's "Mosaic-Talmudic Penal Laws" ("Das Mosaisch-Talmudische Strafrecht. Wien: W. Braumüller). It offers many striking points of comparison, and confirms the high estimate formed of the wisdom and depth of the Mosaic institutions recorded in the Old Testament.

An unusual number of works relating to classical philology have made their appearance during the last few weeks; B. S. Teubner in particular has kept up his repute as a publisher of classical works. One which we must mention, and which teachers will thank us for mentioning, is the "Commentary to the First Two Books of Virgil's Æneid," by Dr. A. Weidner, in a large volume of nearly 500 pages. After an introduction, in which the author gives his view of the relation of Virgil to the general culture of his nation and age, touching upon rather than exhausting many knotty points of controversy, he gives us longer and shorter comments on almost every passage that is at all remarkable, and finishes with four excursuses—one on Book I., 755–756; the second on the founding of Carthage; the third on the comparisons in the "Æneid;" the fourth on the cæsura of the Heroic hexameter. The third of these excursuses is very interesting. The whole finishes up with an index of matters and of grammatical points. Ribbeck's masterly text is the one commended, but not printed.

The theme of the next work before us is one which has hitherto been neglected even in Germany, where actual and possible worlds are ransacked for new subjects of investigation. It is the "History of Classical Philology in the Netherlands," by Lucian Müller ("Geschichte der klassischen Philologie in den Niederlanden," etc.) It is divided into two books; the first of which reviews the philological schools of the Netherlands, as, *e.g.*, Louvain, Leyden, Deventer, Amsterdam, Utrecht; and touches on the principal philologians from Erasmus down to the present day. The second book describes the modes of studying the classical languages at the gymnasia and universities. An appendix relates to the Latin versification of the Dutch scholars. It will be a surprise to many to find how numerous are the eminent names the Dutch can boast of as theirs.

Julius Eckardt's "Baltische und Russische Culturstudien aus zwei Jahrhunderten" ("Studies of Baltic and Russian Culture," etc.) is a book of great merit, and worthy of the careful attention of all who wish to understand Russia generally, and especially its Baltic provinces. The work is a miscellaneous collection of essays on such subjects as "History of the City of Dorpat;" "Baltic Immigrants and Emigrants;" "The Orthodox Greek Church of Russia and its Sects;" "The Relations of Ownership in the Rural Districts;" "Ivan Turgeneff, the Poet;" "History of Artemy Petrovitch Volinsky" (a favorite of the Empress Elizabeth). Specially noteworthy is the essay on the Greek Church and its sects, of which far too little is known in the rest of Christendom.

The contribution to the history of German theatres, given by Heinrich Laube in his "Das Burgtheater" (in Vienna), will be very welcome to friends of the drama. Laube has been twenty-eight years connected with theatres in one way and another; and much of the progress made in the technical treatment of dramatic subjects in Germany since 1840 is said to be due to him. The book he has now published contains an account of his efforts to raise the character of the theatre entrusted to his management, and numerous notices—valuable as well as interesting—of dramatic writers,

critics, actors, actresses, plays, court officials, and so forth. He himself is now manager of the new Leipzig Theatre, after having been for eighteen years manager of the famous Court Theatre in Vienna.

A very thorough history of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, is now publishing by Gustav Droysen, son of the celebrated Berlin historian. The first volume appeared a short time ago. Its author has since then been appointed professor at the University of Göttingen—probably partly in recognition of the value of his work. It is based on a careful study of archival sources, many of which have hitherto been unused. Dr. Droysen's aim is to exhibit the great Swede in connection with, and in the light of, the political movements of his age; and he believes him to have been more influenced in the war he undertook in Germany by motives of policy than by motives of religion. Perhaps, as German theologians have overestimated Gustavus Adolphus's Christianity, so Droysen rather underestimates it. In this respect, the Swede has a fate somewhat similar to that of Cromwell. With this drawback, Professor Droysen must be allowed to have thus far produced a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of European struggles during the period of the Thirty Years' War.

Dr. S. R. Sievers's "Life of Libanius" ("Das Leben des Libanius"), the Rhetor of Antioch, is the fruit of very careful and extensive study, and an excellent introduction to the orations and letters of that learned, but vain and pedantic Syrian. Numerous notes discuss the various persons mentioned in, and chronological and critical questions suggested by, the works of Libanius. But ample material is collected for forming a conception of the position he occupied and the part he played during the reign of the Emperor Julian. It is well known that Libanius was one of Julian's chief friends, and had much to do with the reaction set on foot by him against Christianity. Dr. Sievers gives us many and striking glimpses of the general position of the Rhetors and their Schools, of the education of youth, of intercourse amongst the educated, of public life in a provincial city like Antioch, of the arbitrary and brutal procedure of public officials, and of the entire dissolution of civil order. Ample evidence is in particular supplied that the higher officials were as ready to follow Julian in his paganism as they had been to follow Constantine in his Christianity.

The well-known Jewish author, Dr. A. Jellinek, of Vienna, has just published an interesting ethnographical study of his fellow-religionists, in which he sketches their peculiar characteristics, justifies them against the prejudices everywhere cherished, and tries to account for the marvel of their continued separate existence. He gives us a picture of the inner and outer life of the modern Jew, with constant references to his past history, without which it is of course unintelligible. The chapter on Female Work contains much that is very forcible, and will awaken an echo in every mind that attaches value to the Bible. The section on proverbs is capital. Dr. Jellinek is sometimes venturesome in his statements, but is rarely tedious.

Oskar von Redwitz, the poet of "Amaranth," "Sigelinde," "Der Zunftmeister von Nürnberg," and "Der Doge von Venedig"—a Roman Catholic writer of Ultramontane tendencies—has just appeared in the to him new *rôle* of novelist. His new work is entitled "Hermann Stark: a Picture of German Life," and is decidedly worthy of attention, both for its literary qualities and as an outcome of the writer's ecclesiastical likes and dislikes. We may remark, however, that it evinces less pronounced Ultramontanism than his former productions. The story is meant to give a picture of ordinary life. We follow the hero through all the stages of his life—we see him as a leader among his boyish companions; as a clever pupil at the gymnasium; as a duelling student at the university; as a hard-working official in a subordinate position; as the husband of a lovely girl; in the new character of a business speculator; and, finally, as a popular pleader and political leader. The tale frequently drags, owing to the long reflections indulged in; but it contains many exciting scenes, and as a picture of German life from a Romish point of view will be sure to interest American readers.

A capital lecture on "Language as the Expression of National Peculiarities of Thought" was delivered a short time ago here by Dr. Carl Abel, and has since appeared as a small book. It is very suggestive and readable, and touches on a subject which has hitherto been little discussed. We hear that it forms a portion of a larger work which the accomplished author has in course of preparation.

The well-known traveller, Adolf Bastian, has just issued the first number of an ethnological journal, entitled *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie und ihre Hülfswissenschaften als Lehre vom Menschen in seinen Beziehungen zur Natur und zur Geschichte*, which promises to be of considerable value. It will bring papers on ethnology proper, anthropology, palæontology, comparative psychology, and kindred topics.

The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—This work did not win Mr. Baker his knighthood, and to read it after having read his two large volumes on the Nile sources and tributaries, is in every way an anti-climax. The character of an explorer and discoverer seems so far above that of the mere sportsman, that we are apt to forget the connection between the two which may so easily unite them in a single career. However distasteful it may be to view in reduced and purely selfish proportions the man whom we have come to regard as a hero and benefactor of mankind, we must admit that the seemingly aimless and luxurious life of Mr. Baker in Ceylon was, as it happened, an excellently good training for his African mission—a word which we may employ without abuse, even if not all that may be hoped from it shall really result from his appointment by the Pacha to go to the regions of the Upper Nile, and prepare the country for civilization. Even so repulsive an act as that described on pp. 241, 242, with the expression of regret that he could not hang the natives whom he did, however, flog without mercy for murdering one of his hounds, was a necessary, if hard, part both of his character and his training. On the Nile he practised the same severity of discipline toward his followers, though generally with more of justification, and in fatally critical moments when to hesitate or to relax was to be lost. And after all, this remains to be said: that putting every semblance of tyranny and inhumanity together, as frankly exposed by Baker in all his works, and throwing in the comprehensive charge which a society for the prevention of animal suffering might bring against every hunter, the reader will not be brought to admit that our author has a cruel disposition or would wantonly give pain or with indifference witness pain in any living creature. We can say this without pretending that he has all the Christian graces, but with the same certainty with which, in spite of some unfavorable expressions about the negro and his capacity for improvement, we decided that he was opposed to slavery and the slave-trade for other reasons than the instability and ruin which they caused wherever carried, or the fact that he was an Englishman—the reason, of course, that he was a humane and honest man.

Full faith in his integrity is necessary to the acceptance of some portions of the narrative before us, and therefore to read this book last has at least so much advantage: we open it prepared to trust implicitly what is written. Nor is it surprising to find Sir Samuel as good a shot in Ceylon as he was in the Soudan. To kill a buffalo as a last resort with small change he happens to have in his pocket, to shoot game through and through at six hundred yards, to make several double shots when two head of game stand in the same range, and generally to be self-possessed, intrepid, and full of resource—this is but the man we knew already. What he really has to teach us is how to bag elephants, buffaloes, elk, and boars in Ceylon, what to consider bad luck—as, six elephants killed out of eleven, p. 210—what sort of rifles to use, the proper breed of hounds, the needful arrangements for camp comfort while on the chase, etc., etc.; and besides this he can make us feel the joy of adventure. The physical features of the island are vividly described, and some account is given of the ancient tribes that peopled it, and of the gigantic remains of their cities and water-works. The adventures related took place in the years 1847–1852, but not without occasional interruptions.

Improved Modern Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages. For the everyday purposes of travellers and students, etc. By Ferdinand E. A. Gasc. New edition. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—Though rather to be called a *handy* than a pocket dictionary, being a fat 16mo, this little work answers the usual purpose of such abridgments as a substitute for the more ponderous dictionaries of reference. It has, besides, the merit which should attach to all new works of this character, of containing the latest additions to the language and the freshest stock of idioms, with a proportion of slang phrases that would be inadmissible in a dictionary of standard literature. On comparing it, for example, with Spiers and Surenne's well-known work, we find it has fuller definitions in many instances, as *berne*, chaffing; *belle*, rubber-game, deciding-hit in fencing; *dormeuse*, lounging-chair, ear-ring, ear-wire; many recent words, like *cocote*; and numerous idioms not given by the larger dictionary, as "c'est le *chat*," for oh, yes, of course!—"sous bénéfice d'*inventaire*" (secondary meaning), to a certain point, conditionally; "*nom* d'un chien," "*nom* d'un petit bonhomme"—"tirer les vers du *nez* à," to pump—"cela lui pend au *nez*," you may expect that—"se faire tirer l'*oreille*," to require pressing, etc., etc. Comparing it, however, with other pocket dictionaries, which is perhaps more just, we find it contains fewer words than one, for

instance, of 1847 which we happen to have, and which, for the sake of making Scott's works intelligible to the French, even goes so far as to embody a Scotch glossary with the English portion. But then, Gasc omits unnecessary words, and his definitions and illustrations are so much the more copious. Thus, under the word *care*, in the English-French portion, the older dictionary gives but two examples against sixteen which are found in Gasc.

The plan of the latter has many excellent features. It rejects "English words for which there is no French equivalent, such as 'cricket' (game), 'valentine' (letter)," etc.; also "every barbarous word from the dead languages, of which there is a good duplicate either in French or in English;" and verbal adjectives which have not acquired a meaning distinct from those given under the verb of which they were participles. Pronunciation is neglected, except that certain signs before words indicate the liquid sound of *gn*, *l*, and *ll*, the aspirated *h*, the two sounds of *qu*, etc. Geographical and personal proper names are distributed through the text. Remembering that this dictionary is not designed for scholars, but for readers and speakers, we may overlook the omission to give the accent of initial letters, such as *é*, when printed in capitals in the vocabulary. The practical inconvenience of this is not great, since the word may generally be found with its accent in the English-French portion by means of some one of the definitions. For the rest, we have discovered no typographical inaccuracies either in the French or in the English, and we are disposed to recommend the dictionary with heartiness as trustworthy, serviceable, and clearly printed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
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Audubon (Mrs. J. J.), Life of John James Audubon	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 2 50
Bleck (W. H. J.), On the Origin of Language, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
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Coulin (Rev. F.), The Son of Man	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 75
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Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868,	2,563,002 30
Total amount of Marine Premiums,	$9,345,972 12
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868,	$6,807,970 89
Losses paid during the same period,	$3,081,080 49
Returns of Premiums and expenses,	$1,383,230 61

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Interest and sundry Notes and Claims due the Company, estimated at	290,530 03
Premium Notes and Bills receivable,	2,953,267 53
Cash in Bank,	405,548 83
Total Amount of Assets,	$13,660,881 39

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The Week.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOAR has given an opinion on the powers of military courts to try persons for criminal offences in Texas on which we trust the President will act. A negro who had been employed by a man named Weaver left him to work for somebody else, and, after doing so, returned to ask for the wages due him. Whereupon Weaver beat him severely with an ox-bow, and then went deliberately to his house a little distance off, got his gun, and shot the laborer dead in the presence of his wife. The murderer was indicted in the United States District Court; but it being well known that trials before Texan juries in such cases are a farce, General Reynolds had him tried by a military commission, which found him guilty and sentenced him to be hanged. In answer to enquiries as to the validity of the so-called trial and sentence, Mr. Hoar replies that it is for Congress to say both when war exists and when it ends; that until it declares that regular civil government is restored in Texas, it is not restored; that the Act of March 2, 1867, providing for the punishment of crime in the military districts of the South by military courts was constitutional; and that the various declarations made by Congress at different times that the Rebellion was closed, simply pronounced it closed for certain purposes, and as regarded particular business or interests; that it has not declared it closed as regards civil government in Texas; and that, therefore, Weaver has been convicted in a constitutional manner. We hope, therefore, the sentence will now be carried out. Nobody, who has approved of the reconstruction policy of Congress at all, doubts the power of Congress to protect life and property in Texas; and if a deliberate murder of this kind is not punished there, the "military government" of the South is a lamentable farce, and ought to be put an end to everywhere. There is no use in keeping whole districts under military rule merely to see that elections are properly conducted, and there is no use in declaiming about outrages on Union men in Georgia, where we have formally relinquished the right to protect them, if in Texas, where we still claim it, colored men hold their lives at the mercy of the white man's gun and knife.

If there be anybody in the country who does not understand the condition of the public debt, certainly Mr. Boutwell is not to blame. His monthly statements are almost ingeniously clear; that is to say, he makes plain a great many things which none of his predecessors, in spite of their good intentions, ever made plain. On the 1st of the present month we owed $2,107,882,100, bearing coin interest; $67,075,000, bearing currency interest; $412,852,287, bearing no interest; and $5,421,863, on which interest has ceased. The total debt, accrued interest and all, was $2,633,670,653, and it had decreased nearly thirteen millions and a half during the month, and twenty millions since the 1st of March. If things are not going well in the Treasury, it cannot be said they are going ill, except in so far as that there is as yet no sign of specie payments; that, we believe, is held by Mr. Boutwell's friends to be at the end of a coming loan, to be contracted at 4 per cent., if in the meantime we have no more "great speeches."

The St. Louis *Democrat* having asked the New York *Tribune* if it does not think that its habit of treating Mr. Bryant, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Wells, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Beecher, and others as persons under the influence of "British gold," savors of injustice, the *Tribune* makes a reply which, among other things, sets forth these facts: Mr. Bryant having for a long time—forty-odd years—preached free trade on all occasions, is no doubt an advocate of that policy from conviction, and not by purchase; no shadow is cast on his integrity by the fact that his services to the cause of free trade "have been generously requited;" no candid journalist would allege as against his character for honesty that "our importers" have, "by their advertising patronage, wisely, zealously, sagaciously, made the *Evening Post* the most profitable journal of like circulation in America." But Mr. Bryant often sustains his position by "statements which we cannot reconcile with candor and rectitude." "There may possibly be blockheads who do not know" that Henry Clay did *not* virtually abandon protection in 1833; but Mr. Bryant is not a blockhead, yet he says that Henry Clay *did* abandon protection in 1833. What is Mr. Bryant, then, even if he is not a receiver of British gold?" As for Mr. Wells, "we firmly believe that he is earning—at least, receiving—a great deal more money than is paid him from the Treasury;" and so on, till one is discouraged about human nature.

A Harvard man writes to us to say that we used a rather careless phrase last week when we spoke about the "constant victory" of Harvard over Yale. Harvard, he says, "has not forgotten several defeats received from Yale, nor ceased to fear others." We said "constant for so long a period;" as a matter of fact, however, it is not a very long period; there was a break in a long line of successes so short a time since as 1864. We should imagine that Harvard might very well continue to entertain a healthy fear of their antagonists. And although it would be flat blasphemy to say so in Cambridge, we dare say some of the Harvard men are not in their hearts very unwilling that Yale should beat this year. The commodore, captains, and crews of the "Yale Navy"—(why is Yale a little given to encourage rather high-sounding names for things?)—have just done a generous and courteous thing in voting that Harvard may, if she likes, put Mr. Fay—who is not an undergraduate of the college, but a student in the law department of the university—into the six-oared crew which is to row at Worcester next month. Mr. Fay is an oar to be feared, too, and the concession is not a slight one.

The New York *Times*, in what we cannot help calling a most indecent and uncourteous way, throws doubts on the existence of the "tripartite alliance" between England, France, and Spain against this country, revealed some weeks ago by the London correspondent of the *Tribune*. The *Times* apparently forgets, or, what is much more likely, does not choose to remember, that what that gentleman said was, that the negotiations for such a treaty had been "begun," and that this be-

ginnng of negotiations was "the fact which," at that telegraphing or writing, "dwarfed all other facts." Now it may be, as the *Times* well knows, that the negotiations are still in progress, and that, as we suggested last week, some arrangement has been made either with the celebrated correspondent himself, or with his employers here, to have nothing further said about the matter; or it may be that, finding he has his eye on them, they have given up the business in despair. Moreover, we must remind the *Times* that in the beginning of May, when he wrote his letter, the affair was, as he said, "a secret in London." We have never seen any allusion to it since in any European paper, and it may be, therefore, that it is still a secret, and that the *Tribune* correspondent fears if he refers to it again it will leak out, and his supply of information be cut off. His communication to the *Tribune*, too, was in form at least confidential, and though we spoke of the story ourselves last week, we do not feel quite sure that we were justified in doing so. When we have an agent like him on the track of a parcel of crowned conspirators, it ill becomes us to raise a hue-and-cry in his rear and flush his game before he is ready to bag it. We are pained to see *Harper's Weekly* also scolding this indomitable publicist for abusing Senator Grimes for writing a very clear and sensible letter to the London *Times*. *Harper's Weekly* seems to forget that Mr. Grimes "voted no on the eleventh article," which of course the young lions of the *Tribune* can hardly be expected to forget. Had Mr. Grimes done this while a young man, before his character was formed, it might perhaps be overlooked, but he was fifty when the trial took place, and reform is therefore hopeless, and any "faithful" person who can find a printer has a perfect right to cover him with mud.

Mayor Hall's first message is probably the most readable communication of its kind that was ever addressed to the New York Common Council; the gentleman who does the "head-lines" for the *Sun* might have written it in some of his duller hours. It opens with a dab at the press—for which we hope the Mayor will be interviewed by all the morning papers, one off, another on—for being so busy with the affairs of the municipality; then proceeding, with abundance of incidental bits of audacity, to "our rural legislators," who "concoct tax-puzzles," and to sundry other persons, it takes up what "few matters of government are still vouchsafed to the metropolis," and discourses clearly and lightly of each. Our readers are not necessarily interested in the local affairs of this city; but it might be worth the while of almost any of them to get one more glimpse of the cynical impudence of Tammany Hall, even as exhibited by one of the more decorous proficients. "The Mayor, Comptroller, Street Commissioner, and Chamberlain," the Mayor says, "prepared, upon their local responsibility, tax levies." The "local responsibility" of one of our mayors is much like the necessity of Christian consistency that is laid on Mr. John Allen when in "the dance-house" business. Everybody knows who reads the message, that if it were absolutely necessary for Tammany's best and highest interests to make Mr. Real, or Reddy the Blacksmith, mayor of the city, the thing would be done, and that neither gentleman would necessarily feel very much embarrassed by the consciousness that his constituency had its eye on him. Our docks and piers, we are told, are so bad as they are because of the gross prejudice and peccability of rustic senators and representatives who ignorantly and corruptly hamper the municipal authorities. The message contains no sign of an answer to the important question recently put by the Citizens' Association as to what the Mayor was doing in Albany when two millions were suddenly added to the estimates before the Legislature.

The English papers reveal a great subsidence of the excitement on the *Alabama* question. Lord Clarendon has delivered a speech in the House of Lords—a report of which has not yet reached us, but which the telegraphic summary pronounces "firm and dignified, and yet conciliatory." This means, we presume, that he is ready to submit the *Alabama* case to arbitration, but will not admit that the issue of the belligerency proclamation was dictated by improper motives, and will not apologize for it; in other words, we are just where we were before Mr. Reverdy Johnson began his dining, *plus* Mr. Sumner's speech and several rods of newspaper articles commenting on it and criticising it. Mr. Reverdy Johnson has got home, and has been amusingly "interviewed," and perhaps slightly caricatured, by a correspondent of the *Times* at his house near Baltimore. He dwells with fondness on the hospitality he received in England; asserts, what we have heard from other quarters, that Mr. Sumner wrote to England last January that, had the protocol sent by Mr. Johnson been concluded three weeks earlier, it would have been unanimously approved. He treated Mr. Sumner's speech as a preposterous performance, made some depreciatory allusion "to the man Smalley" who had been abusing him in the *Tribune*, and looks, the correspondent says, for a reaction in his favor on the part of the public.

In the meantime, the Sumner speech seems to be slowly passing from the public mind, which is now turned towards the probable renewal of the negotiations by Mr. Motley in England. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is quite sure that he has gone over with instructions which make Mr. Sumner's speech the basis of his demands; but the *Gazette* is, we are satisfied, mistaken. The various "war speeches" by which Mr. Sumner's have been followed up, such as General Butler's and the Reverend Dr. Sunderland's, appear to have fallen quite flat. We asked a distinguished engineering officer the other day, who knows exactly how things stand, whether our naval and coast defences were in a condition to justify the bloody tone of some of our most gifted popular orators with reference to foreign powers. The man of war answered us with a melancholy smile, and communicated to us some particulars on the state of our armament which we withhold for the present. He was, however, very emphatic in expressing his opinion that, should any trouble come, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, the Honorable Benjamin F. Butler, and the Honorable Zachariah Chandler ought to be stripped to the waist, and put in charge of a barbette gun on one of our most exposed forts.

The English temperance men have just been defeated in an attempt to enact a "permissive bill," authorizing two-thirds of the rate-payers in any parish to prohibit or make very difficult the sale of intoxicating drinks. The bill was supported by a great number of petitions—the women and the better class of workingmen being almost unanimous in its favor. The debate brought out the usual melancholy statistics with regard to the effects of alcoholic drinks in producing crime and pauperism. On this point there seemed to be no difference of opinion; but some opposed the bill because they thought the measure would be inoperative, and others because, if operative, they feared the effects on individual freedom generally of arming a local majority with power to regulate or control the conduct of the minority with regard to a practice like drinking, which is not in itself wrong, and in fact is only made injurious to the community by excess. Only a small number of members seemed to be influenced by the old British argument touching the atrocity of "robbing a poor man of his beer." The success of the experiment of prohibition in the New England States was spoken of by Sir W. Lawson, the introducer of the bill, as something well ascertained; but we regret to say his knowledge on this point seemed defective. He alleged, for instance, that the Legislature of Massachusetts had recently "re-enacted the old (prohibitory) law by a majority of 129 to 55," but it is, after all, a compromise, cider being excepted from the operation of the law. There were signs in the debate of a revolt on the part of the stay-at-home Englishmen against the authority of "colonels who had travelled a short time in America." The bill was defeated by a majority of 106. Mr. W. E. Forster, of Bradford, opposed it because it made the decision of the majority absolute. He would have supported it had it given the minority the right of appeal.

News from Egypt is to the effect that Sir Samuel Baker is busily engaged in preparing for his Southern expedition, on which he goes with a commission of "generalissimo," a force of 200 cavalry and 1,300 infantry, 14 field-pieces, etc. He has already purchased most of his supplies in England, where three steel vessels are making, to be transported in pieces to a station fifteen miles south of Gondokoro. Thence, to a point on the Nile in latitude 3° 32′ N., he intends building

a first-rate high road, eighty-five miles in length, in order to save annoying delays in navigating the here very tortuous river. This road and the country round about will be well picketed, and stations founded for exchange of merchandise and produce under military protection. From such a base, the voyage up the river to the Lake Albert N'yanza will begin, and it is hoped that in six months from the 1st of July, or by Christmas of the present year, Sir Samuel and his staff will have reached their destination. Other six months remain in which to extirpate the slave-trade—that is, if he continues as sanguine as when he wrote in his first work on the Nile sources that a small garrison and a few gunboats could root up the traffic in a year. A firm and experienced hand like his, clothed as it is with absolute powers, can easily rule the distracted country turned over to it, though it is a pity that Khartoum and Gondokoro are exempted from the new dominion. If the present enterprise succeeds, we may be sure that Baker will not forget the even greater one he has projected, which includes the damming of the Nile, the formation of a port on the Red Sea, the colonization of the Soudan, and the irrigation of the Desert—in short, the creation of a new civilization and new states in the most fertile region on earth.

The Spaniards have settled on their constitution, and it contains everything the most sanguine Liberal could have expected; that is, liberty of worship—although the state support of Catholicism is provided for—liberty of school-keeping, universal suffrage, and of course representative institutions. After a hard fight, the Monarchists carried the day against the Republicans in the Cortes, and had the form of government fixed as monarchical; but the real victory after all remains with the Republicans, because, as we have suggested once before, a monarchy whose expediency has been discussed in a popular assembly, and which has been afterwards set up by a vote of the assembly, can never be anything but a monarchy in name; and the chief of the state in Spain, by whatever name he may be called, will be only the president of a republic if all goes well, and only a military dictator if all goes ill. As yet, nobody has been found willing to take the throne, and Marshal Serrano is therefore going to exercise a "regency" which will probably last for life. The long interval which has been suffered to elapse without filling the throne, and by the very men who pronounced monarchy indispensable to Spain, has been fatal to their arguments, and indeed fatal to their schemes; for the country, having got on for a year without a king, can of course get on for ten years, and, if for ten, for ever. But the constitution has one serious and disgraceful defect, in making no provision for the abolition or prohibition of slavery, in spite of all the efforts of the Republicans; and this resistance, combined with the covert, but none the less determined, opposition which the home Government has always offered to emancipation in Cuba, naturally leads many people to fear that the question is going to be again shelved. The anti-slavery men have well likened "gradual emancipation" to connivance at the gradual relinquishment of human flesh as an article of diet by a savage.

There is at last detailed news of the elections in France. It appears now tolerably certain that the number of the Opposition, which we set down a fortnight ago at 90, will equal fully 100, leaving the Government with not more than 175 "devoted" men, as they call thoroughgoing partisans in France, or "faithful" men, as we call them here. This rise from 5 in 1857, at the second election after the establishment of the Empire, has naturally startled the Emperor and his adherents a good deal. The Opposition candidates of various parties have polled 280,515 votes against 77,943 for the Government; at the last election the Government had 83,500 against 149,496. What is most striking about the election is, however, that the great gains have been made by the "radical democrats," as they call themselves, or the Socialists, as other people call them. The Orleanists and Liberals have been fairly beaten out of the field. Not one of the former has been elected, and the rest, even such men as Jules Favre, Carnot (the son of the revolutionary "organizer"), Marie and Garnier Pagès, the latter heroes of 1848, have lost their seats, or had to undergo a second contest, having failed to secure an absolute majority. Jules Favre was pitted against Rochefort of the *Lanterne*, whose return at one time seemed certain, but the Cable announces that Favre has beaten him on the second ballot. The Imperialists and Socialists may now be said to divide the field of French politics between them; in other words, France is exactly where she was when the Emperor "saved society" in 1851. The canvass has been one of unprecedented confusion and violence. The most extreme men pitted themselves against each other in the larger cities in "leaps ahead," and there is hardly any institution, or custom, or relation known to modern society which some candidate has not promised to abolish. The total absence of party organization left the course open to everybody, and the candidates were, an Oriental would say, as numerous as the sand, and fought each other with rigid impartiality. The Emperor is said to be really scared at finding himself sixty years old, and the Socialist devil still roaming about. Among the amusing election stories is one which describes voters in certain districts as looking on the Opposition deputies as ungrateful and noisy Government functionaries, and another which reports an elector as asking why, after the Emperor had once been elected, he could not choose his own deputies.

A curious controversy has been raging in England through the columns of the *Daily News* touching the possibility of converting Jews to Christianity in any considerable number. It was begun by an Episcopal clergyman, who wrote denouncing the London Society as a humbug, and saying that the conversion of each Jew cost £10,000, and even at that price there could be no certainty as to its genuineness. Whereupon, at the next meeting of the Hebrew Christian Alliance, the chairman denounced him as "a shame and disgrace to the church," and said that society had within a year converted seventy Jews. A foreign Christian Jew wrote, however, supporting the clergyman, and was followed by an English Christian Jew, who charged the society with being "one of the greatest shams of the age," and asserting that "no educated, respectable Jew had been converted through its instrumentality," or any Jew whatever without an accompanying improvement in his temporal condition. Another Jew challenges the society to produce the seventy converts, and the contest seems to wax hotter as it goes. The truth is, however, that the reports of the agents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews help to strengthen the doubts entertained as to the value of the London society's operations in England. The money spent on the Jews everywhere seems well-nigh wasted. There is, nevertheless, a perceptible *débâcle* in the Jewish body, prosperity and freedom everywhere loosening the bonds of the old faith, just as persecution tightened them; but the educated Jews who come over to Christianity come over quietly, and of their own accord, and dislike notorious conversion or being paraded in public by a missionary as a trophy.

The letter of the Laird Brothers justifying themselves for the building of the *Alabama*, of which we spoke last week, has reached us in full by the last mail. They show that they undertook the building of the *Alabama* in the regular course of their business, and at the ordinary rates; that they never practised the smallest secret with regard to her construction and gave themselves no concern about her destination; and they quote the law officers of the crown, and the ministers of the day, and Chief Baron Pollock as well as Mr. Mellish, a leading counsel consulted by them, to prove that there was nothing unlawful in their bargain or its execution; and they add at the close that Mr. Laird, their father, the Member of Parliament for Birkenhead, was not in the firm when they built the ship. This would be a very effective statement had Mr. Laird, senior, not testified in Parliament the delight he took in his sons having done the deed, and his paternal pride in the exploit, which he rated, he said, much higher than the delivery of Mr. Bright's speeches. Usually, men do not look at ordinary commercial transactions in this way; and it is not unfair to suppose that the Laird sons were as fully impressed as their father with the idea that they were engaged in a work which put them on a level with statesmen and orators, and entitled them to the gratitude of mankind. When people follow trade in a missionary spirit, they must not be surprised if other people refuse to look at their labors as purely commercial transactions.

THE COMING QUESTION.

It is a long while since there was a prospect of so dull a summer, in all that relates to politics, as the one on which we are entering. Nearly every question which has occupied the public mind during the last four years is worn out, and none of the coming questions have yet quite taken hold of it. Reconstruction is all but over, and even if it were not, people have worked too long at it to be much excited about it. Frederick Douglass's admirable advice, to "let the negro alone," begins to be acted on by the entire community; and the negro, we are glad to say, is showing that, as far as he is concerned, he is abundantly prepared to profit by white neglect. The woman's rights question is under a temporary eclipse, owing to the somewhat boisterous character of the late convention, and the exceeding thoroughness of the investigations into the foundations of society and government which were instituted on the platform. The *Alabama* question was roused into temporary activity by Mr. Reverdy Johnson's indiscretions and Mr. Sumner's speech; but Mr. Johnson has passed away from the stage, and the speech is pressing closely on his retreating heels. If it had not been for the excitement it created in England, it would have caused little more than a ripple on the public mind here. All attempts to get up a war fever have failed; and though there is news from Pennsylvania that the politicians of that State are determined to insert a war plank in the platform of their nominating convention, it will probably produce no more disturbing effects than the annual expression of determination to hold sacred the pensions of the soldiers and sailors. The protectionists and free-traders are busy organizing their forces for a desperate conflict next winter, but both sides will probably pass the summer in "camps of instruction," and are as yet only armed with the jack-knives of daily life. The only combatant who keeps up even a show of activity is Mr. Greeley, who has commenced in the *Tribune* an exhaustive series of articles in defence of protection; but if there be one subject more than another from which the human understanding turns away with disgust at the beginning of the hot weather, it is the comparative merits of tariffs for revenue and tariffs for protection. People who have to get through hot days and evenings, whether in the city or the country, generally choose lighter subjects of meditation than the vexed questions of political economy.

One subject which probably occupies people's attention more than any other, and which, being neither difficult nor abstruse, and being presented to them in one way or another every day, will probably occupy them more than ever before during the next six months, is the character of the civil servants of the Government and the way the Civil Service is administered. It is safe to say that when we were discussing Mr. Jenckes's bill last winter, nobody had the remotest idea of the startling illustration of the value of the measure which the incoming of Grant's Administration would afford. Few people—few of his supporters certainly—were prepared for "the clean sweep" which he has made, and fewer still had an adequate idea of what a clean sweep means in these days, when the Government employees are numbered by tens of thousands. We knew what rotation in office meant under Polk and Buchanan, but we did not know, till we saw it, what it meant since the war covered the land with a swarm of functionaries. Moreover, even those of us who had anticipated extensive changes amongst the officers of the Government had not pictured to themselves the possibility of the vacancies being filled by means of Congressional and other "recommendations," in the old style—that is, of every office in the gift of the Government being offered to the competition of between two and three hundred thousand of the least reputable portion of the community—that portion, in short, which in the country of all in which an honest man finds least difficulty in making a livelihood, had failed in getting any place for which character and skill or industry were essential requisites.

The scandals which have resulted from this state of things have been enormous, and have been deeply felt by the whole community. One has hardly time to get over the indignation excited by one story of fraud and abuse when he finds himself face to face with another. The presentation of the State Department, when our foreign relations were in a most critical condition, to Mr. Washburne, as a mere personal compliment, was bad enough, but was, we have always thought, excusable under all the circumstances; but when we heard that Mr. Washburne, knowing his unfitness for it, took it, and held it just long enough to turn out every diplomatic or consular functionary who held a place which any unemployed friend or dependent of his own wanted, and handed it over, after three weeks of this kind of malfeasance, to his successor, with nearly every post of importance, except the great missions, filled with his own creatures, it was hard to know what to say. We suppose, too, that few persons read the story of the political dismissals carried out in the Departments at Washington on hard-working unfortunates, many of them women, for no better reason than that somebody else wished to succeed them—of the daily terror in which poor clerks came down to their offices, fearing to find the well-known brown envelopes on their desks, driving them out suddenly to destitution after years of ill-requited labor—and at the same time heard of the really poor character of many of those who were suffered to step into offices of honor and emolument, without feeling that something should be done to wipe away this great disgrace from the Christian name.

We say deliberately, Christian name. Several meetings of religious people have been held lately for the purpose of advocating the insertion in the United States Constitution of a formal acknowledgment of the existence of God and of the supremacy of Jesus Christ as the ruler of the earth; and many of the speakers—most of whom were clergymen—seemed to be of opinion that the absence of some such statement from the organic law was, and would continue to be, the source of innumerable national calamities. It may well be doubted, however, whether it is not rather late in the day to think of appeasing the Supreme Ruler of the universe by a constitutional recognition of his existence and power, because if nations ever will be called to the judgment-bar, as moral persons, to answer for the use made of their light and capacity, the questions put to them will not be, "What kind of constitution had you?" but, "How did you live under it?" not, "What did you say in your platforms?" but, "What kind of laws did you pass, and how were they executed?" not, "What proportion did your churches bear to your population?" but, "What kind of men did you put in office? Did you do justice and love mercy? Were your judges upright, your tax-gatherers honest, and the taxes taken from the poor well spent? Did you do anything for the spread of civilization, and therefore of my kingdom, over the globe; and, if so, what?"

It will not do to produce in answer to such questions as this a Sixteenth or Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution, ratified by three-fourths of the legislatures, acknowledging the existence and active interference of Divine Providence in the affairs of men, as long as the administration of the Government is conducted, in all that relates to the selection of its officials, in a way which makes everybody who sees it believe that it considers character, ability, honesty, justice, and charity nothing but empty names—party obligations the highest of all obligations. The material side of this great abuse has been ably exhibited by Mr. Wells and Mr. Jenckes. The moral side has still been only half-considered, and we commend it as a profitable subject of summer musings. We would not have the Government turned into an earthly providence or general trainer in morality, but we do say, that a government which manages its administrative machinery so as not only not to strengthen, but so as to weaken, the popular faith in the value, or even existence, of good faith, integrity, self-sacrifice, industry, diligence, is the greatest enemy that morality and patriotism can have. No man or woman is dismissed summarily from the service, without cause, to make room for another who knows nothing of the duties of the place, without giving young people in the country a lesson in the necessity of fraud and eye-service, and in the worthlessness of fidelity and diligence. No shiftless fellow with damaged reputation ever makes his way into an office of either much or little value, for which many have striven, without diffusing indifference to character, and without increasing the popular confidence in luck, and impudence, and gab. How many churches should we have to build, and how many preachers to set agoing, to neutralize the effect on the rising generation of the choice of an infamous and notorious man, scarred by almost every vice and crime, for one of the

highest places in the gift of the Government—a place in which he represented one great nation to another, both republics, and both passing through crises which should, if anything could, purify and dignify and ennoble their public life?

In short, the question of reforming the Civil Service has far less material than moral importance, and yet its material importance is immense. The events of the last six months have greatly increased its chances of success. Some of the most thoroughgoing party hacks begin to acknowledge its necessity, and all it needs now to triumph is the vigorous pressure during the coming year of those who feel the shame and disgrace of having the Government represent only what is worst in the national life. We have closed the mouths of the repudiators, and the debt is now sure of being honestly paid. It remains now to raise the administrative system to the moral level of American society.

THE CHINESE LABORERS.

It is time that those countries which attend to the police duties of the sea make some investigation into the condition of the coolie trade. There are reasons for believing that the transportation and, in some countries, the employment of coolies are attended with even greater horrors than those which disgraced the slave-trade. We hear every little while of successful mutinies, in which cargoes of Chinese coolies either kill or set adrift the crews of their vessels; we rarely hear of the provocations which lead to these crimes. Recently representations have been made to the Portuguese Governor of Macao which reveal an appalling amount of brutality on one side and of suffering on the other. It seems that vessels carrying "emigrants" to the west coast of South America are packed with their living freight as closely as were the former slave-ships. The food, which consists of rice, is often alive with maggots, and is so insufficient in quantity that the starving passengers are reduced to a condition in which the foul air of the prison-hold and the cramped positions, in a densely packed mass, make them easy victims to scurvy and other ship-diseases. Eye-witnesses state that, in order to make more room and to save the little food needed by dying men, the victims are often thrown overboard while yet alive. The Governor, after having been convinced of the truth of charges of cruelty made against the Spanish-American shippers of coolies, and against South American planters, recently revoked the licenses of those engaged in the traffic to that part of the world from Macao.

It was thought during the past few years that the worst features of the coolie traffic were abolished by the establishment of regulations concerning emigration, under the treaties between China and the principal Western nations. But the whole system needs to be revised and reorganized. Under it at present, the emigrant agents at the principal ports of China have a semi-official position. Depots under Government surveillance are established to receive emigrants previous to embarkation. The engagement to go abroad must be voluntary. The coolie undergoes a medical inspection, a bath, and gets change of clothing, before entering the depot.

The form of contract prescribed by England for the engagement of coolies for British colonies binds the emigrant to work seven hours and a half daily for five years from the time of landing, and allows him at least five holidays yearly, besides Sundays. He receives free passage, and food and clothing on the voyage, four dollars wages for each calendar month, so long as he is employed, during the five years, and free food, house, garden-ground, and medical attendance. At any time during the first year he may, if he choose, arrange to be paid for work by the task; he then finds his own food and clothing, but still has house, garden, and medical attendance free. The contract provides for making advances to him before sailing, and for paying regular allowances, out of wages, to friends in China. He is at liberty to cancel the agreement at the end of any one of the five years, on paying back seventy-five dollars for the passage money, less fifteen dollars for each year served out. The means of corresponding monthly with China free of expense is promised in the contract, and he is encouraged to take out his wife and family, by the offer of free passage to these, together with a gift of twenty dollars to the wife and five dollars to each child, to provide comforts for the voyage. The women are entirely unfettered by any agreement, being left free to accept work or to attend to their own household duties; and it is expressly stipulated that families are not to be separated. The French and Spanish forms of contract are not nearly so liberal as the English. The emigrant is bound to eight years' servitude—ninety-six months of twenty-six days—without the right to cancel the agreement; the length of a day's labor, instead of being fixed, is conveniently made to depend upon the nature of the work; and no encouragement is offered for the emigration of families.

Reforms are not needed very much in the terms of the contracts; the English form is just enough, and the signing of any contract is optional. What is needed is the establishment of some machinery for the protection of the interests of the coolies from the time when they sail from their native shores till they return; otherwise the contract is obviously only a snare with which the Chinaman is entrapped more easily than by the former method of kidnapping. In those countries where the coolie is bound by terms similar to those in the French form of contract, it is clearly the profit of the employer to task his human machine to its utmost capacity during the seven years of indenture. The planter is not responsible for the maintenance of the exhausted laborer; and if the coolie dies from overwork, there is a fresh supply to draw from at the same monthly rate of wages. How much protection does the coolie find, in such countries, in a contract signed ten thousand miles across the ocean? He has one terrible means of escape from oppression: he kills himself. Suicides are horribly prevalent among the coolies in Spanish America. It has been generally supposed that the Chinaman is prompted to this by homesickness and a belief that he will come to life again in his native land. But his motive has nothing so poetic about it. The suicidal mania is the not unnatural consequence of weariness of the bond, combined with bad treatment, insufficient food, and disease on the voyage. On the plantation, years of overworking and cruel punishments make inroads upon the body, while indescribable vices, traceable to an unnatural emigration, unsettle the mind. It should seem, indeed, that the extent of self-destruction in any community of coolies presents a standard by which the abuses of the system under which they labor may be measured.

The evils evidently lie in the system, and are greater in proportion as the bondage of the coolie is greater. On the Central Pacific Railroad, where 11,000 Chinamen were at work as free laborers, there seem to have been very few cases of suicide, if any. The condition of the Chinamen emigrating under indenture is said to be best in the British colonies of tropical America, where it appears that their welfare is somewhat cared for by the Emigration Commissioners. Out of 2,858 Chinese who emigrated thither in 1865, four per cent. died on the long voyage, and there was the same proportion of births. Nearly one-quarter of these emigrants were women, and the encouragement offered for the immigration of families was yearly lessening the disproportion of the sexes.

The Chinese Government signified, not long since, its intention to send commissioners to the different countries using Chinese labor, to ascertain the condition of its subjects. It would be well if it could be impressed with the importance of establishing permanent agents in those countries to watch the interests of its people. This would be a step worthy of their policy establishing permanent missions, and would be a strong additional proof of their progressive spirit.

It is probable that, before long, the overflowing population of China will be largely drawn upon to supply labor for our cotton and rice fields. In view of the fact that the cost of emigration can be met only by an advance of money, and that the repayment of this can be secured only by a lien on the labor of the emigrant, it is highly important to our future social and political welfare that we take, at the outset, such steps as will prevent the contract system from becoming among us only a form of slavery. The terms of the contract should not be less liberal than those prescribed by England; the existing laws affecting emigrant ships should be extended to those carrying coolies, and rigidly enforced; and liberal inducements should be held out for the immigration of families, as the only means of preventing the truly horrible consequences which must arise where the balance of the sexes required by nature is destroyed. The prejudice of race should find no legal encouragement,

and we should guard against repetitions of the disgraceful practice of California, where Chinese testimony is excluded in mixed cases. Contracts cannot be enforced unless the parties appear in court on equal terms. The danger to the life or property of whites, owing to the low moral condition of Chinese witnesses, exists in the imagination only. It is now beginning to be recognized in the legislation of all civilized countries that all testimony should be admitted, and the court left to estimate for itself the allowance to be made for the witnesses' mental or moral peculiarities. We need say nothing of the necessity of beginning as soon as possible to rouse in the Chinamen who come among us a sense of self-respect, and of the value of truthfulness, if not for his protection, at least for our own. The presence of legally degraded races is now well understood to endanger the welfare of the superior race as much as they nourish its pride.

"INSTRUCTION" FOR THE ADMINISTRATION.

THERE is a rumor abroad that the Pennsylvania Republican State Convention, which meets on the 27th of this month, will declare its opinion on the *Alabama* claims in tones sufficiently loud to impress themselves upon the sluggish ears of the Administration. Whether the story is true or not, there can be no doubt that it is extremely probable. Nothing is more to be apprehended than that, during the time which is to elapse before the claims are settled, the Government will receive every possible kind of advice on the subject from every "organization" in every State in the Union. Let Pennsylvania begin, and we shall have ward politicians instructing municipal politicians, and municipal politicians those of the county, and the county statesmen those of the State, while these last will work directly through the great "independent organs of public opinion" upon Grant and Fish at Washington. The Government will be instructed as to what the great heart of the people feels, as to what the relations are between this great heart and the great heart of Mr. Sumner, as to what points Mr. Motley ought specially to insist upon, and what the measure of damages ought to be. Let Pennsylvania once begin, and though we cannot say whether the conventions will go so far as to indicate which edition of Wheaton ought to be used, it may be safely assumed that they will leave nothing unsaid.

From no point of view can we perceive that anything but mischief will come of attempts of this kind to form opinion on the *Alabama* question. There are really only two points of view which it is worth while for intelligent persons to take any note of at all—first, the view of those who are simply interested in getting the largest possible sum out of the English treasury in satisfaction of our demands; and, second, the aim of those interested in healing the breach between the two countries in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of either, and which shall prevent for ever a repetition of the trouble. Those who only care for a good round sum in damages must by this time see that the effect on England of heated expressions of sentimental anger on the part of America is anything but persuasive. From caucuses, conventions, and town-meetings, composed of such gentlemen as do most of our nominating and "resolving" for us, nothing surely can be expected but denunciation of England and the English, which does more to remove all chances of a settlement than anything else in the world, unless it be the outbursts of spleen indulged in aid of a settlement. To belabor a powerful nation with abuse and insult is not the way to make her confess her fault and pay the penalty of it, unless you have fully determined to fight her in case she refuses to accede to your demands. If you take every precaution against going to war, as we have done, by disbanding your army and selling your navy, and, in addition to this, give the most solemn assurances that peace is what you most heartily desire, your subsequent bad language only irritates; it does not frighten. The Senate and the President have both assured England that we do not desire war, and both are interested in settling the *Alabama* claims on terms honorable to the country they represent; the way to prevent their doing it is for the Pennsylvania and other conventions to discuss the matter and pass resolutions about it.

Those who, like ourselves, only desire a settlement honorable to both countries, and one likely to strengthen the obligations of international law, are probably already agreed that the administration is the proper agency for the conclusion of this difficult and irritating business, and not caucuses and conventions of "the men inside politics." The President and Senate are the legally constituted treaty-making power in this country; and until the Constitution is changed so as to give authority in foreign affairs to mass-meetings and managing men who serve on executive committees, these latter can do nothing better than leave them alone. We can imagine nothing more indecent than the spectacle of the politicians of Pennsylvania or New York—most of them steeped in ignorance of law, statecraft, history, and in fact of everything except that worse side of human nature out of acquaintance with which they get their living—attempting to incorporate their passions into the code of international obligations, and to force upon the Government a foreign policy dictated it may be by local jealousy, it may be by mere ignorance, it may be even by a desire to involve the Administration itself in difficulties which shall inure to the advantage of some "statesman" or other in '72 or '76. There is probably no political body in the country which knows so much about the *Alabama* controversy, and the legal bearing of the various questions arising in it, as the Cabinet. They have every fact, every suggestion, every doubt before them; they have the benefit of legal advice. On the other hand, there are undoubtedly no political bodies in the country which have so little knowledge on the subject as the various nominating conventions which will come together in the course of the summer. We see no room for doubt, therefore, that the most unfortunate thing for the country that could happen would be that the *Alabama* case should, by means of the caucus system, come into politics—become a political question which should serve as a test of the "soundness" of candidates. Besides, the interference with the free action of the Government, which is absolutely essential in order that any solution of the question may be reached, in handing the matter over to be discussed by conventions, is simply taking it away from those who know about it and handing it over to men whose whole science of politics is comprised in the arts of manœuvring and intrigue. It is for the interest of every wire-puller, every log-roller, every "ring" in the United States, that the *Alabama* question should be left an open one for as long a time as possible; the longer it remains open, the longer will they be able to use it for the purposes of their own advancement and the confusion of their private enemies, and in aid of stock and gold speculators; and what is for the interest of rings, wire-pullers, and log-rollers is not generally for the benefit of the country they infest.

UNIVERSITY INFLUENCE.

THE universities of the country have been for some time past evidently a good deal puzzled with regard to the course they should pursue touching the rival claims of the old and the new education, as they are called. The friends of the new education, apart from all they have to say for their system as a means of mental training, have had on their side that indescribable force called the "spirit of the age"—one great element in which is undoubtedly a desire of change of all sorts and in all directions. The old education has, on the other hand, had at its back tradition, habit, vested interest, and, what is fully as strong as either, the difficulty of making any change whatever in a machine so complicated and so delicate as a long-established university. The battle has now been raging for several years. The small new colleges have of course borne their share in the fray, and, as might be expected, have generally adhered to the side on which they were likely to find most pupils—these institutions being apt to have a fearfully keen eye for business. In most of the older ones the conservatives have compromised with the enemy, and given him a share in their honors and emoluments. Harvard and Yale, however, have always been the great prizes of the struggle; and it has been evident for some time past that the new school would not be content, as far as these colleges were concerned, with small scientific concessions, but would contend for the entire management on a new basis. We suppose it may be said, without offence to anybody, that the confirmation of Professor Eliot's appointment to the presidency of Harvard indicates that at Cambridge the new school has effected a lodgment in the body of the place, and that its complete conquest is but a question of time.

At Yale, the assailants are, as might be expected, encountering a much more vigorous resistance. We have before us a pamphlet containing an article reprinted from the *New Englander* of April, 1869, in which the friends of prescription in that university hurl defiance at the enemy, in a style which, in these days of timidity, compromise, and concession, is refreshing to witness. The nature of the attacks made on the constituted authorities at New Haven will be sufficiently explained by running through the replies. The writer says that there may be a change needed in the Corporation of the college, but that President Woolsey has himself proposed the only one that is needed, and a better one than any one else has asked for, by substituting six graduates of the university, to hold office for six years, for the six members of the State Senate who now have seats in it, and who, under the operation of the political principle of rotation in office, are changed every year. To the opponents of the clerical element in the board—the ten Congregational ministers who, in fact, do most of the work—the pamphlet says that the lay members are as numerous as the divine, and may attend and vote if they please; that if the clergy have most influence, it is because they do the work; that the "New England colleges were originally designed to be both literary and religious institutions, places where true learning might be gained, and where all who entered them might be pointed to Christianity and to God," and that therefore ministers are the fittest persons to manage them. Ministers, too, are better educated men themselves, and appreciate scholarship more than most of those around them; and they are fully as "progressive" as laymen, and bear as active a part in all reform movements. They are, moreover, just as good managers of money; not a dollar entrusted to the Corporation of Yale has ever been lost—a tale which few institutions under lay management have to tell, and they have raised as large sums for the college as anybody could hope to do in a similar position. That the Board cannot be out of sympathy with the alumni, may be inferred from the fact that in 130 years only twelve of the clerical members have not been graduates of the university. It is doubtless right that Yale should be a "national institution," and it is; but even if it were not, it would not be necessary to give the votes in the election of its officers to all the alumni everywhere, in order to make it so. The mass of graduates do not keep up their interest in the college or in the work of education, or in learning in general; and to admit them all, wherever residing, to a share in the government of the college, would be to place the control of it in the hands of a body of persons who could not be as well acquainted with its work, or as much interested in its welfare, as those who live near it. Moreover, says the pamphlet, the alumni are but children of the college. It has done a great deal for them, and they owe it a great deal of gratitude, but that is no reason why they should be entrusted with the management of its affairs; therefore the only change now needed, or which ought to be discussed, is the substitution of six alumni for the six State senators now sitting in the Board of Trustees *ex officio*.

The answer is very able and vigorous; but still it is impossible not to feel, on reading it, that it is on one point at least hardly complete. The objection to the preponderance of clerical influence in the management of this or any other college is, not that clergymen are not good men, and scholarly men, and able managers of trust funds. Nay, we may add something to the defence of them, made by the writer in the *New Englander*, by saying that they have one high qualification for the conduct of education which is not shared in an equal degree by the men of any other profession, in that they are not traders, and are not interested in money making. They and the college professors may be said to be the only body of men now left in the United States who pursue an intellectual calling for its own sake, and without an "eye to the main chance." What the opponents of the predominance of clerical influence in college government say, is that the reason which two centuries ago everywhere gave the clergy a monopoly of the work of education, has ceased to exist. Colleges and schools were placed in their hands, not simply because they were the only men fitted to teach religion, but to teach anything whatever; they were, in short, the only persons in any community possessing general culture. It would be absurd, of course, to claim this distinction for them now. Moreover, the argument that they ought to retain control of New England colleges, because New England colleges were designed to be religious as well as literary institutions, to have any force, must rest on the assumption that the church does not supply learned laymen competent to maintain the religious character of a university, if placed in charge of it. Now, this is something which we are sure no clergyman would assert. If true, it would give the world a sorry idea of the condition of Christianity in the United States.

Supposing ministers and laymen equally well qualified to impart either religious or literary culture, the relative value of their moral influence on young men would still remain for discussion, and it is here, we suspect, the real issue between the advocates of lay and those of clerical superintendence would be joined. Ministers are compelled either by their own sense of propriety or that of the public to lead what may be called artificial lives—to abstain from a great number of acts, not because they are inherently wrong, but because they are unbecoming, and to look at life *constantly* from a professional standpoint. Their position is one of great isolation. Their habits, amusements, temptations, are different from those of other men. They are incessantly occupied, as most women are, with considerations purely moral; rarely if ever with considerations purely material. The result is the development in the clerical type of character of an intensity of feeling on moral questions which women, for the same reason, are apt to exhibit also, and which furnishes the basis of the sneer, so often indulged in, which consists in putting "the women and the clergy" in the same category, as a class only moderately controlled by their judgments in dealing with great problems of purely temporal interest.

We believe it is now generally conceded, in spite of all that we hear about "the new education," that colleges do not and never will turn out many fully-equipped scholars. Anybody who recollects accurately the stock of *knowledge* he brought away with him from the university, will recollect, no matter how brilliant a student he may have been, that it was comically small. What university training gives is a certain tone of mind, a certain way of looking at things, a certain amount of receptivity, and a useful acquaintance with the relative amount of a man's own powers and acquirements. In short, what it does is to influence the character and the quality of the intellect, rather than supply all that is necessary to be known. The moral influence of the authorities of a college is therefore of fully as much importance as their attainments or teaching capacity. They ought to create its social atmosphere, and to provide standards of criticism which the students will accept; and to do this effectively, under the modern régime of liberty—which treats the student as a man, capable of governing his own life—they ought to lead the students socially as well as intellectually; that is, the students ought to feel that they are men like themselves, living the same lives, governed by the same rules of propriety, amenable to the same tribunals, exposed to the same temptations, and moved by the same impulses.

The question is, therefore, whether a clergyman or any professional moralist—that is, a man part of whose professional duty it is to keep himself apart from the world, to live within narrower bounds than other people, and devote most of his attention to one class of considerations, forming only half of those which men are called on to weigh every day in solving the problems of ordinary life—can ever manage a university in such a way as to give it, in our time, its full value as a source of influence. Nobody who has been a young man himself but remembers that the earliest objects of his admiration, and the most powerful in their influence on his character, were not philosophers or moralists, who had put the world and its joys away from them, but men who lived in it the life he himself proposed to live, and lived it nobly and purely, with a full knowledge of the exact value of its pleasures and the real depth of its pains. In short, we want in colleges more *influence;* the learning will take care of itself. Whether classical or scientific, we suspect the amount of it young men will absorb, and afterwards forget, will always remain pretty much the same. In that direction, the capacity of the juvenile intellect presents an obvious limit to the march of improvement. But there is no conceivable limit to the effect the right kind of collegiate atmosphere might produce on juvenile character; and to this we think hardly enough attention has been devoted, either in framing college government or choosing college professors. It is only within a very few years that it has been even partially recognized that education is an art in itself, and that success in it depends on the possession of qualities totally distinct from those which enable a man to acquire knowledge, and that it should therefore be treated as a profession in itself, and its prizes made the reward, not of learning and morality simply, but of learning and morality united with skill. We do not make these remarks with reference to anything we know or hear of the management of Yale College itself, but because its even implied advocacy of the theory that ministers are any longer entitled *ex officio* to a monopoly of the work of the higher education is, we think, likely to do mischief amongst the minor colleges, and help to retard what is perhaps one of the most desirable of reforms, the conversion of teaching into a distinct and honored calling, of which the charge of colleges and universities shall be the highest step.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 28, 1869.

THE excitement created by Mr. Sumner's speech has to a great degree died away. We are beginning to think that we frightened ourselves rather unnecessarily, and that we need not be looking to our weapons or sending reinforcements to Canada just at present. The *Times*, it is true, continues to publish a long series of letters and articles. Sir F. B. Head, the late Governor of Canada, has recalled at some length the circumstances of the rebellion in 1837, and maintained that the ground then taken by the authorities of the United States and of the State of New York would have justified us in complaints quite as strong as those which have been occasioned by the *Alabama*. Messrs. Laird appeared in type yesterday, and gave a long history of their part in sending out that ill-omened vessel, from which it seems that their innocence in the whole affair was something wonderful. However, the controversy is something of the oldest; and I imagine that you will not care to read the thousand-and-first statement of the case until there is some nearer prospect of a solution. I need only repeat that we are now a good deal easier in our minds, and the least in the world ashamed of our previous excitement. I cannot add that it was unnatural under the circumstances. By far the best remarks which it has called forth were contained in a speech by Mr. Forster to his constituents at Bradford. The feeling exhibited was excellent, and the argument, I think, very powerful. I hope that it will be read by all Americans who wish to understand the sentiments on this matter of the best class of English Liberals. Mr. Forster is a man who is gradually rising to a high position. He has an awkward manner and an ungainly figure. No one has less claims to oratorical grace, and he is a most tempting subject for the caricatures. I doubt, however, whether this is really a disadvantage. We have a natural association between roughness and sincerity, which is far from being always justified; the hearty blustering humbug is not much rarer than the smooth-faced villain; but in Mr. Forster's case the assumption seems to be unmistakably current. His rough exterior corresponds, as every one believes, to a thorough sincerity, and to no inconsiderable amount of genuine culture. He is winning that place both in the House of Commons and in public esteem which is always gained, sooner or later, by men of his type; and great common sense and honesty of purpose serve very well in the place of more delicate tact.

The House of Commons met again last night; but there will be little political excitement until the Irish Church Bill reaches the House of Lords. Our legislators take, as you will observe, a very fair allowance of holidays. They have a singular regard, as it would seem, for ecclesiastical propriety. They do not meet till after Christmas, and Easter and Whitsuntide both serve as excuse for a temporary escape from business. Not being myself a legislator, I am unable to say whether their labors are so severe as to make these relaxations necessary. They mark, however, certain critical periods in the session. Before Easter, Parliament sets about its work in high spirits, and promises to get through a prodigious quantity of business. No subject is too vast for its energies, and nothing is so minute as to be neglected. By the time Whitsuntide is reached, anticipations begin to cool. Bills which have not made good progress by this time have rather a bad prospect before them. The long, hot days of summer are approaching; legislation is becoming tedious work; and members are beginning to cast a wistful glance at the moors and salmon rivers which will soon be ready for their amusement. The process of "slaughtering the innocents," as the annual withdrawal of bills is facetiously called, has already begun. Some important bills are mutilated to give them a chance of getting through Parliament; others are being thrown overboard altogether. I may remark that this seems to be the greatest practical defect in our legislative arrangements. Parliament not only insists upon omniscience and omnipotence, but seems to think that it has unlimited time at its disposal. The enormous masses of public and private business which come before it would be enough to tax the energies of half-a-dozen different bodies; yet Parliament not only insists upon doing everything itself, from altering the suffrage down to settling the drainage of a country town, but it does not even organize itself so as to discharge its various functions. Private business is chiefly done by committees; but, in most matters, Parliament appears to think that the whole House must attend to every piece of business that comes before it. Moreover, everything has to be begun over again at the beginning of every session. The consequences are only what might be anticipated. One or two interesting topics absorb the whole attention of the House; a few more are settled without receiving any attention; and a great mass of important business is simply left undone altogether. We frequently declaim against centralization; but this is only centralization with some of its worst evils. One body arrogates to itself such vast functions, and takes so little trouble to fit itself for their discharge, that there is a constantly accumulating mass of arrears.

The Irish Church Bill has taken up the whole disposable vigor of this session; and there is already a whole crop of exciting questions growing up in advance. Some legislation, for example, is urgently required in regard to pauperism and education. A measure in regard to secondary education, which has been brought in by Mr. Forster, has undergone the mutilation of which I have spoken, and not more than half of it will struggle through Parliament. But it seems probable, according to present indications, that another still more exciting topic will first come to the surface. Government has been pressed to declare its intentions with regard to the reform of the Irish land laws. Hitherto it has maintained a resolute silence; but it has declared that it intends to do something, and that that something will not err on the side of incompleteness. The Irish peasantry seem to think that the land will be bodily handed over to them; Irish landlords dread something which, however moderate, they would consider as confiscation; and, in short, a rather uneasy feeling is produced. The intrinsic difficulty of the question is increased by the differences of opinion which it may be expected to develop in the Cabinet. No one can say how Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright, for example, can be brought into harmony on a matter about which they have publicly expressed the widest divergence of opinion. Meanwhile, a rather curious indication of trouble on a similar topic comes from Scotland. Scotland, as you know, returns an almost unmixed body of Liberal members. At the late elections, the Liberal preponderancy was more marked than ever. It was not, however, the Irish Church Bill which produced this unanimity, although that was ostensibly the great question of the day. The point upon which the Scotch elections really turned was the game-laws. There is a constant difficulty upon these laws between landlord and tenant. A landlord gets up what is called a fine head of game, which interferes with his tenants' crops, and then has three great days' shooting, and sends off the product to market. The hares which he sells have thus been fattened on his tenants' corn. Now it is the custom in a large part of Scotland to let farms by auction to the highest bidder; and, in all cases, the tenant may be assumed to make his bargain with a full knowledge of the liabilities involved. The landlord, therefore, says, very naturally, if you object to game-preserving you should have bargained against it when you took your lease. The tenant, however, persists in feeling aggrieved by a danger which introduces an element of uncertainty into his calculations; and it is natural enough that the result of keeping a number of wild animals running about over a man's farm is to produce a great deal of misunderstanding and ill-blood, even though the case has been contemplated in making the original bargain. At any rate, the farmers have grown angry, with or without cause, and elected members pledged to introduce a reform. The most effectual bill is one which declares that it shall not be lawful to insert a clause for the preservation of game into leases at all. This, it is true, involves a very great interference with the rights of property, and it is doubtful whether it can be passed in a body whose sympathies are so strongly with the landholding class. The question is not a very large one in itself, but it may be significant of coming trouble about the land question in a larger sense.

Indeed, game-preserving and some other of the sports on which we pride ourselves have been carried to an extent in which they are rapidly becoming a scandal. In some parts of the country pheasants are preserved in such quantities that they are as tame as barn-door fowls. Shooting does not imply the pursuit of a wild animal, but the destruction by hundreds of domestic birds which have been carefully bred for the purpose. There is a rivalry between different landlords to produce the greatest possible quantity of game, and there is little more sport in shooting them than in going into a barnyard and practising at the cocks and hens. The whole system becomes daily more artificial in a country so highly cultivated as England, and the charm of genuine sport is entirely lost. This is even more distinctly the case in regard to another amusement of which we are accustomed to boast. All London turned out as usual two days ago to see the Derby. The newspapers indulged in the ordinary talk on the subject; they dilated on the enormous crowds which covered Epsom Downs, on the admirable arrangements made by the railway companies, and on the ennobling nature of our national pursuit. But a strong undercurrent of disapproval is also making itself evident. The whole affair is nothing but gambling on a gigantic scale, with abundant opportunities for cheating of every kind, and opportunities which are by no means neglected. An attempt at reform is indeed being made upon one point. The number of races for two-year-old horses has immensely increased of

late years, with the natural result that the young animals are run off their legs, and that the number of aged horses which are good for anything has as rapidly declined. It is to be proposed in the Jockey Club, as the legislature of the turf, to impose restrictions upon this practice, which simply encourages gambling at the expense of the breed of horses. Whether anything will be done or not is more than I can say, but it is obvious that no reform will be good for much which leaves the turf in the same hands as at present. The evil is not in any details of the system, but in the fact that the persons who manage it are as unprincipled and corrupt a set of gamblers as are to be found in the three kingdoms or, perhaps, elsewhere. A few honorable men still keep horses, but we have daily new illustrations of the truth that it is hard to touch pitch without being defiled. Horse-racing, in the abstract, like several other things in the same condition, may, for anything I know, deserve all that is said of it as an ennobling pursuit—though why it should be particularly ennobling to get one horse to run faster than another, I don't exactly see—but in the concrete, it is exceedingly demoralizing, and though probably more money is spent upon it than ever, it is falling off visibly in general esteem.

Correspondence.

THE GERMAN TAX ON FOREIGN INVESTMENTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the last number of your esteemed journal, you make a Cable report of a bill said to be submitted to Parliament by the Federal Government of Germany, imposing a tax on all capital invested in foreign securities, the theme for an article of rather far-reaching consequences. No such tax, I beg to say, has been proposed or contemplated. What the Finance Committee of the Federal Council did mature, among other projects, was a tax on sales of stocks and bonds generally, as negotiated at the public exchanges, without discrimination of foreign or domestic paper. But even in this form the project finds favor only with the feudal party and large landholders, while it has evoked the most energetic remonstrances on the part of all commercial communities. The plan was therefore sure to fail, and has failed so far—Parliament having closed the session of this year without acting on it.

Inasmuch as the party of repudiation in this country may avail themselves of the false announcement referred to, with a view to recommend their scheme of taxing the United States bonds contrary to the terms of contract, I felt called upon to make this correction in the interests of the hundreds of thousands of small German capitalists, who had confidence in this Republic during its darkest days, and continue to trust its Government now that it has been firmly re-established.

I shall thank you for accepting my assurance that our Government will as little propose, as our people would sanction, any measure affecting in the least degree unfavorably the interests of this country, and beg to tender you the expression of my high regard as

Your most obedient servant,

Johannes Rösing, Consul-General.

New York, June 5, 1869.

ENGLAND'S INTENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent has reopened the discussion on the *Alabama* claims, and, unless you have already set his mind at rest in some number of your paper now on its way to me across the Atlantic, I should like to make a short reply. If he will be good enough to refer to the speech of Mr. W. E. Forster, as reported in the *Daily News* of May 22, he will find the "statement of fact" and the "inference of friendly intent," as he requires. What Mr. Forster there states has long been rumored unofficially in England, but was only stated authoritatively for the first time at Bradford.

Your correspondent will see that in some of the details I was slightly inaccurate; on the main point, I was strictly correct. Any one who reads Mr. Forster's speech, and knows anything at all of his career as a statesman—"an able statesman," as Mr. Sumner calls him—will be able to set his mind at rest on the question of intent.

I hope now that the "fagot" of "America's" complaint will fall to pieces. Certainly the ligature is in fair way of removal.

I have not time, nor do I feel qualified, to answer the rest of "America's" points. You have been good enough already to allow me more space in your columns than I ever expected to claim. If he had been in Lancashire during the Rebellion, he would perhaps feel less positive that England was enriched by your calamity, and pay some tribute of sympathy to the Lancashire men who, through all the dark months of 1863, stood unshaken in their allegiance of love to the Union.

But I will not enter into this question. I only wrote originally with one purpose, and that purpose is answered. "America" has taught me much which I am very grateful to him for.

The quickness of interchange of opinion on this question is the first direct consciousness of the Cable which has burst upon England. Henceforth I earnestly pray the two nations will feel one another's pulses better. Meanwhile thanking you, sir, for your contribution towards this consummation, I am, etc.,

H. Lee Warner.

Rugby, May 26, 1869.

THE BERKSHIRE "GRANITE."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your paper of the 27th of May, I find an article on the decay of New England, in which you are pleased to speak of "*the granite hills of Berkshire.*" Now, men and manners may change—the wigwams and hunting-grounds of the wild Indians have long ago given place to the prayerful homes and busy marts of the over-zealous Puritans, and these again must make way, or, to speak more correctly, make room for the broad-shouldered and hard-fisted Celts—but the hills do not change, and those which were limestone twenty years ago we may safely assert are limestone to-day. I believe there is no granite to be found south of the Hoosac range. This is most fortunate for Massachusetts, as the mica slate of which those hills are formed is not so difficult to work out as granite, and that which has well been called the most monstrous Bore in New England would be even more of a bore than it is at present if it were not so. Any one who has seen the beautiful white marble from the quarries of Lee would start with surprise at its being mistaken for the dull gray granite of the more eastern and far less picturesque part of the State. If you will correct this little error, it will gratify the feelings of many lovers of nature and at the same time do justice to

Monument Mountain.

Notes.

LITERARY.

We have more than once spoken in praise of the "Ohio Valley Historical Series," which Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, are publishing. To the "Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians" and the "History of Athens County, Ohio," there is now added "Colonel George Rogers Clark's Sketches of his Campaigns in the Illinois, 1778-9." Works that will be added to these are the following: "Reminiscential Letters, by the late Daniel Drake, M.D.; a Series of Letters addressed to his Children, giving a Faithful and Graphic Description of Pioneer Life." The editor of these letters is the Missouri Senator, the Honorable C. D. Drake. "Pioneer Biography" is by the late James McBride, and is composed of sketches of the lives of some of the early settlers of Butler County—sketches which include detailed accounts of Harmer's, St. Clair's, and Wayne's campaigns, and of many previous fights with the Indians. The same writer left behind him in manuscript a "History of Hamilton, Ohio," and a "History of Oxford and Miami University," which also are in the press of Messrs. Clarke & Co. The last volume as yet announced of this interesting and valuable series is a reprint of an old work printed in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1799. It has the following title:

"An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Col. James Smith (now a citizen of Bourbon County, Kentucky), during his Captivity with the Indians in the years 1755, '56, '57, '58, and '59, in which the Customs, Manners, Traditions, Theological Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline and Encampments, Treatment of Prisoners, etc., are better explained, and more minutely related, than has been heretofore done by any author on that subject. Together with a Description of the Soil, Timber, and Waters, where he travelled with the Indians during his captivity. To which is added a Brief Account of some very Uncommon Occurrences which transpired after his return from captivity; as well as of the Different Campaigns carried on against the Indians to the Westward of Fort Pitt, since the year 1755, to the present date Written by himself."

——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce as in press "The Adventures of a Baltimore Trader on the Coast of the Pacific," by George Standish; "A Wreath of Rhymes," by Millie Mayfield; "Volume Second of 'Daisy,'"

by Miss Warner of "Queechy;" a new work by Ouida; an anonymous "Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion;" a revised (the sixth) edition of "The Stomach and its Difficulties," by Sir James Eyre, M.D.; "Hints for Six Months in Europe," by John H. B. Latrobe; a "Historical Sketch of Nazareth Hall," from 1755 to 1869, by William C. Reichel; "The Apostles of Mediæval Europe," by the Rev. Mr. G. F. Maclean; a "Life of Alfred the Great," by Thomas Hughes, M.P.; and a book of "Stories for Sundays, illustrating the Catechism," for which Bishop Coxe stands sponsor, he having revised the work of the author of "Little Henry and his Bearer."——The National Publishing Company shows advertising skill in sending out occasionally tidbits from Mr. E. A. Pollard's forthcoming "Life of Jefferson Davis." We, for our part, are willing enough to be beguiled into repeated notices; the chapters are appetizing, and dispose us to regard the work as not only clever and readable, but honest, though colored by what seems like personal feeling to a degree that will disincline many people to accord it so much confidence as probably is its due; and not only is it clear and readable and honest, but, we imagine, correct in the main, though, of course, many of its statements will be challenged, and some no doubt successfully.

—The Social Science Association has published the first number of a journal containing its transactions, subsequent numbers to follow at we believe irregular intervals—the length of which will depend on the quantity and quality of the material accumulated in the hands of the Committee of Publication. When we speak of the first number of a journal, however, we mean not a small periodical, but a volume of 194 pages, containing ten papers read at different places and periods before the Association during the past year—the topics being: "The Inspection of Country Schools," by John D. Philbrick; "University Education," by Goldwin Smith; "The Texas Cattle Disease," by J. Stanton Gould; "The Supervision of Public Charities," by F. B. Sanborn; "The Method of Diffusing Knowledge," by Horace Greeley; "The Protection of the Ballot," by Charles Francis Adams, jr.; "Civil Service Reform," by Samuel Eliot; "Some Topics in Criminal Law," by Henry W. Torrey; and "People's Banks of Germany," by Henry Villard. Besides these, there is a letter from M. Tourgeneff on the "Economic Results of the Emancipation of the Serfs in Russia," and a variety of intelligence on the progress of social science with notices of economical and sociological publications. When we say that every paper is either from the pen of a specialist or from a man who has established his claim to be listened to with respect on any subject he thinks proper to discuss, we say enough to show that the Association has entered upon a work of the highest value, and, unlike most reformatory work, it is work at which every man and woman in the country can lend a hand. We believe arrangements are in progress for vigorous operations during the coming fall and winter, commencing with a meeting in this city in October.

—From the Boston *Advertiser*—which still maintains its character as the "organ" of Harvard College, and some of the writing for which is still done by members of the college Faculty—we get a piece of news which is as satisfactory as any collegiate news that it has printed for a long time. A year ago the first post-graduate scholarship was founded, and now the good example set has caused the establishment of another. The scholarship will be assigned to such student as the Faculty may select, and will draw from the income of the fund eight hundred dollars a year. Whatever more than this the income amounts to will be added to the principal, until there is income sufficient for the support of two scholarships. The student selected will be obliged to live in Cambridge, and devote himself, not to special studies with a view of preparation for any profession, but to general studies such as the Faculty may approve. To test his progress, the Faculty may from time to time require of him essays and dissertations; and, we suppose, he would not be forbidden to lecture to the undergraduates if he were so inclined; but he must not hold any position of profit in or out of college other than as proctor or as assistant at examinations, on request of the President. The "assisting at examinations" will not, we trust, be construed to mean the helping of proctors in watching the young gentlemen who are preparing their papers, and in seeing that none of them has forbidden learning written on his shirt-cuffs or hidden in his watch-case. And we believe we are inclined to hope that some means will be found of explaining away the clause which prohibits the holding of offices of profit outside the university. There are some good reasons, no doubt, why tutors and professors should not be eligible candidates for the possession of such a scholarship; but why exclude a student of Anglo-Saxon, say, and early English who should also happen to be an assistant librarian at the Athenæum Library, or a salaried secretary of the local Republican or Democratic Committee? Or what harm if a Curator of the Gray Collection, who was a deep student of logic, were to get the scholarship? However, the English practice, carefully examined, would probably furnish a solution of this question. The gentleman who makes the donation is unwilling to be known as the donor. It is a little impertinent, perhaps, in us to say so; but perhaps this delicacy should hardly be imitated. A rich man may not only be excused for desiring to commemorate his name so honorably as by attaching it to a scholarship, but even he may be begged to do so as an incitement to others to follow his example.

—Of new English publications pertaining to Theology and Religion, most of those of the last fortnight, as is usual, are such as to be of more interest to readers belonging to the Church of England than to readers of other communions. Some, however, are of interest to the mere general reader. "How Brother Ignatius became a Monk" is an article in the *Britannia* by Mr. William Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert is a writer who has Defoe's liking for detail without Defoe's power to make detail subservient to other effects than that of photographic realism, and may rather be expected to make an essay concerning the notorious self-styled monk which shall be curious than to make one which shall be adequate; but probably it will be readable. Mr. H. J. Preston, believing that "a determined effort is being made in England to bring the country again under the Papal yoke," has written a work entitled "Rough Notes for Protestants on the Rise, Principles, and Progress of Rome." As the *Spectator* has recently pointed out, a book might be written on the "Progress" of Protestantism—to say the least, whether or not one could be written on the "Rise and Principles" of it—which would very likely have the effect of allaying the fears of those Protestants whom the Pope of Rome terrifies. The "failure of Protestantism" *as a system*—if there has been a failure—is no more a test of the efficiency of Protestantism as a protest than an army's proficiency in the arts of production would be the true standard by which to test its efficiency and value. But it is rather among laymen than clergymen that this view should be expected to be taken. American clergymen may possibly be glad to read what Dr. W. F. Hook has to say concerning "The Disestablished Church in the American Republic." Newman's "Sermons on Subjects of the Day" are to be published—with the editorial care of the Rev. Mr. W. J. Copeland—in a style uniform with the eight-volume edition of the same writer's "Parochial and Plain Sermons." The Rev. Mr. C. T. Collins Trelawney's "Perranzabulœ, or the Church of England not a New Church, but Ancient, Apostolical, Independent; and a Protesting Church near a Hundred Years before the Reformation," goes into a new edition. The widely known if hardly famous Richard Hurrell Froude's "State Interference with Matters Spiritual" is now reprinted—with a certain opportuneness—and is furnished with a preface by W. J. E. Bennett.

—In Science we have, in a thin octavo volume, "An Introduction to the Classification of Animals," by Professor Huxley, and a new book for beginners in geology—"Chips and Chapters"—by Dr. David Page. Mr. Veitch's "Memoir of Sir William Hamilton" will be as interesting to most scholarly students of History and Biography as any of the books of the month which are to be ranged under that head. It tells a pitiful story; it throws additional, though not new, light upon the England in which Lord Macaulay's judgment on Bacon and on Plato was held to be not only worth attention but final; in which "Kit North" was considered a proper occupant of a chair of philosophy, while Hamilton, who at least knew the history of philosophy as few men ever have known it, went begging for a professorship, and his wife was forced to beg for a pension. "Constitutional Progress" consists of seven university lectures on English history by Professor Montagu Burrows, of Oxford, a Conservative in politics, whose party views are said to affect his lectures. The new edition of Coleridge's "Life of Keble" will contain some new matter—some of the letters which the preface of the first edition wishes for. "Lancashire, its Puritanism and Nonconformity," by Mr. Robert Halley, should be a taking title to many Americans—Lancashire Puritanism having spread so wide in Eastern Massachusetts, and, thence, in the West. The work is in two volumes. The second volume of Sir H. M. Elliot's "History of India" is out. Of late books coming under the head of Poetry, none is of much importance; one as attractive as any is, perhaps, "Hood's Early Poems and Sketches," which is edited by the poet's daughter. It includes the "Odes and Addresses to Great Men." There is also a new and revised edition of the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," collected, arranged, and edited by his daughter, with a preface by his son. Mr. William Morris and Mr. E. Magnusson have joined forces to produce a translation of the Icelandic poem, "Grettir's Saga: the Story of Grettir the Strong." "Proposals for, and Contributions to, a Ballad

History of England," is a title worthy of attention, as revealing an odd conception of the possible in present English literature. Even a person very sceptical as to the historical value of old ballads, would confess that our ballads-to-come are likely to be infinitely less valuable as history. What they may be as poetry, it would not be easy to say. Here, as distantly pertaining to poetry, we may mention the fact that Mr. Tennyson, in addition to his other honors, has just been made an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. It will be in order by-and-by, probably, to talk of him as a man on whom one of the new life peerages is to be bestowed—he, if literature is to be so honored, being as likely as any one to be asked to accept such a honor; and as safe, we imagine, to refuse. The end of the proposed innovation being to infuse new life into the House of Lords as a legislative machine, and to make the nation better contented with the aristocracy, it would be an end ill enough answered by the bestowal of what one might call nondescript peerages on "available" literary men. While literature, or the body of literary men, would thus receive a slight, legislation would certainly gain only inappreciably; and the secret dissatisfaction of the modern Englishman at the sight of a privileged class would be not much diminished by seeing his idols selected by the powers that be as the objects of a condescending compliment. In Fiction, there seems to be nothing doing that calls for particular notice. There is the usual flood of usual novels, but except the translation of Hugo's "L'Homme Qui Rit"—which makes much less talk among the English than its English "business" might have led one to expect—nothing is published just now in this branch of literature that seems of importance. Dickens is reported to be engaged on a new story.

—Of new English books besides the Theological, Scientific, Poetical, and such others as may be more strictly classified, we may mention as among the Miscellaneous one which will do something to take away the reproach which some of our correspondents cast upon England—of having gone into a rage about Mr. Sumner's *Alabama* speech without ever having read it. Messrs. Stevens Brothers, of London, have in press an edition of the "Speech of the Hon. Charles Sumner, in Executive Session of the United States Senate, against the Ratification of the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty." Over here, by the way, we observe that we do not reverse this order of the negotiators' names, and with politeness say "the Clarendon-Johnson treaty." We civilly forego the pleasures of civility, we suppose, for the sake of implying the culpability of our own negotiator—making him the more prominent to give him the greater share of blame. "Sketches of Young Couples by Quiz, illustrated by Phiz," is a book which is in the midst of a revival of the popularity—such as it was—which it had a generation ago. It is said to be the unacknowledged work of Mr. Dickens—a fact worth the attention of the collectors who devote themselves to Dickens; if, indeed, there be any such collectors. Hazlitt's "Round Table"—perhaps as good, all things considered, as anything of his—reappears as a volume of the pretty and cheap "Bayard Series." For the thirty-seventh volume of their "Standard Library," Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have chosen Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America;" and its author, in a new preface, congratulates himself on the fact that in the "young life" of that work it has already achieved, in various languages, the honor of no less than forty editions. There is agreement, however, on the part of all whose opinions as to things of this kind are valuable, that this is not at all a matter for congratulation. Certainly, all such Americans as know that their country—wherever and whatever else it may be—is at least not dreamt of in Mr. Dixon's philosophy or imagination, and is to be seen neither in Utah nor at Wallingford, will think it a thing much to be regretted for the readers' own sakes that there should be readers of forty editions of so misleading and slight a book as Mr. Dixon made up when he went home from this country. We see that one of the London publishing houses is breaking the traditionary rule that new novels shall appear in three volumes. Two stories of about the orthodox length have just been published by Messrs. F. Warne & Co. in a style superior in appearance to our ordinary cloth-bound works of fiction, but the same as the latter in essentials.

—But a French book, which is issued by one of the London publishers—Mr. Trübner—promises to be more valuable than most of the fortnight's "History" of English production. It is "Etudes sur l'Histoire du Droit Criminel des Peuples Anciens—Inde Brahmanique, Egypte, Judée." It is by J. J. Thonissen, a Professor of Louvain. "Many ages before the founding of Rome," Professor Thonissen's prospectus begins, "when Italy and Greece had not yet perceived the first glimmerings of civilization, the vast problems of politics and law had reached on the banks of the Ganges and the Nile the dignity of a science." It is necessary, then, if we would clearly understand the general history of law, to turn our attention to these oriental sources; and fortunately a world unknown to the public of the last century has been laid open by the investigations of Egyptologists, Biblical critics and students of the Talmud, and the researches of the students of Sanskrit philology. Professor Thonissen has not contented himself with an unambitious scheme; and it is as yet soon enough, perhaps, to attempt generalizing, even on the mass of facts which his various fields will afford him; but it is reasonable to expect that his digest may have value for the jurists, the linguistic scholars, and the ethnologists for whom he intends it. As akin to the forthcoming work, we may quote here, from a paper recently read before the Royal Asiatic Society, some remarks made by Mr. N. B. E. Baillie on "The Mohammedan Law of Evidence in connection with the Administration of Justice to Foreigners." The *ultima ratio* on the matter of fact before an English court, Mr. Baillie pointed out, is the opinion of a judge or jury; and all evidence, direct or circumstantial, is introduced and allowed its weight in forming this opinion. According to the Mohammedan procedure, on the other hand, circumstantial evidence is wholly refused; testimony can be received only to one side of the issue; it must be always direct to the point in dispute; and when two or more competent witnesses unite in stating a fact in the same way, their consent is as absolutely conclusive as the verdict of a jury in England. Thus the *ultima ratio* in a Mohammedan court is the opinion of the witnesses. This constitutes the radical difference between the two systems of trying causes, and, together with some minor differences, does not open up a pleasing prospect for Americans and Englishmen should "consular justice" ever be replaced by native justice in Turkey and other Mohammedan countries.

—The annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, which took place in London on the 5th of last month, not only gave occasion to the usual amount of speech-making of the usual kind, but Lord Stanley, who acted as chairman, made some remarks which others besides the gentlemen who dined with him will take some interest in hearing. He said that if ever the secrets of the society's charity were made public, most people would be much surprised to see in the lists of beneficiaries so many persons of well-known names. "I noted off," he said, "a list containing over sixty names of those who were assisted, to every one of which the credit of eminence in his or her respective line could not be denied. What I mean by eminence—for the word is vague—is this," he continued: "that of these sixty-odd names, there is not one which would not be familiar—I do not say merely to professed students of literature or science, but to any well-educated individual having acquaintance with the literature and science of the last century." "The last century" covers a period which includes some of English literature's more poverty-stricken days. A hundred years ago Goldsmith had yet five years to live; and when Goldsmith is thought of, one is almost compelled to think of the garret and the landlady—in short, of Hogarth's "Distressed Poet." In 1769, Goldsmith's greatest friend, the Autocrat of Literature, was not so very far removed from the days when he and Mr. Savage—who thereby got his best lodging in literature, at any rate—walked the streets of London all night for want of a room in which to sleep. And in the matter of style of living—however it was as regards style of writing—it is to be feared that for some years after 1769 "Doctor Minor" had more followers than "Doctor Major." We do not know, therefore, whether or not we are called on to be so melancholy as we might be over Lord Stanley's statement of what has happened to sixty-odd of the eminent among literary men and women of "the last hundred years." Just at present the rewards of success in literature are so great, and the possibility of earning a highly respectable living, even without what can be called literary success, is so constantly proved, that our age may be called the literally golden age of literature—or, rather, the golden age of men of letters—though for that matter we have Charles Reade to prove that these are convertible terms, and that if you want literature to be golden, you must give plenty of money to the literary men. It may be doubted, we should say, if most of the sixty-odd names are not those of writers who attained their "eminence" before 1830. As the *Publishers' Circular* (London) points out, the Royal Literary Fund, if it relieves eminent authors, does not entertain many such as its guests. Mr. Anthony Trollope, who was one of the guests, was the only one, the *Circular* says, whose name is familiarly known "to any well-educated person having ordinary acquaintance with literature." That cannot be said of the Rev. Mr. D'Orsey, nor of the Rev. Mr. J. H. Blunt, Mr. Chandos Wren Hoskyns, Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, the Rev. Mr. R. Whiston, nor hardly of Mr. Beresford Hope, though most people know that he is connected with the *Saturday Review*. But we imagine that this absence of celebrated men from the feast is not the fault of the society. We observe that the *Circular*, too, like the rest of the English papers, has its

slap at our late minister to England, whom it speaks of as the "irrepressible Mr. Reverdy Johnson." By the way, another slap at him in which the *Circular* indulges seems not called for; it corrects his English thus: He "stated that one of his pleasantest recollections on his return would be that he had been among" (in company of) "those literary men who had devoted their time," etc., etc., etc. The *Circular's* practice is better than this rather impertinent little bit of its preaching. In the next breath it says, "All honor to these gentlemen for coming amongst authors," etc.

—Mr. August Glaeser, U. S. Consular Clerk at Frankfort, has in mind to translate for the European public a portion of Mr. Tuckerman's "Book of the Artist," having been encouraged to do so by the favor with which his little pamphlet, "Das Lincoln-Monument," was received on the Continent. The character of the latter publication was described in the *Nation* of March 18; but the author, in a private note, suggests that we may have misled people as to his pretensions, by saying that the work did not quite meet our expectations—meaning those excited by an announcement of it we had seen. This, we are free to admit, was our own fault and not Mr. Glaeser's, who made no claim to originality, while nevertheless the first to contribute to German literature a coherent account of American art and artists. In performing this service he could get no assistance whatever from his own countrymen, and of course had to resort to the best American sources or source—the "New American Cyclopædia," with Mr. Sumner's speech for a guide at every step. Hence the limited number of his biographies, and the absence of anything like criticism in them. Mr. Tuckerman's work is, as we pointed out at the time of its appearance, not the best for transatlantic reading, partly because it ministers too much to our national vanity, and therefore may make us ridiculous in foreign eyes, and partly because it ignores a school of art which is very confidently ready to dispute the future with the older (or what, borrowing the analogy from literature, we may call the Knickerbocker) school. However, it is the fullest work we have, and it says all that can be said in favor of the artists admitted to notice; and an abridgment of it would perhaps be even better than an extract.

—Number 20 of the *Journal of the Berlin Geographical Society* offers nothing of very general interest, though, as always, much that is valuable, in its leading articles. In the miscellany we find an epitome of Wallmann's observations on the color of Alpine lakes and streams. Green and blue, of course, ranging through all the tones, form the broadest distinction among the lakes. In not a few both colors are combined. Lago Maggiore is green in its northern arm, and blue in its southern. A great number have the shore-belt, where the water is apt to be shallowest, of a lighter tint than the main body; and those elevated lakes in kettle or pot-shaped basins are frequently light green at the edge, grow more and more darkly green in rings as the centre is approached, and at the centre show a dark-blue core or nucleus. These, which may be called the permanent hues of the lakes, are subject to some variation from temperature and weather, as is a matter of common observation, but the original cause of them is not accurately known. Subterranean springs, reflected and refracted light, shoals, and mountain feeders all affect them to some extent. The last take their own color from the rocks and earths among which they rise. Those descending from slaty formations are a pure greenish-blue; the limestone torrents a blue-gray or a bluish-green; streams from the Alpine lakes an emerald green. Lake Geneva and the through-flowing Rhone are of a beautiful blue color; Lake Constance and the Rhine are green. The glacier-born streams have a milk-and-water appearance, which is intensified in the afternoon and in summer; and during this season they often tinge the elevated lakes with a like cloudiness.

A NEW LIFE OF RALEIGH.*

WHETHER it is true or not, as Mr. Charles Kingsley says, that to Sir Walter Raleigh, "under the providence of Almighty God, do the whole United States of America owe their existence," it is at any rate true that Raleigh was the prime hero of our colonial history—the man of all Englishmen of his day whose name is most indissolubly associated with the planting of English settlements in America. No American will fail, therefore, to welcome a new and complete life of this distinguished man, prepared in great part from wholly new materials, and vindicating his name anew from undeserved obloquy. In his modest and eloquent introduction Mr. Edwards forestalls the charge of presumption in undertaking a task from which many eminent writers have shrunk. After a graphic description of the difficulty—nay, impossibility—of getting full access to documentary records a hundred years ago, he adds (p. xlv.): "The humblest historical enquirer is, in 1868, in a better position as a searcher into records than a retired Prime Minister, with a literary ambition, would have been in 1768, or, indeed, for some two generations later. The concentration of the national records into a single repository at the new Rolls House, with open doors and rapidly accumulating calendars, does more than alter the mere conditions of such a task as that which Edward Gibbon abandoned, about a hundred years ago, for want of trustworthy materials. That concentration of the public archives renders it certain that honest, continued, and painstaking labor will be able to make useful additions to previous knowledge on many a theme of national interest, however modest the amount of literary skill with which the new materials may be handled."

In spelling the name *Ralegh*, Mr. Edwards follows the almost uniform practice of Sir Walter himself, as shown in the letters given in the second volume. In the early part of his life he signed *Rauley*, afterwards *Ralegh*; while his contemporaries adopted any one of a dozen different forms.

The author deserves nearly as high commendation for the use made of his materials as for his industry and honesty in collecting them. His remarks are always candid and judicious, and the work is well laid out and well executed in detail. He is at times over-sedulous to turn a pregnant, elliptical expression into formal grammar; but he does not tamper with his author after the style of Mr. Sparks's substitution of "General Putnam" for "Old Put," but inserts the needed word in brackets; *e. g.*, p. 241, in speaking of the capture of Fayal in 1597, "I stayed so long from landing . . . as [that] I heard mine own company, even at my back, murmer and say that I durst not adventure it." Here the "that," which we take to have been inserted by the editor, adds nothing to the clearness of the sentence; while there is an easy off-hand air about the original expression quite in character with the despatch of a naval commander announcing a victory.

Again, Mr. Edwards is too fond of parentheses, and indulges too often in the fault of *allusiveness*, so common in many writers, as on p. 645, "A great living historian once said of a certain famous event," etc. Why not say, out-and-out, what historian and what event? It is no shame, even to a well-read man, not to be able to identify at sight every familiar passage, even from the most famous writers; but at a quotation like that given, it is impossible not to feel a little rebuked, somewhat as if one were of a sudden unable to remember who discovered America. This habit is even worse when the writer is dealing with events which are so familiar to him that he seems to forget that it is possible some of his readers may have had some other topic on their minds of late. We confess that we have been obliged to have recourse to other books for facts and dates which are essential to understanding the story, but which Mr. Edwards has taken for granted. This fault appears worst of all in the chapters that treat of the great central event of the book—the trial and conviction of Raleigh in 1603. There is a long account given of the two great plots of that year—the "surprising treason" of Lord Grey and others, and Lord Cobham's conspiracy in behalf of Lady Arabella Stuart; and the trial of Raleigh is depicted with much detail and great dramatic effect. But the subject is not clearly introduced; there is no adequate account of the bearing of these events upon each other and upon public affairs, or of the way in which Sir Walter came to be implicated in them. Perhaps it is intended to let the successive events tell their own story, and bring vividly before the reader the confused and contradictory nature of the charges just as they stood before a contemporary. And to a certain extent this is well; but the duty of the historian is something more: he should give not merely the materials for a judgment—which Mr. Edwards has done with great fairness—but so introduce and arrange them as to give his reader an advantage which the contemporary did not have.

The editor has made some very judicious remarks at the close of the chapter upon the trial. After quoting the assertion of one of the judges, made in after years, that "the justice of England has never been so injured and degraded as by the condemnation of Sir Walter Raleigh," he adds, "But the manifest injustice of a conviction is quite a different thing from the absolute innocence of the person accused," and proceeds to discuss briefly some of the probabilities, as well as to notice some problems still unsolved. It is certain that Raleigh had some transactions with Cobham; but it is certain, too, that Cobham's self-contradictory and unsupported testimony can have no weight to convict Raleigh of treason. For our part, while the fact of treason is unproved, we can yet see no treason to England

* "The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh. Based on Contemporary Documents preserved in the Rolls House, the Privy Council Office, Hatfield House, the British Museum, and other Manuscript Repositories, British and Foreign. Together with his Letters, now first collected. By Edward Edwards. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868." Vol. I., Life, 8vo, pp. lvi. and 723. Vol II., Letters, pp. lxxxv. and 530.

in desiring—supposing he did desire—some other succession than that of James Stuart. As our author well shows in his fifteenth chapter, it is very unsafe to infer "sixteenth-century views of 'hereditary right' from eighteenth-century views of it;" and nothing was further from the minds of that generation than the complete acquiescence in James's claim which we are accustomed to. In despair of a substitute, England received him without a contest; but if such a substitute was supposed to exist, and was favored by Raleigh, assuredly the Revolution of 1688 justified his prescience. Mr. Edwards thinks it inconceivable that he could have plotted to put "an empty-headed girl" on the throne; as well, one would say, an empty-headed girl, with men like Raleigh about her, as James the First with his Carr and Villiers.

Mr. Edwards is no victim of the *morbus biographicus*, and yet he has an honest and hearty admiration for his hero; and, what is still more to the point, the power of depicting the character of the man with great vividness and discrimination, but at the same time without any elaborate analysis. He admits his faults—ambition, greed, pride, occasional vindictiveness—ill growths of prosperity, which were partly rooted up in his years of misfortune; admits, too, that he was an unpopular man, and in part deservedly so. But if he was ambitious and self-seeking, it was without dishonor; he sought his own gain, but never by dishonest or disloyal means. Granting that he was guilty in 1603 and afterwards in 1618, it was a guilt uncontaminated by mean or selfish motives. Throughout his life his marked characteristics are great powers as well for counsel as for action, joined with an intense and unswerving devotion to his country. Even James, when he beheaded him to please the King of Spain, was eager to enhance the sense of obligation by calling Philip's attention to the eminence and remarkable capacity of his victim. Undoubtedly the man in the crowd was right who said, when Raleigh's head fell from his shoulders, "We have not such another head to cut off."

Why, then, was Raleigh's life a failure? For, after all, even supposing he had continued to prosper after James's accession, it is obvious that his reputation was already made—that of a brilliant, many-sided man, who shone in splendid achievements, but on the whole accomplished no great work: this is the way we all are wont to think of him at this day. Mr. Kingsley speaks of "the fatal yet pardonable mistake" by which "he tried to be too many men" at once, and explains his want of success by this. Perhaps this was so; but, after all, was it his own fault? Could he have done otherwise? If anything was characteristic of the man, it was his restless activity. He could not be idle. If he could not do what he liked best to do, he would do what lay next his hand; but something he must do. Admiral and colonizer abroad, courtier and administrator at home, in every field of action he was a practical reformer—introducing methods and institutions which have left their mark on all after-time. He could not see a thing going wrong without trying to set it right. Away from public life, he enters with zeal into the improvement of his estate; shut up in prison, he devotes himself to literature.

Nevertheless, the main bent of his mind always directed him towards public life—not as a closet politician, like Burleigh and Walpole, nor as a man of action merely, like Nottingham. More than almost any man of modern times, he reminds us of those great statesmen of antiquity who would carry out on the field what they had counselled in the senate. To read his speeches and pamphlets, one would say that he should have sat always in the Council of State; to follow his brilliant achievements in the fleet, one would wonder that his name does not rank with Blake's and Nelson's, or Turenne's and Marlborough's. Above all, he was a man not merely of ideas, but of one idea—of a *policy*—his whole life was concentrated into enmity towards Spain, and jealousy of her power. Had circumstances favored, he might perhaps have been against Spain what Richelieu was against Austria, and William III. against France.

But no such thing as this was possible in Elizabeth's reign. A minister like Raleigh would not have been to her taste. To be sure, her trusted Burleigh also favored a bold policy—an alliance of the Protestant powers of the North in support of the struggling Huguenots and Netherlanders; and Walsingham wrote earnestly from Paris, just before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, to urge active measures in behalf of the Netherlanders. "As you tender God's glory and her Majesty's safety, see if you can induce her, upon overtures first to be made by the King [Charles IX.] in their behalf, to join with him in yielding assistance. If God had not raised up the Prince of Orange to have entertained Spain, the fire would have been kindled before this in our own home." But Burleigh and Walsingham were of different stuff from Raleigh, and were safe and submissive ministers of her policy, seeing they could not have their own.

It is idle to conjecture how the history of the sixteenth century might have been changed if Elizabeth had had a steady and far-seeing policy, and carried it out faithfully and liberally. The names of Zutphen and Cadiz stand to show what England could do when Elizabeth permitted her to act; what might not William of Orange have accomplished with the hearty co-operation of statesmen like Burleigh and Walsingham and heroes like Raleigh? No one appears to have surpassed Raleigh in discerning either the great duty placed before his country, or the best means of fulfilling it. The fragments of his speeches in Parliament remind one of the words in which Demosthenes pointed out the true means of contending against the Philip of his day.

We believe, therefore, that Raleigh failed only for lack of scope; because a half-hearted and parsimonious queen did not want the best work he had to do, and a worthless king had not sense enough to value the ablest man in his dominions. The closing chapters of the book are almost unexceptionably good, and give strong testimony to the meanness of King James and his eagerness to conciliate Spain. The plot, too, against Raleigh is elaborated much more clearly than the plots of 1603, and the reader is led spontaneously to cast his mind back to that triumphant chapter (the twelfth) which tells of Raleigh's "offences against Spain," and which ends (p. 296): "It was Raleigh who—in Parliament, in the press, and in council; alike in season and out of season—had been the unremitting enemy of Spanish policy wherever and in whatever shape he met with it. It was he who by vast colonial enterprises, extending over twenty years, had defied Spanish pretensions, and spread alarm throughout Spanish settlements. If the time should ever come when a new and weak monarch shall be disposed to bend the policy of England to the policy of Spain; when a king of England shall lay bare to an ambassador of Spain his hatred of a free press and a free parliament—a time when 'the scribes' shall be in power, and the men of war in disgrace—on whose head is it likely that Spain will seek to wreak her revenge for the past?"

Whatever may be our judgment upon the perplexed questions of 1603, it is impossible to read the account of the disastrous voyage of 1617, with Sir Walter's own words, without being convinced that the enterprise was honestly undertaken for the glory and advantage of England, and that when he returned heart-broken to his country, it was as a duty and to fulfil a promise. Whatever claims Spain made to the possession of Guiana, Raleigh did not admit them, but consistently maintained that his early voyages had made it part of the English empire; and, as he forcibly argued in his letter to Lord Carew, "were not Guiana his Majestie's, then mighte I as well have beene questioned for a theefe, for takinge of gould out of the Kinge of Spaine's mines; as the Spa[niards] doe now call me a peace-breaker" (Vol. II., p. 376).

We recognize the distinction drawn, p. 521, between "people" and "populace;" we know the difference, even in our democratic republic; but perhaps Raleigh judged—and perhaps his editor judges—a little unfairly in thinking that "if England, in 1588, had been governed by counting heads or 'votes,' that year would have proved the year of England's agony, not the year of her power and pride." The experience of America, against which Mr. Edwards cannot forbear the luxury of a fling or two, in the year which might have proved the year of her agony, may be set aside. But in Raleigh's own time the great revolution of the Netherlands was accomplished—not, to be sure, by the "populace," but by the unfaltering patriotism of fishermen and artisans, trusting and faithfully upholding a great leader.

THE SCIENCE OF CHARITY.*

ONE of the most marked instances of the progress of the scientific spirit in this age is the increasing control of reason over the management of charities. There is, in fact, springing up a science of charity. The mere sentimental aid of suffering and poverty, without reference to the other effects produced, once held a bounden duty of every conscientious person, is more and more looked upon as dangerous to both giver and receiver. The keen feelings of pity and humanity, though of course underlying all sound systems of charity, are seen to be untrustworthy and perilous, unless under the control of an enlightened judgment and in combination with the rules of a wide experience. The great object of all forms of public charity and aid to the unfortunate and the criminal is more and more seen to be *the development of character*. Where this is not secured or is impeded, no matter what benevolent feelings may be gratified or what touching spectacle of mercy may be afforded, there the scientific organizer of

* "A Half-Century with Juvenile Delinquents; or, The New York House of Refuge and its Times. By B. K. Pierce, D.D., Chaplain of the New York House of Refuge." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.

charity sees only injury done, the laws of society interfered with, and what was intended for a blessing in reality turned to a curse.

To attain this great end, suffering will often be permitted rather than that state help or private assistance should interfere with self-help; the great natural laws will be strictly adhered to; and the motives and individual agencies which everywhere keep society sound and healthful will be applied to the treatment of its exceptional members—the defective, the unfortunate, the orphan, and the criminal. In this view, the great reform of our day in criminal science has been inaugurated—the Irish Prison Reform. To the eye of sentiment, Howard has been a figure for ever hallowed, as he went from prison to prison cleaning the foul places and bringing comparative comfort and decency again to the poor prisoner. But to the scientific student of reform, the almost unknown commander of a distant penal colony, Captain Maconochie, in inventing and first applying his system of marks and gradation of punishment to the most hardened criminals, has done a greater service to the prisoners. He has first demonstrated the possibility of reforming character by infusing hope into the treatment of the most hopeless—the convicts; and the prison, under his able imitator, Sir Walter Crofton, has no longer been a mere place of dull punishment, but also a means of restoring a more industrious producer and a more honest man to society.

The modern science of charity has long ago rejected the idea that children of criminal habits are to be treated like older offenders. In all civilized countries reform has gone hand in hand with punishment for this unfortunate class. But the scientific method has not stopped with this improvement. It has seen that in all branches of reformatory treatment success has only been attained by adhering as closely as possible to the natural laws. Many modes of influencing or improving the young have come down to us from past ages, and, among others, the monastic system—the large institutions where numbers are massed together, and the life becomes artificial and unnatural.

The students of charity in different countries have watched the effects of these large reformatories. They have reasoned that, above all others, children need individual and personal influences, and without these the massing of youth together under general instruction only exposes them to innumerable temptations from each other, and creates at best artificial virtue. For the social opinion of a large institution must always be much stronger than any teaching of the superior officers. Numbers fostered unnatural faults, or cherished hypocritical virtues. The child did not feel the most powerful natural influence—that of a family or a home. He grew up, so far as practical life was concerned, somewhat like a monk—not exposed to its natural temptations, given to hidden indulgences, and entirely unacquainted with its everyday machinery. They urged that the child of the state must expect to live mainly by work in the soil, and to supply his wants, as poor people do, by hand-labor; whereas, in the monastic institutions, he is lighted, warmed, and fed by machinery, and his labor is principally a cheap kind of handicraft.

The results of the congregated system for reformatories have been seen to be so unfavorable that men dissatisfied with it have in different countries opened family reformatories, where the unfortunate little subjects were distributed in groups—each company being in a separate cottage, under individual influence—where the everyday wants are supplied by hand, and the employment is mainly in the garden or on the farm. These establishments—among which we would particularize the Rauhe Haus of Dr. Wichern, at Hamburg; the *Agricultural Colony* at Mettrai, under M. De Metz; and those under Sydney Turner, in Kent, England—are now for practical success the leading reformatories in the world.

Of the opposite system, the House of Refuge in New York is the best example. Mr. Pierce's book, "A Half-Century with Juvenile Delinquents," might in fact be called "A Defence of the Congregated System." Mr. Pierce has been long and favorably known as a most earnest and intelligent worker in juvenile reform: first as Superintendent of the Massachussetts Lancaster Industrial School for Girls, and lately as Chaplain of the New York House of Refuge. He has given the public, in the present volume, a very readable and interesting history of the New York Reformatory, with sketches of the various persons engaged in its work, and also of similar enterprises in the city. The volume abounds in interesting incidents and in valuable discussions of principles. Its only defect as a history is in taking the statements of certain individual charities in the city for truth as to the results accomplished by them—especially its giving credence to the statements of one person whose shortcomings have often been noticed in these columns. There is also too much indiscriminate praise of the large congregated reformatories.

Mr. Pierce's arguments for his favorite system of treatment for criminal and neglected children do not seem to us such as make out a case. We may concede at once that there is no doubt that a large asylum makes a better show to the public; that it is easier to manage, as depending more upon machinery and less upon individual force; that it can organize handicrafts better; that it can sustain more profitable labor; and that it has room for a larger number of inmates. It is equally true that the family asylum is very far from being a true natural family, and that it requires for its success men or women of great devotion and of much personal power. But, when all is allowed, the great effect aimed at by a reformatory—the development of character, the growth of a true manhood, the cultivation of honesty, purity, and industry—cannot be produced to any great extent in a large caravansery of children. A family asylum may not be a true family, but it is nearer to it than a building, like the New York House of Refuge, with a thousand children. It gives opportunity for the play of individual personal influences; it enables each child to be watched, and taught, and influenced as he may personally need; it calls out affection, and gratitude, and friendship between the superintendent of each group and the little objects of his care. There must be under it less bad influence of one lad upon the other, and less of concealed vice. The labor is petty and plain, such as each boy or girl must do hereafter. There seems to us a mistake in Mr. Pierce's statement that lads of this class find farm or garden work slow and dull. The experience of the family reformatories is quite in the opposite direction. All street-boys find steady labor irksome at first; but farm-work soon becomes as attractive as any, and, as the branch where common labor in this country is most needed and best rewarded, it ought to be the first chosen for the children of the state. Moreover, farm-life preserves these lads, when they leave the reformatory, from their most dangerous temptations.

It is not enough to point in reply to the hundreds of youth saved by such congregated houses as the House of Refuge in New York. Wherever devoted and Christian men and women labor personally to benefit an abandoned class of children, there will certainly be rich fruits shown in honest lives and renovated characters. The question is, Would not more fruit be gathered under another system? No congregated reformatory has presented anything like the results of the Mettrai Colony or the Hamburg Rauhe Haus. The failures of Mettrai, if we remember correctly, are less than ten per cent.; there, however, in addition to the influence of small groups and the effect of religion, is brought in that most powerful agency on this class of youth, the love of honor and emulation.

Mr. Pierce's defence of the old system we believe to be that of a hopeless position, and one which the advancing progress of the scientific method in dealing with charities will soon place with the arguments of the past for abuses now happily almost forgotten.

Volcanoes and Earthquakes. By MM. Zurcher and Margollé. Translated from the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869. London: Richard Bentley. 1869.)—There seems to be no good reason why this work should have received the honor of a translation; it is a mere compilation of rather indiscriminate quotations tied together by a clumsy thread of narrative, forming one of the least meritorious of the many works on popular science which have appeared in France during the last five years. No pains have been taken to set before the reader the results of the numerous investigations which have given us the science of seismology. Where the reader is so fortunate as to have the facts given him at second-hand from Humboldt, Dolomieu, or other competent observers, his impressions are likely to be correct. Where, however, the authors have not been so cautious as to confine themselves to quotations, the reader runs great risk of acquiring very erroneous ideas concerning earthquakes and volcanoes. No effort has been made to explain the formation of volcanic cones or the transmission of earthquake shocks—the two most fundamental facts connected with the phenomena of which the book treats. Enough is said, however, to lead the reader to believe that volcanic mountains are lifted at once into the air by forces acting from the interior of the earth—a theory long since cast aside by most geologists, and which would have fallen into complete disrepute were it not for the teachings of Elie de Beaumont and one or two other of the older French geologists.

The most remarkable part of the work is the engravings. They are indeed extraordinary productions. One must believe that most of them represent regions where gravitation has ceased to play its wonted part; where volcanic products arrange themselves not according to their usual laws, but in obedience to the ingenious imagination of the draughtsman. It

is quite singular how the angle of slope of volcanic peaks, as represented in all our popular treatises where they are depicted, has gone on increasing from year to year, until the normal declivities of 20° or 25° have been altered to the more picturesque angles of 60° and even 70°. Those whose eyes have been justly offended by these exaggerations, have at least the satisfaction of seeing here the final stage of this absurdity.

It is hardly worth while to notice the many minor errors of style and statement found in this volume. The printer's part of the work is well done; and were it not for careless stitching, the volume before us would be, in all mechanical regards, very creditable. We must say, in conclusion, that it seems a great pity that, while such productions as this are sought for translation, works like the admirable "La Terre" of Elisée Reclus, or the excellent and popular "La Lune" of Guillemin, should not be given a place in our language.

Agnes Wentworth. By E. Foxton, author of "Herman" and "Sir Pavon and Saint Pavon." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—Reading "Agnes Wentworth" revives the general impression which we gained from the author's former novel, "Herman," which we read some years ago, and had forgotten in great part—an impression which is strengthened by this one, and also by the recollection of one or two contributions by the same hand to some of the magazines—that there is little in the way of her achieving some success in literature except the want of vitality in her characters, the suspicion of dulness which makes her writing not altogether easy reading, and what, for want of a pleasanter word, we must call the pretentiousness of her general tone. To set against such faults as these, she has command of a more accurate and refined English style than most of her female contemporaries, and she looks at life from a half-heroic, half-religious standpoint, from which the elaboration of speculations on literature and art and on the relations of the individual to the present and the future world are so naturally to be expected that it troubles nobody to get them. But she is rather staid and self-conscious in her manner, and, if we may say so, she is a little too careful to preserve in the minds of her readers a sense of the irreproachable manners and good-breeding of her characters. Except, for instance, as an illustration of the "habits of good society"—illustrations, we may say in passing, which, on a writer's own account, cannot be too delicately offered—there seems not to be any reason for a remark like this, which is interpolated by "Mr. Foxton" in his account of a little conversation between Agnes and her husband: "They called each other by their Christian names to me, because I knew them both so well, and her from childhood." Now, the most inoffensive reader, on getting an unexpected hint of this nature, might naturally enough—to console himself for a disagreeable impression that the writer thought it might not be wholly thrown away upon him—remind himself that when a man asserts his peculiar refinement and delicacy, some people at once begin to suspect him. When the wayfarer proclaims aloud that he is a man of great probity and sterling integrity, the housekeeper begins to give an eye to her spoons. Such uneasy virtue is too apt to provoke suspicion—which, of course, is often enough unfounded; it is not absolutely always the newest converts who are the most lavish in their display of the Christian emblems.

Except, however, for this too evident tendency to improve her readers, there is nothing objectionable in this story of "Agnes Wentworth." The characters are artificial; one does not, for instance, believe too heartily in the existence of a little girl, even though born in Boston, where enthusiasm for art is known to be prevalent, who makes speeches like this, which occurs in the first chapter of the book: "'Only not to you, dearest Rosamond, only not to you, only this once!' cried Agnes, sliding through her sister's arms to her feet, and clinching her knee with her own clasped hands. 'Oh, Rosamond, this once let me speak; and then, if you must kill my one hope in life, I will build a cold, stony tomb of silence over it. Oh, Rosamond, you are so beautiful and good! He is so noble! He will be so great! He will be a glorious painter. You would be his wife. He would be my brother. He would paint for you. You would work for him. I would help you. He would make fame for you. You would make happiness for him. We would go to Italy, and get away from all the dress and fuss and people here, and lead such a beautiful free life. When visitors came, they would be artists too, and not tell about law-cases and cheating, or eating and scandal, but the splendid statues and pictures and temples they were doing. But if you disappoint him, it will break his heart. He will die, and there will be the end."

Such a little orator—of eleven years of age!—has the general effect of a puppet on a wire, rather than a human being; but as the personages by whom she is surrounded share in great measure the same peculiarity, it is not so noticeable in the general effect. Still, when an author presents ideals of young manhood and young womanhood—which we take to be the object of this and the previous novel—one could wish, in the interest of the actual, that the presentation should be made more attractive, and that the ideals should bear some more positive and appreciable relations to ordinary human nature than in these instances they can be said to do. However, not every author is at once amusing and instructive; and if, considered as a story, "Agnes Wentworth" is not to be called entertaining, and, considered as a study of character, does not command admiration, its moral tone, at least, is unimpeachable, and its ideal of life and duty is commendably high.

Studies in Verse. By Henry Abbey. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Abbey's new book is something of an advance on another book of his that we remember which was published some years ago. That was inspired by the Tennyson of the Claribel days, while this follows after the Tennyson of Dora and Enoch Arden, though it makes an excursion of some length with Maud, and once in a great while takes a step or two with Mr. Browning. But Mr. Abbey has it still to learn that just as profuse flowers of diction did not make "May-day" into "The golden prime of good Haroun Al Raschid," so "Stories in Verse" will not be made into "Idyls of the King" by the closest imitation of that *curiosa simplicitas* which distinguishes Tennyson's elaborately chastened later work. There is always something, precious or otherwise, under the finished workmanship of Tennyson, whether when he is daintiest in ornamentation or when he is ostentatiously plain; but in Mr. Abbey's pieces, so far, we have found nothing of substance. Here is a sample of them:

> "I was a naturalist, and had crossed the sea
> And come to Theodosia to find
> A monstrous spider of which I had heard.
> The people of the town wagged doubting heads
> When asked about it; but one day I met
> A sturdy fisherman who once had seen
> The spider."

Surely, there would never have been any Tennysonites had Tennyson been one—a fruitful truth, and apt to benefit many of us besides Mr. Abbey, if we would pardon its seeming obscurity and ponder it well.

The spider himself above-mentioned is, by the way, the most extraordinary creature we have met with in fiction. He infests the neighborhood of Theodosia. One morning the sturdy fisherman's daughter, a lovely girl, is missing; from her window depends a glutinous rope of five strands, and the villagers know where she has gone. The next night the naturalist is seized by the monster, securely bound, and borne away to a cavern. It is full of gold and gems, and there, fortunately, still living, is the Circassian girl—the naturalist's love since first he saw her. Together the two wait, expecting every moment that the blood of one or both will be sucked, and meantime they watch the spider, of whom this is the personal appearance, or a part of it:

> "The spider's shape was full a fathom long.
> Two parts it had, the fore part, head and breast;
> The hinder part, the trunk. The first was black,
> But all the last was covered with short hair,
> Yellow and fine. Eight sprawling legs adhered
> To his tough breast. Eight eyes were in his head,
> Two in the front, and three on either side;
> They had no eyelids, and were never closed,
> Protected by a strong transparent nail.
> His pincers grew between his foremost eyes—
> Were toothed like saws, were venomous, and sharp,
> With claws on either end."

Luckily for the naturalist, while he is bitterly thinking that he ought to have staid in his own happy home and left foreign insects in peace, his foot strikes against an old sword, and with this he kills his enemy.

> . . . "The chief
> Clasped once again his daughter to his breast.
> Down from the hill we fetched the spider slain,
> And I to science gave these simple facts:
> Spiders have no antennæ, therefore rank
> Not with the insects. As they breathe with gills
> Beneath the body, they possess a heart."

Fame as a naturalist thus won, wealth in his grasp—for the gold is, of course, left to the destroyer of the monster—the hero offers himself to the heroine, and they are happily married.

Mexico and the United States. Their Mutual Relations and Common Interests. By Gorham D. Abbott, LL.D. (G. P. Putnam and Son, New York.)—This book is the work of a book-maker rather than of a writer, and it has the usual faults of its class. Its style is fatiguingly stilted, and its matter is as bad as its style. A good work on Mexico has long been wanted. A well-written work that should take up the history of that unfortunate country at the rising of Hidalgo (1810) and present an intelligi-

ble account of its political severance from Spain, and of its revolutions and wars down to the present day, would be warmly welcomed and bring profit to its publisher and reputation to its author. But it would be in vain that any one would search through Mr. Abbott's work for anything like a clear relation of these events. At page 41 we obtain a glimpse of Hidalgo, and one might imagine himself entering upon such a narrative; but suddenly, without warning or warrant, the author must dash into the origin of the great American idea, and give us a remorseless recital of the conquest and early history of Great Britain, with which end in view he quotes Macaulay and the American Declaration of Independence without stint. The reader may turn to the pages between the forty-third and the forty-seventh for proof of this. Through all the first portion of the book Dr. Robertson, Mr. Hallam, Waddington, Mosheim, Hume, and the records of the Council of Trent are liberally drawn upon, not much to the satisfaction of the reader, however great his respect for authorities, who would like a little information concerning modern Mexico. The worst of it is that Mr. Abbott's authorities are used, and ill used, to cover his own defects of knowledge; he does not appear to have had the advantage of travel in Mexico, nor of familiarity with its language, its institutions, or its history, except at second-hand; and of his ability to make his authorities do duty for himself we may learn something by hearing him quote Las Casas *and* the Bishop of Chiopas without appearing to be aware that they are one and the same person.

As to the author's style, description could only with great difficulty do it justice. He is his own best interpreter. Here is one of his grand strokes—by the way, he is never done striving for effect: "If there had been no continent for Columbus to discover, there would have been, from Spain westward to Japan, one vast, unbroken waste of waters, covering more than two hundred degrees of longitude and an area of some fourteen thousand square miles." Again: "The Eastern portals face the rising sun, stand *vis-à-vis* to Europe, and the golden gates of the West are opening wide towards Asia and Oceanica." Speaking of the late European intervention in Mexico as a "drama in all its acts to the final *exeunt omnes* which has thrilled the world," he says: "But more than that, there was a mighty *arrière pensée* behind the scenes. It was the game of 'all the Cæsars.' It was the 'Old World' defying the institutions of the New. And if they had vanquished what they defied, the results in their vast proportions would have outstripped all the schemes that popes, emperors, or conquerors of past ages ever dreamed of. They would have changed the destiny of the New World, and an overwhelming reflex tidal wave of despotism would have rolled back over the nations of the Old World."

When we deduct the numerous pages of irrelevant quotation from Robertson, Hallam, Waddington, Mosheim, Hume, and many others—good authorities certainly, but away from home in modern Mexico—the long biographical notice of Juarez borrowed from Col. Church (65 pp.), that of Romero from a Swiss publication (11 pp.), several chapters from Abbé Domeneck (55 pp.), sketches of the revolutions of England, France, Spain, and America, together with various constitutions and proclamations, there is really very little left of the book, and that little not its best.

Vingt Ans d'Exil. Par Marco Antonio, Ancien Emigré Vénitien. (Paris. 1868.)—The full name of the author of this curious little book is Marco Antonio Canini—a name not entirely unknown in the literary world, thanks to some petty contributions to comparative philology. We may add that the linguistic abilities and acquirements of the writer are evidently such that had he devoted to his favorite science a considerable part of the time spent in political vagabondage, he might now occupy a conspicuous place among the *savans* of his country, instead of being merely an "ex-refugee," without any other title to the gratitude of his nation or of mankind but that which he founds on a number of abortive attempts at conspiracies against Austria and Turkey. As a professional demagogue—who could not refrain from agitating even in Venice against Manin, while Radetzky was at the gate, and thereby incurred the persecution of the Venetian patriot—as "entrepreneur d'affaires révolutionnaires en Turquie"—as preacher, mostly in secret, of a "mouvement symphone et synchrone" of all the peoples subject to the House of Hapsburg and the Sultan—he spent most of the seventeen years which elapsed between the fall of republican Rome in 1849 and the deliverance of his native city in 1866 in adventurous and, we may believe him, often perilous peregrinations through Greece, the islands of the Archipelago, Asia Minor, Thrace, Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, only occasionally returning to Italy. Here playing the doctor, there the great patriot and statesman; here dealing in groceries, and there serving as hand on a boat or begging; here publishing songs of adulation, and there inflammatory articles—in Greek, Roumanian, or Italian—associating now with Constantinopolitan cut-throats and Greek klephts, and now conspiring, or attempting to conspire, with no less personages than Kossuth, Klapka, Garibaldi, Canaris, Garashanin, Prince Michael of Servia, and even Cavour and Victor Emanuel—he, of course, more than once exposed himself to serious dangers, and no less often enjoyed the sweets of fortunate escapes, until the great political changes wrought by the war of 1866 made the continuation of his adventurous career almost as aimless as it had been useless. That such it was, Marco Antonio is far from acknowledging; for few books are written in a strain of greater and more constant self-admiration than his. To believe him, the name of Marco Antonio ought to stand in history side by side with the names of Garibaldi and Mazzini, and decidedly to rank above those of Cavour, Ricasoli, and Manin. Manin, indeed, he works hard to depreciate in the eyes of posterity. His "true republicanism" revolts at the idolatrous respect paid by his compatriots to the memory of his ancient foe. It does not prevent him, however, from treating Victor Emanuel and other non-republicans with impartiality. On the whole, what he says of men, nations, and political conditions is not devoid of instruction; while all he narrates of his own undertakings, adventures, and associations is so peculiarly colored as to preclude the danger of too much belief on the part of the reader, even of him to whom everything Bulgarian, Croat, Roumanian, Transylvanian, Servian, or Turkish is worse than Greek. The reader who is tolerably well informed concerning affairs and tendencies of the communities just east and west of the Adriatic, and north and south of the Balkan, will find the "Twenty Years of Exile" both amusing and instructive; to the ordinary reader it must appear a bewildering maze of strange reminiscences and barbarous incongruities.

The Metaphors of St. Paul. By John T. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. (New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.)—The promise of this book is much greater than its performance. The widely-leaded pages have little on them in more senses than one. Dr. Howson has been a student of Paul for many years, and in connection with Conybeare has given us an excellent life of the apostle. The cause of his present failure is, therefore, probably due to the intrinsic poverty of his subject quite as much as to any lack of ability on his part. The only thing really proved by our author is that the apostle's metaphors were—what Lowell says all metaphors should be—"windows and not blinds." Their meaning is so plain that they really need no explanation. The well-known obscurity of Paul's style resides elsewhere than here; here all is clearness and transparency. The subject is treated under four heads, namely: Roman Soldiers, Classical Architecture, Ancient Agriculture, Greek Games. At the outset we are told that to understand Paul's metaphors it is necessary to understand the peculiar circumstances from which they are drawn; but as the discussion advances this fails to appear until we come to the last chapter. The military metaphors, the agricultural, the architectural, are anything but local in their coloring. Of course the military metaphors do not anticipate the invention of gunpowder, but they might have arisen in any portion of the ancient world, nor is it necessary to suppose that they grew out of Paul's unpleasant relations with the Roman soldiery. The agricultural and architectural metaphors are decidedly universal in their character; in fact, under the titles Ancient Agriculture and Classical Architecture we have hardly a word spoken on either of these subjects. The chapter on the Greek games is much more satisfactory. Imagery, borrowed from the foot race especially, is seen to be everywhere in requisition. It is of a sort that needs no explanation, but the careless reader would not be apt to notice how much of the apostle's language is purely figurative without some such reminder as the closing chapter contains. Dr. Howson is sometimes amusingly uncritical. St. Paul speaks of grafting the cultivated olive with the wild, and the doctor tells us that Paul knew that such a thing was never done. "Boys notice all such things." Again, on the question, "Does God take care for oxen?"—whatever the Dean of Chester may think on this point, it is very certain that the apostle's way of thinking was quite different from Mr. Bergh's; but because Jesus said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father," the good Dean finds an argument *à fortiori* where it is certain that nothing of the sort ever was intended.

Our Acre and its Harvest: Historical Sketch of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio. By Mary Clark Brayton and Ellen F. Terry. (*Cleveland Herald* Office. 1869.)—When anybody feels unusually depressed or disheartened by watching the performances of "the men inside politics," he cannot possibly resort to a better remedy than

even ten minutes' perusal of any of the many printed records of the operations of the Sanitary Commission or of its branches or feeders. If he fails to be cheered and consoled by it, he may rely upon it that there is something wrong in his mental or moral constitution. We have one of these volumes just published before us now —we had supposed the last had appeared long ago—telling the story of the work done by the women of Northern Ohio in their Soldiers' Aid Society, having its headquarters at Cleveland. The society was composed of and managed throughout by women; and of what their work was some idea may be formed when we say that they issued bedding, clothing, hospital furniture and surgeons' supplies, diet and delicacies to the value of $982,481 25; that they kept accurate accounts, which bore auditing; that there was hardly an honest means of raising money to which they did not resort—fairs, concerts, exhibitions, lectures, begging; and, to crown all, that they kept a small farm, which has given the name to their book. The authors of the history—Misses Mary Clark Brayton and Ellen F. Terry—have let our esteemed friends, "the reportorial corps," into their pages a little too often, and have consequently marred the description of some very interesting incidents; but the narrative, nevertheless, of the way in which the blind enthusiasm of 1861 grew into the organized, disciplined, and really scientific work of 1865, is one of those tales which, we confess, we never read without great dimness of vision, and without finding our faith in the future of the country strengthened, our normal hatred of "the men inside politics" reduced to contempt, and the broad prairies and the inexhaustible mineral resources and untold water-power of our common country sinking into insignificance, in our minds; for no nation boasting the men and women of whom these sanitary histories tell can ever be utterly confounded or brought to naught, though their food were wild berries and their pillows were stone.

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The Week.

THE reports that some of the Pennsylvanian politicians, including Messrs. Curtin, Cameron, and Forney, were going to get up an *Alabama* "issue" for use in the fall elections, which have been rife for a week or two, have as yet received no confirmation from any overt act of the suspected parties. If they seriously entertained the idea of dragging the Republican party into preparations for a foreign war, and there is little doubt they did, the reception the scheme has met with from the press has hardly been of a nature to encourage them. A foreign war, to keep a particular set of politicians on their feet, is a device a trifle too mediæval in its morality for the kind of people of whom the main body of the Republican party is composed. It was confidently expected that the first blast of the trumpet would be blown by Mr. Curtin, in reply to the addresses presented to him by his friends prior to his departure for his post at St. Petersburg; but he has delivered a pair of farewell speeches without the slightest allusion to foreign politics. This reticence is, we are sorry to say, ascribed by some of the Washington correspondents to an advisory note from Mr. Fish, requesting (in substance) the Minister to Russia to attend to his own business, and not embarrass the Minister to England in the conduct of important negotiations by denunciatory and warlike harangues. It would be unfair to abuse Mr. Curtin for speeches he never delivered; but it is safe to say that, if he intended to beguile his journey to his post by public attacks on powers with which we are at peace, it would have been very proper of Mr. Fish to impose silence on him. Whenever our diplomatic service is properly organized, a minister who takes the stump for war, or announces his intention of doing so, after receiving his commission, will be promptly dismissed, as a person having too little sense and discretion for civilized diplomacy. European nations, with whom nearly all our diplomatic intercourse is conducted—and we may say the same thing of China and Japan—do not understand the total absence of any feeling of responsibility for what they say about foreign nations which many of our high functionaries display, and even affect. This is simply an illustration of their general backwardness; but then, as we have to dwell on the same planet with them, treat, fight, and trade with them, we ought to adapt our style of doing business to their feeble intelligence.

A breach of propriety nearly as great as that which Mr. Curtin was accused of meditating was reported the other day about Consul Morse, of London. This gentleman was accused in the usual style, by the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, of "sympathizing" with the Confederacy, or with Andrew Johnson, or the anti-impeachers, or with somebody or something of an objectionable nature, and was denounced in the columns of that paper accordingly. So Consul Morse goes hat in hand to the correspondent, explains himself and excuses himself, and finally makes it all right with that functionary, who accordingly publishes an acquittal of the culprit, which we suppose few people, who did not laugh over it, read without blushing at the thought that any American official should be allowed to subject himself publicly to such ridiculous humiliation without being promptly sent about his business by his superiors. The discipline of no service can be in a healthy condition in which officers stand in terror of any fluent young person sent out by "a great daily" to survey the earth for its columns. What this practice may lead to, if not promptly resisted both by the foreign agents of the Government and by the State Department, we have had a useful illustration of in the McCracken case. The Department ought either to pay no attention to charges made by newspaper correspondents, or other rovers, against consuls or ministers, or else make it a rule that they shall address their defence to the Secretary, and not to their accusers. We hope Mr. Fish has by this time given Consul Morse a piece of his mind on the subject. This sort of subservience once begun, there will be no end to it; and our foreign representatives will pass all their time on their knees one day before the emissary of the *Tom-tom*, and the next before an emissary of the *Hammer and Tongs*; and these personages, once made conscious of their power, are not the men to be sparing in the use of it.

If political affairs were transacted *in vacuo*, the St. Louis *Republican* might well enough wonder how cooler people than the Border State men could have tranquilly looked on for two or three years after the war, and seen without grief the proscriptive and violent course which the Unionists of Tennessee and Missouri, for instance, pursued towards the late rebels. But the Tennesseeans and Missourians are men of like passions with ourselves, and politics is a practical business, and things out of season to-day are in season to-morrow; and it was thinking of these facts that the *Nation* declined to condemn the Brownlow men and the Fletcher men of '65, '66, and '67. A policy of lenity could then, we believe, have been as little borne by the one side as the other. We believe, for example, that within the last year or two Mr. B. F. Perry has learned some things that would help him materially to make a useful member of the Legislature in South Carolina, and we believe that it would have been all the better for South Carolina if he could have been kept in perfect quiet during all of 1864 and the succeeding three or four years. So far as our information extends, we have now, at last, a right to be glad that the disfranchising and disabling policy gives signs of coming to an end; probably it is now the mother of more evil than good. In Tennessee, the contest becomes more exciting, as the rival candidates are stumping the State together—shaking hands on the platform before each speech, and then in turn covering each other with mud of all description. Stokes does not yet adopt the doctrine of immediate enfranchisement for the disfranchised, but Senter has adopted it, and the reason seems a plain one. The singular report is current that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Brownlow have made a treaty, under which the ex-President is to go to the Senate, and Senter is to have Johnson's assistance in the gubernatorial fight. Anything in this way is believable of either "the Parson" or "Andy;" their raving and cursing and calling names at each other was never anything more than the familiar Southwestern walking round an antagonist and "cussing"

of him "into a heap" before "clinching." In Virginia, affairs are said to look favorable to Walker, the Conservative Republican candidate; but nobody seems to know.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that Attorney-General Hoar's recent decision as to the authority of military commanders in Texas applies also to Mississippi; and that Colonel E. M. Yerger will probably be tried by a military commission for his murder of Colonel Crane the other day in Jackson. Crane was mayor of the city, and made an official order that a piano of Yerger's should be sold for taxes long in arrears. Yerger returned from Memphis eight days before the sale was to take place, and began sending messages to Crane to the effect that he desired the mayor to divest himself of his official character and walk out into the street, and, meeting him shortly after in a bank, murdered him with a knife in a most brutal way. Yerger is one of the crew of drunken ruffians who infested every Southern city before the war, and who were pleasantly spoken of by their neighbors and the local press, whom they kept in a state of mortal terror, as "high-toned gentlemen." In any civilized community, they would have passed most of their waking hours in some useful form of hard but involuntary labor in a penal institution; but the South was actually proud of them, and treated them as sacred animals. In speaking of this case, one of the Jackson papers disclaims all responsibility for it on behalf of "our people," but our people cannot get off in that way. There is no Yerger at the South for whom the South is not responsible, and for the reason that it never, or hardly ever, hanged its blackguards when they stabbed or shot people. We believe a conviction for murder in any case in which the affair was preceded by a quarrel, or appeared to grow out of a previous "difficulty," was unknown. The "law-abiding citizens" were so much occupied in running off Abolitionists and looking after naughty Abolitionist books that the cut-throats enjoyed practical impunity. We hope the court-martial and the President will now afford the citizens of Jackson the most improving and moral spectacle of the kind they probably ever beheld—an incorrigible ruffian brought to the gallows for a cowardly murder. A similar opportunity may never again offer itself.

A process is now going on in the Treasury Department to which we think the attention of all friends of morality as well as of good government ought to be directed. A Mr. Jackson, a Western lawyer in good practice and excellent standing, and a Republican from the formation of the party to the present hour, threw up his business in 1861 and entered the army. From that moment till August, 1864, he was constantly in the field *and constantly at the front.* His health was by this time utterly broken down, and he came home a wreck, to find his business broken up, his partner gone to Congress, and, what was worse, with his brain affected, as the sequela of disease contracted in service, and he was for two years an inmate of the lunatic asylum. Issuing from this in 1866, a return to the bar was, of course, out of the question, and a number of friends, who admired him, procured his appointment in the Treasury Department, in the Auditor's Bureau. He here displayed extraordinary ability as an examiner of claims, and was rapidly promoted from the first to the second and third class, and was promised, in April, 1868, the first vacancy in the fourth. In April, 1869, immediately after Mr. Boutwell's advent, he was dismissed peremptorily—the reason assigned being that he "had been appointed under Johnson, and endorsed by Democrats, and was intimate with Judge Woodward (of Pennsylvania) and Mr. C. Denison"—these two gentlemen having, with Judge Grier, of the Supreme Court, signed his testimonial, and being, we suppose, whatever their political opinions may be, abundantly qualified to say whether a man was honest and capable. Here, however, came the hitch, and here appears the real beauty or atrocity—whichever one pleases to call it—of the whole transaction. Mr. Stetson, the head of Mr. Jackson's bureau, at once announced to the Third Auditor that his (Jackson's) services were indispensable, and that his departure would paralyze the business of the office. So Jackson was retained, and two young men were put in along with him to learn the business from this broken-down soldier, with the view, as soon as they have acquired it, of taking his place and taking the bread from his mouth, and turning him out on the world. This process is actually to be witnessed this moment at Washington, and will be on view till next April, as it is calculated that it will take a year for the two young men to become fit for Jackson's post.

Here we see a Republican soldier, disabled for the duties of his profession by hardships incurred in the face of the enemy, and who had in the civil service given the highest proofs of capacity, deliberately dismissed from his place because American gentlemen of the highest character and standing, but of an opposite political party, had testified to his moral worth and intellectual ability; and this is done under the superintendence and on the responsibility of a professedly "moral" politician from Massachusetts, who is popularly supposed to be reforming the Treasury Department, and who, as politicians go, is really a man of high character and considerable ability. A better illustration of the iniquity of the system of appointment and promotion was never afforded, and we have not touched upon it till we had satisfied ourselves as to the facts by careful enquiry. The downright inhumanity displayed in keeping a poor man in prolonged agony and anxiety for a year, teaching the persons who are to supersede him, is bad enough; but what shall we say of the deliberate employment at the very financial headquarters of three persons, two of them wholly incompetent to do the work of one?

We have been accused by a great many well-meaning people of "being too hard on Mr. Boutwell;" and we had a day or two ago in the *Sun* an affecting editorial article, showing that he is "a man with a heart," inasmuch as, happening to be on the spot the other day when the accident occurred at Annapolis Junction, "he interested himself in the care of the wounded" in spite of "his grave cares" touching the national finances. We have opposed his appointment simply because he was a thorough-bred politician of the old school, and we therefore felt able to deduce the probable occurrence of such cases as this of Jackson's from his career and antecedents with all but certainty. After thirty years of caucus, wires, and stump, a man could not be a real administrative reformer. The stuff of a reformer has gone out of him. "Fidelity" and "claims" have entered into the very marrow of his bones; and though he may remain, as Mr. Boutwell is, a remarkably good specimen of a class, he cannot do the work this generation will have to do if the Government is to be saved. It would be hard to say what moral obligation, or rule of decency or expediency, is not violated in this Jackson case.

Considering that so much shooting by women is going on in the country, and that the feminine world no less than the masculine is liable to moral epidemics, and that women who edit papers are urging other women to carry fire-arms for their defence, perhaps our male legislators may look about them and see if anything can be done to hedge about the virtue of women with legal terrors. We observe that the Canadian Parliament—moved, possibly, by the late notorious seduction case in Quebec, with its consequent homicide—has recently been giving some attention to a bill for the protection of female chastity. The crime is made a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment for any less term than two years, with or without hard labor, and accompanied by a greater or less fine, as the court may see fit. Should the bill pass, this latitude of award which it allows to judges will probably make convictions more frequent than they would be if the penalty were more rigidly defined, or than they would be if it were heavier—death, for example, as some of the women think it should be. It is further provided that the subsequent marriage of the parties to the misdemeanor may be pleaded in bar of conviction, and that is a provision which, on the whole, ought, we think, to be enacted. For in cases of seduction it is not as it is in cases of rape. The ravisher is presumably a murderous ruffian or a wretched man of passions so ab-

normally developed as to make him a lunatic, and, as either the one or the other, society must shut him up, and cannot safely postpone considerations of the general safety to considerations of his victim's "good name." But that the new bill would be conspicuously successful in operation is doubtful. It ordains as to evidence that "no conviction shall be had on the testimony of the woman seduced unsupported by other evidence." This clause would make the act of no avail in the worst class of cases—those in which the woman is affectionate and inexperienced. However, juries might be relied upon with considerable confidence to allow greater or less weight to indirect and circumstantial evidence, according as it should seem best to them, as men acquainted with the parties and the facts, as usually they would be, and practically justice would not suffer so much as might be expected. It will be remarked that the bill looks on the man as alone guilty; but it would be better to say that it contemplated him as the only one of the guilty pair whom the law needs to deal with. The fate of the seduced woman is hard enough, even if the courts leave her alone; and the women who seduce are rare, and the pure hearts they break and the promising lives they injure are even rarer.

There is no fresh news about Cuba, or about Spain, except that President Juarez has been strongly eulogized by Prim in the Cortes, and the early reopening of diplomatic relations with Mexico promised, in spite of the fact that Juarez has been granting belligerency to the Cubans. Cuba itself is in a curious condition, the volunteers ruling the island, *vice* Dulce resigned, and pending the arrival of Rodas, who is on his way out. All the news received of the American filibustering parties is unfavorable, one of them having been, according to one story, betrayed by its guide, and easily destroyed by the Spaniards. From the others we hear nothing, and indeed the rebels appear to be making no movement. Cespedes is busy with the construction of a civil government, but there is, we regret to say, a strangely unreal air about such specimens of his work as we have seen thus far described on paper. In fact, little has as yet occurred to remove the suspicion which has long been current, that the revolutionists keep up just enough rebellion, and are showing just enough civil government, to support the efforts which their friends here are making for recognition, or aid, or something. We are glad to see that their hearty friend, the *Sun*, counsels the well-dressed Cuban patriots, who now abound in this city, to go to the island and serve there at the bloody and uncomfortable front. We threw out hints of the same kind long ago, well knowing they would be unpalatable, because it must be admitted by every candid man that it is a vast deal pleasanter to meet the hated Spaniard in and about Union Square with your tailor on one flank, your washerwoman on the other, and Delmonico's in your rear, than to meet him on a hillside in the insurrectionary districts.

In the North German Federation, the rejection of the new taxes proposed by the Prussian Government, by an overwhelming majority of the Reichstag, is still the all-absorbing topic of the day. The hostile vote, made up as it was of members of all parties, forms the most stunning defeat the ruling powers have sustained since the inauguration of the new order of things in 1866. Both Count Bismarck and the Prussian Minister of Finance exhibited a singular weakness in their advocacy of the tax-measures. The speeches of the former were distinguished by a more than ordinary admixture of indiscretion and sophistry, so that even his usual "bluff-game," which seems to have grown into a regular habit with him, proved for once of no avail. His financial associate was fully convicted of indefiniteness, and vacillation of purpose, and general incompetency, by Herr Loewe, the leading speaker of the Opposition. In any other country making pretence to constitutional rule, a similar discomfiture of the Government would have resulted in a ministerial crisis. But, though rumors prevailed at Berlin for some days after the decisive vote of an impending change in the Ministry of Finance, there seems to be not the least probability of a deviation in the present case from the traditional practice of the Prussian monarchs, to cover their immediate advisers with the shield of their own irresponsibility. Count Bismarck, to be sure, in the course of the debate, made use of his habitual threat to resign in case the Reichstag refused to vote the new taxes. But, though defied by Herr Loewe to carry it out for once, there is as yet no indication of his immediate retirement from public life. Still, if we are to believe a correspondent of the *Herald*, who "interviewed" him after his defeat, the Count is so thoroughly disgusted with the unrelenting hostility of the Opposition elements in the Reichstag that he will certainly withdraw from the public service next fall, unless the North German law-makers become more pliant. We regard the freedom with which he seems to have unbosomed himself to the aforesaid correspondent as certainly an unpromising symptom of his state of mind.

Of even greater importance than the crisis in the North German Reichstag, is the result of the recent elections for the Lower Chamber of Bavaria. It furnishes unmistakable proof of the steady progress the cause of national unity is making in Southern Germany, notwithstanding the illiberal policy of the rulers of the Northern Federation, and the desperate efforts of the Ultramontane and radical democratic parties to foster the old popular prejudices against Prussia. The party in favor of political union with the North, it is true, did not achieve an absolute triumph; but its relative success was even more decided than that of the Opposition in France. Out of 154 deputies it elected 56, against 78 of the Ultramontane or reactionary party and 19 belonging to the faction in favor of maintaining the present unsatisfactory relations to the North. In the last Chamber the national party had hardly any voice. As in France, the cities and larger towns, almost without exception, voted largely against the reactionists and stand-still party, while the ignorant peasantry in the older provinces voted the other way. Even Munich, the most Catholic city in Germany, and until recently a stronghold of Ultramontanism, returned progressive members from every district. The result of the Bavarian elections, in which party lines were more distinctly drawn than ever before, will go far towards hastening the inevitable political unification of Germany.

The excitement in England over the Irish Church Bill is intense, and has been brought to white heat by the appearance of resistance on the part of the Lords. Under the influence of this, the Orangemen of the North of Ireland have been holding large meetings, the numbers of which the reporters have probably magnified twofold, at which the measure and its supporters were furiously denounced. The Tory Lords seem to have been very brave at the outset, and the extreme Radicals had begun to rub their hands with glee over the prospect of seeing "the last hereditary chamber in Europe" rushing into the jaws of destruction. The moderate men of both parties, however, seem to have been perfectly aware of the nature of the crisis; and the *Times* has been awfully warning the Upper House day after day of the folly and danger of even talking of resistance. At the latest dates, wiser counsels seem to prevail, and the bill will be read a second time and then amended, so as to take the sting out of it, if possible—that is, save as much property as possible for the Church. This is the course which finds favor with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and probably with the rest of the bishops, who on this subject find themselves in an exceedingly delicate position. They are hardly strong enough to offer to bear the burdens of the Irish Church, and yet, if they vote for its disestablishment, they expose the flank of the English Church establishment to the enemy. They have on their side, however, as indeed the Irish Church has too, the thorough sympathy which every Englishman feels with a man who has a good thing, and does not want to give it up. There is probably no Englishman who does not frankly acknowledge, either to himself or to his wife, that if he were Archbishop of Canterbury or of Armagh, he would support the connection of church and state, and the sanctity and perpetuity of ecclesiastical endowments, as long as there was a breath in his body. This ability to put one's self in the place of well-to-do persons, and "fancy their feelings," is perhaps the most powerful support the established order of things possesses in England.

THE MANUFACTURE OF "ISSUES."

If there be anything which the political experience of the United States has taught clearly, it is that political parties are produced by the spread amongst large bodies of the people of certain ideas capable of being clothed in legislation; that the spread of ideas capable of furnishing vitality to a party is generally slow, and the result of great labor and of a combination of favoring circumstances; and that, once they have spread sufficiently, the party comes into existence of itself, just as naturally as the corn sprouts after the seed is sown; and that, after the party is formed, it is impossible to use it in the service of any idea except the one which created it; and that, when this idea has triumphed, the party dissolves into its primitive elements and another springs up to take its place. One would naturally suppose that all this was perfectly familiar to every student of political history, and particularly of the political history of this country, and yet it sometimes seems as if even old politicians were quite unconscious of it. There is hardly one of them who is not, at some time or other in his career, seized with a crazy notion that he can make a party himself with a little help from a few friends, if he can only get hold of a good popular "issue" and get it adopted by some caucus of his moulding. Every party which has existed in this country, and made even a respectable show at the polls—Federal, Democratic, Whig, Know-Nothing, and Republican—has been based on a powerful idea, which had grown up gradually in the popular brain, under pressure of external circumstances, or had been bequeathed to it by former generations; but it would have been as impossible to say where or when it originated as to say whence comes the wind or whither it goes. The rise and progress of ideas is, in short, one of the historian's greatest puzzles, and will always remain so. But among the curious episodes in the history of all these parties have been the attempts of knots of politicians either to engraft something of their own invention on the party policy, or else to prolong the existence of the party after it had done its work by some bitters or other stimulant of their own concoction, or else to tempt it to turn aside from its appointed path by stories of hidden treasure in distant mountains. The usual result of these attempts has either been ridiculous failure from the outset—like Messrs. Johnson and Seward's Philadelphia Convention in 1865—or the production of a comical little puppet like the Bell and Everett movement of 1860, or the Butler repudiation movement in 1867.

It seems not at all unlikely that we shall witness something of the same kind during the coming fall. It is casting no extraordinary discredit on the Republican party to say that ever since 1865 it has been losing its hold on the popular affection. It had a very difficult work to do in reconstruction, and one for which the experience of the war had hardly fitted its leaders, and which, from its very nature, was sure to damage the reputation of any party which undertook it. It was enabled to carry it out successfully solely owing to Andrew Johnson's folly and the South's obstinacy and stupidity. How deeply the leaders felt the importance of Johnson's folly to the party was well shown by the frantic efforts made by them and by the party papers to magnify his "crimes" and the gravity of the impeachment trial. In addition to this, the party has had the spending for eight years of enormous sums of money, and has been forced to collect and disburse it without any adequate administrative machinery. The consequence, and the inevitable consequence, has been not only that the party has had to shoulder the responsibility of great abuses, but has had to witness the accession to its ranks of a prodigious number of knaves and adventurers, and to bear the burden of their "loyalty" and "soundness" while entirely unable to put a stop to their plundering and peculating. Some allowance, too, in investigating the causes of the decline of the party in popular estimation must, of course, be made for the weariness of any party which has been long in power which inevitably comes over the public before many years. Many people forget the misdeeds of the Opposition, are constantly fretted by the faults of the Administration, and gradually work themselves first into a belief that any change would be for the better, and then into a determination to have a change of some kind at any cost.

The party was, therefore, in a somewhat sorry plight at the approach of the Presidential election; and if it had made up its mind to discard Grant, and Democrats had made up their minds to take Chase, there is, we believe, little doubt in the minds of careful observers that it would have gone to pieces. Here the folly of the Opposition, combined with the energetic action of the sensible men at the Chicago Convention, postponed the evil day. As it was, Grant may be said to have achieved a respectable victory only by the peculiarities of the elective machinery. Had he been dependent on a direct popular vote, he would have barely escaped defeat. The history of his administration thus far has certainly not been of a character to give the party a new hold on the popular confidence. Indeed, its warmest friends have been forced almost from the first to act on the defensive—to devote themselves, in fact, mainly to the work of proving, not that it has established new claims to popular gratitude, but that it has done nothing to earn popular distrust.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the hack politicians, whose presence in its ranks and use of its machinery for their own ends have brought so much discredit on it, should once more begin to feel anxious, and cast about for some means of rekindling the popular enthusiasm in its behalf or procuring a renewal of its lease of power. What is wonderful is that they—not being by any means, in the ordinary sense of the word, fools—should fancy that they can, by holding a meeting and raising a banner, get people to follow them wherever they choose to lead; and what is most wonderful of all is that it is Pennsylvania politicians who should put themselves in the forefront of the new movement. We suppose there is no body of persons so profoundly distrusted by all that is best in the Republican party, or who would find it more difficult to get people to adopt any policy which was likely to give them more money to spend or places to fill.

THE SOCIAL FUTURE AS FORESHADOWED BY THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

Probably few political events of the last forty years have taken people more completely by surprise than the result of the late elections in France, and it furnishes one more illustration of the difficulty o judging of the exact force and direction of political and social tendencies in a country in which neither the press nor the platform is free. There were several reasons, apparently very good, for believing that moderate liberalism had been making good progress ever since the *coup d'état*, and that it had at last been accepted by Frenchmen of all classes as the only road to salvation. One was the character of the handful of Opposition deputies. They were, except M. Thiers, all radical enough, but they were not socialists, and were reformers of the experimental school—ready to take what they could get, and wait patiently for more, and trust to discussion to secure it. They accepted the Empire as a disagreeable fact—but an accomplished fact, to be made the best of, at least for the present, lest a worse thing should follow any violent attempt to get rid of it. Acting on this plan, they appeared to be successful not simply in keeping up a fair show of healthy political life in France, but in winning the masses into adhesion to their plan of operations. They were returned in 1857, and again in 1863, without opposition and with reinforcements, and apparently with cordial approval, and there was no doubt that they were politicians of whom any country might be proud. Their parliamentary tactics had been as skilful and effective as the constitution they fought under would permit; and finer displays of parliamentary eloquence than Favre and Simon—to say nothing of Thiers, who is on some points a conservative of a worn-out type—have afforded, the annals of no parliamentary body can supply. Though last, not least, they have extracted concessions from the Cæsarists which, though not very great in themselves, seen from any country really free, were truly wonderful considering the nature and origin of the government with which they had to contend. Nevertheless, it turns out now that, in spite of their ten years of labor, the democracy is utterly disgusted with them, and will no more of them. Many of them have been defeated by men never heard of in politics till yesterday, and others have only escaped defeat by a hairbreadth. Nothing can better illustrate the state of popular feeling towards them than the fact that Jules Favre, the glory of the French bar, and who to his forensic fame has added

that of being one of the most patriotic, intrepid, astute, and untiring friends the cause of free government has ever had, has had to fight for his life with Rochefort of the *Lanterne*, a smart Bohemian, who came to the surface a year ago, and whose whole political stock-in-trade consists in his ability to express intense hatred of the government in stinging and epigrammatic personalities. In short, it appears that the radical democracy out-of-doors, so far from being satisfied with the tactics of the Opposition, is disgusted with them for having been, to use M. de Mazade's language, "too moderate, too parliamentary; for not having entered the Corps Législatif in the spirit of conquerors, and put everything to sack and pillage from the first moment."

One other reason for believing that moderate liberalism was in the ascendant in France was the eagerness with which the more intelligent French workmen have, during the last twenty years, turned towards co-operation as the best solution of the labor problem. The spread of the co-operative movement has, in fact, been during all that period the most marked feature of French industrial life; and though the result as compared with the size of the class it was intended to benefit was but trifling, it was great enough to warrant the belief that faith in socialism, as a remedy for existing social ills, was either dead or was confined to the lowest and most ignorant grades of French workmen. Great efforts, too, have of late years been made both by the Government and the educated classes of society to diffuse economical instruction, by means of lectures and pamphlets. Lecturers of ability have been for some time past sent through the provinces to discuss the various social problems of the day from the politico-economical point of view, and the discourses have been generally well attended by the very class they sought to reach.

Lastly, it was believed that the iron-handed restrictiveness of the Empire, its enormous cost, and the terrible mistakes it has committed during the last seven years—mistakes which, in spite of the size of its armaments, have brought far greater humiliations on France than the much-abused peace policy of Louis Philippe in its very worst days—and the growing perception of the uncertainty, and therefore insecurity, of all personal governments, coupled with the failure of the "social and democratic republic," were all telling in favor of the constitutional system, as it is now generally called—that is, of government based upon popular representation, freedom of speech, popular education, free competition in trade and industry, and complete popular control of the national policy at home and abroad.

The elections have made it quite clear that all these beliefs have been mistaken; that all the gains made amongst the French voters during the last ten years have been made by the party which aims not at political reform but at some kind of social reform involving a distribution of property by other than the existing machinery. The radical democracy in France evidently does not care for the victories such men as Prévost-Paradol and Jules Favre sought to win. They do not attach much importance to parliamentary government, or free speech, or ministerial responsibility, unless they are accompanied by an arrangement by which the results of labor shall be diffused through the community in artificial channels, created and kept in order by legislation, and not through channels created by individual freedom or differences in individual intelligence. This is really the kernel of the labor question as French workingmen understand it, and there would seem to be little doubt that they look at it as the working-classes in most countries are coming to look at it, and are seeking to deal with it as the working-classes in all countries in which the suffrage is universal will eventually seek to deal with it. Even if France did not play the prominent part in the world she does play, the fact that, in spite of the great decline in her political influence since 1848, the remarkable intelligence of her workingmen makes her still a social propagandist of the first order, gives the late election an importance for foreigners which its mere influence on the Napoleonic dynasty could never give it. It indicates pretty clearly what many calm observers have long believed, that the principle of universal suffrage in countries largely manufacturing—that is, in which the great centres of population are filled by operatives, living by wages, and amongst whom most of the political activity of the community is sure to be found—will be followed by a movement which neither governmental coercion nor capitalist argumentation will be able to defeat, though it may retard it, towards the trial of experiments having for their object to secure to the laborer by law the things he now seeks to obtain by strikes—that is, no matter by what name it may be called, a legislative division of profits between labor and capital. The Frenchman wants the government to employ him at higher wages than he can wring from the capitalist; the American wants the hours of work cut down, without any reduction of wages; and the Englishman wants legal support for the ordinances of the trades unions; but all in reality seek the same thing in the end. They want a new social order, in which men shall not only be equal before the law, but shall be nearly equal in their style of living and means of enjoyment; and for the idol of the seventeenth century, for political liberty as the Sidneys and Russells and Hampdens understood it, and as the Thiers and Prévost-Paradols now understand it, they care little or nothing; in fact, they treat it as a capitalist toy with which they are not going to be amused any longer.

It seems very doubtful, too, whether any amount of talk or teaching of doctrine will have any immediate effect in counteracting this movement. One of the misfortunes connected with "culture" as an enlightening agency is that to acquire it as it has to be acquired now in every country, a man has to have more or less accumulated capital at his back—which is another way of saying that ninety-nine out of every hundred men of cultivation belong to, or are connected with, the capitalist class; and it is this class which has, like all other sciences, built up the science of political economy; and political economy is therefore suspected by the working-classes everywhere of being an ingenious device of the well-to-do people to provide for the justification and perpetuation of their usurpation and tyranny. Consequently its teachings have produced almost no effect on the class into whose hands the political power of the civilized world is now passing, and they reply coldly to sermons about the relations of wages and capital, and the importance of free competition, by announcements that they have heard enough of these theories; that they are now going to try others of their own, under which poverty will be treated as an evil wholly artificial and therefore unnecessary.

It is safe to say, therefore, that we have entered on a transition period, of which the "disturbance," as it is called, in the relations of labor and capital which we witness all over the world only marks the opening, and which will hardly end without producing profound social and political convulsions. How or when it will end will depend altogether on the vigor, the courage, and the power with which the work of teaching and discussion is done by those who are now in possession of the higher kinds of knowledge. If workingmen are going to govern the world, either they, or their children, or persons drawn from their own ranks, and in whom they have confidence, must be enabled to get access to the higher instruction in vastly greater numbers than at present. The "poor scholar" must have again opened to him the course which was opened to him in the Middle Ages, but which the modern world denies him. A world governed by such lights as now figure on the platforms of labor conventions would be a world in which it is safe to say civilization of a high order could not last long, and in which the higher ends of human existence could only be very slenderly attained. For civilization is the result of culture, and high culture; and it is based on the old and impregnable truth that reason ought to rule; and the better trained it is, the better it rules. The most pitiful spectacle of the modern world is the attempt so often witnessed of the radical reformers to persuade us that this is a mistake, and that, no matter how near the brute a human being may be as regards the condition of his mind, he is just as well fitted to deal with the most intricate problems of sociology as is the most patient student or investigator.

RAILROADS IN THE LEGISLATURES.

One of the last acts of the Legislature of Illinois, which adjourned a short time since, was the passage of a law by which an enormous railroad debt was assumed by the State without any other reason than the one, very good as far as the corporations were concerned, that their credit would be improved by it. There seems to be little doubt that

the nature of the bill was understood clearly; a warning voice was lifted up here and there, as that of the Chicago *Tribune*, for example, but the public, the great tax-paying public, remained apathetic, and the bill passed easily. So, too, in the Legislature of this State, the Erie bill went through a week or two since without opposition enough to have the slightest effect, even on the Governor. And now, in the last days of the Massachusetts General Court, it is understood that one of the most gigantic of "railroad combination" schemes—a scheme which gives two millions to one half-built road, three millions to another not even half-built, and to the rest no one precisely knows how much—that this scheme is going to be hustled through; and yet, though these facts are a matter of general notoriety, the tax-payers of the State are far more interested in the preparations for the Peace Jubilee than in this. The other day, one of the prominent railroad men of Massachusetts testified that he had presented a certain legislator with $10,000 as hush-money; the fact was published, but it attracted no more attention than the weather reports of the day.

Let us mention another fact connected with the same railroad which this financier represents. The Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad borrowed three millions of the State two years since, and then commissioners of great respectability were appointed by the Governor and Council to superintend the issue of the loan, and to protect the interest of the commonwealth. The railroad, not satisfied with the amount of money thus loaned, comes now for two millions more, and the bill is referred to the Railroad Committee; this committee summons before it the financier to whose legislative liberality we have already alluded, hears what he has to say, and without another scintilla of evidence before it, without summoning either the State Commissioners or any one except this same person, reports a bill which gives five millions instead of three, and abolishes the commission. This is one of the measures which is to pass on the last day of the session. Speeches of fifteen minutes will be allowed. Nay, the public cares so little about the matter that a committee of this very Legislature has just had the audacity to announce that after a careful investigation it has reached the conclusion that there is no such thing in the State as a corrupt influence on the part of the railroads. This amazing report the respectable papers of Boston endorse, and the only prominent journal in Massachusetts which does not follow their lead, the *Springfield Republican*, reaps its reward in accusations that itself is corrupt.

The curious part of all this is that apathy of the public, and especially that poorer part of the public upon whom taxation falls especially hard. That the inhabitants of large cities, most of them either paupers or people of sufficient wealth to make taxation of little consequence, should be indifferent to proceedings which increase by a few millions the annual levies, is perhaps not surprising; but that the agricultural population, the farmers—all of them of moderate means, and cruelly suffering at the hands of any corporation which increases taxation—should meekly permit this sort of imposition to continue, is one of the most singular facts in the record of human inconsistency. If in any of the States from which we have drawn our illustrations a proposal is brought forward to increase the salaries of public officers, as, for instance, those of the judges, the farming population make such an outcry that the attempt has to be abandoned, although all the intelligence of the cities is in its favor. But the most gigantic legislative operations of railroads fail to attract any save an amused attention on the part of this same class.

That this is not necessarily so; that public interest may be aroused to protect itself against the encroachments of corporations, any one may convince himself by turning back the leaves of the history of America forty years to the period of Jackson's administration and the contest over the Bank of the United States. In the light of the general recklessness of to-day, it is refreshing to find that there was a time when a great party made the corrupt influence of corporations the text of some of their best political homilies. All connection of money-making companies with the Government, all superintendence of them by the Government, was denounced by the Democratic party of those days as necessarily leading to corruption in high places and a general demoralization of the public. Once admit the principle of governmental interference in affairs of this nature, and all the safeguards of liberty were gone. Pictures were drawn of consequences which may be recognized as the actual condition of to-day. There were to be agents—and we have lobbies; there was to be bribery—and we have log-rolling; there was to be unlimited speculation—and we have very little else. Not that we mean to say that these are the consequences of a too lax adherence to the *laissez-faire* theory; but that, whatever the causes are, the facts are patent; and that these very facts, which are now treated by the general public of both parties as of so little interest, are the same facts the apprehension of which forty years since filled half the community with such dread. It may indeed be said that the community which so dreaded the advent of the Fiskes and Lanes and Eldridges was the Democratic party, while now the same organization cares even less about it than its great rival, and if the old foes of governmental interference give up their quarrel, no one else need trouble himself. But we imagine that this line of reasoning about party responsibilities would lead us into a career which might be very easy for the party leaders, but would be terribly unpleasant in the long run for the rank-and-file.

It is inevitable, in fact, that the corruption which is at present so rife should be fastened by common consent upon the party in power. It makes no difference that they can show by instances here and there that the others would be just as bad if they had the reins in their hands. The mass of voters reason, not by facts of inference, but by those of observation; and every new railroad bill which passes a State Legislature is, by those who care anything about it, quietly credited to the account not of the native human tendency to vice, but to the villanous disposition of the dominant party. It is idle to say that this ought not to be so. It is so; and whenever it is not so, one of the surest checks against bad government is removed. The voter may not be able, from a careful study of history, to detect which party is most likely in the long run to protect best the interests which he has at heart; but he can discover without much difficulty that the party in power is or is not doing things which he knows to be iniquitous; and by this discovery he guides his action. Why is it that the Republican party, whose history for ten years has been a perpetual succession of triumphs over all its adversaries, should be as regards popular strength in no better a position to-day than that it occupied when Lincoln was first elected? Without the slightest hesitation, every one admits the reason to be that the corruption which it permits and appears to encourage is in the mind of the intending voter almost as much identified with its general policy as are the enfranchisement of the negro or the payment of the debt. And the intending voter reflects that although he may not bring a better party into power, he can at least do his utmost to turn this one out.

FRANCE.

NAPOLEON III. AND THE SOCIALISTS.

PARIS, May 29, 1869.

SINCE the foundation of the Empire, nothing so grave has occurred in France as these present elections. But it would be to misunderstand their gravity if we were only to attach political importance to them. Here, in Europe, the further advanced any nation is towards the future, the less political it is. In the two leading countries, England and France, pure politics are being left behind, and the problems with which men's minds are busy are social and moral ones. What men are to believe; what is to be their incentive to labor, what their reward for toil; how they are to live in communities where the soil is inadequate to the population; how they are to marry; how they are to be taught; what is to be their relationship to their "neighbor;" what is to constitute capital or fortune, or to regulate wealth—these, and a long list of others of the same kind, are the questions which really occupy the minds of the "million," both in England and in France, and far more as yet in France than in England. The problems of the present hour are social, economical, and moral problems; and this the Emperor Napoleon III. knows, or guesses, perhaps, better than most of the people around him. But here you hit upon one of his greatest difficulties. If you take the trouble to read through the "Idées Napoléoniennes," you will soon perceive that the subjects on which the operative classes throughout Europe are busy are those with which the Prisoner of Ham is most familiar; but if, in the course of these studies, you keep before your eyes, as a rule, the old political tone of the European nations, you will also

come to understand that the pure politicians should exclaim, "Why, sure this man is mad!" I say again, here is the difficulty—and a most tremendous one it is. The Emperor and those who surround him, and the masses of what are termed "the country," are playing at cross-purposes. They do not speak the same language or mean the same things.

A large number of educated men (that is, men who have absorbed a given amount of knowledge of various descriptions) are convinced that the Empire is threatened because the Emperor has not granted a sufficiently large sum of political liberty. They are persuaded that things would go better if they—the "educated men"—had a freer chance of attaining to power; if speech and pen might express thought unhindered; and if the policy of France were clearer, nobler, better defined. These men feel the supremest contempt for the so-called social questions, and will not even condescend to examine them. From *this* point of view, let it be noted that the men who serve the Empire and they who oppose it do, in fact, hold almost identical opinions; and if you were to examine closely M. Rouher and M. Thiers, M. Duruy and M. Favre, you would be astonished to find that *personal* discussions alone divide them—the question of this or that dynasty or of this or that mode of understanding "ministerial responsibility," etc. But if from these men you turn to the genuinely "modern" ones—to Jules Simon, Laurent Pichat, Raspail, and a few more of that sort—then you will see at once where the true divisions lie, and where are the incompatibilities. The absolute incompatibility exists between the *politician* and the *socialist*—nowhere else; and I use the word "socialist" merely as designating the man who believes the social problems are to take precedence now of political ones. A circumstance might occur which should bring into sincere community of action the politicians of the Empire and those of the last two Bourbon monarchies: from M. Guizot and M. Thiers down to M. Forcade la Roquette, all accept certain primordial creeds, and *all* join together in the *same*—the *exact same*—horror of the man of socialistic ideas—the man who has gradually grown out of the modifications of the last twenty years and been influenced by railroads and telegraphs and all the other innovations of modern science. This man is, when energetic, set down as a criminal—as the worst of all criminals; when harmless, regarded as a dreamer or as moonstruck. Now, *this* man it is—the man for whom socialist questions supersede politics—who has shown himself so unexpectedly strong during the recent elections.

The battle has begun already around the chief of the state, and the one thing for which the *entourage* of all shades is fighting is the maintenance of the *status quo*. The Empress and M. Rouher, and M. Forcade and M. de Lavalette and Marshal Niel, *all* understand what danger it is that threatens; for all have been, at some time or other, taken aback, not to say scandalized, by strange words uttered by Napoleon III., indicating that the writer of the "Idées Napoléoniennes" was not altogether extinct in the Cæsar of the Tuileries. What *all* are just now praying for alike is, that "nothing may be done," nothing touched, nothing altered. For the moment the Emperor listens silently, and seems to be impressed. But the man of the "Idées Napoléoniennes" is more than ever there, and in his sudden reassertion of himself at a given moment lies the danger more dreaded than any other by the Emperor's surroundings. Prince Napoleon sees his imperial cousin perpetually, and his advice is in favor of the largest possible amount of liberties; but Prince Napoleon, though one of the most intelligent men in Europe, is less *avancé* far than Napoleon III. if once he is impelled into the full current of his social and moral theories.

What may happen within the next six months no one can surely foretell; but it would be wise to be prepared for almost anything. Although the Emperor does not proclaim his "dreams" habitually to the world, still it is worth while to read in *Le Peuple* the very day after the elections the curious article by M. Clément Duvernois (a new-made deputy), in which he says: "France cares not one straw for self-government; the reforms she needs can only come to her from a stronger and more concentrated *personal rule*—the Emperor must take to himself *more* authority instead of taking less." M. Clément Duvernois is a man whom the Emperor called to himself some months ago, and by whom he caused the new journal *Le Peuple* to be founded, putting him at the head of it. M. Duvernois has been made a deputy by the Emperor's own personal initiative. It is probable that for some months nothing will be done, and that no change will take place before the autumn; it is even a matter for doubt whether or not the short June session for the *vérification des pouvoirs* will be held. The man who is looked upon as a future minister is Émile Ollivier, unless Prince Napoleon were to accept M. Rouher's position, M. Ollivier being merely Minister of the Interior.

One thing, I fancy, may be regarded as certain, and that is, that all notion of war is at an end. Last year, a war, according to old traditionary practice, might have served to divert the so-called "revolutionary" current. This year, and after *these* elections, it is too late. There is no sense in a war; it would have no meaning; it does not apply. But this again increases the Emperor's difficulties; for, if the old traditional remedies are no longer applicable, *what is to be done?* "Leave things alone," as Lord Melbourne used to say? The time has gone by for that too. In the way of "*doing*" anything, all is dangerous; for new ideas must be worked by new men. As I said before, neither Prince Napoleon nor Émile Ollivier is as *avancé*, socialistically speaking, as Napoleon III. himself; but the Emperor is sixty-two, and far older than his years, and resolution was never a characteristic of his speculative nature. He is wedded to his dreams, but willing enough not to realize them. However, the moment is a critical one, and nothing that the Emperor may suddenly do ought to surprise any one.

Correspondence.

ANGRY LETTER FROM "A SO-CALLED 'JEW.'"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of your paper I see a paragraph touching the conversion of Jews to Christianity which appears to have been written a little hastily, and without that full information which you generally seem to possess. You infer a connection between the internal dissensions of the Jews and the prospects of converting them, and you speak of educated Jews coming over to Christianity. Did you ever see an educated Jew who came over to Christianity, or did you ever hear of one? Nominal conversions frequently took place in Germany prior to 1848, for the purpose of escaping oppressive civil disability laws, which, in Prussia, for instance, forbade a Jew from being a college professor, and in Austria even went so far as to limit the number of Jewish families, so that a Jew could not obtain a marriage license until some other *paterfamilias* of that faith made way for him by dying. Now, what inducements has an educated Jew to stultify himself in this country? An educated Jew is pretty much the same kind of being as an educated Christian, and, in seven cases out of ten, is, in matter of religion, a nihilist or materialist, and believes, or disbelieves, in company with Huxley, Büchner, Spencer, or some equally rationalistic philosopher. According to a late assertion of Mr. W. E. Dodge, young American merchants, in selecting the sect with which to affiliate, are mainly influenced by business considerations; such an assertion, coming from a pillar in Israel, is a luminous commentary on the piety of our times.

Now, as to the differences of opinion which prevail among the Jews themselves, it is to be noted that the rationalists or materialists, of whom I have just spoken, hold themselves aloof altogether from the dispute, counting both orthodox and reformers as equally ridiculous and antiquated, and, if required to "give tongue" to their sentiments, would probably say, "A plague o' both the houses." The remaining educated men are animated by a vague, romantic, sentimental, feminine kind of aspiration for a universal brotherhood, and are fit consorts for enthusiasts of the pattern of Mr. Frothingham, while they also furnish the wood of which ardent Freemasons and Odd-Fellows are made. These people are at work refining the religion, whittling away the material surroundings to get at the soul of it, which they confidently expect will turn up sooner or later; and as they wield much flaming rhetoric and are amply provided with the *simulacra* of erudition, they have a large following of good and virtuous and comfortable citizens, who desire above all things to be abreast with the times and in full enjoyment of the modern improvements.

There remains the orthodox party, who, like most conservatives, are guided less by reason than by a healthy instinct, and have enough sagacity to perceive that their only safety consists in standing in the old ways and refusing to budge. They believe that if you allow profane hands to be laid on the most insignificant portion of the edifice, the whole sacred structure is in danger, which is perhaps more true than important.

But if any one supposes that the Christian religion can hope to derive any accessions from these squabbles, he is on the wrong trail. The argument turns on questions of ritual exclusively, and not at all on questions of doctrine; and even if it did, the only cause which could profit would be the cause of intellectual liberty. Yours, hopefully,

A SO-CALLED "JEW."

NEW YORK, June 11, 1869.

[What we said was, "There is a perceptible *débâcle* in the Jewish body,

prosperity and freedom everywhere loosening the bonds of the old faith, just as persecution tightened them; but educated Jews who come over to Christianity come over quietly and of their own accord, and dislike notorious conversions or being paraded in public by a missionary as a trophy." What a "so-called Jew" says is, that there is a perceptible *débâcle* in the Jewish body, but that no educated Jews come over in consequence of it to Christianity, either secretly or openly, except for motives of a temporal nature. His assertion, therefore, does not traverse ours, and it is difficult to see where we have betrayed a lack of "full information" on this point, though it is quite possible that we do suffer from it. What we affirm is, that some educated, or at all events wealthy, Jews do come over to Christianity—we know of such cases—*for some reason or other;* that their disposition to come over is increased by the *débâcle* above-mentioned; and that they dislike to be and are not brought over by missionaries; but touching the reality of their conversion we have nothing to say, and do not profess to know anything. A "so-called Jew," by-the-by, ought to have given chapter and verse for the statement he puts into the mouth of Mr. W. E. Dodge, the accuracy of which we take the liberty of doubting. —Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, announce a law-book whose title promises a work of which the non-professional student may wish to hear. It is "A Treatise on the Constitutional Limitations which rest upon the Legislative Power of the States of the American Union;" its author is Judge T. M. Cooley, of the Supreme Court of Michigan.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce Mrs. Mary P. S. Cutts's "Life and Times of the Hon. Wm. Jarvis," her father.——Miss Evans's (Augusta J.) new story is to be called "Inez," and Mr. W. I. Pooley will be the publisher.——Oakley, Mason & Co. have just published a work which we omitted to announce; it is called "The Dance of Modern Society," by Mr. W. C. Wilkinson.——Mr. M. W. Dodd announces as ready immediately his republication of Mr. E. Paxton Hood's "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets," which consists of lectures, illustrated by anecdotes, of every order of pulpit eloquence. A "Juvenile" fit for some older readers is also announced by the same publisher—a book for the season—"Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers," by Jane Gay Fuller.

—Mr. E. Steiger is publishing at 22 Frankfort Street a "Monthly Record of German Literature," in the interest of buyers and readers, with classified price-lists of recent German publications, announcements, book reviews, literary notes, personal items, etc., etc. The first number, though not put forward as a perfect sample, is very readable, and indicates ability in the management. A main object with Mr. Steiger is to foster intellectual activity among the Germans in America—to build up, if possible, a respectable German-American literature, and at least to keep track of the literary productions of the Germans of the United States. It is a question how far this distinctive literature is desirable, and what chances it has of competing with the literature of the Fatherland. German newspapers we have, and perhaps shall always have; and they generally seem to flourish and to be edited well. In Ohio there are upwards of thirty German-and-English public schools; while in Indiana Mr. Steiger is happy to announce the passage of a law authorizing the employment of a German teacher in any school containing twenty-five children whose parents desire them to be instructed in German. Mr. Kapp's historical works are the best, and the best-known, works composed and published in German on this side of the water. His last—a "History of German Emigration to America," which involves the most diligent and laborious research—treats of the Germans in New York in the first volume (already published), and the second will account for the Germans in Pennsylvania and the States south as far as Florida. Mr. Steiger wishes to engage competent writers to complete this history in three divisions, to wit: for Texas; Missouri and the other trans-Mississippi States; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Other German writers to be mentioned with respect are Carl Knortz, of Wisconsin, and Professor Fritschel, of Iowa—both of whom are preparing works on the North American Indians.

—For five hundred thousand dollars, Mr. E. Leurio, of this city, will sell a manuscript which he cannot afford to give away, and which is not dear at the price named if Mr. Leurio describes it accurately. It "discloses a beautiful and an unsuspected method in languages spoken and read by millions of our race. It manipulates the formations of the ancient Greek as things of yesterday; shows the mode of formation of the Latin, German, French, English, and other languages; and ushers in the day when it will be no longer necessary to teach a philology which cannot be thoroughly explained." The author says that in this manuscript "five thousand examples are taken indiscriminately from the Greek, Latin, German, French, and English languages, and their very formation rendered as perfectly plain and familiar as if we had made them ourselves." The circular from which we get this information further informs us that when the Philological Convention meets next month, this new method of Mr. Leurio's will be brought to its notice; by Mr. Leurio probably; if, indeed, that gentleman is allowed admission, which may safely be doubted; the modern bear-garden, the "free platform," will hardly find much favor with the linguists. We may say here that there is excellent prospect that the convention will be successful in every way. The 27th of July is the time of meeting, and, as our readers have been told, Poughkeepsie is the place. We hereby make an unconditional denial of the truth of an assertion of ours—made when we first spoke of the convention—to the effect that Poughkeepsie in summer is the hottest of all cities. On better information, we now state that it is really a cool place—as cool a place as any to be found on the Hudson between New York and Albany; that it abounds in shade-trees; that its site is some two hundred feet above the level of the river; that the country on the opposite side of the river gives the spectator a sense of coolness by reason of the forest with which it is covered; that the surrounding landscape is rolling; and that in every way the city and vicinage, while they would perhaps hardly tempt a tourist, are nevertheless most miraculously well suited for the convention's purposes. More than fifty leading professors and linguists have already announced their intention of attending the sessions, and Poughkeepsie holds herself in readiness to offer hospitality to a much greater number of guests. It is desirable for various reasons, we are told, that those gentlemen who think of being present should send their names either to the local committee—of which Mr. C. J. Buckingham, of Poughkeepsie, is chairman—or else to Professor George F. Comfort, of this city. And as in point of numbers, so in point of interest, the convention promises to be successful. The secretary says that papers enough have been prepared—and prepared by competent persons—to occupy fully all of the time of the sessions which is not taken up by the discussion of the selected questions. Everybody will hope that this first meeting may be the first of a great many. And we renew the expression of our hope that some, at least, of the papers read may be published, together with a good report of the discussions, which will be of particular interest to the American educational world. The Erie Railway Company, we are requested to say, will give free return-tickets over their road to all the delegates, and some other roads may be expected to do the same thing.

—While we are speaking of learned gatherings in pleasant places, it is proper to speak of Salem and the "American Association for the Advancement of Science." The ancient metropolis of "Old Essex" is not richer in historic associations than she is beautiful for situation and fair to look upon. The Cape Ann region of Massachusetts is not, to be sure, fit to live in throughout the whole year; a Salem winter and spring, and half of a Salem autumn, would teach any outsider why Salem "old family" people are of such extreme and perilous pride: to say nothing of generations, to be merely an old individual in such an atmosphere seems justifiable ground for thinking much of one's self. But in the month of August, when the very worst heats are over, and the very first cold affects only a small part of even the seaside days, the shores of Massachusetts Bay are much to be liked, as any of the scientific men may see who will try Rockport or Nahant or Manchester or Marblehead at the season when the sky and land and sea have joined forces to make the natives some partial atonement for the rest of the year. At that fortunate time, the innocent stranger may well be delighted; even *his* heart relents—that of the man who has ballasted his gig with boulders to prevent horse and all from being wafted off the "Gloshter" turnpike by what they call "regular spring weather;" and his who has known "slush" in an Ipswich winter; and his who has felt "pretty hard frost" in Wenham. The Salem people are preparing to entertain at their own houses many of the visitors, for the hotels are few and small; but boarding-houses are numerous enough, and the local committee, who are attending to the lodgings question, desire to know the names of all who intend being present. Of this committee Mr

Henry Wheatland is the chairman. The Permanent Secretary of the Association, Professor Joseph Lovering of Harvard, announces that complete sets of the "Proceedings" may be had of him in Cambridge, and that a volume of "Chicago Proceedings" will be ready in August. The eighteenth day of that month is the day when the session begins. A special circular from Mr. Edwin Bicknell informs us that in making arrangements for the meeting of the Association, the local committee, in order to give encouragement to the general and increasing interest in the use of the microscope, have decided to furnish rooms for the display and comparison of microscopes, objectives, accessory apparatus of all kinds, test objects, and objects of scientific and popular interest; and that it is intended to have as complete a collection as possible of instruments of both American and foreign manufacture. Those, then, who are possessed of microscope stands, objectives, or accessory apparatus in any way remarkable for excellence of performance or design, are requested to bring them to the meeting.

—The Boston Reform League, to whose inception and purposes we have already alluded, has got practically to work in a way already tried with success in the conflict with repudiation by the New England Loyal Publication Society, and, earlier still, by the Loyal Leagues of the chief cities. We refer to the broadsides, sent gratuitously to hundreds of newspapers all over the country, containing arguments and statistics in a readily quotable form, which editors may republish if they choose, and which at all events are likely to set them to thinking. The plan is not very different from that of the broadside compilations of our monthly magazines, except that in the case of the Reform League no credit is demanded for the extracts. They are both a species of editing made easy; but good politics can be much more surely formed in this way than good literature or literary culture. Persons wishing to receive the Reform League's publications regularly can do so by annual subscription.

—We are constantly coming upon illustrations of "how the thing is done" in the matter of getting "notices of the press;" usually we say nothing about them. "But," as the country journals are apt to say, "this last is too good to keep." It consists of a notice of *Appleton's Journal* by a Western paper which makes considerable pretensions, and, in fact, is not bad as papers go. First comes the notice, all according to rule:

"*Appleton's Journal* has now reached its eighth number, and can be judged understandingly. Victor Hugo's story, 'The Man Who Laughs,' has a rich historic flavor, and is satirical on the British monarchy and nobility of a century and a half ago. The articles on scientific subjects are well written, and level to the popular comprehension; some of them are entitled 'Air and Thought,' 'Hereditary Genius,' 'The Physical Basis of Life.' The 'Table Talk' is very fresh and entertaining. There is a series of 'Sketches of Early Life in Boston,' which shows the queer crotchets that afflicted the Puritans. A department called 'The Museum' contains much curious and antiquarian gossip. Every number of the *Journal* has either a cartoon (or panoramic wood engraving), a steel-plate, or an illustrated supplement; one of the cartoons is 'The Levee at New Orleans;' one of the steel-plates is 'Noon on the Sea-shore;' and one of the supplements is 'Coal Mines and Miners'—the engravings in the latter are too horrifying. The paper and typography are superb. Published weekly by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at $4 a year in advance, or ten cents a number."

Then in brackets follows this warning and reminder to the Harpers:

["This *Journal* omitted to exchange with us, after asking and receiving a favorable notice in our columns for its "specimen number," and we *know* that notice was marked and carefully mailed to them. Such has been our experience with the Harpers, in at least two instances; but the Appletons, unlike their overpraised rivals, have now made the *amende honorable* by sending us all the numbers of the *Journal*. It will make an elegant as well as instructive bound volume."]

Obviously a journal will not make "an elegant as well as instructive bound volume" if there are no copies on hand to be bound; and probably the Harpers may be of that opinion henceforth; we are very sorry that we have lost the paper's name, and thus lost the chance of watching its future reviews of the Harpers' books. But none of our readers need be at a loss for frequent examples of the sort of criticism exemplified by the words of criticism and confession we have quoted. The press teems with it, and a good number of our authors are utterly spoiled for real criticism, and resent it with a petulance that is childish, merely because they have been accustomed to laudation, partly deserved, but nevertheless wholly senseless as given. Worse than that, they have been partly spoiled for authorship. There are many Americans of real ability—some, we may say, of genius—who to-day are trying to do literary work that they are unfit for, and who are doing very badly the literary work for which they have marked fitness, merely because ever since they first ventured into print their own publisher at once entered into a conspiracy with the publishers of as many newspapers as he could get hold of to prevent the saying to them of any but smooth things. Our authors have had to be their own critics—a real misfortune; and we may see that most of our very good work has been done by men who were even fastidious, perhaps a little morbidly fastidious, in their literary likings and dislikings. Without this fastidiousness, the clever American writer has too often been ignorantly ambitious, hasty, careless, and has had thousands to help him to be slovenly, to pour out everything there might be in him instead of painfully selecting, to do any and every kind of work instead of rigidly confining himself to what he could do best. Who cannot think of a witty, satirical social observer and theorizer who needs must make two or three volumes of seventh or eighth-rate verses? of another observer of men and manners who must attempt also the creation of characters and the construction of plots? A thousand or two papers, however, told each of them, on the appearance of each new book, that it made "an elegant as well as instructive bound volume."

—Hitherto the Harvard Commencement has been held three weeks or a month after the Class Day of the graduating class, and we suppose we may be pardoned for saying that usually it has been at least as dull as the seniors' holiday has been gay and interesting. This year there is to be a change for the better. The "exercises in the church," instead of being dragged out to a wearisome length, will be comparatively short, and probably the speaking will be worth hearing. There will at any rate be less of it; for of all the essays and orations which the leading scholars of the senior class have prepared only eight are to be delivered, and an hour and a half, or an hour and three-quarters, will cover the whole time of delivery. Then, too, efforts will be made to make the Commencement dinner a somewhat livelier affair than it has been apt to be in former years. The executive committee of the Association of Harvard Alumni have in their hands the decision of the question whether or not there shall be a dinner; and they have decided that Mr. Eliot's having been elected president, and a career of enlarged usefulness having been just newly opened before the university, it will be as well not to wait till the Memorial Hall is ready, but to get together as many graduates as possible and celebrate the occasion. The 29th of June is to be the day; the Hon. William Gray is to preside; Attorney-General Hoar will be present, and may be expected to speak, and so may Mr. George Hillard and other men of mark.

—Lovers of humor who do not know the *San Francisco News-Letter and California Advertiser* have something of a surprise to come in making the acquaintance of the "Town Crier" of that extremely lively journal. One main quality of the humorist—a Rabelaisian audacity which stands abashed at but very few things indeed—the "Town Crier" possesses in fulness; if he is not the most impudent and most irreverential person on the Pacific Coast, then he must have the steady assistance of his most admired friends and acquaintances, for a newspaper page that exhibits less respect for constituted authority of whatever kind than his page parades is not printed in English, so far as we are aware, nor in any other language. What the clergymen of San Francisco think of him only they could tell; he is never more abandoned and seldom seems more cheerful—though he is very frequently more to be admired—than when he is addressing some clerical gentleman with impudence equal to that of a Parisian *gamin*. With the San Francisco editors he takes as great liberties as he allows himself in the case of the clergymen, and as for the members of the city government, from the policemen up, he is what municipal authorities this side of the Plains would consider scurrilously libellous. Exactly what is the standing of the *News-Letter* as a journal, we do not know; it looks very prosperous, however, and although it contains little of what is known as "editorial matter," it manifestly is edited not only with careful attention, but with much more than the usual intelligence. How, then, with these several evidences of "respectability," it can allow itself such license, is a question which somewhat puzzles the Eastern reader, and is unanswerable except by persons who know California better than we. It is not persons alone that are addressed with a hardihood apparently limited by no feelings of awe or respect, and even by no considerations of prudence, but also perfectly careless hands are laid on all institutions, social, political, or other, which may happen to attract the "Town Crier's" attention. Very often there is nothing to be said in his favor; he is frequently not bold merely but recklessly flippant and outrageously scurrilous, and anything but delicately decorous in his morality. He is much rather to be thought of as a personage to be looked at, and to be studied as a part of the Farthest West, than as a member of society to be praised. And perhaps, after all, he is more interesting as a

Californian social phenomenon than as a humorist, though, as it seems to us, a decided pleasure is certainly to be got from him in this latter capacity. We suppose a man is at all events a humorist—whether he is a great one or a small one, a success or a failure—when he produces things like this:

"The world makes few graver mistakes than in supposing a man must necessarily possess all the cardinal virtues because he has a big dog and some dirty children. We know a butcher on Kearny Street whose children are not merely dirty—they are fearfully and wonderfully besmirched by the hand of an artist. He has, in addition, a big dog with a tendency to dropsy, who flies at you across the street with such celerity that he outruns his bark by a full second, and you are warned of your danger only after his teeth are buried in your leg. And yet the owner of these children and father of this dog is no whit better, to all appearance, than a baker who has clean brats and a mild poodle. He is not even a good butcher; he hacks a spare-rib and lacerates a sirloin. He talks through his nose, which turns up to such an extent that the voice passes right over your head, and you have to get on a table to tell whether he is slandering his dead wife or swearing at yourself. If that man possessed a thousand young ones, exaltedly nasty, and dogs enough to make a sub-Atlantic cable of Bologna sausage, you would find it difficult to make us believe in him. In fact, we look upon the big-dog test of morality as a venerable mistake—natural but erroneous; and we regard dirty children as indispensable in no other sense than that they are universal."

It is coarse, and "it bears on hard" in places; and the exaggerated and grotesque are present in force sufficient to please the most British of students of "American humor, in which exaggeration is the principal ingredient;" but still the power of mental detachment and the intellectual playfulness which are chief characteristics of all humorists, are as truly visible, if they are not so manifest, in this chance-begotten "item" as in the masterpiece of Cervantes. And when there is such a sense of fun as this writer displays in his weekly work—from which we do not quote any more, as justice is not done him by brief quotation—it is not easy to believe that we might not also find a degree of that power of spiritual sympathy conjoined with intellectual playfulness which is at the bottom of the performances of the humorists most admired, and to whom the name of humorist should perhaps be preferably given. But however that may be, half a loaf is bread if it is not a whole loaf, and is satisfactory as food whatever we may say about its completeness and perfection; and we are persuaded that our anonymous Californian friend will at least be enjoyed by all lovers of the humorous who read what he writes, though perhaps there are not many even of such persons who will feel compelled to commend him except for his humor—unless, indeed, for his strong sense, when he chooses to exercise it; and his courage; and some of his good theory, which is better than some of his practice; and his apparent capacity for despising some things more "respectable" than really respected.

—A very old name has just reappeared in literature. George Palæolog, a descendant of the brother of the last Emperor of Constantinople, has published at St. Petersburg a book entitled "Notes on Contemporary Questions in Russia." It is well written, and will be appreciated by such political students as Mr. Grant Duff.

—In estimating the relative importance of the literary activity of the nineteenth century, stress has often been laid on the resuscitation of buried and unknown ancient literatures, as, for example, in Finland. But the creation of new literatures deserves no less remark. The modern Finnish and Serbian literatures, and the Russian literatures, are conspicuous examples. Did any one ever hear of a Georgian literature? In the time of Queen Tamar, the only sovereign before Alexander II. who ever succeeded in collecting all the peoples of the Caucasus under one rule, literature and art flourished at Tiflis. But that time was long ago, and the manuscripts that were spared by the Persian incursions have till very recently been secreted in the monasteries. Now, Georgian literature has taken a new start, and the works of one writer are widely known in all that country. This is Prince George Eristavi. Mirza Schaffy would, perhaps, occur to every one as a more prominent example, but Mirza Schaffy never existed except in the fertile brain of the gifted Bodenstedt. Prince Eristavi was born in 1811, and was taught to read and write by his mother, an educated woman—a rare thing in those parts. At ten years old he went to the Tiflis Gymnasium, and soon was seized with a passion for verse-writing. He was subsequently sent to school at Moscow; afterwards, being implicated in the conspiracy of the Georgian princes, he was sent to Poland, where he studied Polish, learned Mickiewicz by heart, and even wrote a poem, "The Maniac," in Polish, which had a great success, and was circulated everywhere in manuscript. Some years after he returned to Georgia, and wrote the first Georgian comedy, "The Decision," which was represented at the Tiflis Gymnasium by amateurs in 1850. It was received with a fury of enthusiasm, its expressions passed into proverbs, and many Georgians even now know it by heart from beginning to end. Eristavi then set about founding a national theatre—"a thing not witnessed since the time of Noah," as Count Sollogul says. He had, however, some difficulty, as few of his actors could read, and as he had to write all the pieces himself. He wrote more than thirty plays—comedies, dramas, and vaudevilles—some of them of excellence, as well as a comedy in Russian, which was acted at Tiflis. Among his poetic works the best are his satires, the translations from Mickiewicz, and "The Wanderer." He also founded the first Georgian journal, the *Dawn*, which he edited from 1852 to 1854. It still exists. Eristavi himself died in 1864. His example has been followed by others, and the Georgian theatre is now an institution at Tiflis.

—Concerning Vámbéry, who for years has been busily employing his pen warning the English against the dangers to their Asiatic possessions arising from the advance of the Russians in Central Asia, we have received the following—from what we should call a Philo-Russian source:

"It seems as if Vámbéry's travels would have to be classed with the African adventures of Le Vaillant, as a work either wholly or in great part of fiction. The Royal Geographical Society of London, which at first patronized Vámbéry, now says that too much confidence must not be placed on what he says. The Berlin geographers go further, and say that there is nothing in his books which has not been taken from others or else invented. It is said that the best motto for his book is his own words: 'I got out of the affair only by my coolness—I mean my effrontery—and the suppleness of my tongue.' Vámbéry is not even the Hungarian he pretends to be, but a Jew, whose real name is Bambarius. Russian embassies, with such geographers as Galkin and Khanikoff in their train, have been at Khiva and Bokhara previous to Vámbéry's journey, and have given many valuable details on those countries. Khanikoff especially, to whom Vámbéry does not allude, even gave plans of the cities of Bokhara and Samarkand. Since the capture of Samarkand by the Russians, there have been several detailed descriptions of that city, written by travellers, which contradict Vámbéry in nearly every respect. He confuses the palace and citadel; he describes the 'green stone' of Timour in a loose way—asserting that he saw it; Gen. Kaufmann says that it is not green at all, but that it is covered by an ornamental slab of marble placed there by a succeeding caliph; and Kostenke, writing from Tashkend, denies other parts of the description of the hall. The details about the Koran written by Osman, the third—and not the second—caliph, are also incorrect. It is kept in a different place, and is written on rice-paper. The interview of Vámbéry with the Emir is also probably imaginary. All Mussulmans are obliged to fall on the ground before him, and not even to look him in the face. The reception of the Russian ambassadors in 1866 was equally humiliating; and then the Emir only came and looked through a window, as strangers were not allowed to enter the same room with him. In general, Vámbéry has greatly exaggerated the difficulties of travelling in Central Asia. Russian merchants, speaking Tartar incorrectly and known to be foreigners, have travelled freely everywhere with moderate precautions, and say that robbery and violence on the roads are things unknown. Khludoff even in 1866 was in Kokand, which was then more dangerous than Samarkand; and Medyntzeff went there alone twice in 1867. Vámbéry's book is full of the clanking of the chains of the captives among the Turkomans; but the Turkoman tribes are well known by the Russian officers and geographers to have no iron and very little wood; if chains were used for the captives, they were probably leather thongs or cords of twisted wool. It, however, must be admitted that Vámbéry has very well got up his subject, and that he can talk intelligently on Central Asiatic affairs. His knowledge and his skill are, however, now chiefly used in endeavors to stir up a strife between Russia and England."

Before adopting as our own this opinion of the merits of Vámbéry's "Travels," we shall have to learn in what terms the Royal Geographical Society expresses its modified view of the formerly patronized traveller; who "the Berlin geographers" are who go so much further in repudiating his authority; and whether the new (Russian) descriptions of Samarkand, and the sayings about it, do not emanate from persons who have national prejudices to subserve in undermining the credit of a celebrated anti-Russian writer. We, on our part, have as yet met with hardly any indication of a growing disbelief on the part of English, French, or German writers in the correctness of the Hungarian traveller's accounts of Central Asia. On the contrary, we find him often quoted as an authority by authors and publicists of merit. The Leipzig *Unsere Zeit*, and other journals of good reputation, publish his latest communications in foreign languages. On the other hand, we are far from denying that the whole tenor of Vámbéry's narrative of his travelling adventures has laid him open to the suspicion of a want of veracity. He who, without necessity, enters upon a course where lying and effrontery are the chief means of safely getting through, can hardly expect to be implicitly believed when relating the story of his adventures. As regards his nationality, the Russian critics have evidently been carried too far by their animosity against the un

friendly Hungarian. Vámbéry, who never denied having been a Jew—we believe him now to be neither Jew nor Christian nor Mussulman—or having changed his name from Bamberger—not "Bambarius"—into the more sonorous Magyar trisyllable he now bears, is just precisely "the Hungarian he pretends to be." He is a native of Hungary—of the Magyar town of Szerdahely, near the Danube—has received his education in Hungary, is a Magyar scholar, and a member of the Hungarian Academy—a literary body, by-the-by, which contains more than one member of non-Magyar blood bearing an adopted Magyar name. The veteran secretary of the Academy himself, Francis Toldy—the greatest literary historian of Hungary—originally bore the German name of Schedel. The lexicographer and grammarian Ballagi—originally Bloch, and a Jew—is another instance. Hungary's greatest literary name, Petöfi, is a Magyar modification of the Servian Petrovich. Few persons, we presume, this side of Russia would now be inclined to exclaim, speaking of Meyerbeer: "He was not even the German he pretended to be—he was a Jew, whose real name was Beer;" or of Halévy: "He was not the Frenchman he pretended to be, but a Jew, of the house of Levy." In the eyes of "Orthodox" and Philo-Slavic Russian critics, Vámbéry labors under the triple disadvantage of being a Jew, a Magyar, and a friend of England.

—Those interested in the history and progress of Babism will find a résumé of the subject, based on the very latest intelligence and appreciation of this remarkable sect, in the newest issue of *Zell's Universal Cyclopædia, sub verbo.* As this important work progresses in monthly parts, we have been pleased to see other evidences of a purpose to keep the articles abreast with the knowledge of the present time; and, although there must needs be more or less coming short of this standard amid the numberless particulars of such a combination of dictionaries, the spirit in which the cyclopædia is edited is what it should be, and the errors are, as we pointed out in our review of it, comparatively few and inconsiderable.

—The international convention which met at Geneva in 1864 sought, it will be remembered, to mitigate the horrors of war by obtaining protection, as neutrals, for non-combatants expressly organized to relieve the wounded on the field of battle, and distinguished by a uniform and appropriate insignia. This humane principle has meantime received an extension—at least, its extension is strongly desired—so as to embrace engagements by sea. But as the want of data from recent experience is seriously felt, the Prussian Central Committee proposes prize essays (of one hundred louis) on the following topics: (1) Under what circumstances, in what mode, and with what success has private philanthropy already attempted, in naval engagements, to contribute to the rescue of the shipwrecked and the care of the sick and wounded of the hostile fleets? (2) By what expansion and on what conditions can the [land] Aid Commissions propose this problem to themselves with a prospect of success? (3) What preparation is necessary in peace to solve it according to the claims of humanity? (4) How far may the solution of it be furthered and secured by establishing closer relations between the Aid Commissions for the care, on the field, of sick and wounded soldiers, and the existing associations for the rescue of shipwrecked mariners? The writers for the prize, say the committee, should consult and bear in mind the point of view set forth in the proceedings of the international conference at Berlin, April 23, 1869, a report of which will be sent on application to the office of the Prussian Central Committee, No. 4 Linksstrasse, Berlin. The essays may be written in English, French, or German, and must be anonymous, with a motto attached. A sealed envelope bearing this motto must accompany the essay and contain the writer's name and address. The essays will be due at the above office by May 1, 1870, at the latest, and the prize, as determined by a jury, will be awarded September 30. The successful writer may publish his essay, if he choose, within six months from the award; if he neglects to do so, the right will then vest in the committee. We need not dwell on the peculiar advantages which we Americans have had for gaining and for giving information on the topics proposed for discussion.

LECKY'S HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS.*

Mr. Lecky's books are remarkable in themselves, and remarkable in an even higher degree as illustrating the change which has in recent years come over the tone of English literature. The title of his former work upon "the rise and influence of rationalism" suggests one of the most marked tendencies of the time, of which Mr. Lecky is himself a conspicuous example. Twenty, or even ten, years ago the same books would have called forth fierce denunciation. The opinions which he avows are far more radically opposed to the orthodox schools than those which, when enunciated by Bishop Colenso or the writers of "Essays and Reviews," excited a kind of universal shudder. They remind us more naturally of Mr. Buckle than of any recent writer. The smallness of the sensation produced by Mr. Lecky is due partly to the facts that he is by no means comparable to Mr. Buckle in vigor of thought, and that he does not occupy the official position which rendered episcopal heresies doubly startling to the clerical world. Yet this is not enough to explain the favor with which his writings have been received by the most respectable part of the English press. Scarcely a stone has been cast at him; no voice is raised to warn the public against the pernicious tendencies of his teaching; and a writer who explains the rise of Christianity with the same calmness with which he would account for Mormonism or Mohammedanism is admitted, without a protest, to all the honors of high literary rank. This toleration is undoubtedly due in part to the absence from Mr. Lecky's nature of anything approaching to bitterness or direct hostility to orthodox opinion. He is remarkable for a singular tolerance, which at times amounts almost to weakness. He shows no traces of the old Voltairian hostility to accepted theory; he is no iconoclast; and, if he does not worship at the ancient shrines, treats them with sincere respect, and shows a generous appreciation of their claims upon our respect. In this he conforms to the best school of modern thinkers, who are sufficiently free from revolutionary passion to regret the spirit of wholesale desecration which animated the freethinkers of the last century, and who are anxious to recognize fully and frankly whatever was good in the past. It is evident that this mental attitude towards the old theology so far harmonizes with the general tone of thought amongst the upper classes in England that a very able expositor of its consequences excites no real opposition. Mr. Lecky's book is not too strong meat for their digestion. They have become perfectly accustomed to a school of thought which a few years ago would have startled them out of their propriety. Any one who has observed the opinions expressed with perfect impunity by the writers in the *Fortnightly Review*, and by such distinguished thinkers as Mr. Mill, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, will perceive that Mr. Lecky, in spite of his very free dealing with orthodox notions, is by no means an advanced type of English opinion. Those who have recently visited the English universities, or mixed with the liberal part of English society, will agree that he is more likely to be accused of mildness than of extravagance in his views. Indeed, he appears to believe in God and in a future life.

It is impossible, in the narrow space of a review, to give any adequate idea of the scope of Mr. Lecky's argument. Probably the best plan would be simply to reprint his index; but as that might prove dry reading, and would be an apparent evasion of the judicial duties, we will advise our readers to consult the book itself, and will refrain from stating his argument at length. In a few words, however, we may indicate its principal points. Mr. Lecky begins with a discussion of the rival merits of the utilitarian and intuitional schools of morality. He next proceeds to describe very shortly the tendencies of paganism, and dwells at some length upon the great moral schools, and especially upon the Stoics. He explains the causes which restrained the practical influence of these schools upon the mass of the people, and then, in a very remarkable chapter, which may be considered as a pendant to the famous chapters in Gibbon, proceeds to account for the conversion of the Empire to Christianity. He next treats at considerable length of the good and evil results of the mediæval style of excellence. The merits of Christianity and of the Church in the dark ages are freely acknowledged, though Mr. Lecky takes some pains to prove that they have been unduly credited with benefits resulting from very different agencies. He insists, also, with much vigor, upon the many evils connected with asceticism, and upon the total disregard for truth which he holds to have been characteristic of the Church in its most flourishing period. On the whole, he is distinctly hostile to the attempts which have been made alike by Catholics and Positivists to exalt the merits of the mediæval church. In a final chapter, he deals with the position of women, and the position given in opinion and practice to chastity and the allied virtues. From this exceedingly brief sketch, or, rather, hint at the general design, of the book, it will be seen that Mr. Lecky covers a very wide area, and plunges into some very profound enquiries. Those who have read his book on rationalism will be prepared to expect a very graceful style, chargeable at worst with a certain excess of sweetness and deficiency of vigor, and a narrative always picturesque and flowing, but occasionally wanting in concentration. They will, we think, admit that the present book

* "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne. By W. E. H. Lecky." New York: D. Appleton & Co.; London: Longmans. 2 vols. 1869.

is a decided improvement on its predecessor. Mr. Lecky, though a young man, is obviously a man of great learning; he is full of delicate perception and quick sympathy with various modes of thought; and he shows a width of toleration which is worthy of all praise. Every intelligent reader, in fact, will follow his guidance with lively pleasure; and there are probably few who will not confess that their mental horizon has been extended by the process. But, on the other hand, it is impossible to say that Mr. Lecky shows much philosophical vigor, or that he occupies that commanding point of view which is necessary to give unity to so vast a subject and to reduce his generalizations to a coherent system.

This weakness is most evident in the opening chapter upon different theories of morality. It is, we think, perfectly clear that Mr. Lecky does not understand the opinion which he undertakes to refute; or, to say the least, that he attacks it not in its strongest, but in its weakest shape. Mr. Lecky, for example, persistently argues on the supposition that the utilitarian theory implies that every man is to act simply with a view to his own personal interests. With an arrogance very unusual in him, he ventures flatly to contradict one of the most eminent of modern reasoners upon this point, and talks about the "transparent sophistry" of an argument which he entirely fails to understand. After quoting Mr. Austin's words, "The question is, if acts of this kind were generally done, or generally forborne or omitted, what would be the probable effect on the general happiness or good?" Mr. Lecky proceeds: "The question is nothing of the kind. If I am convinced that ability alone constitutes virtue, and if I am meditating a particular act, the sole question of morality must be whether that act is on the whole useful and produces a net result of happiness." The question, if we may venture to retort upon Mr. Lecky, is nothing of the kind. The uniform definition of virtue given by Bentham, Mill, and Austin, and every modern utilitarian, is precisely that implied in the quotation which Mr. Lecky attacks. The test of the morality of an action, according to them, is its conformity to certain rules—those rules being such as tend, in the common phrase, to produce "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The rule against murder is founded on the fact that murder, if generally practised, would diminish the sum of happiness. A particular murder might increase it; but it would still be a criminal act, because it would be against the general rule. What Mr. Lecky calls a "transparent sophistry," repeated *ad nauseam* by utilitarians, is in fact their fundamental principle, laid down and illustrated by every sound thinker of the school. He has, as will be seen, fallen into the too common blunder of confounding the test of morality with the motive which is supposed to induce men to be moral. Mr. Lecky might fairly ask utilitarians by what sanction they expect to enforce morality; but he is falling into a "transparent sophistry" when he assumes that they would answer that the sanction is the selfish interest of the individual.

The misconception will be made clearer by another argument of Mr. Lecky's. It is a common argument against the intuitional school that as the standard of morality varies at every age, we cannot suppose that the truths which it embodies are necessary and self-evident. A savage thinks it quite right to kill another savage in order to deprive him of a deer. Therefore the rule, Thou shalt do no murder, cannot be evident to the intelligence of the savage. But, replies Mr. Lecky, even in that case the duty is recognized, though it is restricted. The mind already "recognizes the unselfish and benevolent motives as essentially and generically superior to the selfish and cruel." No utilitarian would think of disputing this; of course the savage, and even the animal, have certain rudimentary instincts, which, as society progresses, are developed into the highest virtues of civilization. The fact that there are such instincts explains the mode by which a moral code comes to have some binding force on mankind. Mr. Lecky obviously supposes that utilitarians disbelieve in the existence of unselfish instincts; on the contrary, they affirm them as essential parts of their scheme. What they deny is, that mankind have an *à priori* perception of certain general truths, and can affirm them independently of experience. In their view, moral truths, like all others, are discovered by the slow progress of observation and inductive reasoning; but that they are founded upon the existence of benevolent instincts is admitted by everybody. If all that Mr. Lecky does with his moral sense, when he has got it, is to affirm that in a general way benevolence is more virtuous than its opposite, the utilitarians will make no objection to his doctrine; they will only add that it is perceived to be better because it obviously increases the general happiness of mankind. To take a parallel case, Mr. Mill asserts that even mathematical truths, such as the axioms of Euclid, are learnt by experience, not by intuition. It would in no way combat this theory to show that even savages have a dim perception that parallel lines will never meet. Mr. Lecky would apparently argue that Mr. Mill denies not only that these truths are founded on intuition, but even that men have intellects fitted to discover them. In short, he is beating the air throughout this chapter, and combating the theories, not of Bentham or Austin, but of some such exploded and paradoxical writer as Mandeville.

We will not go further into an argument which is, after all, irrelevant to the main purpose of Mr. Lecky's book. We have noticed it because it will indicate at once to persons conversant with such matters a certain weakness in Mr. Lecky's speculative powers. Taken by itself, however, it gives a very unfair impression of his ability. He is not a very clear or accurate thinker, and many of the generalizations which he throws out at random seem to be ill-digested and very slightly connected. Thus, in the middle of his second volume, he suddenly notices what he calls "one of the great landmarks of moral history" hitherto unmentioned by historians. This is the fact, that whereas the utilitarian spirit was formerly hostile to political activity, it has now become "one of the most active and influential elements of political progress;" whereas the reverse change has taken place in the opposite school. This is a striking, and may be a true, remark; but a man who stopped to assimilate what he had learnt would scarcely throw it out as a kind of *obiter dictum*, and tack it roughly on to a disquisition of not very obvious relevancy. He should have brought it into relation with other truths; have considered how far it was well founded; at what time the change took place; how it is to be accounted for; and have worked it into the substance of his book. Coming upon it disconnectedly, and without any reference to it before or afterwards, it gives us an unpleasant impression of a want of thoroughness. It seems as if Mr. Lecky was more anxious to make a brilliant generalization than to satisfy himself of its validity or to pursue it into its consequences. In fact, it looks rather as if he had kept a commonplace-book, put down any reflections that occurred to him, and then turned them loose upon society without due preparation.

Yet, after all deductions are made, Mr. Lecky's book is really a remarkable production. It is full of brilliant suggestions, and opens many lines of thought even when it does not thoroughly follow them out. To illustrate its method, we will give a short account of what is in some respects its most important chapter, that on the conversion of Rome. Mr. Lecky begins by remarking on the singular indifference of the Pagan writers to the change which was going on before their eyes. Down to the very eve of the triumph of the Church, amongst a crowd of details as to the dresses, games, vices, and follies of the court, the numerous writers of the period only give us six or seven short notices of the religion which was transforming the world. He proceeds to show with much force that there is no real ground for the common hypothesis that the later moralists show traces of Christian influence. The approximation of opinion, which is in some cases evident, was obviously due to more general causes, and not to any conscious borrowing. How, then, did Christianity penetrate the Empire, as it were, by a kind of subterraneous burrowing? The notion that it influenced the philosophic classes is absurd. Was it by the direct influence of miraculous proofs? To meet this question, Mr. Lecky diverges at some length into the general question of the evidence of the miraculous. Miracles, he says, are not impossible in the sense that spiritual beings of powers far exceeding our own may occasionally interfere in the world. Nor do we disbelieve them from want of such evidence as would be sufficient to establish facts of an ordinary kind. At the same time, educated people have entirely given up all faith in the existence of the miraculous. In spite of the assertion of Tacitus and Suetonius, we refuse altogether to believe that Vespasian cured a blind man by a word. And the decay of belief is due in a general way to the progress of physical science and the consequent revelation of what the Duke of Argyll has called the "reign of law." This, however, is an entirely modern feeling. Down to the Revolution of 1688, it was believed by educated people in England that the king had the power of curing scrofula by a touch. Learned books were written, and much evidence adduced, in support of the notion. It disappeared rapidly, not by force of argument, but under the weight of the general presumption against the miraculous amongst the thinkers of the eighteenth century. Now, in the Roman Empire these conditions were reversed. Everybody believed in miracles. Augustus begged through the streets in obedience to a dream. Earthquakes and thunderstorms were held to be ominous, even by scientific observers. Pliny, after an eloquent eulogy on the great men who had freed us from superstition by explaining eclipses, proceeds to declare that comets were undoubtedly ominous. Every philosopher was held to be a magician. Apollonius, of Tyana, raised the dead and healed the sick. Apuleius, though he expressly disclaimed it,

was credited with the same power. Porphyry expelled demons; Iamblichus was raised from the ground when he prayed. The oracles were held to be supernatural not only by the Pagans, but throughout the Middle Ages.

Mr. Lecky characteristically evades any inference as to the truth of the Jewish stories; but he says very forcibly that when there was such a predisposition to the miraculous, the claim of miraculous power could exercise little influence. In fact, none of the early apologists, except Arnobius, give the miracles any prominent place in their arguments. The miracles with which the writings of the fathers are filled were worked "for the exclusive edification of confirmed believers." The only exception is the remarkable one of exorcism, which is easily explicable by the natural influence upon lunatics and epileptics of imposing ceremonies. Even this died away when power to exorcise was limited to bishops by a wise decision of the Church. Hence it is impossible to suppose that miracles did much to convert people who were perfectly ready to accept the fact and deny the inference. The world was held to be full of miracles, and the possession of miraculous power only indicated the interference of some demon, good or bad. The causes of the conversion, says Mr. Lecky, "were the general tendencies of the age. They are to be found in that vast monument of mingled scepticism and credulity, in that amalgamation or dissolution of many creeds, in that profound transformation of habits, of feelings, of ideas," which he has described in the preceding chapter. He shows how Oriental religions were swarming in every part of the Empire; how specially fitted were the doctrines of Christianity to satisfy the feelings of mankind; and, after an eloquent passage upon this topic, declares emphatically that "the conversion of the Roman Empire is so far from being of the nature of a miracle or suspension of the ordinary principles of human nature, that there is scarcely any other great movement on record in which the causes and effects so manifestly correspond." The marvellous efflorescence of Greek art and the permanent success of Mohammedanism are, he says, events far more inexplicable. He carefully explains, however, that he is not speaking of the rise of Christianity in Judea, but of its subsequent success in the Roman Empire.

There is still the argument that Christianity must have been miraculously aided to surmount the Roman persecutions. After an interesting discussion as to the causes of that persecution, showing incidentally that it did not imply generally a disposition to crush the rising creed, but a desire to meet certain collateral results, he gives a history of the persecutions, showing that as a fact they were neither frequent nor intense enough to be seriously dangerous. In this part of his subject he is chiefly following the steps of Gibbon, though in a less hostile spirit, and, it need not be added, with less historical power.

The outline we have given will show, though imperfectly, how many matters come within the scope of the book, but cannot show how much learning is brought to bear upon them, and with how much spirit the discussion is conducted. He avoids, as will be remarked, some delicate topics, although the tendency of his remarks is sufficiently obvious. We have had too many histories which are simply vast accumulations of facts; amorphous masses, scarcely even arranged in intelligible order. It is time that writers of a different class should begin to breathe a little life into these dry bones, and from bare records of battles and dynasties draw a few of the conclusions which alone can make history valuable. We cannot conscientiously say that Mr. Lecky discharges this duty in a thoroughly philosophical spirit; but he at least does much to stimulate thought and to prepare the way for more powerful intellects. The philosophy of religion, as founded upon historical enquiry, will not, it is probable, be explained in our time; but we may perhaps say that Mr. Lecky and writers of his stamp are sketching preparatory studies, from which the great artist of the future may derive assistance in composing a satisfactory whole. Humbler people may be content with the conclusion that Mr. Lecky has written a singularly interesting and suggestive book.

COLERIDGE'S LIFE OF KEBLE.*

Sir John Coleridge, the writer of this "Life of Keble," was for many years one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, is now a Privy Councillor, and may be regarded almost as the lay head of the High Church party in England. Sharing Keble's opinions, and entering into all his feelings, he is at the same time himself always a man of the world and a man of sense. Add to these qualifications his intimate and lifelong friendship with the subject of his work, and we have reason to expect a biography at once appreciative and judicial. Such a biography, in fact, we have; one full of sympathy, yet free from exaggeration, and a good lesson to biographers in general. The intimacy of the friendship between the writer and his subject might have interfered with his impartiality and repelled our confidence if the case had been more complex and had made greater demands on the inflexibility of the judge. But in the case of a character and a life so perfectly simple, pure, and transparent as the character and the life of Keble, there was but one thing to be said.

The author of "The Christian Year" was the son of a country clergyman of the Church of England, and was educated at home by his father, so that he missed, or, as he would probably have said himself, escaped, the knowledge of minds differently trained from his own which a boy cannot help picking up at an English public school. At a very early age he became a scholar of Corpus Christi, a very small and secluded college of the High Church and High Tory University of Oxford. As the scholarships led to fellowships—the holders of which were required to be in holy orders—and to church preferment, almost all the scholars were destined for the clerical profession. Of Keble's student friendships one only seems to have been formed outside the walls of his own college, and this was with Miller, a student of Worcester College, who afterwards became a High Church clergyman. Among the students destined for the Anglican priesthood in the Junior Common Room of Corpus Christi College, there was indeed one whose presence strikes us like the apparition of Turnus in the camp of Æneas—Thomas Arnold. Arnold was already Arnold, and he succeeded in drawing the young champions of the divine right of kings and priests into a struggle against the divine right of tutors, which "secured the liberty of the subject" at Corpus—the question at issue between the subject and the ruler being by which of two clocks, one of which was always five minutes before the other, the recitations should begin. The friendship between Arnold and Keble, however, was merely personal; Arnold evidently never exercised the slightest influence over Keble's mind; and even in this "great rebellion"—the only rebellion, great or small, of his life—Keble was induced to take part, as he has expressly recorded, at the instigation of Coleridge, a middle term between Arnold and himself. The college teachers were all clergymen; and the university curriculum in their days was regulated and limited by clerical ascendancy, and consisted of the Aristotelian and Butlerian philosophy, classics, and pure mathematics, without modern history or physical science. The remarkable precocity of Keble's intellect enabled him to graduate with the highest honors both in classics and mathematics at an age almost miraculously early, even making allowance for the comparative youthfulness of students in general in those days. He was at once elected a Fellow of Oriel, and translated to the Senior Common Room of that College—another clerical society consisting of men for the most part considerably his seniors, among whom, in spite of the presence of Whately, High Church principles probably predominated even at that time, and were destined soon to predominate in the most extreme sense, for the college presently became the focus of the Ritualistic and Romanizing movement. Thus, up to twenty-three, Keble's life had been that of a sort of acolyte, not ascetic (for his nature appears to have been always genial and mirthful), but entirely clerical in its environments and its aspirations. At twenty-three he took orders, and put round his neck, with the white tie of Anglican priesthood, the Thirty-nine Articles, the whole contents of the Anglican Prayer-Book, and all the contradictions between those two standards of belief. For some time he held a tutorship in his college; then he went down to a country living in the neighborhood of a cathedral city, where he spent the rest of his days. His character was so sweet and gentle that he could not fail to be naturally disposed to toleration. He even goes the length of saying that some profane libellers whom his friend Coleridge was going to prosecute, were not half so dangerous enemies to religion as some wicked worldly-minded Christians. But it is no wonder, and implies no derogation from his charity, that he should have regarded the progress of opinions different from his own as a mediæval monk would have regarded the progress of an army of Saracens or a horde of Avars. All his poetic sympathies could not hinder him from disliking the rebel and Puritan Milton.

Thus it was impossible that he should be in a very broad sense a poet of humanity. His fundamental conception of humanity was essentially mediæval; his ideal was that of cloistered innocence, or, still better, the innocence of untempted and untried infancy. For such perfection his "Lyra Innocentium" was strung. When his friend is thinking of the profession of the law, he conjures him to forego the brilliant visions which tempted him in that direction for "visions far more brilliant and

* "The Life of Keble. By Sir John Coleridge." London. 1869.

more certain too; more brilliant in their results, inasmuch as the salvation of one soul is worth more than the framing the Magna Charta of a thousand worlds; more certain to take place, since temptations are fewer and opportunities everywhere to be found." These words remind us of a passage in one of Massillon's sermons, preached on the delivery of colors to a regiment, in which the preacher, after dwelling on the hardships and sufferings which soldiers are called upon to endure, says that a small portion of those hardships and sufferings, undergone in performance of a monastic vow, would merit the kingdom of heaven. If souls are to be saved by real moral influences, Sir John Coleridge has probably saved a good many more souls as a religious judge and man of the world than he would have saved as the rector of a country parish; and if character is formed by moral effort, he has probably formed a much higher character by facing temptation than he would have done by flying from it.

Whatever of grace, worth, or beneficence there could be in the half-cloistral life of an Oxford fellow of those days, or in the rural and sacerdotal life of a High Church rector, there was in the life of Keble at Oriel and afterwards at Hursley. The best spirit of such a life, together with the impression of a character rivalling in spiritual beauty, after its kind, that of Ken or Leighton, is found in Keble's poetry, and for this we may be, as hundreds of thousands have been, thankful.

The biographer declines to enter into a critical examination of the "Christian Year," but he confidently predicts its indefinite reign, founding his prediction on the causes of its original success. He justly describes it, in effect, as rather a poetic manual of devotion than a book of poetry for continuous reading. It is, in truth, so completely out of the category of ordinary poetry, that fairly to estimate its intrinsic merits would be a very difficult task. Sir John Coleridge indicates this, in fact, when he cites as an appropriate tribute to the merits of the book the practice of the Worcestershire clergyman who used, every Sunday afternoon, instead of a sermon, to read to his congregation the poem of the "Christian Year" for the day. Keble himself, as his biographer attests, had a very humble opinion of his own work, seldom read it, hated to hear it praised, consented with great difficulty to its glorification by sumptuous editions. It was his saintly humility, suggests the biographer, which made him feel that the book which flowed from his own heart would inevitably be taken for a faithful likeness of himself; thus he would be exhibiting himself in favorable colors, and be in danger of incurring the woe which had been pronounced on the good opinions of the world. If this account be true, it is another proof of the mediæval and half-monastic mould in which Keble's religious character was cast.

The comparative failure of the "Lyra Innocentium" is probably to be attributed not only to the difference of intrinsic merit, but to the fact that whereas the "Christian Year" has as little of a party character as any work of devotion written by an Anglican and High Church clergyman could have, the "Lyra Innocentium" was the work of a leading party man. The interval between the two publications had been filled by the great reactionary movement among the clergy which formed one of the back-streams to the current of political and intellectual progress which had begun to grow after the termination of the great French war, and came to a crisis in the Parliamentary Reform Bill of 1832. In this movement Keble was the associate of Hurrell Froude, Newman, Pusey, and other conspicuous "Tractarians." A sermon which he preached before the University of Oxford was regarded by Newman as the beginning of the movement. He contributed to the "Tracts for the Times," though as a controversialist he was never powerful; sweetness, not strength, being the characteristic of his mind. Keble had embraced, as it seemed to us, all the extreme and essentially Romanizing principles of the school. The posthumous alteration made in the "Christian Year" by his direction shows that he held a doctrine respecting the Eucharist not practically distinguishable from the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation. A poem intended to appear in the "Lyra Apostolica," but suppressed at the time in deference to the wishes of cautious friends, and now published by his biographer, proves that he was, as a Protestant would say, putting it plainly, an advanced Mariolater. He was a thoroughgoing sacerdotalist and believer in the authority of the Church in matters of opinion. He was always deploring the loss of auricular confession. He regarded the cessation of prayers for the souls of dead founders and benefactors as a lamentable concession to Protestant prejudice. Like his associates, he repudiated the very name of Protestant. He deemed the state of the Church of England, with regard to orthodoxy, most deplorable—"two prelates having distinctly denied an article of the Apostles' Creed," and matters going on altogether so that it was very difficult for "a Catholic Christian" to remain in that communion. Why then did he not, with John Henry Newman, accept the logical conclusions of his premises, and go to the place to which his principles belonged? His was not a character to be influenced by any worldly motives, or by the sense of his own ecclesiastical position, which we suspect has sometimes had its influence in making Romanizing leaders of the Anglican clergy unwilling to merge their party and their leadership in the Church of Rome. There was nothing in his nature which would have recoiled from any self-abnegation or submission. The real answer is, we believe, that Keble was a married man. This it was, probably—not any distinction more or less supersubtle between Real Presence and Transubstantiation, or any misgivings as to the exact degree of worship to be paid to the Virgin, or doubts as to the limits of the personal infallibility of the Pope, or objections to practical abuses in the Church of Rome, which of course do not prevent her from being the true Church—which kept Keble, and which has kept hundreds of Romanizing Anglican clergymen, from becoming Roman Catholics. Nor is the reason, if analyzed, one of which their philosophy need be ashamed; for the claims of home and humanity are the best answer to the claims of the Church of Rome.

Keble stopped his ears with wax against the siren appeal of his seceding chief, John Henry Newman, and refused at first to read the "Essay on Development." When at last drawn into the controversy, he constructed for his own satisfaction, and that of other waverers who looked up to him for support and guidance, an argument founded on the Butlerian principle of probability as the guide of life. But Butler, with deference to his great name be it said, imports into questions of conscience and into the spiritual domain a principle really applicable only to worldly concerns. A man will invest his money, or take any other step in relation to his worldly affairs, if he thinks the chances are in his favor; but he cannot be satisfied with a mere preponderance of chances that he possesses vital truth and that he will escape everlasting condemnation.

It is singular, but consistent with our theory as to the real motive which tacitly prevented Keble from joining the secession, that he should have determined, if compelled to leave the Church of England (a contingency which, from the growth of heresy in that Church, he distinctly contemplated), to go not into the communion of the Church of Rome, but "out of all communion whatever." He would have gone, we suppose, into some limbo like the phantom Church of the Nonjurors. It is difficult to see how such a course can have logically commended itself to the mind of any member of the theological school which held that the individual reason afforded no standing-ground whatever, and that the one thing indispensable to salvation was visible communion with the true Church.

Sir John Coleridge deals with the question as to the posthumous alteration in "The Christian Year," the discovery of which caused so much scandal among its Protestant admirers, and brought to a stand, it was said, the subscription for a memorial college in honor of its author. It is made clearly to appear that the alteration was in accordance with Keble's expressed desire, and the suspicion which was cast upon his executors and those who were about him in his last moments is proved to be entirely unfounded. But, on the other hand, we cannot think that the biographer (or rather Keble, who speaks for himself in this matter) will be successful in convincing many people that the alteration was merely verbal. The mental interpolation of "only" after "not" in the words "not in the hands," is surely a *tour de force;* and it must be remembered that the passage occurs in the lines on the "Gunpowder Treason," and is evidently pointed against the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. The Roman Catholics do not deny that the Eucharist is received "in the heart;" but the Protestants deny that it is received "in the hands" at all; and the vast majority of Keble's readers could not fail to construe the passage as an assertion of the Protestant doctrine. Sir John Coleridge does not face the real difficulty, because he does not give the two versions side by side, or exhibit the passage in its context. A more rational account of the matter is suggested by a letter of Keble, written when he was contemplating the publication of the "Lyra Innocentium," and included in the present memoir. In that letter he says:

"No doubt, there would be the difference in tone which you take notice of between this and the former book; for when I wrote that, I did not understand (to mention no more points) either the doctrine of Repentance *or that of the Holy Eucharist* as held, *e. g.*, by Bishop Ken, nor that of Justification; and such points as these must surely make a great difference. But may it please God to preserve me from writing as unreally and as deceitfully as I did then; and if I could tell you the whole of my shameful history, you would join with all your heart in this prayer!"

The biographer, while he proves his integrity by giving us the letter,

of course protests against our taking seriously the self-accusations of a saint. We certainly shall not take seriously any charge of deceitfulness against Keble, whether made by himself or by any other human being; but he was liable, to a certain extent, like all other human beings, to self-deception. His opinions, like those of his associates, on theological questions in general and on the question of the Eucharist in particular, had been moving rapidly in a Romanizing direction during the interval between the publication of "The Christian Year" and that of the "Lyra Innocentium." In the passage just quoted, we see that he was conscious of this; but it was not unnatural that he should sometimes forget it, and that he should then put upon the words in "The Christian Year" a construction in conformity with his opinions as they were in their most advanced stage. It is strange, however, that he and the rest of his party, if they were even dimly and at intervals conscious of the fact that their own creed had undergone so much change, should still have been able to take the ground of immutability and infallibility in their controversies with other parties and sects.

It has been almost forgotten that Keble held for ten years a (non-resident) Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. His lectures were unfortunately written, as the rule of the Chair then was, in Latin. He thought of translating them, and Sir John Coleridge seems still to think that the task would be worth undertaking. For the examples, which are taken from the Greek and Latin poets, it would be necessary to substitute translations or examples taken from the modern poets. Mr. Gladstone chooses the apt epithet when he calls the lectures "refined"—refinement rather than vigor or depth was always the attribute of Keble's productions. His theory of poetry, however, as the vent for overcharged feelings or an imagination oppressed by its own fulness—as a *vis medica*, to use his own expression—if it does not cover the whole ground, deserves attention among other theories.

To the discredit, perhaps, rather of the dogmatic spirit than of either of the persons concerned, religious differences were allowed to interfere with the personal friendship formed in youth between Keble and Arnold. With this single exception, Keble's character in every relation—as friend, son, tutor, pastor—seems to have been all that the admirers of "The Christian Year" can expect or desire. The current of his life, but for the element of theological controversy and perplexity which slightly disturbed his later days, would have been limpid and tranquil as that of any rivulet in the quiet scene where the years of his Christian ministry were passed. He and his wife, the partner of all his thoughts and labors, and the mirror and partaker of the beauty of his character, died almost on the same day; she dying last, and rejoicing that her husband was spared the pain of being the survivor. Assuredly, it may be said of them if of any heirs of humanity—*requiescunt in pace.*

MISS MARTINEAU'S BIOGRAPHIES.*

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of this latest volume from Miss Martineau is its distinctly ethical style of biography. "What is the lesson taught by this man's life?" is a question which seems to have been constantly in the author's mind. Indeed, in a preface which she has written for the second English edition of the work, she admits that it was with forethought, and because she believed it to be the only true method, that she made her essays didactic; and she adds that, in her opinion, the popular approval which they have received is attributable to her chosen fashion of treatment. Doubtless we need not agree with her on this point. A volume full of biographies of eminent men and women, who, having died within the last quarter of a century, have not yet quite got into written history, but whose names have been in all our mouths, must be made very much inferior in several ways to these vigorous, sensible, honest, and instructive essays if it is to escape being welcomed and applauded by the public. Everybody is willing to read what one of their cleverest contemporaries—an old ally or antagonist of many of them; a close and acute observer of some of them; a person with excellent means of information—may say about such people as Hallam, Landor, De Quincey, Croker, Macaulay, Rogers, Charlotte Brontë, Lockhart, Whately, Brougham, Raglan, Denman, Lady Byron, Sir William Napier, Father Matthew, Joseph Hume, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Newcastle, the Czar Nicholas, Metternich, and a dozen other persons equally well known in literary, political, military, and social life.

And as regards the first point above-mentioned—Miss Martineau's conception of true biography, as being above all things else ethically didactic—we may there also safely permit ourselves to hesitate before assenting to her opinion. Few persons of judgment would disagree with her when she says: "To me it appears that persons of social prominence enough to be subjects of published biography have given themselves to society for better, for worse—not their deeds only, but themselves." Proverbial phrases are proverbially liable to abuse; the employment of them is so convenient a substitute for thought and argument that it is no wonder this should be so; but the proverb which directs us to speak only good of the dead is perhaps pre-eminent among its brethren for the amount of useless and bad work it has been compelled to perform. To the case of the newly dead, whose lives have for years been public property, so to speak, it may always be applied with some propriety. The history of nobody's life is a record of unmixed evil or unmixed good; and in the life of a distinguished man there has usually been exhibited some praiseworthy virtue, or, at any rate, some power and capacity which claim our admiration, and may claim our praise, as having increased or confirmed our pride in human nature. And usually for the sake of his surviving friends—to say nothing of the legitimate gratification of our own gentler or more amiable emotions—it is as well, while he is but just gone, not to lift up our voices among the mourners and bear testimony against him. However, the sin of harsh speaking over the corpse is not so common in the case of great men that an occasional rather stern disregard of the merciful precept may not be profitable; and Miss Martineau, if she seems a little hard sometimes, is nevertheless a just judge, so far as she sees—and she sees with exceptional clearness.

But her theory of biography we are disposed to think defective. The man whose life is written has some rights too, as well as we others who write it; and we submit that he has a right to complain if he is made a mere means of inculcating good advice and getting sound views as to this or that into the rest of us. Very able indeed the preacher ought to be who should take it into his hands to give a just description of a fellow-creature while at the same time taking him as a text with which to enforce certain doctrines dear to the heart of the minister and the congregation. Burns—to take the common test-case when discussions of this kind come up—seduced more women than one; was habitually a hard drinker; was not altogether cleanly in his writings any more than in his life; was not the best either of tenants or of husbands; was at times what might be called recklessly idle; and finally died in needless poverty, as well as prematurely, in consequence of sickness and disappointments which he may be said to have brought on himself by his indulgence of his passions and his lifelong carelessness and want of forethought. This is one side of the picture, and the poet should receive severe condemnation whenever his biography is written; he merits it; and we on our part need that it should be given by way of warning and example: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a proverb that has no application here. But the Eastern proverb—which says that no man is a good man who, before he dies, has not made other men better—implicitly contains the complete justification of all the biographers who put Burns's faults and mistakes into the background, and demand that on the whole we should give him hearty praise and admiration. It must be far higher than ordinary ethical biography—as ethics are understood by the merely ethical—which in writing of Burns shall be either just to its subject or do its duty toward us who read. For what we want is the man, and not a sermon—be it never so useful—on his demerits; good biography is, in a sense, the best of sermonizing, but the reverse is not true; we desire to know what he was, what he counted for in his life, and what, as exactly as may be, he is now to us. And usually, if we are rather men and women than partisans of some kind, political, religious, or other—if we are intellectual beings eager for the truth concerning this or that fellow-being whose exceptional nature has made him an object of our curious regard, rather than eager for the advancement of some particular cause, perhaps even more eager for such truth than for the moral improvement of mankind—we shall find that the ethical biographer is not the one who has been most satisfactory in the long run. In the case of this book, it will be found, then, we think, that if any one considers it unsatisfactory, it will be for what it fails to do and not for anything that it does. Its faults are faults of defect; what it does say is usually admirable for clearness, force, and for its taking quality; we have not in a long time seen a book of biography which we found more easily readable. But that it always says enough—that its deficiency is not sometimes a great defect—no one, for instance, who knows what De Quincey was will not be forced to maintain very emphatically. That wonderfully subtle logician, deep student of philosophy, broad humorist, poetic and eloquent rhapsodist, delightful stylist, a most remarkable nature, is dismissed with a few words, mainly about his improvidence, his opium-eating, and his ill behavior to Miss

* "Biographical Sketches. By Harriet Martineau." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

Martineau's friends, the Wordsworths. This is good enough biography of the low ethical kind, but certainly it is bad biography of any very excellent kind; and Miss Martineau's theory, as exemplified in this case—it is an extreme case, we are bound to say—is seen very plainly to be faulty.

Hand-book of Chemistry, for School and Home Use. By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillet, Teachers in the High School, Cambridge, Mass. (Boston: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. 1869.)—So long as the fashion holds of cramming the youthful mind with a mass of dry husks of scientific knowledge, instead of nourishing it with the digestible kernels suited to its years, books like this one will be written, and chemists and schoolboys will mourn. Yet the book, though not excellent, is meritorious in several respects, and is greatly to be preferred to many chemical text-books which find ready sale. But, after all, it is a book meant to be learned by heart, and it is in our judgment much better fitted to load the student's mind than to store or inform it. Learning by rote is an excellent thing in its place, in spite of the abuses to which it is liable. No matter how offensive the practice may seem to many progressive moderns, it is really valuable both as a kind of mental discipline and as a means of packing the mind with goods. The power of easily committing to memory things useful or beautiful is a distinct advantage to any man, no matter what his profession or trade may be. But chapters of dry chemical facts and generalizations are ill suited to strengthen or cultivate this faculty. The intelligent teacher in want of a stiffish and wholesome subject for his purpose, may be excused if he drop the chemistries and betake him to Lord Bacon's essays, to Ecclesiastes or the Book of Job.

Most of the statements and descriptions in the book are well and clearly written, and would doubtless be perfectly intelligible to an advanced chemical student; but they are much too concise and technical for beginners. In any subject which, like chemistry, has a special language and peculiar characters of its own, it is difficult to be concise without being technical, and impossible to be technical without being obscure to beginners. This fault of undue conciseness is conspicuous in the opening chapters. When, for example, the student is told on page 10 that, "according to the atomic theory, an atom of chlorine weighs 35·5 times as much as an atom of hydrogen; an atom of oxygen weighs 16 times as much as one of hydrogen; and an atom of nitrogen 14 times as much as one of hydrogen," without premonition or explanation of the manner in which these truths have been arrived at, there is no probability of the boy's comprehending the meaning of the statement, or gaining any just idea of that law of combining proportions which, more than anything else, distinguishes chemistry from the other sciences. On the other hand, too much importance is attached to the conception of an "element." At the best, the idea which chemists seek to express by this term is hypothetical, incidental, and provisional. The idea is by no means one of pre-eminent importance; yet it is apparently for the sake of defining it that the authors, upon the first page of their hand-book, plunge boldly into the analysis of a substance so unfamiliar to the student as muriatic acid. The supposition, or hope, that matters thus presented will be comprehended by the ordinary run of schoolboys can hardly be founded upon any wide experience in teaching science.

On the first and second pages of the book the tender mind of the beginner is presented with a perfectly inconclusive argument about the composition of muriatic acid. From a few rough and inadequate experiments the conclusion is drawn: "Muriatic acid, then, contains nothing but hydrogen and chlorine." That this conclusion is true, as a fact, only renders it the more probable that the boy's mind will be vitiated by the false logic. He will fail to perceive the insufficiency of the premises and the looseness of the reasoning. It would be very unfair, however, to imply that the little hand-book before us is more deficient in logical method than most manuals on scientific subjects. Unfortunately, the great bulk of text-books on natural and physical science are liable to the charge of habitually violating some of the simplest rules of sound reasoning. Impatience of close demonstration is not a fault of enthusiastic reformers and sentimental politicians alone. Partisans of the "new education" have here a hard nut to crack.

The book is, on the whole, commendably free from errors of fact. But we notice here and there loose and careless statements, such as might be made by a writer not practically familiar with the details of his subject. Thus, at the end of the list of names and symbols of the elements, the reader is urged to take notice "that in some cases the symbol is an abbreviation of the *Latin* name of the element." In reality, the rule that symbols are derived from the Latin names of the elements is a general rule, applicable in all cases. The authors meant, no doubt, to call attention to the fact that the Latin names of several of the elements differ widely from their English names. Again, on page 13, we are told that "SO_2 is often *improperly* called sulphurous acid." There is not the slightest objection to Messrs. Rolfe and Gillet's calling the gas produced when sulphur burns by the name *sulphurous anhydride;* but they err in condemning, in set terms, the name by which the gas in question is commonly known wherever the English language is spoken.

For our part, we have grave doubts as to the propriety of employing in any school-book terms so wholly technical and unusual as "ammonic nitrate" and "zincic sulphate" in alluding to substances so well known as nitrate of ammonia and sulphate of zinc. If the scanty stock of scientific knowledge which the average American boy can gain at his high school is to avail him anything in after-life, it must be connected or welded in some way with facts of everyday occurrence. When the dentists, doctors, painters, and apothecaries who use the salts in question begin to call them by their inverted names, and these names are met with in standard works of reference like Appleton's "Encyclopædia"—the chemistry of which is, by-the-by, excellent in the main—or the dictionaries of Ure and Brande, it will be time enough to use them in school-books prepared for the education of unprofessional persons. That the chemical notation which has been employed since the beginning of this century is now undergoing a change, is a fact exceedingly interesting and important to the professed student of chemistry, but of comparatively little significance to the school-boy. Hints of the changes which are likely to be adopted may very properly be suggested to the general student, but great care should be exercised that no meaningless word perplex or useless jargon repel him. We observe that the series of hand-books to which this chemistry belongs is rather ingeniously called "The Cambridge Course of Physics." Inattentive people might easily fall into the error of supposing that the university at Cambridge had something to do with them.

Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains. By A. K. McClure. (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.)—Colonel McClure's work is made up of two series of letters written in 1867, as the author passed through Colorado, Utah, and Montana. Originally addressed, the one series to a newspaper in New York and the other to a periodical publication in Pennsylvania, the same incidents and descriptions are often repeated. At the time the letters first appeared, the actuality of many of their subjects (the great Indian outbreak was then raging) gave them an interest which is now dimmed and dulled by fresher accounts of later travellers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Barnes (W.), Poems of Rural Life	(Roberts Bros.)	$1 00
Box (Capt. M. J.), Adventures and Explorations in New and Old Mexico	(James Miller)	
Calvert (G. H.), Ellen: a Poem, swd	(Sheldon & Co.)	0 50
Clark (Col. G. C.), Campaign in the Illinois, 1778-9	(Robert Clarke & Co.)	2 00
Eyre (Sir J. E.), The Stomach and its Difficulties, 6th ed	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Hammond (Dr. W. A.), Physiology and Pathology of the Cerebellum, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Helps (A.), Friends in Council, 2 vols	(James Miller)	4 00
Kingsley (H.), Stretton: a Tale, swd	(Leypoldt & Holt)	1 00
Lützow (Dr. C. von), Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst, Vol. IV., No. 8, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Maury (M. F.), Physical Survey of Virginia, 2d ed., swd	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Mimpriss (R.), The Gospel Treasury	(M. W. Dodd)	3 50
Roosevelt (R. B.), Five Acres Too Much	(Harper & Bros.)	
Schmid (H.), The Habermeister: a Tale	(Leypoldt & Holt)	
The Sacristan's Household: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 75
Trollope (T. A.), Leonora Casaloni: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Trollope (A.), He Knew he was Right: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Walker (C. M.), History of Athens Co., Ohio	(Robert Clarke & Co.)	6 00
Zschokke (H.), The Dead Guest: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 50

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The Week.

THE event of the week at home has been the death of Mr. Raymond of the *Times*, of whom we have spoken more at length elsewhere. The press, we are glad to say, has been unanimous in testifying in the strongest terms not simply to his professional ability, but to his political honesty; and Henry Ward Beecher, in preaching the funeral address—which, by the way, was admirable—referring to the charge of "trimming" so often brought against Mr. Raymond in his lifetime, spoke in feeling terms of the courage, consistency, and devotion displayed by Mr. Raymond during the war as a full answer to all the sneers and abuse called forth by his political mistakes subsequently. While touching on this point, let us suggest—though we really dislike to "improve the occasion"—that the testimony which men of all parties are now bearing to Mr. Raymond's political integrity, in spite of the acknowledged frequency of his changes of opinion, ought surely to be a warning to all party bravoes to be more sparing of their billingsgate when men of acknowledged merit and tried fidelity to great principles now and then make a blunder. After the Philadelphia Convention, the abuse poured both on him and on Henry Ward Beecher was a disgrace to journalism, and was enough to make any decent man blush who remembered how bravely the first of its victims had stood by the flag during the darkest days of the war, and through how many dreary years the second had toiled in the cause of which the war brought the triumph. Surely it ought not to be so often necessary for rational beings to wait till a man is in his grave to do even partial justice to his character and motives. Putting Mr. Raymond's opinions altogether aside, it is almost impossible to overestimate his loss to the profession to which he belonged, as far at least as this city is concerned. The *Times*, under his management, never went on a moral or intellectual "bender" and turned up after a crisis with battered hat, soiled linen, and torn coat, and an abundance of *ex post facto* wisdom and piety. We hope it is going to keep up his traditions.

We make no pretence of being able to throw any light on the state of things in Cuba, and we are unable to say where any trustworthy information about it is to be found. Peru has recognized the insurgents as belligerents, which has mightily offended the Spanish Minister at Washington, and has caused him to break off the negotiations he was carrying on, through the State Department as mediator, for the settlement of the Spanish differences with Peru. There have been no more reports of battles, and while the friends of the insurgents say the insubordination of the volunteers is so great as to be bringing Spanish affairs on the island to the verge of ruin, the Spanish Minister says the troubles they cause are very trifling, and will soon be suppressed. Several members of the "Junta" sitting in this city have been arrested and held to bail on charge of fitting out hostile expeditions and recruiting men for the insurgent service. The "Junta" seems to be an organization not unlike the War Department of the Irish Republic, and all interference with it is deprecated as earnestly as was the Government's proceeding against President Roberts of the Brotherhood. The Government, however, seems determined to execute the law, and the officials here are evidently not disposed to wink at anything. The Spanish cruisers have at last succeeded in catching a vessel laden with arms and ammunition which had cleared from Boston; but apparently because she put on an innocent air, pretended to be bound to Jamaica, and refused to run away. The general tenor of the published accounts, however, is all unfavorable to the Spaniards, but none of them seem worth much attention. We had hope of *news*, even if colored news, from the *Tribune* correspondent who landed in Nipe Bay some weeks ago; but he seems to have vanished into the interior, and nothing more has appeared from him. He is probably busy slaughtering Spaniards, and scorns the peaceful quill.

We suppose the country may be congratulated on the fact that the long trouble in Georgia about the right of negroes to hold office is at last over. A way out of it is, at any rate, opened, and it depends on the Democrats to say whether or not it shall be blocked up again. When the State constitution was adopted, it was freely said, not only by the anti-ratification party but by such Republicans as ex-Governor Brown, that, while it provided for the negro's voting, it excluded him from office, and it is probable that the new instrument might have been rejected if it had not been for these assurances. "Joe Brown's" influence with the small farmers was always very great. No one had much right to be surprised, then, when the negro members of the Legislature were expelled the House and Senate. The Supreme Court of the State has now decided, however, by implication, that that famous act of purging was in violation of the constitution, and that the colored Georgian and the white are on precisely the same footing in the matter of office-holding as in all other matters. Some of the more violent Democrats advise an overhauling of the fundamental law; but this, it seems to be evident, would be a piece of almost pure sentimentalism on the part of the Georgians at least, and on the part of the people of most of the Southern States. Where it might seem to be desirable that it should be done it cannot be done, for the negroes are in a majority; where it can be done, why should it be thought worth while to do it? No one doubts that it will be but a very short time before the white Virginians and Georgians, and, indeed, all the Southerners except, perhaps, the South Carolinians, will hold in their hands the disposal of every important office in their States, or of nearly every one. The appeal has been made in Georgia to the highest tribunal that can pass on the question which has made so much difficulty; and if the Southerner will now leave off being the "Southron" and permit a certain small number of representatives of what after all must be an important part of the body politic to sit in the Legislature with him, he will do a much more sober-minded and reasonable thing than if he listens, like a boy, to the Augusta *Constitutionalist* and the like.

We have latterly to a great degree lost sight of these organs of Southern Conservative opinion, and indeed the most of them have not

been specially noticeable in any way, but some of them are as truculent as ever, and no doubt are at the bottom of a good deal of what political violence is still displayed. Why, for example, is the Montgomery *Mail* not to be called with great probability an accessory before the fact to the next political crime, or in fact the next lawless act of any kind which takes place within the reach of its influence? Our readers will remember how Colonel Yerger, of Jackson, Mississippi, recently cut Mayor Crane to pieces with a "thug knife" for daring to order his piano attached for taxes long in arrears. A week ago to-day the *Mail* thus referred to this brutal and deliberate murder of an unarmed man: "What shall we say of the petty tyranny of this military despot at Jackson, stealing the piano of a girl under the forms of carpet-bag law, and rousing the father to the desperate deed of cutting the tyrant to the heart?" It is this kind of talk which produced the "high-toned gentleman," and which will probably perpetuate him. He grew out of it—knife, pistol, whiskey bottle, and all—as naturally as weeds out of a manure-heap.

It seems that some thirteen years since an American vessel, the *Canada*, was cast away in Brazilian waters, and was boarded by a party of Brazilian soldiers, who took possession of her, whereupon the Brazilian authorities sold her. After much talk and examination of witnesses, and years of delay, Mr. Seward directed General Webb to demand $400,000 by way of reclamation, and this he did in 1867. The Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs decided to apply to Mr. Seward to re-examine the case and modify General Webb's instructions, and, applying directly to Mr. Seward through the Brazilian Minister at Washington, this was done. Whereupon General Webb got very angry, and told the "imperial"—the slighting quotation marks are his—government of Brazil that it was a government "based upon the institution of human slavery;" and wrote to Senhor Paranhos, as his diplomatic opinion of the Brazilian character, that he well knew that "dislike of all foreigners is a national trait;" and, after doing a number of other things, he demanded in high dudgeon that his passports should be given him "and the customary permit to pass his effects through the custom-house." The Brazilian Government seems to have, whether intentionally or unintentionally, put a slight on the General in the first instance; if intentionally, it could hardly have selected a victim more likely to give trouble, inasmuch as there is probably nothing he enjoys more than "demanding his passports;" but it must be admitted that a less choleric plenipotentiary than he would have fired up at a refusal to discuss with him a question he had been expressly commissioned to settle.

Colored men have been summoned to serve both on the grand and petty juries in Washington, which is a real advance. We doubt whether the opponents of capital punishment would say the same of the execution of a colored murderer by a colored sheriff and a band of colored deputies the other day in South Carolina, particularly as the work was not well done, and indeed was marked by some highly novel features. The sheriff and his deputies in the first place had an animated discussion in the criminal's presence, after his arrival at the place of execution, as to whether he should be allowed to fall three feet or only a foot and a half. To enable him to fall either of these distances, a hole had to be excavated in the ground, and not being found deep enough, had to be dug out still further while the man was suspended. There is nothing more extraordinary in connection with these scenes, which often seem to be made as revolting as possible, as if to furnish illustrations for anti-capital-punishment arguments, than the fact that, though the process of executing criminals is described month after month with the most painful minuteness by the newspapers, sheriffs hardly ever seem to possess any familiarity with this odious branch of their duties.

Mr. Eugene Casserly, one of the Senators from California, has just been making a curious speech to some of his constituents in San Francisco. Of course, "he scored the Radical party" at the beginning of his address; but soon he turned his attention to the Fifteenth Amendment, which he hoped California would reject by a larger majority than it had ever cast for or against anything before. It was a measure, he said, the effect of which would be to elevate the Chinese and negro races, and amalgamate them with the white race. Already negroes were claiming the best seats in our hotels, and railroad-cars, and theatres; the hordes of Asia would overrun the Pacific coast if the Amendment were adopted, and Chinese labor would come into fatal competition with that of the white man; he would rather the Pacific Railroad had never been built than that Chinamen should have been imported to build it; it was the clear duty of all classes of men to unite and break down the system of importing Asiatics; just at present the Chinaman was in contact only with the day-laborer, but soon he would be in competition with the mechanic and artisan, etc., etc.

He concluded with an appeal to the Democracy to stand firm for the policy of exclusion. Some of Mr. Casserly's other reasons for opposing the inevitable are among the good answers to those we have quoted: "The Chinese," he warned his hearers, "were the most frugal, industrious, and ingenious people on earth; they would labor for half the wages of white men"—and he might have added that, as a rule, they will do considerably more work at this lower rate of compensation. Mr. Casserly's countrymen—whether he is an Irishman or an American—are not above the suspicion of "sojering" when at work for wages, and are apt to want a certain part of the day entirely for themselves; while the Chinaman, trained in a different school, considers his whole time his employer's, and, by the steadiness of his industry, accomplishes more, even of the heaviest work, in a given number of hours, than the robuster white. There is no information, so far as we know, that the average Chinaman is less moral than his Christian neighbor; and if he is more ingenious, more industrious, more saving, and equally good, what call is there for all classes of men, or any class, to rise up and do anything to keep his cheap labor out of a country that cries aloud for it? And how does a Senator of the United States, speaking in a State where, as is currently reported, there are numerous secret leagues pledged to drive out the Chinese by all sorts of violence, justify himself for inciting ignorant men to cruelty and law-breaking? A demagogue is often compelled by his trade to be most wicked and seem most stupid; but a worse performance than this of Mr. Casserly's is hardly to be matched by anything in the history of slavery.

The extraordinary treatment experienced by Mr. Townsend, of the New York bar, from Judge Cardozo, has called forth, according to the New York *Times*, some talk of a "Lawyers' Protective Association," or some similar league, partly for the protection of lawyers against the bench, and partly for the enforcement of some kind of discipline amongst themselves; but we venture to say that even if such an association were formed, it would not do much good; first, because the judges care every year less and less about what the bar thinks; and, secondly, because each member of the bar cares every year less and less about what the others think. The judges are less dependent than ever they were on professional reputation for their places. The opinion of their brethren does not put them on the bench, and cannot bring them down from it. Admission to the bar, too, is so easy that there are swarms of men in its ranks who have neither knowledge nor experience enough to make the opinion of other lawyers of any consequence to them. They pursue their calling as they would keep a store, and would despise the efforts of their rivals over the way to call them to account. The fact is that the character of the bar, like the character of every other body of persons, can never be better than the average character of the individual members, and the thing to be done to raise it is to keep the knaves out, rather than discipline them after they get in. The best of all means of discipline, however, is an upright judiciary. A judge ought to be the terror of knavish practitioners; if he is not, they are sure to laugh at the efforts of their brethren to correct their manners and excesses. When the Law Institute here tried to keep out or turn out Edwin James on learning that he had been disbarred in London for professional misconduct, he valiantly took the stump and showed that the movement against him was due simply to the hatred of a corrupt and bloated aristocracy for a friend of freedom and of man; that his wife, whom he had recently married, despised the accusations brought against him; and in fact so wrought upon the feelings of a

crowded meeting of the younger jurists that they hailed him with enthusiasm as the victim of an odious tyranny, and he is at the bar to this day, practising furiously.

The news from Nova Scotia is of unwonted interest to such Americans as pay any attention at all to Provincial affairs, although it is, no doubt, easy to overestimate its importance. It will not be this year or next that we shall see the American flag flying over the Halifax citadel. But there undoubtedly is a vigorous and, we do not doubt, a growing party in the Province who have decided to speak out boldly and regularly and preach annexation as hitherto, for a year or more, they have been preaching repeal. Several of the ablest journals in the Province have declared in favor of making it a State in the Union as soon as may be. Entire dissatisfaction with the Canadians, whose yoke, in the way of taxes, is heavy, and is growing heavier—for the Dominion annually falls behindhand—united with the prostration of all business consequent upon the repeal of the reciprocity treaty—which they bitterly attribute to Canadian sympathy with our rebels—has overcome the scruples born of traditional loyalty, and the Nova Scotians have decided to talk, at any rate, in a loud and businesslike manner about cutting the English connection. On this side of the line, the waiting will be patient, though no doubt the welcome would be hearty. If they can get England to give up Halifax, and will take a share of our national debt, three hundred thousand citizens of the same race, religion, and education as the majority of the American people will be a welcome addition to the body politic.

The House of Lords, after much threatening and vaporing, seems to have come to the conclusion that discretion is the better part of valor, and has read the Irish Church Bill a second time, by a majority of thirty-three. But a theory was devised to cover its retreat, which not only meets the present case, but, like all theories of any value, will meet all other cases of the same kind that will ever arise, viz., that the House of Lords, though a branch of the legislature—and indeed a co-ordinate branch—has for its special function the restraining of the House of Commons whenever it attempts to act in hostility to the will of the nation. To be sure, there is nothing so unlikely as the persistent opposition of the Commons to the will of the nation, unless it be the concurrence of the Lords with the nation on any question whatever against the Commons; but then it is hardly worth while to examine too closely the figments with which the Lords seek to disguise the real nature of the change which is coming over the House. It is falling, not, as Burke anticipated, before revolutionary violence, but by natural process of decay. The peers have lost all interest in their functions. They have now for thirty years refused either to judge or legislate, and the younger men have grown up without the feeling that they have any duties to perform. They accordingly devote themselves steadily to amusements, particularly gambling on horses, and house after house is going down on "the turf." The Duke of Newcastle's ruin has been accomplished within the last month, making the second great peer who has been brought to grief within a year. His creditors are now fighting with his mother-in-law over his wife's diamonds, and the reverence of the people for "the order," we need hardly say, is not growing, nor is the popular conviction of its value to the government. However, there is but little danger that the House of Lords will disappear from the government. It costs but a trifle, and adds considerably to the splendor of the monarchy, and provides, or is likely to provide, a convenient and brilliant mode of rewarding successful talent as soon as the life peerages come into vogue.

All other questions in English politics have faded into insignificance in the popular mind, owing to the excitement over the Lords. There is a disposition in all quarters to let Mr. Motley severely alone for the present, the experience of the public in the matter of entertaining Mr. Johnson having inspired salutary caution. But should a treaty be drawn up and ratified, there will probably be an outburst of rejoicing which will beggar relation, and Mr. Motley can hardly do better than prepare his digestion for an ordeal of unusual severity. There is some discussion going on still on both sides of the Atlantic as to the extent to which Mr. Motley's instructions vary from Mr. Sumner's speech, but, after much sifting, it appears to be now established that Mr. Sumner's estimate of the amount of damages due has not been adopted. There has been some dispute as to whether Mr. Sumner claimed damages for the proclamation of belligerency, and persons who said he had have been freely charged with misrepresenting him. We have read the speech a great many times, and have examined it carefully on this point, and advise anybody who entertains any doubt about the matter to look at what he says on the "rule of damages." His application of the "law of nuisance" to the case seems to have been due to forgetfulness of the fact that international usage rests on the hypothesis of the equality of nations, and the absence of any superior among them capable of issuing and enforcing a command, and that therefore all talk of the exaction of penal damages or "smart money" *under the law*—or, in fact, in any way except as a penalty levied by a conqueror—is in a diplomatic controversy out of place. The whole matter, however, now seems to be in a fair way of settlement, and may as well, until it presents some new phase, be let alone by the press—a conclusion which, indeed, the press on this side of the water at least seems to be rapidly reaching. The anxiety about it is undeniably all in England, as well it may be if the doctrines laid down and acted on by Earl Russell be indeed law.

The news from Spain is simply that Serrano has been installed as regent, and has taken the oath to respect the constitution. The chances of Montpensier for the throne seem to improve slightly, but only slightly, and the future continues to look as uncertain as ever. The debates in the Cortes are in the meantime revealing the existence of a good deal of oratorical talent amongst the Republicans, who seem to be gaining ground steadily, not so much owing to their success in demonstrating the fitness of Spain for a republic, as to the failure of the monarchical party to provide a king and the continued maintenance of order without a king. A sort of test-measure, in the shape of an act providing for the expulsion of the Duc de Montpensier from Spain, was introduced into the Cortes by the former, and its rejection seems to show that the monarchists have not given up hope, and that Bourbons are not so obnoxious as they seemed.

The King, as the latest advices gave us reason to anticipate, has prorogued the Italian Parliament, and such was its demoralization, in a political sense, that the best thing it could do was to separate. The attendance had been shamefully dropping off, in spite of the important measures under consideration, and the number of factions had multiplied. The new ministry had utterly failed to secure confidence or a following, and the good results which it was hoped would flow from the reconciliation of the *Permanente* have been far from realized. The men who gained by it an entrance into the Cabinet appear to have retained their opposition even for their new colleagues, and to have robbed the ministry of a unity which it would also have lacked from the temporary and conditional acceptance of certain members. Cambray-Digny, the reputed author of the arrangement, has so little profited by it that his financial scheme has been promptly rejected; but this is perhaps the least evil consequence of a coalition not founded on a real *rapprochement* of parties. The parliamentary dulness occasioned by all this division and distrust, and the continual crumbling and repair of the ill-constructed Cabinet, was relieved for a single session by a speech of the deputy Civinini, whose character had been assailed without proof by Crispi. In a long and fiery address the former challenged the latter to declare then and there the facts on which he rested his constant insinuations; but Crispi, though much agitated, declined to say more than that he could, if he chose, implicate others, among whom Civinini's case would be "but an incident." The Chamber was so carried away by the eloquence of the accused deputy that it was obliged to take a recess before it could proceed to business. This incident, and the scene in the Cortes after Castelar's speech, prove that the Continental peoples have not lost their impressibility to oratory, however true it may be, as the *Spectator* lately represented, that in England the day had passed when great speeches took Parliament off its feet and rendered an adjournment necessary.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The preparations for the Œcumenical Council at Rome are still going forward; and if the Pope lives and no political convulsion occurs in Italy, it will meet in due course in December next. The invitation to the Greek Church to send representatives to it met some time ago with a decided rebuff, the Patriarch at Constantinople refusing to allow it to be read to him, owing to the assumption in it of superiority on the part of the Pope, while expressing his willingness to accept it if the Pope, to use a profane expression, would consent to come down off his high horse and meet the other bishops as his equals. The Protestant Churches have either turned a deaf ear to the summons or scornfully rejected it. In any event, however, the gathering will be a great one; and the presence of bishops from all parts of the world will curiously enough furnish at every session a striking illustration of the power and progress of the science which it is one of the objects of the Council to abase and bring to naught. All the bishops are willing enough to attend, so far as is known, as they all have troubles in which they need either the counsel or support of their brethren. In Austria and Italy they occupy a position of antagonism towards the state which is subjecting them to daily humiliation and annoyance, but from which they cannot be released without the authority of the Holy See. In France they are nominally the clergy of the state religion, but in reality the state has no religion, and they have no control over education or anything else, and the honors accorded them by the functionaries are therefore little less than a mockery. In England and Ireland and the United States all is going well with them, or, at least, as well as they have any right to expect, as far as regards their temporal affairs; but here, as in all other countries, modern society is in a condition, both moral and religious, which calls for a fresh adjustment of the relations of the Church to the world. It is to effect this adjustment, and furnish the clergy with a fresh set of instructions, that the Council is called. The growth of materialism, the increasing resistance to clerical education, the growing laxity of the marriage bond, and the revival in many countries of the practice of abortion, after fifteen hundred years of practical extinction, and the general hostility to "the principle of authority," are amongst the evils which the Church feels just now in a special manner required to combat, and against which the Council is expected to furnish them with new weapons, or, at all events, new inspiration.

The perplexity of the clergy is increased in every country, too, by a singular and rather novel defect in the ecclesiastical organization, which has only shown itself within the last twenty years, which calls for a prompt remedy, and which is daily attracting so much attention as to amount almost to a scandal. This defect consists in the fact that—if we may be allowed again to resort to a profane simile—while the enemies of the faith are all armed with needle-guns, its defenders in the Catholic ranks still carry the arquebuses and flintlocks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Against the Protestants, who, when changing their faith, simply substituted one infallible guide for another, the clergy were able to make a valiant stand, even with the old mediæval armament; and to the scoffing, and licentious, and ignorant infidels of the eighteenth century they opposed a vigorous resistance by the aid of holy living, great literary culture, thorough acquaintance with the history of philosophy and with science as it then stood. We do not mean to say, of course, that every parish priest was a match for the philosophers; but the Church had constantly in its service a corps of writers and orators who, in all departments of learning, as learning was a century ago, were able to hold their own against the men of the world. She had her historians, metaphysicians, natural philosophers, and philologists, who were always able to give a good account of the enemy.

This is now completely changed. In the field of historical and philological criticism, in which such heavy blows have been dealt at the faith, the Catholic clergy seem incapable of resistance, and confine themselves to angry denunciation, the enemy all the while pushing his approaches to the very gates of the city. In Germany, they have, unless we are greatly mistaken, only one champion, the Archbishop of Mayence, von Ketteler, to hold the field against the host of enemies which that country has produced. In France and England, they have absolutely nobody to speak for them. In the department of natural science, from which the Church is suffering most, we believe there is not a single clergyman who can raise his voice against the Huxleys, Büchners, and the like, without exposing himself to overthrow. In history, through which so much damage is done to ecclesiastic tradition, they are equally helpless, and there is growing up about them a generation which looks on the clergy with contempt for their ignorance. To retain any hold, therefore, on any portion of society but the peasantry, some means must be devised of foiling the enemy, either by the formation of a special corps, such as the Jesuits were once, for direct attack, or by working a diversion—such as getting up some kind of moral revival. Of the ability of the Catholic Church to produce critics or natural philosophers equal to "the demands of the age," every one will of course form his own opinion. At all events, the whole subject of the best mode of combating the materialism of the age will of course furnish the Council with a subject of anxious discussion.

The Pope, however, is up to the present moment the person most interested in it, and most confident in its efficacy. He is a man of very moderate ability and no culture, who passed his life till the age of fifty-three in an Italian convent, and possesses absolutely no knowledge of the world or its ways. His opinion of its condition may be learnt from the famous "Syllabus." He thinks men are all on the road to damnation; that religion is falling into contempt; that the zeal of the clergy is waxing cold, and their discipline relaxing; and he thinks the only remedy lies in a General Council, and has accordingly summoned it. His difficulties, however, are great, and his own simplicity and ignorance render his position very perplexing. A French writer, supposed to be officially inspired, has published a pamphlet, showing that the first eight General Councils of the Church were summoned by the Emperor, either on the Pope's request, or in defiance of him, and he denies the competency of the Pope to summon one on his own motion. To which Monsignor Nardi has been ordered to reply, and he accordingly knocks down his enemy at the first charge, and proceeds to strip his body, alleging that the pamphlet was written by an Italian, and printed at Florence in the royal printing-office for General Menabrea, and then shows that the writer is an ignoramus; that the Popes summoned all the Councils that ever met, and that, if they did not, it was their right to do so, and that the only business a layman of any rank has with the Church is to obey its teachings. The Pope's expectations are said not to be shared by anybody of those about him except his chaplain, and the French bishops will, it is feared, give trouble. Their own Government and they are at loggerheads on a variety of questions. The Emperor is opposed to the Council, and unwilling that they should attend it. Should they do so, and make their position in France the subject of complaint, it will lead, it has been more than hinted, to the withdrawal of the garrison, and the abandonment of the assembled ecclesiastics to the tender mercies of the Roman population. Threats of this kind are, however, said not to trouble the Pope seriously. He believes that the temporal power has been ordained by Providence for the preservation and the independence of the Holy See, and that in some way or other care will always be taken that His Holiness does not become the subject of a temporal ruler, and to the Papal territory outside Rome he attaches no special importance. That the Church is in any serious danger, none of its pillars think. Having survived so many revolutions, they say, it is not likely to succumb in an age of perfect freedom; and they are right. The question is, what is to be the amount of its influence on society?

"HOW THE THING IS DONE."

We do not believe that the popular readiness to be taken in by high-sounding names in the least diminishes the guilt of those who avail themselves of it. On the contrary, we are rather inclined to think that the frauds perpetrated by men of reputation are amongst the worst. But we do believe that the readiness of people to be swindled seems to increase every day instead of diminishing, and that there seems to be a fascination about certain methods of swindling, and about certain names in the history of swindles, that lures not only fresh victims to destruction, but brings whole troops of former victims with

gleeful haste to a second and more deadly sacrifice. Such a fascination appears to be exercised upon the public mind by the name of Mariposa, which has, as we see from the daily papers, been recently gathering in its fourth or fifth crop of smiling victims. We are acquainted with no better instance of perverse infatuation than is presented by the history of this company.

In the year 1858, General Frémont's title to the Mariposa estate was confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, and in a few weeks thereafter commenced the series of events which have made the name of Mariposa for ever famous. The expense of carrying on the suit for this estate had involved Mr. Frémont in debt; one of his creditors obtained judgment against him in one of the State courts of California, attached the estate, and caused it to be sold by the sheriff—the creditor himself becoming the purchaser. This happened in the fall of 1859. Another of Mr. Frémont's creditors—a San Francisco banker—in order to secure his own claim, then paid off the first claimant, and entered into an agreement with Mr. Frémont that he, the banker, would retransfer to Mr. Frémont *seven-eighths* of the estate if by a certain time his advances were fully repaid him, retaining, we suppose, one-eighth of the estate as a bonus for his loan. This happened in 1860, and from that time forward Mr. Frémont has not, so far as the public are aware, had any right, title, or interest to the famous Mariposa estate, save the right to redeem seven-eighths thereof upon the payment of various sums of money, amounting to about $300,000 in gold.

On the 25th day of June, 1863, the Mariposa Company was "organized under the laws of the State of New York," with a board of directors containing the names of several "well-known citizens of New York," whose "high reputation for honesty, skill, and business tact" was alone sufficient to ensure success to any enterprise. These gentlemen assumed gratuitously the responsibility of supervising the affairs of this company for the benefit of the widows, orphans, retired capitalists, and others who, by means of flourishing advertisements, editorials, and encouraging notices in "financial columns," to say nothing of morocco-bound, gilt-edged pamphlets, were invited to secure, while there was yet time, a share in this promising investment. And certainly it was a promising investment. Had not the Mariposa Company a splendid bargain when they purchased of Mr. Frémont for the trifling sum of ten millions of dollars the immensely valuable privilege of redeeming from pawn seven-eighths of the Mariposa estate on payment of only $300,000 in gold? Of course the investment was a promising one, although scarcely sufficient care was taken by the well-known citizens forming the board of directors to acquaint the share-purchasing public with the fact that said public was really purchasing only so many millionth parts of an overdue pawn-ticket. But where such complete mutual confidence prevails as existed between the Mariposa directors and the public, there is no need of stickling for petty formalities. Where such distinguished citizens come forward and offer the public an opportunity to participate in their most profitable investments, the public has no right to be inquisitive. And the public was not inquisitive. And of course the investment was profitable for somebody.

It is a remarkable fact that the public was never really invited to subscribe to the stock of the company; that no subscription-books were ever opened; but that the whole capital of ten millions was subscribed by a very small number of persons, principally the aforesaid directors, who thereby displayed equal confidence in the profitableness of the enterprise. For these half a dozen gentlemen, who divided among themselves ten millions of dollars' worth of overdue pawn-tickets, called Mariposa shares, did not pay for them in cash; they paid for them by their services in organizing the company, in lending their names to its board of directors, in pledging their reputations for its future good management. They organized the company, printed ten millions of stock, gave some of it to Mr. Frémont to pay him for what after all had a real, substantial value—the right to redeem seven-eighths of the Mariposa estate, and then divided the rest among themselves.

Here, then, we have the Mariposa Company, with ten millions of shares out, with not a dollar of money, but with the inestimable, priceless right of redeeming from pawn seven-eighths of the Mariposa estate on payment of $300,000 in gold, and with a board of directors equal to any emergency. No one has a right to enquire what the gentlemen who owned the ten million shares did with them. The shares were probably not given away, for they brought from sixty to seventy-five cents on the dollar in Wall Street; they were dealt in at the Stock Exchange, were quoted in all the daily papers, and, one way or another, five or six millions were got out of the public for them.

Of course the investment was a splendid one. The company immediately began to pay large dividends from the working of its valuable mines—or at least it would no doubt have done so, had not some minor difficulties arisen. In the first place, the company had no money to work its valuable property; and, in the second place, it had not any valuable property to work. The "ten millions" so far had only procured to the company the right to redeem the valuable property from pawn. The directors were equal to the occasion. The estate was in pawn for $300,000. To pay off these $300,000 and redeem the estate from pawn, and make the ten millions of shares worth a little something more than waste paper, it became necessary, by what is now known as the Mariposa arithmetic, to raise $1,500,000. Nothing easier. Somebody that did not own the estate, of which only seven-eighths appear anyhow to have had any owner whatsoever, suddenly contrived to mortgage the whole estate to somebody else—all well-known citizens, however—for the needed sum of a million and a half; and against this mortgage, as security, the company issued one million and a half of first mortgage bonds, which, under the guidance of the well-known citizens, a confiding public greedily purchased at par. What could be a better investment than a mortgage for a mere nominal sum on an estate just purchased for ten millions of dollars? Of course, nothing could be better; only, unfortunately, the mortgage was not a mortgage, and the man who made the mortgage did not own the estate, and the estate had not been purchased for ten millions of dollars, but continued to belong just as much as ever to the California banker who had bought it at the sheriff's sale, and who did not care one pin how many mortgages people put upon his property, so long as he did not consent to them. It is evident that these first mortgage bonds were not a good investment for the confiding public. In fact, they constituted "Operation" No. 2, only the public would not see it. There is one remarkable feature about these first mortgage bonds: if the proceeds had been properly employed in redeeming the estate from pawn, many of the subsequent iniquities would have become unnecessary and impossible. But with the fatality peculiar to Mariposa arithmetic, it was speedily discovered that the fifteen hundred thousand dollars were not sufficient to pay off the whole three hundred thousand dollars for which the property was pledged; and the well-known citizens, scorning to do things by halves, decided to pay off none; and in fact, so far as known, the lien remains unpaid until this day, and the great Mariposa estate to this day remains in pawn. What other uses the money provided for its redemption was put to does not clearly appear.

Of course, during all this time the company was paying magnificent dividends on its stock—or, at all events, it would have been, if it only had had a little more cash capital with which to develop the magnificent property of the San Francisco banker, in which the company had such a strong contingent interest. Now that the money had been raised to pay off the San Francisco banker—although, as we have said, it never was paid—the company was supposed to have a real, sound, genuine title to the property; and it was easy to induce a confiding public to buy a couple of millions more of bonds—this time second mortgage bonds. And, again, a little later, some money was needed for some purpose or other, and eight or nine millions of preferred stock was created, which the confiding public could have in exchange for their original shares on payment of so much per share. The confidence of the public was not to be shaken; they paid up once more, and took the preferred shares in place of the others. And then, after a while, it began to leak out that the company could not pay the coupons on its first mortgage bonds, and that the holders would not have much redress at law if they should seek it, inasmuch as these first mortgage bonds were not much of a mortgage after all, since no one at the time they were issued had any right to mortgage the San Francisco banker's valuable estate except himself, and he was not aware of having mortgaged it. But if the holders of these so-called mortgage bonds would

take a new bond in exchange for the old, and pay up a liberal sum in cash, the company was now prepared to place a real mortgage upon the San Francisco banker's estate, with his consent or without. The confiding public paid up its cash, surrendered its old bonds and took away its new bonds, which were and are precisely as good a mortgage as the old.

In these various ways a number of persons, their successors and assigns, calling themselves the Mariposa Company, did actually succeed in selling to a community of business men some seventeen or eighteen millions of dollars of securities based upon a property *to which they never had a title, and for which they never paid a cent.* Is it an exaggeration when we say that the public *wants* to be swindled, that there is at times a positive demand for swindlers which must be satisfied, no matter whose reputation is sacrificed? Of course, finally the company came to grief. Some of its friends had to come forward and state its position to the public; and the facts, as we have given them, were printed and reprinted, and it became very generally known that the company had no title to the estate, never had had, that all its securities were so much waste-paper, that there was no mortgage on the estate, and that the estate had belonged always to its rightful owner—the San Francisco banker—until it was sold at sheriff's sale for unpaid taxes. There was, however, a method by which all might yet be saved. If a confiding public would only furnish cash enough to pay the overdue taxes and redeem the estate, and to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars of other claims accrued against it, then the real owners of the property were prepared to surrender it, not to the Mariposa Company, but to third parties, who should hold it for the joint benefit of the real owner and of the parties contributing the cash. A confiding public did contribute the cash, it surrendered its bonds and shares and paid up its cash, and received in exchange a new document, this time called a "trust certificate." This arrangement, which seemed to deliver the company finally from all possible chance of ever acquiring possession of the valuable property after which it was named, seemed at the same time to revive all the former confidence of the people in the immense value of the shares which did not represent it. The preferred shares of the company, which at one time were not worth eight dollars a share, suddenly began to advance in price; all the people who had been sufficiently unfortunate to lose money by buying Mariposa shares or bonds before were now advised to buy again, certain that this time they could not lose, but would regain all their former losses. A confiding public did buy; Mariposa preferred shares advanced from eight dollars a share to thirty, and from thirty to fifty, and from fifty to fifty-two, and the higher they went, the more a confiding public bought them; the property improved immensely at the same time, the mines yielded more liberally than ever, the "new machinery" worked to perfection, and although this had nothing to do with the shares of the Mariposa Company, which did not own the estate, still, by some mysterious process of sympathy, the improvement in the estate caused a steady improvement in the shares, until one fine morning a confiding public discovered that the persons who had advised them to buy were themselves selling. The usual result ensued: the public became frightened and wanted to sell likewise; everybody wanted to sell; there were no buyers, and in forty-eight hours Mariposa preferred shares declined from fifty-two to thirteen dollars per share, and the eighth or ninth batch of Mariposa victims was suddenly reduced from wealth or comfort to poverty or ruin. We are curious to see what contrivance will now have to be invented in order to raise the wind once more.

The whole story is both marvellous and valuable, even if it ended here; which it probably will not. Somewhere in the country another batch of dupes is doubtless waiting to be entrapped.

MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND.

As one of the three men who may be said to have given New York a metropolitan press, Mr. Raymond would have occupied a very prominent place in the history of American journalism, even if he had not played a prominent part as a politician during one of the most eventful periods in the history of the country. He made his appearance in the political arena just as the Republican party was in process of formation, he had a leading share in its organization, and he served it faithfully till the close of the war. He may be fairly said, indeed, to have come out of the war in the position of one of its foremost and most trusted leaders. Although he had never been a thoroughgoing party man, and had never been looked on by party managers as a person to be counted on in all contingencies, and had retired to his tent in a somewhat soured mood after the defeat of Frémont in 1856, there was probably nobody in its ranks who could, in 1865, when Lee surrendered, show stronger titles to its confidence. The reason was that, though he doubted much in debate, when it is allowed to the wisest men to doubt, when the moment for action came, he never doubted at all. It is a good deal to say of a journalist in Mr. Raymond's position, that is, a position in which he was in such close relations with the men in power that he learned what the people happily did not know—how much the crisis puzzled them, how dark their path seemed to them, and how completely they were at the mercy of circumstances—that from the day on which South Carolina seceded till the day on which Richmond fell, he persistently, unceasingly, and vigorously preached the indissolubility of the Union, and the duty and possibility of saving it by force of arms. In other words, in the presence of the most tremendous problem statesmen have in any age or country had to face, he never hesitated about the course to be pursued, and advocated it as cheerfully and courageously in the darkest as in the brightest hours; and the course he advocated proved the best of all possible courses. When the fighting was over, his tendency to hesitate once more showed itself, and it showed itself, unfortunately for him, at a period when party feeling ran unusually high, and entire freedom from doubt on any political subject whatever was considered the highest qualification of a statesman. The consequence was that he fell from the party eminence the war had won him, and made no effort to regain it, satisfied by this time that the constitution of his mind unfitted him for the struggles of the political arena.

That he should have been seduced into taking part in them by his readiness and brilliancy as a debater was his greatest misfortune, not only because he wanted the thoroughgoing temper which was necessary to victory, but because it in some degree interfered with his usefulness as a journalist. He was as an editor constantly trammelled by his sense of the necessities and limitations of his position as a politician, and the habit thus bred lasted after he had ceased to be a politician. But for this he would probably have been the most successful journalist that has ever been seen. As it was, it would be difficult if not impossible to find his equal—to say nothing of his superior. His ability in statement was always marvellous, and so were the skill and vigor with which he was able to crowd the points of a case into a column or two of a newspaper, and not the least of his virtues as a writer was his admirable English. The very vividness, however, with which he saw that side of any question which he had taken up for presentation seemed to alarm him after he saw his article in print; but it was not the alarm either of a "trimmer" or time-server or demagogue, but of a sensitive, conscientious, and kind-hearted, and, let us add, very modest man. He feared, in the first place, doing opponents injustice; he doubted, in the next place, his own processes of argumentation, or, if he had full faith in his conclusions himself, doubted their acceptance by other people. Whatever there was of infirmity in this was intellectual infirmity, but it was atoned for twice over by a delicacy of the moral fibre not often found amongst editors. Nobody was more profoundly sensible than he of the defects and dangers of journalism as a profession—defects and dangers which nearly everybody sees but editors, and which it would be well if editors saw oftener—the recklessness, haste, indifference to finish and accuracy and abstract justice which it is apt to beget in the minds of those who pursue it, and especially of those who pursue it eagerly. Let us add that nobody has done more, we doubt if anybody has done so much, for the elevation of the profession. In the art of making a good newspaper, we need hardly say, he was a master. The *Times* under his management probably came nearer the newspaper of the good time coming than any other in existence: in this, that it encouraged truthfulness—the reproduction of facts uncolored by the necessities of "a cause" or by the editor's personal feelings—among reporters; that it carried decency, temperance, and moderation into discussion, and banished personality from it; and thus not only supplied the only means by which rational beings can get at the truth, but helped to abate the greatest nuisance of the age, the coarseness, violence, calumny, which does so much to drive sensible and high-minded and competent men out of public life or keep them from entering it. Moreover, it rendered journalism and the community the essential service of abstaining from the puffery of worthless people, which does so much for the corruption of our politics.

Mr. Raymond paid the penalty in his latter years of having worked

too hard in his youth. He had overtaxed his nerves, and this, combined with a constitutional tendency not precisely to despondency but to hopelessness, led him to doubt the efficiency of nearly all reformatory efforts. Nearly everybody whose business it is to preach and persuade has seen how slowly reason makes her way amongst men, by how much baseness, and meanness, and selfishness the noblest causes are hindered, and needs both to be extraordinarily hopeful and extraordinarily healthy to avoid turning aside, now and then, in weariness and disgust. Journalism is probably, to anybody who needs positive or palpable results, day by day, to keep his ardor alive, the most discouraging of professions; nothing but either strong faith or a great deal of self-confidence is sufficient to satisfy a man that he is really doing more than increasing his list of subscribers. Mr. Raymond achieved everything in it that can be called success, except his own satisfaction with the result of his exertions. There was nobody who knew him well who did not rate it more highly than he, or who will not feel that his loss is an irreparable loss both to the calling which he did so much to dignify and to the country.

THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE.

JOINING the immense throng which on Tuesday, the 15th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, was setting like some tidal wave towards the Coliseum, we soon found ourselves, after a successful passage of the wild waters of the Public Garden, and a providential avoidance of the temptations of the numerous "emporiums" which on every side were offering their wares—as our friend said at the time, "to the unwary"—we soon found ourselves, we say, gradually wending our way over the once tumultuous but now solidly bricked and mortared Back Bay to the doors of the building. The first thing, therefore, that attracted one's attention was the crowd; and the chief result of the most protracted investigation of this subject begun in the streets, continued and completed in the Coliseum, was that the crowd was a big crowd. It was not a noisy multitude—on the contrary, it was orderly and polite; nor was it a funny throng—not a word of chaff of any kind did we hear from a solitary individual; nor was it an excited throng except, as we shall hereafter notice, at the playing of the "Inflammatus" and the "Star-spangled Banner." Nor was there any difference between the city people and those from the country. All were dressed alike, from Chicago to Cambridgeport—though here, too, we must admit the exception noticed by our friend, of a little boy whose throat was tied up in a star-spangled cloth of many colors, and who, it must be said, looked so uncomfortable in it as to make it evident that he considered himself in a false position. And even with regard to him, there was necessarily a doubt whether he was not an advertisement. On the whole, one found in the crowd just that accustomed monotony which all the philosophers, from Tocqueville to Mill, have taught us to expect as the legitimate growth of democratic institutions. There was, therefore, a sober gladness in the thought that here was new evidence that feudalism was still far, far away from our happy land. Blessed monotony! we reflected, which assures to us those other blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which less favored countries—governed it may be by kings, it may be by emperors, it *must* be by despots—can never know!

Perhaps the most noticeable fact about the crowd, next to its size, was the marked absence of the "American type"—of that long-haired, cunning-eyed creature, with high cheek-bones, eagle nose, and fatal mouth, who has for so many years been the model for caricaturists on both sides of the Atlantic. If you look at *Punch* or any of the recent American caricatures of the *Alabama* claims difficulty, you will see Brother Jonathan represented just as he was forty years ago. But the character has ceased to exist—if it ever existed—and with the character has gone the face. It would have been as difficult to find the type of which we are speaking in the Coliseum on Tuesday as it would be, we fancy, to discover among the rising English generation the typical John Bull of other days. There was the "modern face" in abundance, with its thin lips, hungry eyes, hollow cheeks, and altogether Pre-Raphaelite cast; there were foreigners of all kinds; there were New Yorkers; but Brother Jonathan, having disappeared from off the face of the earth, was not there. The ordinary rule about speaking no evil of the dead can hardly apply to a dead type, and we "gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity" to express our deep satisfaction that he is gone. He was not a happy type, nor a benevolent type, nor a very profoundly intelligent type, 'cute as he was. In fact, he was rather a mean type, with his provincial assumption, and his tendency to cheat, and his calculating disposition, and his unnecessary contempt for all types but his own; and his disappearance may be acquiesced in, we should say. Of course we know how much can be said in his behalf by a certain Yankee poet who has celebrated his praises as well as sung his defects; but it is Birdofredum Sawin of whom we have been speaking, and not Hosea Biglow. That the Sawin family is going out would be reason enough of itself for another Peace Jubilee by their successors.

This being so, and the Gilmore family not being in any way, so far as we know, connected with the Sawins, why was it that the Peace Jubilee should have been got up so much in the old Sawin manner? Suppose that the leader of a Locally Celebrated Brass Band does indulge the natural desire to extend his fame over a larger area of the earth's surface than it has heretofore covered. If a jubilee will do it, and if the prominent hotel-keepers, and steamboat-captains, and pop-corn vendors find their account in a jubilee, surely there is something finely human about a jubilee basing itself, as this one would, on the laudable desire of pop-corn vendors, steamboat-captains, hotel-keepers, and musicians to increase their reputation and to provide for themselves and families. But why, in that Sawin manner, go and endeavor to persuade the public that your sole object is to herald the return of peace and the election of Grant? The old maxim that the people wish to be deceived, and therefore should be, is surely inapplicable nowadays.

Once in the building, there was a charming surprise. The art-critic of the *Tribune* should have been there to see the only building in America deserving better than contempt. The interior, unspoiled by paint, was decorated in every possible way with flags and festoons. The gallery, by means of a light-colored border which ran beneath it round the building, was relieved of that portentous heaviness which galleries generally labor under. The seats were simple benches with backs, and the general air of the place was that of an impromptu tent. There was no appearance of that striving after the impossible which generally ends in the tawdry and undesirable.

The music performed on the first day of "Jubilee Week" consisted of some very simple selections and some very difficult ones. To show the range which the performance took, we may say that "Tannhäuser" and the "Anvil Chorus" were both given. As we have already mentioned, the "Inflammatus," of Rossini and the "Star-spangled Banner" called out the most riotous applause, and, so far as we could observe, the emotions among the audience excited by each were precisely the same. How to account for this we do not know; but it is certainly a singular fact that all large American audiences, when deeply moved, exhibit emotions on a very different plan from the one consecrated by convention. The only expression which you can count upon is a fierce exhibition of delirious joy over the music or allusions of patriotism. On all other occasions it seems mere chance what is done. When Jefferson was acting Rip Van Winkle the other day, the audiences kept up roars of laughter through the most pathetic passages, and atoned for the mistake by becoming indifferent as soon as the acting became amusing. So with the "Inflammatus;" it seemed to extinguish for the moment the emotions it was intended to excite, and to bring into activity their exact opposites. We do not understand the phenomenon, and we leave it to be explained by those who do.

If the managers intended to make the Jubilee excel all previous concerts in volume of sound, they certainly failed. There was very little more noise, except now and then, than an ordinary orchestra and chorus produces. Indeed, other things being equal, there is no reason why a note struck on a hundred instruments should bring out a louder sound than the same note struck on one. The sound is the result of a certain number of vibrations, and the number of these vibrations is determined, not by the number of instruments, but by the note. The real reason why a thousand instruments do make more noise than one is that the distance of each from the ear is slightly different, and therefore the vibrations, interfering with one another, confuse and multiply the sound. Besides this, the time grows more imperfect as the number of instruments increases. If a thousand violins were arranged in a circle round a single listener, and the same note was to be struck at once on each, the listener would hear nothing more than one note. Of course, the experiment is practically impossible, for the same note would not be struck on each at precisely th same time. The audience seemed to be rather disappointed at this lack o noise, for they had been promised not only quality but quantity; and now, though they had the biggest drum ever made, and the biggest crowd ever got together, and the biggest building ever built, and the biggest chorus and orchestra, still they had not the loudest noise. However, when the guns fired, and the bells rang, and the hundred real anvils were beaten in exact time with the music, the audience was quite carried away, and the performance closed amid such enthusiasm as it is only given to great crowds to manifest.

ART-STUDY IN THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL AT PARIS.

No. IV.

A DINNER TO M. GÉRÔME.

ONE day, after I had been playing truant with some American friends for half a week, Lenoir and my compatriot Tom East took the trouble to beat me up in my retirement. "We invade this paradise of *chic*," Lenoir said, surveying with satire the chandeliers and mirrors of Voisin's eating-house, where they had detected me, "to invite you to invite the *patron*. You ask us handsomely enough to dine; will you ask M. Gérôme? We are soliciting funds for the pupils' annual dinner." And the extremities of his mouth, as he set down his glass of Macon, preserved an insinuating angle that would have opened the purse of Harpagon.

"I see," remarked the new contributor, in an aside expressed in his native language, which is so easily supercilious; "a table with Apollo at it; the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

"No such luck, I believe," said East; "and the dinners, I'm told, are but plain ones; but they bring out the whole pantheon of our pupils, past and present. And it's a study of character; for I observe that, among our friends of Bohemia, every man produces his own individuality without being afraid, like the statues of the Greek divinities."

Lenoir treated the affair less analytically. "It is a decent homage to the *patron*," said he; "we submit once a year; it is feudal."

Perhaps mankind cannot exist without a religion. Coming away from many beautiful and touching forms of faith in my own land, I missed for some time the corresponding development when plumped into the midst of the Latin Quarter. I have described the hardy humor with which our fellows will take off the mummeries of a church which they consider a pricked bubble, a disillusion. They will not only sing ribald songs in their *Te Deums*, but, what is going much further, will chant the most solemn words with absolute innocence and callousness. Again, the sense of bravado which gives zest to our ordinary English profanity is quite gone, and the students hardly ever swear, and never with the least enjoyment—there is nought of faithfulness to feel a shock; there are no oaths, as there is none of the complementary piety. Christianity, of course, as most of us understand it, is as invisible to them as the ether around the stars; for they know nothing of our Protestant faith; and if I express my belief, they indulge me just as they do the priest-ridden women of their families, as a passive victim domineered by the thinnest and most obvious of bugbears. In the literary cultus, they are at present equally prone to scepticism. The old enchantment of Victor Hugo, for instance, is now effectually dispelled; their demonstrations at the revival of his plays were political, and they will smile at his airs of martyrdom just as we do; and he has no successor. Their phase of patriotism is a difficult study. I find it hard to detect anything beyond the general pride in being as Parisian and civilized as possible; there is none of that adoration of the state felt by the Athenian of old, or by the citizen of South Carolina in our own time. Centralization and the modern distaste for military service have almost turned their ideas topsy-turvy. Contemplating my comrades, then, and finding them lacking in matters of theology, letters, and politics, and knowing that they were not advanced enough to have examined the philosophies of the day, I almost felt as if I had discovered a race without the soul and its necessities. One fine day, however, I bethought me that my new friends were artists; and immediately the delicate instincts of religion became visible all around me, springing up everywhere, with their exquisite need of clinging. It appears to me there is an unfeigned respect, a confiding homage, extended to their teacher that is much like a devotional feeling. Perhaps the strange captivation which led the young imaginations of Oxford a few years back to parcel themselves amongst Keble, and Pusey, and Newman respectively, is the best illustration to draw from our own race. The habit of obedience is too much lost in my native country for it to furnish any parallel. I am scarcely less than serious, then, when I claim that these honest fellows devote to their professor some of the sacrifices taken from religion. What other outlet have they for the universal need? They bring their sketches, their *motivi*, up to the confessional, and endure scourgings and humiliation with strange meekness. The criticism of the professor, however severe, is a mighty boon. The art-faculty or the inspiration of the muse they call, without affectation, divine; and the trusted professor shares this dignity. It is hard to treat this with any gravity. But it was treated gravely enough not long ago in the little artist haunt kept by Père Gann at the village of Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau. A band of young sculptors met a band of painters, and engaged in a dispute on the relative dignity of Phidias and Titian. Unable to decide the argument, champions were chosen, who stripped and fought it out, Bayard against Saladin, with all the sincerity of the crusades, in Gann's little parlor, that is covered with sketches by the best artists of Paris. So that Lenoir, who never errs on the side of credulity or superstition, was almost dignified in defining the banquet as an act of feudal homage.

The residence of M. Gérôme is at the foot of Montmartre, in the Rue de Bruxelles. In order to incommode him as little as possible, his students chose a restaurant of that neighborhood, gallantly throwing over all their prejudices in favor of the Rive Gauche. It was after the slow drag up the hill, therefore, that I found myself at the entrance of a large and showy eating-house, where a waiter in black, and two arbor-vitæ bushes in green, stood as sentinels at the bottom of a freshly-waxed stairway leading to the hall. Up-stairs, in a large, bleak ante-room, most of the students, so far as I knew them, were waiting in the utmost extremity of nervousness, unable to sit down, holding their arms rigid like dolls' arms, and catching at their sleeves with the tips of their fingers. Each had managed to appear in black; and friendly criticisms on the cravats, the hair, and the waistcoats of the new arrivals were freely proffered.

"There is the spaniel who enters with his ears curled and a silver-plated collar!" in allusion to some preposterous jewel or locket hanging from the neck of the individual in question, whose waving red hair scattered a perfume as he passed.

"Caduc has had his boot mended; which gives such a distinguished air to the foot of Caduc!"

"Where were thy habiliments purchased, my Alcides?" "This pantaloon of mine was confectioned by the *Belle Jardinière;* but my habit was the triumph of the *Bon Diable*."

"As for me, my only confectioner is the *Bon Pasteur;* he holds the single intelligent pair of shears in Paris."

"But regard then the elbow of Caouchouc! I offer an observation: Caouchouc is the hero of the entertainment!"

The youth so designated, a tall, slowly-moving Creole, entered with a singular tourniquet or bracelet on his arm. On examination it proved to be of purple ribbon, all ruffled and stuck with glass pearls, and surrounded with a motto in gold embroidery: *J'aime qui m'aime comme j'aime quand j'aime.* Was it a cravat, a necklace, an affair to warm the wrist? Alas! its size and construction told the tale too plainly. Caouchouc was a novel kind of peer of the order of the garter.

An excited group had formed around the dingy nobleman, and the room had insensibly filled with about seventy black coats, when Gérôme entered with his usual quick movement, handed in by a little group of his most prosperous and respectable pupils. Lenoir appeared among these, calmly wearing an unheard-of cambric shirt and a smile. Somebody darted up and took the hat of the master, who passed into the adjoining dining-room on the arm of his principal disciple, M. Glaize.

His medium-sized, alert figure; his peculiar walk with his head bent and darting about a little, like an explorer dodging the branches of a forest; his quick, black eye, that drove at every object in turn with a frank and direct demand—these were the attributes of his school-room visits; and these alert, darting, and driving qualities he now directed so promptly to the banquet, that we flocked after him and tumbled into our places with almost guilty celerity, and the calm, black figures of the waiters began to serve and feed us with the energy of clockwork. Gérôme is certainly a striking and even a handsome man: his great dark eyes, planted far apart under firmly-marked brows, are cutting when in action and searching in repose. His head expands above the ears into a wonderful dome, the frontal part of which is peculiarly noble, broad, seamed with thought, and canopied with tumbled hair; the premature grayness of the latter has that interesting suggestion of toils gone through which we naturally receive when we find the sable silvered over a comparatively youthful face; the latter in Gérôme is dark, thoughtful, and forms a triangle under the swelling temples, the point of which, a firm and advancing chin, is capped by a moustache like a circumflex accent.

Gérôme, whose worldly success has depended upon his never shirking anything, faced this poor man's dinner with grave determination when he might have dined, no doubt, in comfortable luxury at home. At the proper time he made a little speech. They had thoughtfully placed before him, instead of an épergne, a droll affair in silver and looking-glass, representing a lake surrounded with little laurel-trees, and encircled with a heavy balustrade of the gleaming metal. This ponderous bit of scenery, being low in its proportions, interfered with nobody's view of the master's head. I happened to be placed where the spaniel's ambrosial "ears" cut out effec-

tually, with their curly fringes, my view of the *patron's* visage; but I could see it floating helplessly in the mirroring lake, as if in a tureen, with its eyes intent and unnatural in their reversed position, and its moustache dipping and wagging upside down, the while I received my share of my master's thanks for attention to the duties of the school, for personal respect to the instructor, for order and obedience, and for this elegant and complimentary banquet.

When our half-dozen courses and half-dozen wines were rather quickly despatched, the waiters abandoned us to our champagne, after having wheeled-in a very tolerable piano to a station opposite the *patron's* seat. The entertainment now took the character of a series of efforts to entertain our honored guest, each pupil trying what he could do, and levelling his performance straight at the eyes of the *patron*, who liberally led the applause. There were some very creditable voluntaries on the instrument, some ballads, and some old traditional student-glees, in which Gérôme joined without any squeamishness. It was pleasant to see the young fellows essaying their very best for the diversion of the professor, and spending lungs and perspiration generously for his advantage. One got himself up in a very recognizable caricature of Gérôme himself, emerging from the dressing-room with the brisk step of the master, and criticising imaginary "academies" for each of us with a good many well-understood and enjoyable hits. Blanc leaped upon a chair and declaimed a comic story; and we who were around him made great fun of his toes, which pointed determinedly upward in their coarse, well-blacked shoes.

At eleven Gérôme left, with great good-humor and relief, and East and I busied ourselves in getting home to his parents a dear little pink-and-white brother of ——, who had slyly drunk all our wine while we dosed him with stories about the Red-skins and the Rocky Mountains. When we had lifted the limber figure of the youth from the chairs over which it hung, and pitched it down-stairs into a carriage, the assembly was breaking up, and the black costumes were preparing to go into retirement, perhaps in some cases until the next Gérôme banquet.

Correspondence.

A SEQUEL TO "A TRUE CONSULAR STORY."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The appeal of the *Nation* "to everybody who has any regard for the country," etc. (No. 199), to do what he can towards frightening Congressmen into supporting Mr. Jenckes's bill, has just reached me, who include myself in the above category.

I cannot pretend to frighten the controllers of the national destinies, but perhaps my *argumentum ad hominem* may in some way touch the legislatorial conscience.

As the readers of "A True Consular Story" (see *Nation* for some week in February) may know, I was at one time consul for the U. S. A. at Rome ("X." of "Consular Story"), and was transferred thence to Canea, to silence my complaints against an iniquity Mr. Seward didn't choose to correct.

We arrived in Crete the January preceding the outbreak of the late insurrection, and found that for the first year of peace and low prices the salary of $1,000 sufficed to enable us to live in a very simple way. During the progress of the intrigues and agitations which culminated in war, I kept up a copious official and private correspondence, with the object of enlightening official and public opinion on the real nature of the dispute and the crime against civilization which was preparing in Crete. I was approached by the agent of the Viceroy of Egypt, with offers of any compensation I should ask, to assist him to arrange a petition from the Cretans for the transfer of the island to Egypt. I exposed the whole affair immediately to Mr. Morris, our minister at Constantinople, and he to the English ambassador, by whom the projected transaction was effectually quashed. My denunciations of the intrigue and of the injustice employed to drive the Cretans into insurrection, as well as my open remonstrances with the local authorities, excited the especial hostility of the latter, and though it was perfectly known to all in the island that my utmost exertions were employed to induce the Cretans to submit to any injustice rather than fight, I was denounced at Constantinople and to the world as a stimulator of the insurrection, and a system of persecution inaugurated in which, from the Divan down to the *canaille* of Cretan Mohammedanism, every hostile influence was directed against me. I was menaced with the withdrawal of my *exequatur*, I was denounced in the philo-Ottoman journals, in the despatches of the French consul (the most mendacious and corrupt Levantine I ever met), bullied and insulted by the local authorities, openly menaced with assassination by the Mussulman mob, a picket of Zaptiés at my front door and another at the back, to examine everybody who left my house, and, though this surveillance in months had found no fact on which to accuse me, the accusations were no less virulent. From the first shot, I had no further intercourse with the insurgents, but, through my letters, official or other, the outside world knew what was passing in the island. This is the sole offence against the Turkish Government to which I plead guilty; but this was enough to maintain a persecution which had, I doubt not, as its sole object to drive me from the island. So irritated was the Mussulman population against me that I received frequent private warnings not to be out of my house after sunset, and not to move without a guard. For two weeks we were ready for barricading and defending the consulate at any moment, and scarcely crossed its threshold; and when, weary of this prison-life, I hired a house which had a garden attached, where we and our children might breathe without danger from the rifle-balls that more than once had whistled by me, the governor, on learning that I had taken it, compelled the owner to withdraw the lease, though my chattels were partly in the house. My employees were insulted, beaten, denied recognition, and, in some cases, compelled to abandon my employ.

In vain I represented this state of things at Washington; no notice was deigned me. Two or three times men-of-war came to Crete, whose officers mostly sympathized openly with the Turkish authorities as against the Cretans, and impliedly against me, and in one case carried their hostility to me so far that none of them except the captain and assistant-surgeon paid me a visit. Add to this, our worthy and time-honored Secretary of Legation and dragoman at Constantinople joined in the hue-and-cry against me, attacked me and his chief, from whom alone I had ever received support and protection, in the American and European journals, entered into the conspiracy to drive me from the island, and gave the local authorities, with whom he was in correspondence, to understand that I was not and would not be sustained by the Government.

The second year I asked a leave of absence; for the position was unendurable. This was refused; why, I could never understand, except to make me resign. I endeavored to persuade my wife to go to Greece with the children, but she refused; and, as a last resource, I hired a little yacht for the summer months, to get away for ten days at a time out of the polluted air of Crete.

Meanwhile, famine and famine prices had come into the island. All articles of food had doubled and trebled in price, and many were not to be got. Healthy meat was rare. The other consuls were favored by the Government butcher; I alone must fare with the people whose friend I was. I concluded to resign; but the friends of Crete, holding meetings and passing resolutions across the Atlantic, begged me to hold on, as my departure would be a moral blow to the insurrection which might be fatal; and as this was true to a certain extent, I did hold on, and, under many promises of support from the friends of a cause I held dear, I allowed my expenses—now more than double my income (what with charity and increase of prices)—to rise in an accumulation of debts before me which the industry of years will not remove. "Congress will help you," wrote one; "We will support you in your difficulty," wrote another; and so I held on against debt and sickness, my own strength failing every day, resisting all in the faith of a justice promised and coming, until, near the end of the past year, the peremptory orders of the physician to leave instantly, if I would save the lives of my family, induced me to take advantage of a leave of absence given conditionally on a crisis being arrived at in the affairs of the island, and to go to Athens, the only refuge near enough to enable me to get back to my post at brief notice. Even from this asylum our worthy representative at the court of the King of the Hellenes endeavored to drive me, and, failing that, to diminish my favor here by representing (as I know officially) to the Greek Government that my conduct in Crete had not been approved by my own Government.

The private miseries of no man are subject of public interest save as they are due to public causes; and only on this ground, hoping to make our public realize what misery their wretched service may bring on those who enter it, I follow my story away from my post. We arrived here all invalids—one of my children hung for weeks between life and death; my own nervous system was utterly shaken and my working power all gone; my wife so broken down, so unnerved by three years of unquiet, of excited sympathy, of harassed days and nights, that her reason yielded, and in an attack of insanity she committed suicide, her last troubles being for the miseries she had witnessed and could no longer alleviate.

Of my encouraging friends from the other side the Atlantic I have

heard nothing since the decline of the insurrection; and, my home destroyed and with debts of at least $2,000 (gold), I return to private life; for I just learn that I am dismissed the consular service, which is my least regret—my greatest is that I ever entered it. I thank President Grant and the Senate for the liberty to sign my name, no longer a civil servant,

Yours truly, W. J. Stillman.

UNIVERSITY INFLUENCE, ESPECIALLY AT YALE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Is there not something a little misleading in the article upon "University Influence" in your issue of the 10th inst.?

The spirit of the entire article is candid, and the mention of Yale is most kind, and yet by implication, I think, there is an approach to a *non-sequitur*. This comes, if at all, from a failure to distinguish between the Corporation and the Faculty of the college. The discussion has respected the former; and reasons *pro* and *con* as to a preponderance of clerical influence in the Board of Corporation have been given. Then follow some well-put statements about the effect of "the moral influence of the authorities of the college upon the students," in which it is said that "they [the authorities] ought to create its *social atmosphere*, and to provide standards of criticism which the students will accept."

Next follow some objections to a successful exertion of said *social* influence from clergymen, based upon considerations such as this, viz., a clergyman is "a professional moralist"—*i.e.*, "a man part of whose professional duty it is to keep himself apart from the world, to live within narrower bounds than other people, and devote most of his attention to one class of considerations, forming only half of those which men are called upon to weigh every day in solving the problems of ordinary life." I doubt whether this is a correct description of American clergymen, who are not generally recluses, but men of large practical activity, meeting all classes of men and all orders of events as they accomplish their pastoral duties; but even if your description be accordant with facts, does it at all apply to the "authorities" at Yale? On reference to the catalogue of the Faculty in '67 (the only one at my command), of the fifty-two instructors named only nine were clergymen, and of these nine six were exclusively attached to the Theological Seminary—*i.e.*, of forty-six instructors in the university, the theological department being excluded, only three were clergymen, and of these three at least one has never been actually engaged in the active duties of his profession. Does this look as though those forming, as far as the college authorities are concerned, the *social atmosphere* the students breathe are to any truthful extent clergymen?

Perhaps I misapprehend the import of your article, but in any case it may be well to keep before the minds of those debating the question of university management these two things:

1. That clergymen, as a class, are not in this good year 1869 any more one-sided and professionally hidebound than other professional men; but, if there be any difference, are less so.

2. That the acting authorities at Yale—*i.e.*, those who create its social atmosphere as far as the college authorities influence this—are not clergymen in the excessive degree that some opponents of the present college system would have the public believe.

E. L. H.

June 18, 1869.

[What we were discussing was really the completeness of the answer in the article from the *New Englander* to the objections made by various persons to the management of colleges by clergymen. We were well aware that, owing to the fact that the article was written in defence of Yale in particular, our criticism of it would probably bear the appearance of being pointed at Yale, and we endeavored to guard against this, and supposed we had succeeded in doing so by expressly denying that Yale was the object of our remarks. We may not have succeeded in explaining ourselves clearly touching the influence of clergymen as educators of young men, as it would be impossible for us to say all we have to say in reply to "E. L. H.'s" first point without writing another article. But one or two rough illustrations may perhaps throw a little more light, if not on the subject, on our meaning. Take the common forms of dissipation to which young men are exposed in university towns; we need not enumerate them. A clergyman condemns them *ex officio* as a professional duty; his exhortations against them therefore cannot, do not, produce the same effect as those of a layman who disliked them on general and unconventional grounds. A clergyman, for instance, denounces the theatre; a young man says, "Oh! of course he does—he must; society expects it of him;" but the young man would not say this of a lawyer or doctor who did so.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth has written a new novel, which her publishers, Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, will issue next Saturday. Its title is "The Bride's Fate," and it will be fully equal to "The Changed Brides" or to "How He Won Her," which are both by the same author. The same firm do themselves credit by getting for their lists the title of Hans Breitmann's works. They publish in one volume, bound in muslin or in half-calf, all of the ballads, "bolidigal" or other, in which Mr. Leland has celebrated the famous Dutchman.——Messrs. William Wood & Co. announce among their medical works which are of interest chiefly to medical men, one that may probably be interesting to many other readers—namely, "A Report on the Progress of Practical and Scientific Medicine," by Dr. Horace Dobell and numerous coadjutors.——Messrs. Robert Carter & Brothers will republish "An Autobiography and Memoir of the Rev. Dr. T. W. Krummacher."

—"Arrangements are in progress for a new journal which shall deal with new works strictly according to their merits," and it is in England, we are happy to say, which is situated in the centre of the world's commerce, and not in the Fortunate Islands or in Utopia, that this miracle is to appear. The authors are to do the writing for it, we suppose. For nearly five thousand years, even if we take Archbishop Usher's chronology, which is now generally given up, the authors have felt that there was imperative need of a journal which should take up new works and deal out to them strict divine justice—tempered, of course, "with the courtesy common among gentlemen, though very frequently ignored"—by this and that critic. And it is the poorer authors upon whom this need has pressed most heavily, and who have been most frequent in their complaints of the working of the present fallible system. But the movement seems premature, and we cannot entertain great hopes that it will prosper. A good "Retrospective Review" ought first to be set on foot and made successful, both pecuniarily and in point of the desired freedom from error. None such has yet been produced, though we have had attempts, and though the works noticed have been hundreds of years old, and have been read by many generations, and have had thrown upon them the light of the thought and feeling of hundreds of able men of many nations, of many creeds, of all diversities of taste. Now, we may safely say that, until the race gets into such a condition that five hundred years after the man x, say, who wrote poetry in an undetermined city; who was of no known political party; whose faith was a belief in a mythology long vanished; whose views on the Woman Question and the Eight-Hour Question "have eluded the researches of his ablest commentators"—until the time has come when we can find critics who will review this comparatively inoffensive poet without giving evidence of ill-temper and partisanship, to say nothing of bad taste, and ineffective thinking, and other evils which are under the sun—we certainly may give up expecting to see a critical journal which Mr. Smith shall edit, in which the steaming hot pamphlet of Mr. Jones, tax-payer, Democrat, Free Trader, tenant, member of the club—Smith's fellow-member of modern society, in short—shall not get a little more than justice or a little less. Honest criticism is sometimes too severe in tone, and has the effect of depressing authors; it is sometimes not sufficient in ability, and unwarrantably injures an author either in reputation or in purse, though usually the ignorant critic is laudatory, and helps to fill the author's pocket; but as a general thing it remains true, nevertheless, that the childishness of the poorer class of authors is the cause of most of the outcries against critics. We speak of criticism written in honesty; as we have hinted, the dishonest critic is not the one of whom the authors complain. Then, again, it is always to be remembered when this matter is talked of, that—looking at the critic's functions from as practical a point of view as that taken by most authors and artists when they attack him for incompetency—a great part of the critic's business is to stand between the workman's work and the body of possible buyers, and talk—not to the workman, so that he shall be helped to produce better works hereafter, nor yet so that future workmen shall produce better works—but to these same buyers who

know even less than the critic. The honest critic, in his relations with the author, at his very worst is, we would suggest, only a more or less noisy, more or less influential member of the audience that the artist or artisan has been working for. Or does the artist turn on us here after a fashion that obtains among artists of some descriptions, and say that the artist works for something other than his audience's money or praise? In that case, we have not been talking to him; any more than he, probably, has been talking of the critics.

—We do not remember a more elegant reprint than Messrs. John Sabin & Sons' "Nova Britannia: Offring most excellent fruites by planting in Virginia. Exciting all such as be well affected to further the same." This tract was originally printed in London in 1609, and, being third of those known to relate to early Virginia, has a market value of $100 at the present time—twenty times as much as is asked for the reprint in facsimile, which, by the way, was executed in London, and appears to have been four years in preparation. It is nothing but the report of a speech delivered by one of the body called Adventurers to his fellow-capitalists and speculators, in praise of the natural resources of the new territory, and arguing the certainty of a handsome profit in money and lands for whoever should invest in the enterprise, and hurry forward colonists and material supplies. The speaker does not give evidence of having been in Virginia, though he may have been; and his remarks, dealing very generally with the topography of the country about the James River, are chiefly devoted to the practical work of stimulating his hearers to take shares in the plantation at twelve pound ten. In the course of this, he seeks by historical quotations to establish the English title to *Nova Britannia*, the national duty of expanding English commerce by creating trade with the New World, and the right of making summary disposition of the red men in case they decline to be civilized and Christianized. "Wee had continued brutish poore and naked Brittans to this day," he observes, "if Julius Cæsar, with his Romaine Legions (or some other), had not laid the ground to make us tame and civill." The missionary spirit in which the undertaking should be carried on is dwelt upon at length, part of it consisting in "weeding out" any "Papists, professed or Recusant," that might have slipt into the nascent colony. The material for a population was to be found in the "swarmes of idle persons, which having no meanes of labour to releeve their miserie, doe likewise swarme in lewd and naughty practizes, so that if we seeke not some waies for their forraine emploiment, wee must provide shortly more persons [prisons?], and corrections for their bad conditions;" . . . "such as lie at home, pestering and infesting one another, with vice and villany, worse than the plague it selfe." But Mr. Ruskin's aristocracy supported at the public expense was also provided for—"every extraordinarie man, as Divines, Governors, Ministers of state and Justice, Knights, Gentlemen, Phisitions, and such as be men of worth for speciall services," . . . "to bee maintained at the common charge, and are to receive their Divident (as others doe) at seven yeeres end."

—A more forcible contrast to this curious old pamphlet of the day of small things we could hardly select than Professor M. F. Maury's "Physical Survey of Virginia: Her Geographical Position; its Commercial Advantages and National Importance"—of which Mr. D. Van Nostrand publishes a second edition. Besides page upon page of statistics going to prove how much nearer the Atlantic seaboard is *via* Norfolk than *via* New York, to a large portion of the interior—how much vaster and richer this back country is, and better the harbor and water-channels—the author illustrates, with the aid of three maps, the practicability of affording uninterrupted water communication between any foreign port (like Flushing in Holland) and the head-waters of the Mississippi and all its tributaries; and also between the Gulf of Mexico and the Ohio River (and consequently the James River, when the canal now in progress to the Kanawha is completed) *via* the Alabama and Tennessee Rivers. We find all this a very pleasing and not so very visionary prospect; but we are grieved to see that Prof. Maury not only admits a sad heresy into his title, but in the body of his work insists again and again that the system of railroads and canals which he is advocating is a "*national* necessity," and that these "are girders necessary to bind and hold the Union together." Mr. Henry B. Dawson will share our chagrin at this falling away from the good old Southern and Virginian doctrine that the United States is not a nation, but a simple, loose federation of nations, each sovereign; and at the sudden interest in the integrity of a Union whose capital is not to be at Richmond. However, let us be extremely glad of this backsliding, and even rejoice that Professor Maury goes further—he quotes General Wilson to prove that, unless the Mississippi and the Lakes are connected by a canal permitting the passage of gunboats, the Government must "prepare for the annexation or conquest of Canada." This hard necessity will be relieved, says our author, when the Northwest's independence of the St. Lawrence outlet for its commerce is assured by the canal which binds the Ohio and the James together, and leads to a harbor unobstructed by ice, and beyond the control of hostile fleets. We commend his arguments on this and other heads to all who would be glad to see Virginia resume her old importance to the Union, and the Union itself be stronger than ever.

—We have had a good deal of writing about Andersonville, and very little of it has been even readable, but surely of the thirty-odd thousand men who were eye-witnesses of the most heart-sickening scene of human wretchedness that our age has had to show, some must have survived who might hand down to posterity an impressive picture of it. To say nothing of the loss to the cause of humanity, it will be a deplorable loss to literature if the story of the prison should not be adequately told by some one of its victims; and it is to be feared that it will not be. Thucydides, Boccaccio, De Foe, no writer who ever realistically narrated enormous horrors might not be surpassed by a hand really skilled which should delineate the scenes behind Wirz's dead-line and in the Andersonville hospital and graveyard—if those names may anyhow be given to the festering pits and trenches where the dead were flung and the "hell of hells," as it has been called, where most of the men died. We see that the *Michigan University Magazine* is now publishing some reminiscences by a student who was one of the prisoners, and whose sketches are worth attention, as having the vividness—occasionally dimmed by fine phrases—of what seems like the simple truth. We quote a few sentences:

"Nor can we tell of three great causes of strife among us. First, who should have the rations of the dying. Second, who should have his rags when dead. Third, who should have the privilege to carry the dead body away. The fortunate one who carried out a dead body could then breathe pure air, see green grass, and bring back some wood. Robbers were charged with knocking sick men on the head to get their bodies. Dead bodies were fought over, bought, traded, and stolen like any other commodity. We talked familiarly of trading each other off for wood as soon as one or the other should die. A body was worth from $20 to $30, Confederate money.

"Before being loaded on wagons, the corpses were daily collected at a place outside of the pen. Here spectre-like guards watched them as closely as they did the living, because, once on a time, a dead Yank arose and ran away. The same wagons which brought in our food carried away our dead—the wagons never being cleansed, that we know of. Men, laughing, chatting, and smoking—one at the head, another at the feet—tossed the bodies promiscuously into the wagons or hay-racks, and, with naked skeleton arms, legs, and heads dangling over the sides, they drove off the dead. Thus, in about one year, they wheeled away 13,000 men; but 13,000 is not at all the number of the dead. Men dug their own graves when their tunnels caved in and buried them. Many lie in swamps, killed by bloodhounds. We scattered them all along the railroads in leaving Andersonville. We buried them in the sea."

There have been men who, having had the experience of this young man, would have devoted years to the study of literature, in the higher and lower significations of the term, and produced a book secure of life. And, as we have said, the cause of humanity as well as literature would gain if such a record of misery were made. For ages, no one could have read it without feeling a grief and an indignation equally sanitary.

—We had already intended to call attention to the thorough and convincing exposure of "Worman's Complete German Grammar" in the May and July numbers of the *American Educational Monthly* (by Prof. Gustavus Fischer), when requested to do so by Dr. H. von Holst, editor of *Steiger's Literarischer Monatsbericht*, who says of the work in question:

"It is but one specimen of an innumerable host of equally bad schoolbooks imposed upon the public by impudent and utterly illiterate bookmanufacturers and—to use a most lenient term—careless publishers. Eighty-two professional gentlemen and ladies of the best renown have endorsed this book, which is one of the most shameful literary productions I ever met with. To the honor of these endorsers, it must be assumed that they never took pains to open the book or to throw a hasty glance at its contents, else its most complicated nonsense and appalling perversions of German diction could not have escaped their eyes. They evidently have followed the same principle so many gentlemen in Washington are accustomed to act upon—recommending whosoever wishes to be recommended by them. Many people will be disposed to judge leniently such a proceeding, taking for their device the old maxim, 'Live and let live.' I cannot help considering it much worse than the worst humbug; it betrays a much to be regretted laxity of moral principle, the effect of which is an involuntarily committed *crime*, for these endorsements afford the means of swindling the public of their money and of their time, and of burdening them with a gross amount of most perverted knowledge when they are anxiously striving to improve their education. We Germans rejoice to see the Americans devote themselves more and more to the study of the much-beloved and justly-praised language of our 'fatherland,' in order to be capable of availing themselves of the rich treasures of the German litera-

ture. But so much the more we deem it our sacred duty to expose such daring attempts to impose upon their honest credulity a strange messwork pretending to be a 'Complete Grammar of the German Language.'"

—The publishers of the work thus referred to in strong but not exaggerated reprobation resorted, after Prof. Fischer's first criticism, to tactics not so uncommon with their calling as they ought to be: they published the list of "endorsers" to whom Dr. von Holst alludes, as a sufficient answer to the most minute and specific allegations of error and ignorance, accompanied by irrefragable proofs. They added to this list the usual charge of spitefulness, misrepresentation, etc., against the critic and his publishers, who were simply discharging one of their most obvious duties to the public—duties none the less obvious, let us remark, because too often neglected by the educational journals *par excellence*. The action of the *Monthly* is all the more creditable because, as Dr. von Holst points out, the study of the German language is rapidly spreading in this country. In the *Sonntagsblatt* of the N. Y. *Staats-Zeitung*, of June 13, is a communication by Prof. W. Notz, of Gettysburg, Pa., as to the extent to which German is taught in our principal colleges. He compared the catalogues of forty-five colleges in the New England, Middle, and Western States, and found that only four, and these of the second grade, made no provision for the study of German; fifteen made it obligatory, eleven elective, and the rest partly obligatory and partly elective. It formed the main branch in three Lutheran Colleges, and, in a fourth, German was also the language of instruction. The catalogues examined show a great advance in those of the same institutions of only a few years back. The University of Vermont, for example, paid no attention whatever to German in 1856–57, whereas now the language forms one of the principal studies. We believe the case is much stronger than Prof. Notz has presented it, and that if the courses of private schools were known, it would reveal a very wide instruction in German. Speaking from what we know of Boston and vicinity, we incline to think the French has fewer devotees in that part of the country and perhaps elsewhere; and considering the comparative difficulty in reading the two languages, this must be taken as proof of an extraordinary preference for the German.

—Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, undertook to prove etching to be the short-hand of art—the appropriate vehicle of transient ideas, of studies for after-elaboration, etc. Undoubtedly this is a true view to take, especially of etching as an instrument of original creation—etching by a master, in other words. But it seems to us to have other quite legitimate uses. An etching, off-hand, by Rembrandt of a landscape is undoubtedly a precious souvenir of the fleeting impression made upon him by nature; but may we not also prize, even if in a less degree, a skilful etching after one of the very few oil landscapes which he has left us? We certainly felt so in seeing such a copy in a late number of the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, and we are confirmed in this sentiment by two masterly etchings from the same hand —W. Unger's—in the last issue (Vol. IV., No. 8) of the above journal, just received. They are from portraits by Antonis Moro and Frans Floris, of the Dutch school, dating from *circa* 1540 and 1548. They were among the spoils of the first Napoleon, and were deposited, at the restoration which followed his fall, in the Brunswick Gallery, though not taken thence —a restoration, the *Zeitschrift* points out, which is still characterized, in the latest editions of the official catalogue of the Louvre, as accomplished "against all right and law" and "by force of bayonets." The first portrait is of an unknown scholar, of sweet and noble countenance, who might well have been one of

"The grave, severe Genovese of old."

The second is of a falconer, bird in hand and just unhooded; altogether so pleasing a subject and so effective that we dislike to be told, as we are, that the etching does not do justice to the original. The *Zeitschrift* also describes a great number of plans of the proposed new cathedral at Berlin, with a wood-cut of one elevation. In the supplement we are pained to notice an obituary of the learned and agreeable critic, Théophile Thoré—better known by his German *nom de plume* of W. Bürger, although he was not able to compose a sentence in German. Knowledge of the Dutch school was his forte, and he brought to light many obscured names that deserved remembrance, and caused numerous changes to be made in the commonly accepted authorship of esteemed works of art. He had a very extensive acquaintance with museums and galleries, using well for this purpose the exile consequent on his political affiliations in '51. He returned to Paris after the amnesty granted by the Emperor, and contributed frequently to the *Zeitschrift*, the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, the *Indépendance Belge*, etc. In the last-named journal he criticised the art-galleries of the Exposition of 1867, and was one of the few foreign critics who gave much attention to the pictures from the United States. He had the discernment to select for praise Mr. Homer's "Prisoners from the Front"—to our mind the best, on the whole, of any we sent over, and still better than any foreigner could judge it. Thoré died on the 20th of April at the age of 62.

DR. BUSHNELL ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.*

Dr. Bushnell has made, in the small octavo before us, a really valuable contribution to the literature of the women's rights question, because although his solution is, as we think, incomplete, any attempt at solution from a calm and candid observer cannot but help to clear the ground. He acknowledges that women have wrongs, and that these wrongs are largely the result of that tendency to oppression which marks all power. Amongst these wrongs he enumerates the inequality of modern legislation as regards woman's property; and her exclusion by law or public usage from modes of employment and productive industry that are equally appropriate, or even more appropriate, to women than to men; and the separation of the sexes in education. Were the sexes educated together, he thinks women would gradually escape their "unrighteous disabilities," and obtain an equal footing in all employments for which they are fitted, and he thinks all legal restrictions to their entrance into the various trades and professions should be removed. They would then naturally assume a large proportion of the work of educating the young; they would practise medicine in all branches except surgery; they would probably practise that portion of the law which consists "in silent, indoor office-work—the investigation of authorities and citation of precedents," and the drawing of "deeds, contracts, and pleadings," and the exercise of the functions of notaries and clerks of courts of record. In the church, they would properly become deaconesses, as they did in the primitive days; and Paul's objection to their speaking in assemblies for worship—"the shame" of it—being no longer operative, they would also act as ministers or exhorters. In literature, of course they would shine as they do now. They would, too—their business faculties being sharpened—become clerks, book-keepers, and the like; and, ere long, managers of hotels, bank-tellers, brokers, actuaries of insurance companies, private bankers, type-setters, and overseers of printing. In all these positions, Dr. Bushnell not only expects but desires to see them.

Then follows a powerful chapter on the "natural right" of either men or women to the suffrage, which we should like to see put into a pamphlet, and put in the hands of every young man and woman in the country. The day the framers of the Declaration of Independence caught up the unmeaning phrase of the French speculators, about "all men being born free and equal," and stuck it at the head of the immortal instrument, they introduced the transcendental method of treating political questions into the United States; and the general hold it has now got on the public mind we look on as not only one of the greatest of existing obstacles to reform, but as the source of one-half our political abuses. It cannot be too often said that men have *no* "natural rights" in society; that no society ever existed, or could exist, which recognized such rights; that nobody has been able to say what a man's or woman's natural rights are; and that all claims to the suffrage, or to anything else, based on the assumption that such rights exist, are simply a snare and delusion.

Having thus pointed out the places in society which woman properly may and probably will fill, and having discarded the *à priori* method of proving anybody's right to the suffrage, Dr. Bushnell proceeds to give his reasons why she should not have it. It must be remembered that the class of persons to whom he is denying any share in forming the laws under which they live may be, according to his own admission, composed largely of lawyers, doctors, ministers, bankers, brokers, actuaries, book-keepers, teachers, professors, hotel-keepers, printers. It is a class, in short, which might do the whole mental work of a thriving town, take charge of its health, its morals, its religion, its banks, schools, charities, insurance companies, and the most important portion of its legal business. Nevertheless, in such a town Dr. Bushnell would allow nobody to vote but the male laborers and mechanics, the judges and *nisi prius* lawyers. The banker's porter who swept the bank might vote, but the banker could not. The actuary's gardener might vote, but the actuary could not; the hotel waiters might, but the hotel-keeper not; the hodman engaged in building the broker's house might, but the broker not. Why not?

First, Dr. Bushnell says, because "woman is not created or called to govern." This is an excellent specimen of the very kind of argu-

* "Women's Suffrage: The Reform against Nature. By Horace Bushnell." New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1869.

ment he has been condemning in his second chapter, showing that there is "no absolute right of suffrage in man or woman." He here asserts that there is an absolute or natural right in men to exclusive political power, because women, he says, were not "created or called to govern." He proves that they were not created or called to govern, first, by their physical conformation; secondly, by the assumptions that "masculinity carries in the distribution of sex the governmental function;" that women were born with a sense of man's superiority, and enjoy it; that there is nothing degrading in woman's subordination; that "force, by its own nature, always and of course subordinates beauty;" that women agitating for the right of suffrage are in "fact voting to be weighed in the gross weight-scales of force, making nothing of that higher, finer nature by which God expects it of them to flavor the world;" and that "the male and female natures together constitute the proper man, and are therefore both represented in the vote of the man." Dr. Bushnell calls all this "argument;" how he fails to see that it is a begging of the question, we do not understand.

He, however, profoundly sympathizes with the endeavor of the woman's rights agitators, and understands women's discontent with their lot. A better statement of the causes of their dissatisfaction we have seldom seen than the following:

"If I were a woman, in the present lot of women, I think I should certainly wish to be a man, and that any change giving but a semblance of a chance that way I should hail with delight and accept with eagerness. The wages allowed their industry are so unequal; their employments so restricted; their subjection, so often, when married, to an overbearing tyrant will they have no counter-force to resist; the crime it is for them to be heart-broken, and publish their woes by the sad look of their silence; and, what is worst and saddest of all, the worse than broker's corner wherein all unmarried women are penned by restrictions they cannot escape—unable to work, because it will humble their position; unable to venture on great operations in trade, because a woman cannot get the necessary credit; subject to indignities and much laughter when they undertake a profession; wanting marriage as the proper woman's place, with a conscious ability to fill it, and with no ambition save to be the ornament and cherished love of a worthy and true husband, yet chained fast under bonds of delicacy which well-nigh forbid so much as the being approachable by a man. When, I say, these things are duly considered as pertainings of a woman's lot, we might almost justify them in a riot against natural sexhood itself, if there were anything to be gained by it."

Dr. Bushnell's remedy for the difficulty women find in getting married, or in getting, as he says, into "a proper woman's place," is singular enough. He proposes to have women make advances towards men with a view to marriage, or, as he expresses it, "so far mitigate the present ironclad modesty as to let feeling feel its way and carry on its own courtship;" and he even suggests the formation of an organization of some kind, apparently in connection with churches, in the nature of a matrimonial brokerage, to make matches, "working only for names that are given, or by friends suggested, and presuming only under strictest bonds of secresy to suggest, commend, and prepare acquaintance in the ways of proper delicacy." It will strike most readers as curious that a writer who thinks women's exclusion from a large number of the most important fields of labor is purely conventional, and that her exclusion from the franchise is natural, should nevertheless doubt whether the basis of the custom which dooms marriageable women to wait for men to woo them is not largely artificial. One of the misfortunes connected with the woman question is that, to treat it thoroughly in all its phases, one would need to speak much more plainly than would be agreeable or perhaps useful. There is probably no incident of woman's condition which is more clearly natural than her passivity in all that relates to marriage. In waiting to be wooed, she not only complies with one of the conventional proprieties, but obeys what appears to be a law of sex not amongst human beings only, but among all animals. There is no peculiarity in her circumstances with regard to which sentiment and physiology are in such complete concord. So that there is, in our opinion, not the least hope that her facilities for getting married can be increased by any special exertions on her part towards that end. She must look in other directions for improvement in her lot; and if there be growing reluctance on the part of men to marry, there must be growing exertions on the part of women to become independent of marriage. Nay, we think it not at all unlikely that nothing will do so much towards solving the marriage problem as the increasing ability of women to dispense with it as a means of support. For the same reason that women with fortunes now find it easier to get husbands than women without them, women with trades and professions will find it easier to marry than women who can only fold their hands and wait, and will raise the position of the whole sex in men's eyes by diminishing the pressure at the matrimonial gate.

When Dr. Bushnell comes to discuss the probable consequences of female suffrage, for the purpose of finding in them arguments against it, he gets down once more on the solid ground of reason and experience. One listens to an opinion as to the probable results of a social or political change with more pleasure and hope of profit than to assertions as to what social arrangements are "natural" and foreordained, and what are not. About the intentions of woman's Creator with regard to her exercise of the franchise, neither Dr. Bushnell—we say it with perfect respect—nor anybody else has anything to tell us; but when he begins to talk of what reason and experience teach us to expect from her voting, we are bound to listen. The probable effects of her voting will be, he thinks—first, she will grow, perhaps, "taller, brawnier," and more certainly "thinner, sharp-featured, lank, and dry;" secondly, she will grow coarse and violent and excitable; thirdly, she will take part in political corruptions "with prone-minded human frailty;" fourth, her presence will increase the disorder and indecency attendant on the working of the electoral machinery; fifth, her presence in political assemblies, and especially legislative assemblies, will introduce into them a moral disorder, the nature of which Dr. Bushnell indicates by citing "the Bourbon courts" in illustration; and, lastly, that her participation in politics will increase the tendency to treat marriage as a temporary partnership, dissoluble at the pleasure or convenience of the parties. All these are serious, weighty objections, and are worthy of grave consideration, but we have not space to give it them here. We shall probably recur to some of them at least.

CREASY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

Sir Edward Creasy is certainly right in thinking that a history of England of moderate size is still a desideratum; and if the other four volumes which he promises prove to be as well done as the present, he may fairly claim to have supplied the want. It is an eminently *well-balanced* book, showing good judgment in the selection of matter and in the proportion of parts; it is in a clear and easy style, so as to be interesting reading, while at the same time the author has not been afraid to demand thought on the part of the reader; and it has peculiar merit in the fulness with which contemporary events are treated and the relations of England to the states of Continental Europe are described. It has, perhaps, been no serious disadvantage to a work of this scope and general nature that the author has been for several years at a distance from libraries while holding the governorship of Ceylon. He has had the use of the best authorities, and has not needed inferior ones. We are surprised, however, to see no mention of Mr. Freeman's history of the Norman Conquest, the first volume of which, one would think, must have been within his reach. This we think a pity; for, to say nothing of other points, Mr. Freeman has some very valuable and suggestive remarks upon the original nature of the Teutonic institutions—and especially upon the form that these institutions assumed in England—by which we cannot help thinking that Sir Edward Creasy would have been aided.

For his chapter upon the Anglo-Saxon Institutions is, on the whole, not quite so good as the average, and its defect is precisely in the point where Mr. Freeman is so surpassingly good. The terms *eorl* and *thane*, which have given occasion to so much discussion, are quite inadequately defined. "The free population of Saxon England . . . . consisted of nobles called Eorls, and of commoners called Ceorls." This is all right, and universally agreed to; but he goes on: "The upper class, the Eorls, are also often called the Thanes" (p. 167). Again, in another place, p. 171, he speaks of "the Thanes, the class above the Ceorls;" and this last, too, is all right; but he does not say, at any rate does not say distinctly, that the two definitions apply to different periods; that the distinction between Eorl and Ceorl belongs to early history; that between Thane and Ceorl to the times subsequent to the Danish Conquest. The rank of *eorl* was an hereditary one, and reaches back into the farthest antiquity. As Mr. Freeman says: "The difference of the Eorl and the Ceorl is a primary fact from which we start; it is as old as the earliest notices of Teutonic institutions." *Thegnhood*, on the other hand, consisted, in its origin, in a purely personal relation to the lord, corresponding to the Latin *comitatus*, a "nobility of service," which "gradually supplanted the elder nobility of immemorial descent." In another place, Mr. Freeman compares these two kinds of

* "History of England from the Earliest to the Present Time. In five volumes. By Sir Edward S. Creasy, M.A. Emeritus Professor of History in University College, London; late fellow of King's College, Cambridge." Vol. I., being the history of England to the end of the reign of Edward I. London: James Walton, bookseller and publisher to University College, 137 Gower Street. 1869. 8vo, pp. 520.

nobility to the *patricii* and *nobiles* at Rome; a ceorl could become a thane, although he could never become an eorl, just as many plebeian families belonged to the Roman nobility, while they could not become patrician. But the English patriciate was less durable than the Roman for several reasons. First, there were no ceremonial offices specially retained in its hands, like the Roman dignities of *flamen* and *rex sacrificulus*. Next, in the time of the Danish kings the title *Earl* came to be used in its Danish sense as governor of a province, in place of the English *Ealdorman*, so that its old meaning would fall into disuse all the more speedily. Thirdly, the Norman Conquest swept all these native aristocracies together into oblivion.

One of the most instructive paragraphs in the book before us is that on page 83, which shows that the modern nobility was mainly derived from the Roman institution of the *comitatus*—"not from the Celts or Germans." Perhaps the author undervalues the influence of the German custom of personal followers of a chief described by Tacitus; both had a share in the institution of nobility. But we are apt to look too exclusively, as Mr. Freeman does, at the Teutonic relation, and overlook the existence of an imperial nobility, deriving its rank "from the personal grant of the sovereign." Now, it was this principle, existing alike in Imperial and Teutonic institutions, that lay at the foundation of *thegnhood*.

We do not think it worth while to be over-particular about names and spelling; still there are cases in which a word or a letter carries with it a fundamental error. Thus, without going so far as to discard altogether the convenient term *Anglo-Saxon* with Mr. Freeman, we certainly agree with him that the use of the word *Saxon*, as equivalent to Old English, is incorrect and misleading. This is Sir Edward Creasy's constant practice. For instance, in the account of the Battle of Hastings, the terms *English* and *Saxon* alternate, with utter disregard, as appears to us, of historical propriety. It was the *English* that were fighting against the French or Normans; if there were Saxons in Harold's army, there were Angles and Danes as well. In like manner, although for a different reason, we object to the use of the meaningless term *Carlovingian*, for which we believe the best authorities are now agreed to substitute the correct word *Carolingian*. Neither can we agree to the repetition (p. 126) of the old statement that "Clovis may be regarded as the founder of the French monarchy." Perhaps there is exaggeration in Mr. Freeman's counter-statement, that "modern France has nothing to do with either of the two dynasties whose associations she so persistently usurps—the Karlings and their predecessors the Merwings." Still, this last has more truth in it than the other; for certainly modern France did not exist until the German house of Laôn had been superseded by the French house of Paris.

We find a clumsily worded sentence on p. 131 which we feel sure would mislead any person who did not already know the fact which is intended to be stated: "Scandinavia, the general name of the great peninsula of north-eastern Europe, and of the islands and small peninsula at its south, which now make up the kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden." Surely any reader would understand the relative *which* to refer merely to "the islands and small peninsula."

In regard to the question discussed in the long note on p. 217, whether William the Conqueror introduced the feudal system into England, as is usually held, or Henry II., as maintained by Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Freeman, Sir Edward Creasy's arguments show that it is, at any rate, in considerable degree, a question of definition. William abolished allodial property, and made all land to be held of himself in fee. This was certainly one essential element of the feudal system. But sub-infeudation is an equally essential one (according to Hallam—"Middle Ages," ch. ii., note xi.—*the* essential one); and our author does not say that this too existed under William. Indeed, the very act by which the Conqueror reduced all the land in England into fiefs appears to have made sub-infeudation impossible; for he "compelled every landed proprietor in England to acknowledge him as the lord of whom the land was held, and to do fealty to him, not merely as subject pledging loyalty to sovereign, but as landholder to superior and ultimate master of the land." It would follow from this that every landholder held directly of the King—in other words, was a tenant-in-chief; a state of things inconsistent with sub-infeudation, and therefore with the fully developed feudal system. It is certainly true, however, that William took the last step introductory to the establishment of the feudal system.

It is a pity that the volume contains no chronological tables and lists of contemporary sovereigns and events. Brief tables of this nature are always serviceable, and in case the book is republished by any American house we hope they will be added.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

THE most striking article in this month's number of *Putnam's* is an anonymous attack on the Roman Catholic Church as it is among the politicians of this State. Its purpose is to point out to the reader the danger there is that before this generation has passed away the Roman Catholic will be the Established Church of the State of New York; nay, that already it may be said to be Established, and that soon it will wield an absolute power. The essay is too ironical; perhaps it would be so, being ironical at all. To serve efficiently any cause which depends for success on the support of a majority of the legal voters, on its getting for adherents twenty-six electors out of every "forty-nine fools and one wise man" in all the precincts, the popular orators and advocates cannot be too careful to shun the fine-drawn and the subtle and trust to plain and direct statements and hard hammering of argument. The clever writer in *Putnam's* certainly succeeds, however, in making an impressive case. One point that he brings out we are apt to overlook. When told that we here in New York are under Roman Catholic rule, we usually point to the Seventeenth, Sixth, and similar wards, and explain everything by saying that our Democratic politicians pander to the immense Irish Catholic majority in this city. That answer would account for our decking the City Hall with the Harp of Erin on St. Patrick's Day, and for the fact that our city Congressmen—even of "advanced views"—are pew-holders in some Catholic church or churches; and for the appearance of Mayor Oakey Hall in a suit of grass-green on Irish festive days; and for all the things which mark the victory of the true faith in this metropolis over the sects. But for the victories which it is constantly obtaining at Albany, the carelessness of some and the corruptness of others of the rural legislators must be held responsible. There is an anti-Catholic majority in the State at large. Why, for instance, unless apathy on the one side and astuteness on the other is the cause, should it have been allowed that a majority of the last Senate Committee on Charitable and Religious Societies should be Roman Catholics? Among their other labors, one was the drafting of a bill of which this, in substance, is the first section: When in any town or city there shall be established any free school, of not less than two hundred pupils, the town or city must pay the school's expenses. In other words, the State's well-considered intention that the schools for which it pays shall be non-religious, or at all events non-sectarian, is to be skilfully set aside, and the taxpayers are to support schools in which the children are made Roman Catholics. We suppose that the average citizen, fully persuaded as he is that on the whole good Roman Catholics make bad Republicans, or that, at any rate, good Roman Catholicism makes bad republics, only needs to understand the scheme which the clergy of that sect are now carrying out, in order to resist it by all reasonable means rather than put his hand in his pocket to further it. At all events, no harm can be done by his understanding the matter thoroughly, and we hope the country press may take it up and ventilate it. Here, by the way, is a glimpse of the constitution of our city and county government. The foreign friends of effete monarchies, who are so apt to "know the man is American from his name—O'Flaherty," will be pleased with this summary: At the end of 1868, our Sheriff was an Irish Catholic; so was our Register; so were our Comptroller, our City Chamberlain, our Corporation Counsel, our President of the Croton Board, our Acting-Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen, our President of the Common Council, our Clerk of the Board of Councilmen, our President of the Board of Supervisors, four of the Justices of our Courts of Record, all our Civil Justices, all but two of our Police Justices, all our Police Court Clerks, three out of four of our Coroners, three out of five State Senators, eighteen out of twenty-one Members of Assembly, fourteen-nineteenths of the Common Council, and four-fifths of the Board of Supervisors.

The opening article in this number of the magazine, "That Night at Fort Wagner," is noticeably good, and gives a picture vivid in details, though not specially clear as a whole, of one of the cruellest engagements of the whole war. The writer produces some evidence, not before printed we think, concerning the death and burial—to call it so—of Colonel Shaw and of Cabot J. Russell and Captain Simpkins. Another article of some interest is M. Charles Hugo's account of the manner in which his father abashed and put to shame the constables of St. Heliers when those officials, in servile obedience to the "Anglo-French" government of my Lord Palmerston—with "Monsieur Bonaparte" behind it—informed Citizen Hugo, Citizen Cahaigne, and twenty-odd others of The Exiled, that they must depart from within the jurisdiction of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Jersey on or before such-and-such a day. The account is offered as a contribution to history; and while we would not say that it is as unfounded on fact as some other contributions to history which have been

made by the Hugo family, we may remark, in the way of Saxon criticism on a Frenchman, that it has a little bit of that dramatic manner in which, as the theatre may teach us, history ought to get itself enacted. Let us, by the way, remark in regard to this article, as we have remarked in regard to others in *Putnam's*, that it has some annotation which it was not necessary to make, and which, in any case, is not done in such a way as to do the magazine any credit.

Of Caroline Cheesebro's "Lavinia" and Miss L. M. Alcott's "Scarlet Stockings" it is hardly worth while to say anything; or, perhaps, we ought not to say that. We may better say that it would not be worth while to speak of those stories, if it were not that in the world of magazines—and especially in the world of American magazines—a writer of repute is subject to a temptation to sell his name to publishers. But with the name he is obliged to sell something in the shape of a story or essay or poem, and whether what he sells is good or bad the publishers care very little, or not in the least. It happens, then, unless the writer has rare self-control and decided critical ability, that after he has once made a success, we who are readers get from him poor reading; he is encouraged to print all the poor writing he may have done, and to do more of it; literature suffers, and nobody gains anything but the publisher. It may, to be sure, be nobody's fault but their own that the two clever writers whom we have just mentioned have come before the public with work so much inferior to other work which they have done. Probably enough, they are not very good judges of the relative value of their own things. But, we fancy, there is not much room for doubt that eager purchasers of literary wares have offered them mercantile inducements to part with goods which their own artistic sense might have admonished them to keep unsold. Supposing it to be the case that the author of "Little Women" and the author of "The Foe in the Household" esteemed "The Scarlet Stockings" and "Lavinia" as really worthy of their powers, or of anybody's attention, then of course they are to be absolved from all suspicion of blame; but the duty of telling them that they are mistaken—that they have done so much better than in these last pieces that they ought to refuse to print any pieces like these last—is not therefore removed from the shoulders of the reader who criticises.

The July *Galaxy* has for its most valuable article a paper, by Mr. R. Pumpelly, entitled "Our Impending Chinese Problem." The problem, according to Mr. Pumpelly, is something like this: We shall certainly receive into our Pacific coast territory during the next ten years a very great number of Chinamen; it is possible, and not highly improbable, that before 1880 we may have several millions of Mongolian fellow-citizens, or, rather, fellow-inhabitants of the United States. What shall we do with them? Shall we let them come? Shall we let them vote when they do come? If we do make citizens of them, what will be the effect upon our political and social life? Mr. Pumpelly's opinions on these questions are those of a man who knows the country from which the Chinese come—for he has lived in China for years—and who also knows the country towards which the stream of Chinese emigration is directed; for he has been a manager of mines in our El Dorado. The California Irishman's estimate of the Chinese, as being yellow negroes, who are maliciously fond of low wages and all manner of vice, is considerably further from Mr. Pumpelly's than the estimate which Voltaire and his friends used to set forth, and which used to give us "the Chineses" as mild-eyed philosophers, who got along in the most pastoral and polished manner without any other religious observances than adorning the graves of their ancestors, and repeating on all occasions the wise words of the sage Con-fut-zee. In fact, Mr. Pumpelly is inclined to doubt if we should be any the worse off for a very large infusion of the Chinese element into our body politic and social. "The spirit of the Chinese," he says, "as shown in their enterprise and energy as colonizers, in their commercial character and faculty of organization, in their democratic idea of the political equality of man, in the practical decentralization of their government" (and this is a point worth the attention of those lovers of freedom who think of the Chinaman as a worshipper of the Brother of the Sun and Moon), "in the universality of education, and the making of education a necessary qualification for office, is a spirit in harmony with the spirit of the age." It is to be hoped that Mr. Pumpelly's views may meet with due consideration west of the Rocky Mountains. Meantime, we fear that we need not fear lest the Chinamen should not be put to the proof as to their ability to live alongside of the Americans. We hear already of a secret society in California, which proposes to itself the banishment, by means of incendiarism and murder if necessary, of our whole Chinese population. We ardently hope to hear—so valuable has Chinese labor become, and so wide is the field, extending from Boston laundries to Texas plantations, in which it may profitably be employed—that "Vigilantes" may be enrolled who shall introduce our murderous fosterers of the white man to the criminal courts.

"A Light Man," by Mr. Henry James, jr., is a piece which is ill-named, with a borrowed name, not made for it; but it is a good study of the worst side of an interesting character. We should say that Mr. James did well to relent a little at the end; ambition, of whatever kind, should be made of sterner stuff than any that is to be found in the composition of such people as Max, who is not, and cannot be, so much a self-seeker as a student of himself.

"Put Yourself in his Place" perhaps has more "sensation" in it this month than anything else, but it is nevertheless likable as well as very readable. If Mr. Reade is not burdening himself rather too heavily with Jael Dence—rather too heavily for his heroine's good—he has more resources at his command than we had been giving him credit for. For the rest, the *Galaxy* has nothing very noticeable. Mrs. Edwards's "Susan Fielding" goes on towards completion, and is worse than her other stories if it is not quite well worth reading by all habitual novel-readers. Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, in "A Woman's Last Gift," shows rather a woman's capacity for abnegation of self than a capacity for poetry; her thought is woman's prose to be sure; but still it is prose merely, and putting it into verse does not make poetry of it. "The Practical View of Spiders' Diet" is by Doctor B. G. Wilder, who contends that the labors of the silk-worm very probably may be supplemented by that of the *nephila plumipes*. It is usually safe to sneer for some years at the efforts of inventors; so we feel at liberty to say that we have never been averse to Doctor Wilder's giving himself innocent amusement with his spiders from Folly Island. We may say, also, in the interest of seriousness, and civility, and strict truth, that the record of his experiments is pleasant reading as an exhibition of perseverance and ingenuity. Mr. J. M. Bundy's "Last Chapter in the History of the War" tells of a visit made, four years ago last April, by him and another officer of General Pope's staff, to General Kirby Smith's headquarters, in Texas. It has some historical value, for hitherto nobody has had much to say about Kirby Smith's satrapy west of the Mississippi, and it is decidedly interesting.

Lippincott's opens with Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton." The squire, and the rector, and the courted young woman, who regularly worry each other in this author's stories, are visible at full length in these first chapters, and the new novel bids fair to be as interesting as any of the stories in which Mr. Trollope photographs the outside, and the outside part of the inside, of English life.

"The Annexation of Nova Scotia" is an article by "A Nova Scotian," who apparently resides, at the time of writing, on the other side of the boundary line. If we are not mistaken—and we are only partially familiar with the drift of public opinion in the Province of Nova Scotia—he speaks the secret mind of a good majority of his fellow-citizens. Our observation has led us to believe that, irrespective of the irritation caused by the enforced union of the maritime colonies with Canada—and even the English Colonial Office never did a much stupider thing than when it tied together the bundle of crooked sticks which compose the Dominion—irrespective of the anger which the compulsory and tyrannical merging of all the Provinces in Canada has occasioned in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the people of these colonies have long been well enough convinced that their interests all urge them to take a place in the Union. An influential minority, composed of the classes that make most noise in the papers—a minority consisting of the native and foreign office-holders, the clergy of the Church of England, a certain proportion of the men of other professions, some of the merchants, and more of the merchants' wives and daughters—will oppose, and may very probably long delay, the admission of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as American States. But that a working majority of the people are willing to come we entertain little doubt. Indeed, we are not altogether sure that a majority of the fighting men of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are not to-day earning wages on this side of the line; it might be doubted if we have not already annexed the best part of the Provinces; and certainly there seems to be no doubt that it is the Provinces and not the States that lose by the arbitrary division of the English-speaking race on this continent.

"Thorwald's Lament;" by the late Hon. Edward Everett, is curious as resuscitating, "with all his armor on," a man of letters who had gone irrevocably, as one might have said, to the tomb. It takes us back to eighteen hundred and twenty-odd—to forgotten days, and other things, and such men as are not now—to read verses like this one:

"Brothers, the fatal dart,
With aim too just, has flown:
It sinks in Thorwald's heart—
My course is done."

So discourses Thorwald the Viking, for many stanzas, lamenting his death by the "dart" which some Indian "sank" through him near Point Alderton, in Massachusetts Bay, a thousand years ago. At the end of his monody he comforts himself with a facility that all writers of poetry for magazines will appreciate, and will envy a little, perhaps, by seeing in a vision one of his name who distinguishes himself by giving "immortal fame to lifeless clay." This is Thorwaldsen, of course, the Danish sculptor. There is nothing else, we believe, in the July *Lippincott's* that calls for particular remark. "Our Relations with England" takes the ground that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the recent articles called out by Mr. Sumner's speech have taken; "The Philosophy of Absurdity" has nothing to say about the philosophy of absurdity, though it gives a good number of old and new absurd sayings and doings; "The Devil's Cave" tells a story which may or may not be true about the great lake which drains the city of Mexico. It would be easier to believe, perhaps, if the writer's name were given.

The *Atlantic* has nothing in it which is particularly good, and nothing that is particularly bad; probably there has never been a more level number. Mr. Keeler's "Three Years as a Negro Minstrel" one might perhaps call particularly good; the description of the destruction of the wharf-boat at Cairo is decidedly impressive. A negro ruffian who had made it his habitation had long been obnoxious to the citizens, and had constantly eluded, by means of secret passages from one part of the vessel to another, their best attempts to secure him. They resolved, therefore, to set the boat afire, cut it adrift, and kill the negro when he took to the water. Such was then Astræa's reign in the Valley of the Mississip', as its friends with affectionate familiarity used to call it. Any of the sensational novel-writers might have been very glad to hit on this scene—and not unlikely more than one of them may use it yet:

"When the wharf-boat was well into the stream, the negro appeared boldly at the place which, in the middle of all river craft of that kind, is left open for the reception and discharge of freight. And now a scene occurred so sensationally dramatic, so easily adaptable to the stage of these latter days, that I would not dare to relate it for truth if I had not witnessed it with my own eyes. The negro was not discovered till he had rolled a large keg of powder into the middle of the open space just mentioned. As he stood in the light of his burning craft, it could be seen by the people in the small boats in the river that he had a cocked musket with the muzzle plunged into the keg of powder. Then the negro dared them to come on and take him, pouring upon them at the same time such horrible oaths and curses as have rarely come from the lips of man. The small boats kept at a proper distance now, their occupants caring only to prevent his escape into the water. As the flames grew thicker around him, there the negro stood, floating down into the darkness that enveloped the majestic river, with his cocked musket still in the keg of powder, and cursing and defying his executioners. He was game to the last. We heard the explosion down the stream, and saw the wharf-boat sink. The next day I spoke with the leader of the band in the small boats—a short, wiry little man, with a piercing eye. He said that he had not the heart to shoot the 'nigger,' because he showed such pluck. He even confessed that, for the same reason, he felt almost sorry for the victim, after the explosion had blown him into eternity."

"Our Inebriates, Harbored and Helped," comes from Binghamton, and is a not very pleasant thing to read. Mr. Parton's visit to the asylum in that town has brought on the magazine reader a flood of articles which ought to do something, we should suppose, to "promote the cause" of delirium tremens. In all of them the drunkard appears as so fine a person and lives in such clover that it seems almost a pity to ask him to get cured as soon as he can and meantime hold his tongue; but we believe we are disposed to make one at any rate if not both of these requests to him. It may very well be doubted if a man is in a fair way of attaining control over himself when he can recount with minuteness and fluency the circumstances of his full and partial recovery from a degrading bondage. At all events, for this and other reasons, it is painful to see him in the act of doing it. Mr. Henry James, jr., begins in this number of the *Atlantic* a careful love-story, distinguished by what seems like a skilful and successful management of local color; Mr. G. S. Hillard—whose competency to estimate with accuracy the rank of a sculptor need not be at once conceded—writes a eulogy of Crawford; "The Restored Picture" is an excellent piece of magazine poetry; Mr. Higginson is clever and fanciful in his "Greek Goddesses;" and "Birch Browsings," by Mr. Burroughs, ought to send many men—and women, too, for that matter—into the Adirondacks and our other camping-out regions.

Hours at Home contains a paper by Mr. C. Lemprière, containing reminiscences of great English lawyers of late days. It is not particularly well done; far better stories are told of Mr. Justice Maule, for instance, than any that Mr. Lemprière sets down. However, it is under the great law of compensation, we suppose, that it always happens to gentlemen who delight to make jokes on other people, that they shall at the last appear, in the mouths of their friends even, as persons with more than the ordinary capacity for fatuity; they have their good things in their lifetime, but the most lachrymose of us has the advantage of them when they become subjects of historical reminiscence. Prof. A. J. Curtis's "Romances of Arthur" is continued from the last June *Hours at Home*, and will repay perusal; so, too, will "A Day on the Other Side of Jordan," unless one has had a surfeit of Palestine; and so will not—we being judge—the "Sunny Bank Papers."

Force and Nature. Attraction and Repulsion: The Radical Principles of Energy, discussed in their Relations to Physical and Morphological Developments. By Charles Frederick Winslow, M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—This work is an attempt to show that there are two forces at work in nature, attraction and repulsion, and that such undue prominence has been given to the former that our attention has been diverted from facts proving the existence of the latter. According to our author, Newton's view of nature, as expressed in the law of gravitation, was one-sided. "The fact that the force of gravitation may be proved by the calculus to act with certain fixed laws, does not by any means disprove the existence, nor even imply the non-existence, of another force. It is the existence and phenomenal capacity and power of *this other force* which I propose to discuss in the following pages, tracing it into its broadest expansions, applications, and connections with other forces and all forms of matter."

The introductory chapter, from which we have thus quoted, seems to declare that the immaterial world also is to be included in the new philosophy; but inasmuch as the only allusion to this metaphysical application of the theory is contained in a few sentences which we confess we find obscure, and as the fuller treatment of it is reserved for the thirteenth chapter, which is not yet published, we say no more about it here.

In the chapter on space, the theory that space is filled with an attenuated ether is pronounced a gross error. The existence of such a medium is declared unnecessary either to account for the retardation of Encke's comet or to explain the propagation of light and heat. Both of these phenomena are due to the force of repulsion. The commonly received idea that light and heat are radiated *in all directions* from the luminous body is rejected—light and heat being the results of forces acting only between matter and matter. As the presence of matter is necessary as an object for the action of gravity, so there can be no emission of light or heat in space where there is no matter to be heated or lighted. This novel theory conflicts with the belief in the "immense waste of solar light and heat into space" of which Sir John Herschel speaks, since, according to the new theory, the sun's beams are solely directed to the members of our solar system and other celestial bodies.

The work covers a wide field, and presents in a new light a large collection of phenomena in the various branches of molecular physics. Science must gain something from every new theory upon such subjects as heat, light, electricity, cohesion, volcanoes, earthquakes, tides, aurora borealis, magnetic storms, spectral analysis, solar spots, meteors, zodiacal light, and so on. These subjects are ably discussed, and the reader, if not converted to the views of the author, must receive many new and valuable suggestions. We notice the curious fact that earthquakes are more frequent when the earth is near its perihelion than when near its aphelion.

The part of the book most open to animadversion is the chapter on cosmical repulsion. Newton's principle of the inertia of matter is declared erroneous:

"Such a principle or entity we may now safely affirm (and most philosophers will sustain the view) has no existence in nature. It is purely an abstract assumption, entirely imaginative and theoretical, without essence or existence in fact—although, without such an hypothesis, dynamical enquiries would be almost impossible. The term must be regarded as a relic of a period of philosophical speculation when the subtle spirit of enquiry *assumed* in discussions errors for facts, while scholars were positively ignorant of the true nature and relations of matter and force."

Again, the author says:

"In the present state of physical knowledge, matter cannot be demonstrated nor imagined to exist independent of immanent, active force. A molecule has power within itself and of itself to move, and to move other molecules near enough to it to receive the influence of its own living force; else matter of itself has absolutely no existence, and force alone exists."

By rejecting the doctrine of inertia, the author makes room for the

introduction of his theory of the simultaneous action of two forces in the motions of the planets. What is known as centrifugal force—which is only one form of the force of inertia—is superseded by the omnipresent force of repulsion. Thus, if a planet revolves about the sun in a circular orbit, a force of attraction tends to draw it towards the sun, and an equal force of repulsion tends to urge it from the sun. So, when a weight attached to a cord is swung around the hand, the resistance felt, which produces the tension of the cord, is, by this new system of mechanics, an active force of repulsion between the weight and the hand. Whatever reason there may be for believing in the existence of intermolecular repulsion in physics, we had supposed that the perfect agreement of the theoretical results of the law of universal gravitation with observed facts implied the non-existence of any other interplanetary force; and the author, evidently feeling the difficulty of introducing another force in celestial mechanics where none was needed to account for the observed motions, seizes upon Newton's centrifugal force, and, declaring false his doctrine of inertia, which lies at the foundation of centrifugal force, replaces it by an equal force called cosmical repulsion. The old faith of Newton and Laplace will not lose many of its adherents, we should say, by the presentation of such a forced theory as this.

Our New West. By Samuel Bowles. (Hartford Publishing Company. 1869.)—Mr. Bowles's book is mainly made up of his two previous publications—"Across the Continent" and "A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado." Both these works have already been noticed favorably in our columns, and we may add that in this republication they are improved by rearrangement, correction, and amplification. Besides telling us of Colorado and Utah and Montana, Mr. Bowles gives us pleasant and instructive glimpses of California, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Oregon, and British Columbia.

We observe that the Springfield *Republican* represents us as having said, in a review of Mr. Bowles's "Summer Vacation," that "he ought to have known that Long's Peak was 14,506 feet." But what we said was more mild; precisely, it was that "information could readily have been obtained" as to the height of certain mountain peaks, etc. Mr. Bowles had referred to the height of Pike's, Long's, and other peaks as being but very vaguely known. But we had seen the height of these same peaks specifically stated by experienced travellers and by scientific men of reputation—by Colonel Meline, for instance, in his "Three Thousand Miles on Horseback," and by Doctor C. C. Parry—and therefore, we said that Mr. Bowles on this subject "might have furnished more accurate information." Here, for instance, is some of the information that was readily accessible: In the "Transactions (1865) of the Academy of Science of St. Louis" there is published a detailed and interesting account of the ascent of Long's Peak made by Dr. Parry in the summer of 1864. Dr. Parry says (Transactions, pp. 281, 282): "On one of the highest points of this ridge (Velie's Peak) the barometer was set up, and a series of observations taken, giving an elevation of 13,456 feet above the sea. The estimated height of Long's Peak above this observed station was about 600 feet, which would give to this culminating point an elevation of 14,056 feet." Now there is good reason to repose confidence in the accuracy of Dr. Parry's statements, and this confidence is not lessened by the fact that, although Dr. Parry's authority is disposed of rather slightingly by the *Republican*, Mr. Bowles in his last work—"The Far West" (1869)—says of him that he "has been, so far, *the most thorough scientific explorer* of the higher mountain regions of Colorado." Such a surveyor's figures, even when they do not profess to be exact, are better than guesswork. But, after all, this question of mountain heights is almost as delicate a one as the age of a fine lady is, or used to be. Barometrical observations are necessarily attended with difficulties and uncertainties. Estimates vary; and when we speak from the most reliable authorities of our day—or, in other words, the best knowledge attainable—we surely may do so without undue presumption. With the authorities before us for stating 14,056 feet, which we wrote, we regret that a transposition of type made us say 14,506 feet.

Ellen: a Poem. By George H. Calvert. (New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.)—This poem was published anonymously two years ago, and now reappears under its author's name. It is a work which Mr. Calvert need not be ashamed to own, full as it is of mechanical faults and others worse than merely mechanical; for it shows not only force and delicacy of feeling, but, as we think we said at the time of first reading it, it shows a depth of spiritual insight which is far from common, and the chief situation seems to be well invented and is certainly striking. Its essential truth commends it to the reader's regard, and whether the scheme of the poem is "founded on fact." or to be credited to Mr. Calvert's imaginative power, is not really of importance. The story is of a girl rescued from a life of shame by a young man who has been beguiled by a trifler of a friend into visiting the place where the girl lives—a place with a fair outside, but full of all evil; a house which—the reader must study the parsing of this stanza—is like

> "A sunny brook, on whose clean floor the stones
> Sparkle unstained that suddenly befoul,
> Deep at its fountain-head, putrescent bones,
> Thrust there by murder done beneath night's cowl
> On trustful travellers, whose unpitied moans,
> Heard but in heaven, were married to the howl
> Of wolves,—the brooklet's laughing life bedimmed,
> Its glad, pellucid pools with poison brimmed;"

or it is like a sod covered with flowers blackening and withering as we look; or like

> "What image else can hang within your eyes
> Nature disrupted, thwarted, maimed, and bleak—
> Ocean senseless to wind, a Paradise
> Ravished of blossoms?—such will faintly speak
> What were these youthful women who in guise
> Of modest maidenhood, so flattering meek,
> Welcomed Horatio, whose unhardened skin
> Flushed ruby at the sudden thought within."

These stanzas, which we quote as fairly illustrative, read like the work of a young man rather than an old one; and even of a young man enamored of Keats's early manner, and less careful of finish than of ornament; but they are a long way ahead of most of the minor poetry of the day, and a certain genuine poetic pleasure can be got from the poem in spite of its deforming grammatical intricacies and its more or less mystical, vague theorizing, and other defects.

Captain James Box's Adventures and Explorations in New and Old Mexico: being the Record of Ten Years of Travel and Research. By Captain Michael James Box, of the Texan Rangers. (New York: James Miller. 1869.)—Why, when, and how Captain Box was in Mexico is not stated in this work, which can only be serviceable or interesting as a guide-book or itinerary for the trader in Durango or Chihuahua. Of adventures there are none more exciting than the Captain's progress from *hacienda* to *hacienda*, or from one mine to another. At page 216, indeed, our hopes were somewhat excited by his accounts of an offer made to his "company" by the Governor of Durango, of ——— thousand dollars for twenty days' service of "the party" to fight the Indians. Who, what, and how many were this company or party, we are not told. They accept the Governor's offer, and on the next page we see the gallant troop, well mounted, starting out after the Indians; but we are coolly informed that, "as in mentioning our Indian adventure I had no design of inflicting my personal experiences upon the reader, further than to show where it led me into the country, I shall again change my course and describe," etc. Here, however, is a piece of information that may interest some of our readers: "The owners of Santa Guia are four maiden ladies, who have expressed a determination to have none but American husbands. They each have a portion of five hundred thousand dollars in cash, deposited in the treasury at the capital of the state. The ladies are not bad looking, and appear to be in good marriageable condition" (pp. 221–2). The captain cannot be too severely blamed for giving us no indications whatever as to whether he discovered this state of things two years ago or twenty. In fact, for various reasons, there is some inconvenience in a book of travel that is totally destitute of dates. Of New Mexico proper, there is nothing in the book but the announcement on the title-page.

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Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Adler (H.), Sermons in the Bayswater Synagogue	(Trübner & Co.)	
Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, 1868	(D. Appleton & Co.)	5 00
Buffum (E. G.), Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland	(Harper & Bros.)	1 50
Cowles (Rev. H.), Jeremiah, with notes	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Davis (C. G.) Report of the Trial of Samuel M. Andrews	(Hurd & Houghton)	2 50
Edwards (E.), Free Town Libraries	(John Wiley & Son)	
Emily Douglas: a Tale	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)	
Freytag (G.), The Lost Manuscript: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Hoppin (Prof. J. M.), The Office and Work of the Christian Ministry	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Hymns of the Church, with Tunes	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)	
Ingelow (Jean), Mopsa the Fairy: a Juvenile Story	(Roberts Bros.)	1 25
Journal of the Ethnological Society of London, Quarterly, April, 1869	(Trübner & Co.)	
Murphy (J. J.), Habit and Intelligence, 2 vols	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Neal (J.), Wandering Recollections of a somewhat Busy Life	(Roberts Bros.)	2 00
Thackeray (W. M.), The Newcomes, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 75

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